

APL-SS BULLETIN

Queensland, Australia

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Welcome to the 12th issue!!

The people of Queensland you have now been blessed with 12 bulletins which included monthly law updates presented in a fun and engaging way. What's next? What's in store for 2016? Well, the Global Law Program is now on [iTunes as a podcast program](#). Expect some bigger and better podcasts. Watch this space and become involved. Contact the publisher today!! Enjoy the last issue of 2015!!

Andrew Bird, Publisher

1) New eBook - Will for the Future Lawyer be a Journalist?



Will the Future Lawyer be a Journalist?

Book Overview

With a great number of law students being faced with uncertain career prospects in the law and the legal system under current change brought on by technology, one questions what will the future role of the lawyer be in our society? [Non-fiction]

2) APL Monthly Update Log for November 2015

Introduction

The Free Legal Education summaries found in Access Point Law are updated monthly by the author. The following are the Queensland law change highlights for the month of November 2015.

Disclaimer

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24 November 2015

For the purposes of the Fire and Emergency Services Act 1990, the definition of 'occupier' has been amended to mean the owner, lessee or person apparently in charge of the premises or a person who has the care, management or supervision of the premises or who is conducting a business at the premises. The new definition is more extensive than the former definition which dealt with actual occupation.

Schedule 2 of the Tobacco and Other Smoking Products Regulation 2010 no longer lists the malls of Cairns and Townville as prescribed outdoor pedestrian malls. By virtue of regulation 15 and section 26ZJ, smoking bans near the entrances to an enclosed space (forming part of the mall premises) would now apply to those above-mentioned malls.

The G20 (Safety and Security) Act 2013 has been repealed by Queensland Parliament.

3) Romance Blog: Anything more than Friendship (All is Not Fair in Love)

Women go out there and give every man at least an opportunity for more than friendship. I find that my looks aren't bad but nevertheless not placing me in the desired romantic boyfriend category. What annoys me about this is that it means you are placed in the friendship category even though you meet up for coffee and other activities on a regular basis.

I find that there are two sides to every relationship and that relationships can be managed for growth. I find myself at age 30 and been through a couple of romances and friendships and I would like to say that it is disrespectful for a woman to say that they never dated you (when this actually occurred). Most men would admit this whilst woman will not. It is not good for a male self-esteem. I don't share this for self-pity. I share this in efforts to change the status quo (for the good of men out there in a similar situation).

I believe women and men need to be clear about defined relationships. What I particularly dislike and discourage is being treated like a friend but not included in the normal friendship circle. And if you are not placed in the love interest category, where does that leave you? Potentially you could be strung along for a long period of time before finding out that there is an in-crowd and that you are not part of it.

I really would like also at this point to say be weary of over-zealous friends, typically of the same sex. Some friends don't even let you follow your own heart. They would rather keep you close as a friend and regulate your activities so that you have no time to grow with your love interest. It is OK for friends to be protective but when they start directing negative energy against another person they don't know and for no apparent or objective reason, this is not OK.

The following is probably something which is apparent but should be highlighted. Do not make promises you don't intend to keep and if you can't keep it, don't provide an excuse that is hurtful... And the word 'sorry' is great but when used after doing something you are not proud of and after you have broken your word, believe me, it doesn't carry much weight.

Unfortunately for men out there when promises are broken by women they carry the weight to forgive. Women are too fast at pretending they have done nothing wrong then shift the blame to the men for somehow causing the situation. Men need to take the high road but how many chances are men to dispense to the fairer sex?

Women please take action to make it up to men after letting them down. A promise to them that is broken is very hurtful indeed... If you don't want the man in your life in the first place (either as a friend or love interest), make it clear some other way that doesn't involve making a promise. Enough said on this point.

Coffee for finding out someone's intention? Yes!! Just do it!! You are not going to be proposed to over coffee and if I am wrong and this does happen, you are still empowered to make a decision. Don't overuse message technology and don't confront someone about their intentions too early in the peace. Give everyone a chance regardless of their looks and the category 'you' have placed them in or whether they tick all boxes in your list.

Now I share this experience with you to empower those in a similar situation. If you are brave and declare your love for someone and they respond back that they are not on the same page and state that they want to separate for a while, you need to act fast. The situation provided to you is not palatable. The other person has disempowered you. They have decided that you can still be a friend but only when they decide it is convenient for them. Wouldn't it have been better for both parties to talk it out further and then both decide the future of your friendship/relationship? Unfortunately for the person that has placed their heart on their sleeve, they have not only had it returned but thrown away. There is nothing you can really do to remedy the situation. It is a cruel world. Pretty much, better luck next time you decide to give your heart away.

