June 19, 1886

Dear Mr. Smith,

The mail came this morning bringing me the messages of love and last bits of news. I woke up and meditated about six o'clock after not sleeping a night as we had planned. We made up our minds to see Capt. Willingood last evening and we set ourselves a hard task because he was very much impressed with his friends. Finally about two o'clock we had a few words with him and tried to make a good impression. But we have since learned that our hats are at the engineers table. The ship is superb. Russell could be tickled to pieces with the gray blue plush the gilt and all
at seven, the Ettrick steaming out just ahead of us. It took a long time to clear the piers and iron swarmed, but now N.Y. is at sight and we are steaming along so quietly that we hardly realize we are in motion. We are sitting in our steamer chairs on the promenade deck which is I think unusually clean and clear. I recognize Mr. W.C. Dodge who is here with his boy and I think I have seen Mr. B.B.'s.

We have a much shorter time for writing than I expected as the pilot is to go in a few minutes. We are now passing the Ettrick! Great excitement and waving of handkerchiefs! Mamma must know that the invitation from E.J. Moran as we thought in from Bert Brown & Harrington who
with Summer White cheered us as we winged thence. Dr. Manningham.
Please let Edith share this little note as I do not dare write alone. Pilot o' breakfast going make a wondrous combination. More from The next stopping place and also a note of acknowledgment to Mrs. Clapham.

With true affection always.

Marion Talbot.

The brass band made the start lively.
Monday, June 21, 1886
5 P.M.

Dear Home Folks,

Circumstances meanwhile I have had no control prevented my starting a week yesterday as I had planned! From so exciting a life I can get down only the most thrilling events.

The first was the episode with the Etnia which stopped at Sandy Hook to take on board Mr. Beecher who was expected down the harbor by members of his commission on a heavily fisted craft. About the middle of the afternoon the Etnia passed us within a mile. Mr. Dodge told me later that Capt. Willygrov is too cautious to urge his steamer to her full speed.
on this first voyage. I wish you would note, unless it is too late when this comes, which is telegraphed first. At noon on Saturday we sighted the three masts of the steamer projecting above the water. It was an impressive sight and made my heart beat fast.

The sea was smooth all day and we were ready for dinner when night came. Soup, roast beef, potatoes, fish, potatoes, roast veal, oyster cakes, cake, flower, roast duck, dressed lettuce, green pea preserves, Cabinet pudding, strawberry ice cream, a wonderful fancy cake, strawberries, maraschino, coffee made up, and dinner of two courses. The brass band turned into a string orchestra and stationed at the head of the stairs.

Leaving into the saloon and as each course is ready to be served the music strikes up the eighteen waltzes bearing their forty dishes all into the procession. It makes quite an imposing ceremony.

In the evening we had a pleasant chat with Mr. Dodge who is very enthusiastic about Norway where he spent last summer. Travelling with Mr. Börs Othmer he will introduce us. The wind began to blow up fresh in the night.

Charlotte got out of the breakfast went in deck, but what she had eaten and at noon wandered back to the state room where she has been rather solemn and unable to keep anything down if she made any exertion. I was wakened by the band.
and playing German chorals over my head. With my I
fared pretty well with breakfast
lunch. But in the evening not
the little armas that we had
been able to take. By that time
things were pretty lively. We
had what the Captain him-
self called a heavy gale. Our
portholes were under water
quartes of the time and the
waves broke against the
flaps with such force that I
was in constant dread of be-
ning deluged lying as I was
in the sofa so as to be able
to jump up and help Charlotte.
This morning Missings went
out to breakfast but was back
again soon and has not been
out of his room since then.
He has not been actually
sick. I managed to keep well by keeping still. The one excitement I had was being wakened by the fall of a great heavy glass stopper of the water bottle from the shelf ten or a half feet above my head. It struck the outside corner of my right eye stunned the flash black blue at once. Herman, the steward, who looks absurdly like Kate Currinell, brought me some olive oil. I shall not be as disfigured as I feared. I have had to laugh at the pathetic way in which Charlotte directs Herman about the placing of "Das," as she calls her bowl, within convenient reach. He understands hardly a word of English, so she says "etzi Liue Das hier." There were only two gentlemen at the luncheon table today which was an ev.
confusing bit of news for me to take the boat girl this evening. I sat through the eleven courses at dinner -- did pretty good justice to them too. Then I took a little stroll on deck, but it was too wet to be pleasant and so I have retired to the saloon. We are now getting little of the Barque, it is drizzling. The Captain made us a little call this afternoon and three sailors were hurt in the joke, but the Doctor patched them up. They must learn to look out for themselves or they will never be Captain. I told them so," he added.