4) Serial story - Round About Norway (1880) by Charles W. Wood - Chapter 12/12

ON THE SOGNEFJORD — LAERDAL — A LANDSLIP — HUSUM —
A LONG DAY'S JOURNEY — A BREAK-DOWN — FAGERNAES —
SVEEN — TOMLEVOLDEN — ODNAES — ON THE RANDSFJORD
BY ROAD — TO HONEFOS — NORDENHOOS — SUNDOOLDEN
— THE "KING'S VIEW" — SANDVIGEN — CHRISTIANIA — VALE

Not until long familiar scenes and circumstances have passed away for ever, can we know how happy we were in them, and what a blank has arisen in our lives. Rarely, until the loved has become the lost, as far as earth is concerned, do we appreciate at its true value the quiet, unobtrusive beauty of a life that is never more to make our sunshine. The light of other days has faded, and the same light can never again brighten those that are to come.

So, not until our short stay at Gudvangen was over, did we realise what a pleasant interregnum it had been to our life in Norway - a brief calm in the storm of constant motion through which for many weeks we had been passing. Everything favoured us. That uncertain element, the weather had been propitious. The situation of Gudvangen was retired as it was glorious ; the small handful of houses enlivened, but took not from the repose of nature. By the time our stay came to an end we were looked upon as old inhabitants of the place, and felt on friendly terms with everyone. This happy state of feeling was apparently shared by the natives themselves ; from the postmaster, with his calm refined face, that appeared to have a past history in it of some shock, trouble, or suffering, down to his two pale-faced, intelligent boys, who seemed above the rest of the village lads, and somewhat out of place amongst them.

They, amongst others, accompanied us to the steamer, one of them chattering in English, which he had managed to pick up by some process of his own unknown to the rest of the little world. "Will you come with us to England?" I said, pleased with his endeavours to conquer the difficulties of an unknown tongue ; anticipating that the fear of a stranger, the vague mystery enshrouding a far-off land, the love of home, would bring forth a decided no. But I reckoned without my host ; or rather, in this instance, without my guest. The little fellow of thirteen summers was quite ready to depart. With the most serious air he started off to obtain his father's consent and pack his trunk. There and then, with the happy confidence of youth, he would have placed his hand in mine, and gone with me to the ends of the earth. After that it was not the easiest task in the world to persuade him that his best place was by his father's side.

So we departed ; steaming down the Naerofjord into the broader waters of the Sogne, calling at many stations on our way to Laerdal. One spot in particular drew forth many an adjective of praise from the passengers, where sloping hills, green, placid, and fertile, swept round in an immense semi-circle, their shadows reflected in the calm waters. Here sheep grazed and goats skipped about in happy security. It was the only bit of smiling landscape we had seen on the broad arm of the Sognefjord, where, for the most part, everything is of the severe and frowning type. Barren mountains, raising their gigantic and rocky heads in magnificent disdain of all that is soft and beautiful in nature ; deep fissures and crevices, where repose eternal snows ; heights given up to the blue ice of the glaciers, whose existence is not marked by decades and generations, but sets centuries at defiance.

Towards evening we passed between the high mountains that contract and tower in the neighbourhood of Laerdal, rounded a point, and in the distance sighted the little town (that was no better than a village) reposing in the plain.

It was a return to old familiar quarters. But there was still the same want of cordiality in the landlord to his guests ; and still the waiting-woman was repelling as ever ; as silent and mysterious in her movements, looking at you with a fixed unamiable stare when you made a request,

that, in fear of her, became a petition, and almost an apology. And still she would listen and depart, making no sign, but presently doing your bidding.

And now, for the first time in Norway, we were prisoners from stress of weather. Thursday morning announced itself with a downpour of rain that rendered travelling impossible where it was not imperative. We had a few days to spare, and determined to wait in hope of better times. Our pedestrians did likewise. It was as unpleasant to walk as to carriage in the rain.

Of all places Laerdal is perhaps the worst to be detained in. Sheltered from the winds, it soon grows hot, relaxing and dismal. The mountains, so close to the inn, overpower you, until at last you feel oppressed as by a nightmare. The everlasting murmur of the cataracts becomes infinitely wearisome, and drives one to the verge of madness. The body of water was two or three times as great as at our first visit, and the noise was loud in proportion. We went to bed with our windows open, and could not sleep for the roar ; we closed them, and were suffocated. It was all very picturesque, but one may pay too great a price even for the beautiful.

So we hoped that Friday would mend matters ; but Friday, more obstinately wet, only marred them further. Some of the travellers, however, had had enough of it, and took up the thread of their journey soon after breakfast, departing in carriages. They had their trouble for their pains, and a drenching through and through into the bargain. In about three hours' time they returned with the alarming intelligence that the heavy rains had caused a landslip. A portion of the road overhanging a precipice had given way ; it was impossible to pass over. Men were already hard at work, and it was hoped the road would be open, at least to pedestrians, on the morrow. Next week the king would come that way, in his royal progress through the country, and not an hour was to be lost.

This intelligence was not exhilarating to those whose time was limited. But on Saturday morning came the good news that the chasm was bridged over by planks. The rain had ceased, and with it our endurance of Laerdal. We hired carriages to take us right through to Christiania, and bade the comfortable inn and its eccentric folk a last, not very reluctant farewell. Our friends had shouldered their knapsacks, and were an hour or two ahead of us.

The road now lay through familiar scenes ; and we renewed with pleasure the impressions of our first carriage journey in Norway. Passing up the valley, which narrowed as we ascended, we presently came to the site of the disaster. Just before doing so we met two ladies travelling to Laerdal, and boiling over with rage at the ungenerous conduct of the Aavvies. The chasm was so slightly bridged by the planks, that vehicles had to be dismounted and carried across. The overseer was away, and the men refused to do anything under a bribe ; assisting the ladies at the end of two hours only when their extortionate demands had been satisfied.

After tendering every consolation that sympathy could afford, we proceeded to the scene of action. It was a formidable landslip; a few loose tottering planks, requiring a steady head, and something more than Dutch courage, alone enabled one to pass over the yawning chasm. The sides were steep, rocky, and precipitous, and the noisy torrent of the Laera ran over its stony bed. For some time we endeavoured to impress upon the men, an evil-looking set, that we should think it amiable on their part to assist us. They stared insolently, but paid no further attention to the requests. Suddenly, without warning, after keeping us waiting more than an hour, they turned to, dismounted the carriages, and carried them over in a twinkling. Horses could not pass. At this crisis the overseer appeared, and the mystery was solved. Like Miss Pecksniff, they had seen him coming round the corner.

But we were over, and we were thankful. At about six o'clock that Saturday evening we reached Husum, where we had arranged with our friends to put up for the night. And not for that night only, as it turned out, but for all Sunday also, when the down-pour of rain was greater and more determined than ever. It was a pleasant, quiet Sunday, and we had the place to ourselves. In the afternoon, when the rain ceased, the youths and maidens of the surrounding buildings dressed up in their costumes, and went their various ways. One little fellow shouldered his rod, and in about an hour's time returned with a dozen fine trout, some of which found their road to our supper-table.

Monday rose in splendour and tremendous heat ; a reward for patient waiting. A long day's journey lay before us ; a longer one was in store for the morrow. These enforced stoppages had stretched our time to its utmost limits. At Haeg we over-took our two walking friends, and finally parted from them. We had now to push on, and the most indefatigable pedestrian could not keep up with the rate at which we must travel. Not that the speed was startling, but the hours were long.

Again we passed through familiar scenes : again were struck with the subdued look of the pale, apparently hen-pecked landlord at Skogstad, though on this occasion we neither saw nor heard the shrew. Perhaps she had been tamed ; perhaps she had departed this life. Yet there were no signs of any suddenly-acquired happiness in the man's expression ; no insane joy irradiated his countenance. Shrews, as a rule, live to be a hundred. Like cats, they have many lives ; but, unfortunately, they cannot be so easily disposed of. What would kill ordinary women is a mere jest to them. It is always our "dear gazelles" that go first. And this brings us face to face with another of Life's many mysteries - why man, constantly putting out a blind hand for the substance, so often grasps only the shadow.

We left the subdued martyr, so shadowy himself, and pushed on to Tune, where we found the illustrious Member of Parliament at home, full of care for his guests ; Jas little like an M.P. as he could be - so modest, so ready to act, so little given to talking. It was at this second visit that he begged us to return later on in the year, with a party of friends, to shoot bears, declaring that he would guarantee excellent sport, and make us as comfortable as his out-of-the-way inn permitted. And he would have been as good as his word. Nevertheless, we spared the bears. It was a formidable undertaking, and the cold of a Norwegian winter, setting other considerations aside, was not to be lightly encountered.