Saturday, June 26.

The days have passed uneventfully but pleasantly. We have had fair weather but there has been a heavy swell most of the time, and it has been necessary to have the sailor in the table attired in grey meal. Whitworth and Charlotte have breakfasted in bed and put in a late appearance on deck. I have felt well and have not missed a meal since Monday noon. Our state room is very comfortable with one exception. There was a very disgusting and nauseating odor when we first went into it. We made a close examination with eyes and noses, but could find no satisfactory cause with the possible exception of the blankets. They were of excellent quality, large size and tied up German fashion in a bag made of a table cloth. The odor was not as bad in the morning as toward night. An washing required I had my suspicions confirmed that it was the wool and so we have borne it wishing one of all kinds of devices to lessen the burden. The original or novel
and delightful feature of our room is the electric light burning in a glass quite similar to one of all finger bowls. We can turn it off or on at pleasure and as it goes on that it is a real comfort.

The band of eleven pieces is made up of the second cabin stewards and one has a concert in deck in the morning in the saloon at dinner and on deck again late in the evening. Tonight we put our names on the subscription list for 10 marks. That will take the place of the stewards' fee as she has not done anything for us yet. Charlotte felt better she presented her letter of introduction to Dr. Atte. When he found she was from Boston he asked if she knew Dr. Talbot of Malbourn St. He remembers very well the betting
of the romantic city on the Elbe, about which I have heard so many times and also that Paramer taught him the word "fretcher." He wishes to be remembered to you both. We see but little of the Captain. He is busy with his ship, and has several old friends among the passengers. There are two long tables in the saloon and eight smaller ones in the alcoves at the sides. The chief engineer, Mr. Watt sits at the head of one long table. Next him at his left is Dr. Jas. A. Reckling, of whom Charlotte will write you. Then come a party of three and beyond me a couple of Germans. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ziller from Cincinnati who are far from attracting this not objectionable.

At Mr. Watt's right is Miss Freeman, an interesting looking young woman who is taking three girls from the Ogontz school for a year's travel. They are Misses Hughes, Foster, & Kent.
Mr. T. Wallaces Skillof next are quiet people also from Cincinnati I believe. Mr. Watt is a Scotchman very interesting and well informed on almost every subject. The Captain sits at the head of the other table. At his left is John Jacob Astor who is very quiet and does not mingle much with the passengers. His immense wealth further comes an incredible favour. Next there is Mr. Clarence A' Seward son of Mrs. H. and for a long time in Japan. With his long hair, heavy mustache, and awkward figure he seems more like a backwoodsman than a leading lawyer of any metropolis. He has been connected with the Broadway case and all of his opponents of eminence reputation. Col. George Blinn is also with us but he spends much of his time in the smoking room playing poker.

First to Mr. Seward is Hon. Jas. O'Brien of N. Y. a local politician familiarly known as "good Jimmy O'Brien" to distinguish him from the other. His brown wife is well endowed with diamonds and good nature and his two baby boys are the sweetest children I ever saw. At the Captain's right is August Feigal the German consul general whose principal occupation seems to be fiddling. First has sits the German party to whom I will write to Edith. We find very few people with whom we can to exchange more than mere common place pleasantries but among the number fortunately are Mr. & Mrs. Börs who are a handsome couple with delightfully courteous bearing. They are much interested in our proposed trip. They went to the White Cape last summer for the first time and are tremendously enthusiastic.
They are now in their way to Marienbad. Boyesen dedicated his book in Norway in the "Stories of the Nations," published by F. P. Utne, to Mr. Biro "Knight of St. Olaf Wasa, the White Star." Mr. Biro showed us his copy and made two little ink dabs on top of the Whit Cape, which forms the frontispiece, to present Charlotte and me.

Mr. Dodge says he has done a great deal for his country, especially Bergen and his trip last summer was a continual feat.

Mr. Dodge is very kind and nice, to be particularly remembered to you. His boy Percy is a quiet, quiet lad, sitting for college, evidently quite a student.

I noticed the first few days a sad looking young woman evidently with a story. I found out that she is Mrs. Knudsen of Ashbron, Wis., daughter of Henry Luding.
physician on her way home to her
sorrowing family. Last evening
I had a little chat with her. She is
very bright and intelligent.
Dr. Rosea of N. Y. is quietly affable
and his wife would be if she were
in better physical condition. We
do not make many acquaintances
among the patients. Mistletoe
you know has not much camar-
raderie about him and says there
is no one whom he cares to know.
I would like to find out something
about Dr. Selby whose name figures
there in the list as he may be the
one you know. But it is getting
almost too late to make more
acquaintances.

June 27
Mistletoe staid not last night to
set the Janet pumper I called
and about two o’clock brought the
news from State Room. I said I
had seen Caud before and kept
on with my slumber as I hadn't
started in at three until about one o'clock. Between four and five I was wakened by the fog whistle and stopping of the propeller. Suddenly the fog lifted in a few minutes and we have a beautifully clear day with a calm sea. Charlotte slept tranquilly thru all the commotion as usual. I tell her she will not hear the Last Trump unless I am by to give her a poke.

About eight o'clock we passed the Eddystone light so far away that it looked like a spectre.

The Captain has promised to take us with him over the ship this morning, so with all the sights we shall be very busy. We expect to reach Southampton about 4 P.M. I will mail Russell a letter from Bremen.

With greetings from the Old Wild to Saratoga this lovely Sunday morning. Always fondly,

Marion Talbot.
S.S. Trans. June 28, 1886 3:30 P.M.

My dear Russell,

Your letter which came to me on the morning we sailed pleased me as much as it surprised me. I shall have to be pretty smart to keep up my end of so lively a correspondence as it promises to be.

We are now sailing through the North Sea and have had the flat coast of Holland in sight most of the morning. The stewards and passengers think we shall reach Bremen around about six o'clock, in fact they are quite sure about it, but the captain and engineer have no opinion in the matter! Even if the passengers are right we shall not reach Bremen until 10 P.M. We have packed our hand bags so that we can take an early start for Hamburg in the
morning after seeing about our return passage.

I asked over as many times yesterday that you were with us, we had such an interesting day. The first landmark with a name which I saw was the famous Eddystone light house about which I presume you have read. We watched the irregular outline of the shore with its chalk cliffs all the morning, except when it occasionally receded from sight for a while. Early in the afternoon we passed in through the narrow channel between the Isle of Wight (The Needles) and the main shore. We had taken two pilots on board and we had a very good chance to see the little boats rowed up along side and the ladies throwing down to them. It was very exciting and must be exceedingly dangerous in rough weather. The chief engineer told me that they sometimes have to carry off the pilot from New York! We had a lovely sail into Southampton harbor past the Isle of Wight with its charming residences and Picturesque villages. We saw a yacht with all its sails set while I heard several passengers say was the Galatea but without doubt it as the American colors were flying. At any rate the yacht was pretty enough to deserve to be in the next race. The tender came down from Southampton to take about sixty of my passengers on board. The band played the pen theme, and everybody seemed in good spirits, and I thought down dip
frent it was from a certain land.
ny we heard about five years ago.
about half past four we were
off again and soon had the
Queen's palace of Osborne in
sight. We first passed at a very
imposing stone mansion, but
a few minutes after saw a
building to much larger and
finer and more stately that
Witling said the first must
have been the lodge! Again
in a little while the great city
of Portsmouth was in sight on
the main shore. It stretches out
for a great extent and we
could see the thousand mast
heads which proved it to be
one of the greatest seaports and
naval centers of the world.
In the harbor were some men
of war and the fortresses looked
as if they were impregnable indeed. We sighted the 'Elbe' which had sailed from Bremen the day before and wondered if it wasony to pick up Papa and Mamma at Southampton. Some fresh provisions were taken on board so we had strawberries, cream, lettuce and fish for dinner. I did practice some of my Teresa dances for me had done some hard work in cooking on, but some afterwards I turned in as as to get a good long night. I succeeded, but I missed seeing the lights of Dover as we passed through the Straits. It was said to be a very pretty sight.

We have had wonderfully smooth water all the way this the Channel and the North Sea.
greatly to our relief.

At Southampton we gave the steward letters to mail for all the home folks. I wrote to Maina and Edith, and letters also went from Charlotte and Mother.

We made afterward that we had joined them to some friend to mail, so there is a possibility that the steward may prefer the coin to doing his duty by us and you.