We started at six the next morning upon our longest day's journey. It did not come to an end for twenty-one hours, although at Reien it nearly came to an end altogether. Here they gave us horses in a condition only to be speedily put out of life and misery. We afterwards learned that the station was noted for its inhuman proceedings. In this instance our postboy was a woman, and she sat herself, as they generally do, upon the luggage behind. A.'s carriole had the double load. My horse, the better of the two, soon outdistanced the other. The road wound round at the foot of the mountains, beside the running stream, which now and again broke into grand waterfalls. Nearing Fagernaes, I waited for A. to put in an appearance, and after what seemed an interminable time, he rounded the corner, walking - carriole, horse, luggage and woman were not. The animal had broken down, and could scarcely crawl at the rate of a yard a minute.

There was nothing left for it but to push on to the inn, and despatch a horse for the absent vehicle. But we had not been many minutes at Fagernaes before the woman came tearing in,

like another Jehu, carriage and luggage in possession. What did it mean? Simply that the woman, meeting an empty stolkjaer on the road, in spite of all protestations on the part of the postboy almost ending in a pitched battle, had seized upon his good horse and left him the bad one. We were lucky in having a woman for our charioteer; boy or man would never have had sense thus to get out of a difficulty. But we wondered how the youth felt and fared, who, no doubt, was still patiently waiting on the highroad the resuscitation of his steed.

All differences adjusted, we pushed on to Frydenlund, branched into a new road, and from this point into new scenery. That to the right led to Sorum and the Spirillen, the road we had followed in coming from Christiania. We now turned up a gradual and lengthened ascent, ending in a view at once magnificent and extended; the immense valley and plain of Valdres, intersected by its villages and lakes; the snow-capped Jotunheim mountain range in the far distance. The evening shadows were lengthening, the glow of the day was past. We were many hundred feet above the valley, which had a distant dreamy look about it. Full of beauty and repose was the scene, which yet we had little time to contemplate. The end of our days journey was far off, and the declining sun warned us that much would have to be done in darkness.

Our postboy, a well-grown lad of fifteen, spoke very fair English, which he had learned at school. He was communicative; he informed us that it was now his holidays, and he had only come with us to oblige the people of the inn. We felt duly honoured. He went circumstantially into the history of his family, to the third and fourth generation. His father was a small farmer, and he pointed out his home - a little house nestling in a plantation of stunted birch trees, surrounded by cultivated fields - with quite a proud, affectionate look. But he was very happy at school, preferred books to farm work, and would be sorry when the time came for the exchange.

So we reached Sveen, whence an almost continuous descent led through a dense pine district. Gloomy firs surrounded us, extending in long, wave-like undulations far into the distance, rising out of deep ravines wild and desolate - all shrouded, ere the next station was gained, in impenetrable night.

At Tomlevolden the landlord - in a short, decided manner, crushing to weak nerves - said that it was impossible to proceed farther until the next morning. As it was impossible to remain, it was clear that one impossibility must be overcome. The landlord, vexed at finding that he must give way - according to the law they are compelled to find horses for you at any hour of the day or night - kept us waiting until long past midnight, and then despatched us with two men, and an ill-tempered command not to take us beyond the next station; we were to be left there, high and dry, to go through another battle for horses.

We had spent the time very cheerfully in awakening echoes out of a piano that stood in a corner of the enormous room they had shown us into; sounds almost weird and out of place in this far-off desolate region, wrapped in a silence and solitariness well nigh tangible. Yet it was in keeping with the gloomy depths of Beethovens melancholy strains, and, for want of moonlight, he might very well have been inspired, had he been there to write a "Midnight" Sonata, full of the ghosts of black forests and the murmur of rushing torrents. In place of Beethoven, there came presently two very pretty girls, dressed in dark, well-fitting gowns, and looking quite like young ladies, who brought us the consolation of steaming coffee in delicate cups, and biscuits handed us with their own fair fingers; compassionating, no doubt, our hard usage, and evidently holding cause with us against their wicked tyrant of a father. This delicious sympathy (the coffee always remembered) was quite worth the price paid for it.