Please tell Papa that if we cable at all we shall direct to Talbot, Boston, so perhaps he will go to the office and make arrangements to have such dispatches sent to him. You will be amused to hear of Charlotte’s experience with the book steward May. She took out a book called ‘An English Squire’ from the library. He pronounced it ‘Skrer’ and wrote it ‘Square’!

Hotel Fernania, Bahnhofstrasse 32.
Bremen, June 29, 4 P.M.

Here we are in Deutschland and I have a long and varied story to tell you. We reached Bremenhaven at 5 P.M. went on the little named ‘Willkommen’ train by a tug, which also carried the luggage. We had to wait quite a time for the train to be loaded. We received a nice little compartment for three and had a great time examining the various ‘jigzews’ as we called the modern conveniences. There were the foot stools to be pulled out, the contents to draw, the arm rests to put in place, the little table to be extended, the windows to adjust in various places, the screens to draw down over the bag, light, and finally, if we cared to have a fire of 100 marks, the handle to show which should sound the engine whistle! So we kept ourselves amused until half past ten when we were finally off for Bremen.
which we reached a little after midnight. We had been told that every hotel in Bremen was full and not a bed to be had. But we telegraphed to the little hotel recommended by the attendants, thinking our chances better there than at Kellmanns or one of the large hotels. The first person who appeared when the car door was opened was a gentleman who inquired if for Herr Dreeke. That was the name of the boy who was Mr. Thrup’s roommate. He asked your name was Tallbot. We said it was ‘Fraulein Hartwig from Werners is at Altona 29’ he said. He was in a great hurry and rushed off. I hardly knew what to make of it, but I had written to Henry that I expected to reach Bremen at this time and wished I could see her here as I did not expect to be able to visit Werners. There was nothing to do but wait for developments in the morning. We gave a pot of tea traps and walked to the hotel where we were welcomed by the proprieties and at once shown to our rooms. Charlotte and mine is up one flight in the front corner, has three!
beds, one of them is an American brass bed with wonderful bedding and quilts. But, toned up to linen sheets with lace ruffles and sides down quilts. Besides, there are also three chairs from large windows and an iron stove reaching two-thirds of the way to the ceiling. Winthrop had a comfortable single room given him up by his mother. At eight o'clock this morning we had breakfast of real German cherries, rolls, black bread and boiled eggs. Winthrop was a little late so we went out for a swim to the Austadl near by. Pretty soon after breakfast we walked to the Lloyd's office, saw Mr. Peters and made the best arrangements we could about return passage, though he could not tell us definitely what we should have as he wishes to treat us as well as possible to room mates. He had sent two letters to Kilmann and while he dispatched a messenger for them we took a walk, strolled into the Gewerbehaus and then made our way thru a back entrance into the largest church which we examined leisurely. Its chief
feature of interest is its antiquity. It was built about 1240. A toothless girl wearing an old costume came along and asked if we would like to go up into the tower. So we had a guide and up we went 357 feet over the greenest and crooked, not winding stairs, straight stairs and ladder I ever saw. We passed the great bells and the clock, worked and heard the young ravens crying in their nests. The view was grand and we felt well repaid for the effort which was considerable especially after so long a confinement in shipboard. Then we came down. We found the old woman who had been so thoughtful as to provide us with water, soap, and a towel which we needed badly as our scrambling had been a dirty one. Then we went for our letters. Charlotte and I waited in the vestibule and Mustang came back with Nanny Hastings! Oh! Wasn't there laughter and screaming! She had been to all the principal hotels looking for us and was previously dropped.

pointed not to meet us in Bremerhaven, but she was told that the steamer would not arrive until Wednesday. Just about the time she received my letter she had an invitation to visit her aunt here, so on the came! She is to make rather a short visit as early in September the goes to Breckin to sing until May. She brought me a bunch of roses from her aunt's garden. After we had had quite a chat Mustang returned with the letters which he had been to hunt up and we all took a droschke and drove for two hours about the town admiring the lovely little gardens and the brilliant colors of the roses, Cethias and narcissiums, and through the Bürgerpark which was laid out by the citizens twenty years ago and is now very attractive with its driveways, canals, concert gardens and ponds. We drove Henry back to her aunt's and made arrangements for her to spend the day in Hamburg with us tomorrow. She has never been there and as she does not
like the away over night we are to take the express train at 6 reaching F at 8. If we started at 6 we should not be there until noon. She is so very jolly and good-natured that it is great fun than her with us. She hopes to go to America. Damrooich told her her voice was large enough for the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Perhaps in Hamberg we can find a painter and hear her sing. She speaks English really very well.