The darkness, as we started afresh, could be felt as well as seen. Stars glittered and flashed in the heavens. One star in particular, rising above the pine-clad hills, looked large and brilliant almost as

a small moon. Nothing could be seen around but the dim outlines of the hills, fringed with trees, or clear cut, after their kind. Now, the road was black and dense with overhanging boughs ; here and there, huge gaps in the earth, suggesting gloomy thoughts of graves and midnight adventures ; and now it opened out upon a large tract of water, into which the running stream emptied itself with determined fury.

The men, unable to speak English, were mysteriously, persistently silent ; only, when passing these yawning roadside pits, exchanging hurried sentences that sounded portentous to our excited imaginations. Why, by the way, does darkness always excite the imagination? Perhaps they were making up a nice little plot to rob, murder, and bury us out of sight. No one would ever be the wiser ; and, if they would not be much the richer, how were they to know that? One had heard of such things : of course, all the fearful tales of midnight assassins and mysterious disappearances that had ever come to our knowledge recurred with startling vividness. But they were better than they seemed, these men ; innocent and even kindly ; for when we reached the next station they offered to take us on to Odnæs, our final destination. We wondered whether those two pretty maidens had stood our friends in need, and, under cover of the night, whispered their instructions into the ears of the men as they were setting out. Whatever the cause, we gladly closed with the proposal. The people at that last station were evidently all fast, very fast asleep. As for ourselves, we had now only one ambition, one desire in life ; to get to our journey's end and sink into unconsciousness.

The dawn of a new day creeping out of the east. Every moment it grew a little less black and shadowy, and Odnæs was reached in the chill gray light of early morning. It was three o'clock, and we had been twenty-one hours on the road. We paid the men, gave them an extra "drikke penge" for their civility in bringing us to the end of our journey - it had been a great accommodation to us, and a piece of benevolence on their part ; and they, rejoicing, went their way to an adjoining barn, no doubt to divide their money amiably, and also sink into oblivion.

We knocked at the inn door for admittance. It was a building much larger, and more pretentious than anything we had seen since leaving Bergen ; in fact, quite an hotel, and not a small one. To alight upon such a structure at apparently the ends of the earth was a matter of surprise. At length, in answer to our repeated summons, an unsophisticated lady - stout, not comely, with flowing locks, and a scanty white robe - appeared in the corridor. Her face was pale, and she evidently thought it was fire. We surveyed her through the glass doors with wonder, as a being of another sphere. But no sooner did she catch sight of our amazed gaze, than, with a shriek that sufficiently proved her humanity, she disappeared like a flash of lightning. We were left in solitude. Act the First. Act the Second commenced with the re-opening of the door through which the celestial vision had vanished, and the issuing therefrom of a folding-screen, propelled as it were by invisible hands, struggling across the corridor. We supposed the celestial being was behind it ; we could not be certain. The vision disappeared through the opening whence it had first appeared, a door was violently slammed, and once more silence and solitude.

We were beginning to wax impatient, when Act the Third opened with the arrival of a sleepy, dishevelled maiden, half-dressed, and very human indeed, who unbarred, unbolted the doors, admitted us, and forthwith ushered us to sleeping-rooms. We were grateful, but our hours of unconsciousness, if any, would be short. It was now nearly four o'clock ; at six we must be up again for the steamer.

In less than three hours we had packed ourselves, carriages, and baggage on board the boat. Before leaving the hotel we came across the landlady, and recognised our previous night's apparition. She gave us a shake of the head, half laughing, half indignant, and in a "Good voyage!" sealed our pardon.

The journey up the Randsfjord was pleasant ; the lake a little disappointing. It is almost the largest in Norway. At first setting out it was very-picturesque, fertile banks, villages and churches, giving life to the landscape, and clusters of weeping birches bending over the clear waters as if enamoured of their own reflection. The early

morning sunshine sparkled over all. But making way, and calling at various stations, the hills became uninteresting, the points of the scenery less striking. Finally, it grew monotonous, and we were not sorry when it was over. On the whole, we had been more pleased with the Spirillen, a lake of much smaller extent. Some allowance, perhaps, must be made for the twenty-one hours journey of the previous day, and a comparatively sleepless night, which would knock out of most people, for the time being, a little of their enthusiasm for the beautiful.

We landed at the Randsfjord station, where most people took train for Christiania. We preferred our carriages and the road, taking the splendid district of the Ringeriget, and were more than repaid for our extra trouble - if that can be called trouble which affords at once the highest pleasure and delight.

From Randsfjord to Honefos, the drive lay in part through a great wood. The trees overhead plunged us into delicious shade. Wild flowers and fruit grew in abundance. Again the oak fern, so common in the forests of Norway, charmed the eye, with its fresh, pure green ; bilberries, larger and more luscious than any ever seen in England, waited to be gathered in reckless profusion. Flaming scarlet leaves of some unknown plant enlivened the forest-carpet, and the sun chequered our path with long lights and shadows. It was fairyland ; and had the little people suddenly made themselves visible, reclining upon the oak ferns, or feasting upon the bilberries, we might have wondered more perhaps, but not have been more enchanted.

The forest passed away, and we launched out upon quite an English scene. Narrow, picturesque lanes; broad plains, animated by genuine farm-houses with their rich stores ; fields of grain, where men and women were reaping. Through the fertile plain a silvery river ran its course to the sea. Then all this passed away, and we found ourselves at Honefos ; so rich in its marvellous rushing torrents and waterfalls ; such a sheet of wide, falling, tumbling foam, as can hardly be matched in Norway, perhaps not in Europe. The falls are not high, but they are long and wide-spread; the body of water is overwhelming, its force tremendous ; a succession of rapids. Neighbouring saw-mills make it more picturesque, and the surrounding country is of the loveliest description.

Altogether Honefos is worth a sojourn, and the hotel, with its pleasant garden, is comfortable and almost luxurious - at least to any one coming from the less civilised regions of the north. But we had decided to push on to Sundvolden, for the purpose of ascending the famous "King's View" on the following morning.

Our road lay in part through a wide track of country, and presently we came to the quaint church of Nordenhovs, with its white body, black tapering spire, and little parsonage. The place is historically interesting. Here, in 1716, the wife of the pastor succeeded in betraying six hundred Swedes, by her own wit, into the hands of the Norwegians. The scene rose vividly before one, that quiet evening throwing a romantic glow over the spot that the gathering twilight could not obliterate. One saw the brave woman setting fire to the huge pile of wood, ostensibly to warm the enemy, in reality to give notice to the Norsemen. Then she freely distributed spirits amongst them (there must have been an abundant supply in the cellars of the good pastor to satisfy six hundred men, but history must not be questioned), and when her countrymen arrived, the enemy fell an easy prey into their hands. Let us hope they received mercy.

Beyond this, skirting a lake and bowling rapidly over a hard, well-made road, we reached the inn of Sundvolden, at the foot of and overshadowed by the mountains one has to climb for a sight of the "King's View." It was kept by the most decent and honest, most civil and obliging landlord it had been our good fortune to meet in all Norway - Jens Klingenberg excepted.

The house itself was somewhat dark and gloomy. Large rooms, furnished in an old-fashioned manner ; ponderous four-post bedsteads hung with thick curtains, where at mid-day you might

wrap yourself in the darkness of night ; long passages, cold, cheerless, and mysterious. But there were smaller rooms at the top, more modern than these ghost-haunted chambers ; far more cheerful ; out of whose windows you could look upon the great mountains, the opposite lake, and the distant hills. The landlord's courtesy, however, robbed the ghosts of their terrors, and one felt at home and at rest within his portals.

Tonight the ghosts were slightly noisy in the shape of a party of Norwegians who were merry in their cups - but a very innocent merriment after all - and slightly romantic in the form of four pairs of lovers ; mutual friends, who did nothing but fall out with each other and fall in again, and thus passed the time in a manner more agreeable to themselves than amusing to those around. Finally, they went off in two conveyances, half gigs, half barouches, and their mirth might be heard far down the road, startling rude echoes in the quiet mountains and affrighting the silence of the lake. By this time the merry-makers above had sought their respective couches ; and when we retired to ours - the new rooms in the roof - if the house was haunted, it was only by the ghosts of departed laughter. This is often quite sufficiently appalling, without troubling the visitants from the world of spirits.

Next morning we ascended the mountain to the "King's View," A. walking, I once more on horse-back. But now there was neither appearance nor reality of danger, as there had been in the Vettifos excursion. No deep precipices, with rushing torrents far down the height ; no turning impossible corners over yawning gulfs where - to allude once more to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and to quote his words - "my horse's head hung down on the one side, and his tail on the other, like the yarn scales in the weigh-house." A safe but rough road led half-way up the mountain ; and beyond that a narrower, steeper path, worn into steps and hollows by a multitude of pilgrims, gave access to the summit.

Turning a sharp angle, there burst upon us an immense stretch of fair fertile plain, intersected by villages, lakes, islands, flowing streams and long white roads, backed by an amphitheatre of mountains, range upon range, many of them ice and snow crowned. These stretched far away, and melted into dream pictures. But the view is best seen in the afternoon or early evening, when the declining sun gilds everything with a richer, softer tone, throwing up lights and shadows that add so much to the beauties of nature.

On the lake before us, a dark speck upon the water looked, in the far distance, like a small bird ; but a glass quickly magnified it into a gay cavalier rowing a fair dame to the opposite shore. An elopement, perhaps. Surely in such scenes something unusual and romantic must always be taking place! But in Norway elopements are not popular. The cold, calm blood of the Norsemen is little given to impulse - that kind of impulse which acts first, calculates and repents afterwards. The country, too, is unfavourable to these tender episodes. Long journeys through a hard, rough country, with a valent east wind, giving lime for reflection, and also for recapture, require a second consideration before they are lightly encountered. Now second thoughts are fatal to impulse, and consequently to elopement.

If before us was the whole range of the Ringerike ; and, stretching away to the left were the calm waters of the Tyrifjord. The view was much of it too far off, too extensive, to be taken in detail ; to be even appreciated at a first visit ; but as we turned away, we felt as if we had been gazing upon a small country, one of the fair kingdoms of the earth. A party of ladies were struggling upwards, and would soon occupy the seats we had just quitted ; the small opening cleared in the mountain height, with the pine trees all about ; a spot full of isolation and repose, but a little too much above the world to be quite comfortable.

At noon we started on our last days journey. In a few hours we should reach Christiania, bid farewell to carriage travelling, the changes and vicissitudes of the road, the wild freedom of this pleasant life. In point of beauty this day equalled anything we had

seen since leaving Laerdal. We skirted the borders of the beautiful Tyrifjord, on the one hand ; on the other, the mountain-sides were covered with tangle and gorgeous flowers, wild strawberries and raspberries, luscious and abundant. The temptation was too great ; we stopped, scrambled up the hill-sides, gathered juicy handfuls of the fruit, and were children once more. Now we passed through vast pine forests ; now came out upon views almost as grand as that we had lately seen from the mountain height of Sundvolden ; now rumbled over rude bridges spanning streams that dashed over their stony beds, and kissed the tangles that dipped their heated branches in the cooling waters.

Approaching the capital, more life and animation were apparent. Houses sprang up in greater number ; factories and mills sent forth their wonted sounds of labour ; people hurried to and fro as if they had real business to attend to and hard work was the stern order of the day. Sandvigen at last, on the outskirts of Christiania ; so near the great town one could almost hear its rush and roar, feel the oppression of its streets. For the last time we changed horses. At the station, in a room below us, unmistakable signs of rioting and drunkenness were going on. It was the first time we had seen or heard anything of the kind in Norway. As the men one after another came reeling out into the open air, A., pointing to them, said it was evident we were once more approaching civilisation.

Away we went again, and were soon in the fair suburbs of the capital. Strings of villas embowered in luxuriant gardens, where flowers grew in profusion. On these our eyes, long withheld, feasted with keen pleasure. The flowers seen since leaving Christiania had been few and far between, save here and there the wild flowers of the woods growing amidst the ferns ; lovely of their kind, but of another order. Many of these villas, after our late experiences, looked almost palatial ; a dignified calmness and repose, a noli-me-tangere air, was over them all. We were returning to the pomps and vanities of the wicked world.

As to ourselves, launching at length into the busy streets of the town, we felt that for us all calmness and repose were over. With something like a groan we realised how blissful had been the past days, now ended. The hot streets of Christiania were scorching as a furnace after the weeks of magnificent air we had been breathing. The houses seemed to fall upon and suffocate us. A glaring, mocking pair of eyes appeared to be gazing curiously from every window as we clattered along, and awoke the echoes of the quieter side streets ; and in a procession of two felt ourselves remarkable and conspicuous as if we had been a procession of twenty. After our late life, where nothing had been more delightfully evident than the absence of men and civilisation, the presence of absolute liberty, freedom from all manner of restraint, this returning to forests of brick and mortar, in place of the glorious pine woods with their eternal solitude and grandeur, was simply the unendurable of that which nevertheless had to be endured.

Such being the case, as we turned into the broad thoroughfare of the Hotel Scandinavia we shook ourselves morally into the condition of stoics, bid a long lingering farewell to the past and braced ourselves up to the present and the inevitable.

I am ashamed to say that it had its compensations. As we entered the hospitable portals of the hotel, and presently sat down to a well-appointed table and well-dressed dinner - not least amongst its luxuries the snowy damask and the pure white bread to which we had long been strangers - we felt that, after all, every medal has its reverse side, every cloud its silver lining. A humiliating confession, but truth, like murder, will out soon or syne.

In the visitors' book we saw recorded the name of Herr von X., our pleasant travelling companion to the North Cape. So he had safely braved the dangers of mountain-climbing, crossed the Justedal Glacier, and was now probably refreshing himself with military manoeuvres in Germany.

The next day we devoted to matters small and trifling ; but then trifles make up the sum of human life. Strolls about the town.

Wondering whether it would ever again be possible to endure these miles and miles of streets, and crowds and crowds of people. Falling amongst friends (where will you go and not fall amongst them?) who, proceeding north wards voile their yacht, were about to go through many of our experiences, under more favourable conditions. We, alas! had no yacht, and in default embarked at five o'clock on board the steamer for Hull.

A small crowd of passengers was on board ; a great crowd, lined the quay, of all nations and kindreds and tongues. As the gangway was withdrawn, and the ship left the sides, a subdued shout arose ; hats and handkerchiefs were waved, umbrellas were brandished; men and women clung to each other sobbing and sorrowing, having just parted from sons and daughters emigrating to a strange land. Young birds, headstrong and ill-advised, will leave the old nests - and, as aliens, sometimes count the bitter cost. One young fellow on board, unable to bear the sight, and perhaps repenting at the twelfth hour, was with difficulty prevented from throwing himself overboard, and swimming back to land - the dear land ; the dear, broken hearts he was leaving behind, his happiness, his all - but never before realised. I for one would have held no staying hand.

Gradually the crowd faded, the houses, the towers and steeples of Christiania grew less and less, until all went out of sight and hearing.

We steamed down the romantic fjord. Twilight fell and gave place to darkness. Mentally, in the blackness of the hour, we wished a long "Good-night" to picturesque, health-giving Norway ; its lonely pine forests ; its rushing waterfalls ; its fields of ice and marvellous iron-bound coast; its regions of midnight sun and midnight glory ; its stern, eternal hills, and gentler valleys. And to its hospitable, earnest people, an "Au revoir, sans adieu".

Charles W. Wood 1880

5) Chapter 12/12 Supplement - Research links, etc.

[Wikipedia – Gudvangen](#)

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[Wikipedia - Sognefjord](#) | [Visit Norway - Laerdal by the Sognefjord](#) |

[iTouchMap - Laerdalsoren](#) | [Sognefjord - Laerdal Tourist Information](#) | [Sognefjord - Ardal Tourist Information](#)

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[Wikipedia - Oslo](#) | [Visit Norway - Tourist Information in Oslo](#)

[Wikipedia - Interregnum](#)

[Dictionary.Com - Propitious](#)

[Merriam-Webster Dictionary - Cataract](#)

[Wikipedia - Martin Chuzzlewit \(Miss Pecksniff\)](#)

[Dictionary.Com - Indefatigable](#)

[The Free Dictionary - Ere](#)

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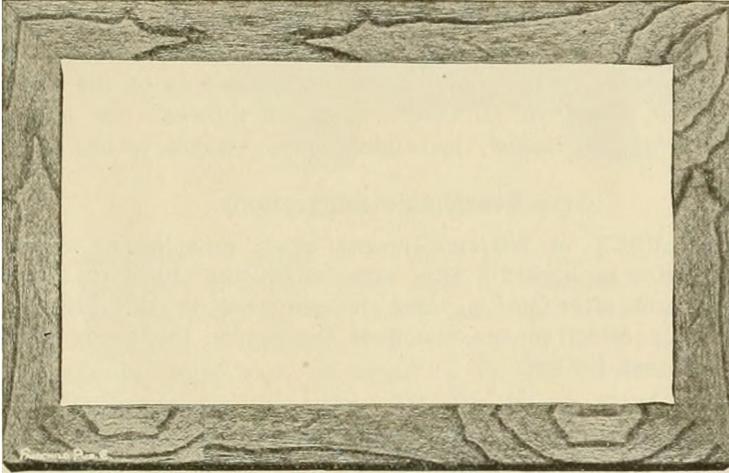


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