Mr. Sadie's letter was extremely kind and cordial. He has engaged our passage as we wished from Kronshagen on July 11 and we are to get our tickets on the steamer the Sirene Si. jurassen. I would send the letter but it is in Muriel's pocket. She is not attending to Charlotte's trunk. We had a very good table dinner in a little conservatory which would have pleased you and at five Henry is coming to go with us to see Offenbach's Orphans in the Thalia or summer theatre. We shall have supper there. Goodbye forever with lots I love from your sister, Marion Tallat.
July 1, 1886

Hotel im Kronprinzen.
Jungfernstrasse 31.
Hamburg.
Room 109, overlooking the Brunnen Alster.

Dear Home People,

I hope you do not expect these letters to contain many secret emotions or thrilling thoughts, for it is all I can do to chronicle actual doings from hour to hour or rather from minute to minute.

Henny Hartwig arrived just as I closed my letter to Russell and we soon started out for the Tivoli Theatre where we bought tickets for 150 marks each and thus took a stroll until it was time for the performance, Offenbach's 'Orpheus', to begin. There was not a very large audience present, but the representation was very fair. The music is lively and pretty and much of it quite familiar. Henny pointed out in the audience Emma Seebold who has been in New York and is to sing in Boston as guest tomorrow night at the Tivoli. After the play we had an supper. Henny ordered for himself 'appetizers brodchen', Carrot and I had one between us. What do you suppose it was made of? Well it was a work of art. Just a slice of the medium...
Brown bread and on it were piled slices of beef, ham, sausage, hard boiled egg, cream, the pickle, anchovy and caper. It was hard for you to imagine that it was good! We reached the hotel even after two and after a hurried breakfast in the morning took the seven o'clock train for Hamburg, as we learned that it made the trip in three hours, instead of four as Weitling thought. I found that the previous counted up very quickly with Henry and that she was in the habit of travelling third class. I tried to make Weitling decide for herself that we should all go in that way, but she wavered and finally I had to be pretty positive and say I should in. He was awfully disgusted! We paid 5.10 marks each for our journey of 70 odd miles. We had a compartment to ourselves and although the seats were not enlivened we were so comfortable that I have not ventured to ask Weitling how he likes travelling third class! There was no me in the first class carriages and only two people in the second. My guide recommended us to come to this hotel so we loaded a porter down with our traps and tramped along past the flatter or canals and picturesque old houses which looked like a bit of Holland to the inexperienced. Our hotel is beautifully situated, some of you will know just how beautifully and our rooms are well worth the price we shall have to pay. We can sit in the windows and watch the little steamboats scooting through the water and the swans gliding about in a dignified and leisurely manner while the people walk up and down the shady promenade around the banks of the Basin. We left Charlotte at the Hotel and walked to the office of the Bergen steamers where we made arrangements for our passage. The steamer is to sail Friday at midnight instead of noon as I thought. Henry is perfectly well and after supper we found out that the “Albatross” was lying at Strandgai 216 and set out to find her. After a walk we took the train and in the car was a very funny old peasant woman who had lost her thumb and held the conductor and passengers imperiously with questions about the station and trains. Tobacco
her coat turned and all her troubles. We wandered about some time away from the great warehouses and docks, etc. for we found the craft. Henry was very enthusiastic, but our recollection of the Tern was too fresh for us to join her very heartily. I will tell you later how we fare. We took a carriage back to the hotel and there went on board the little steamer which starts from under the windows and sailed away for over half an hour to Winterhude for the vast sum of 2½ cents each. At Winterhude we went into a garden for lunch and then we had fun giving our orders. Charlotte and I decided on beefsteak and chocolate. "Ach Gott" cried Henry, "Bifetek and chocolate! Horrible! a bone in a cake! Bifetek and chows cake! Give me schnaps and beer! Didn't we shout! We strode into the village church of Eppendorf and wandered about the graveyard where I picked some wild roses. A little after three we were back in Hamburg and were glad to have our trunks. After a good table dinner we took a carriage and drove for a couple of hours. The roadman was...
very intelligent and interested. We saw the shopping quarter with the marines' home and pleasure resorts. Then we drove past the botanical and zoological gardens and out into the country. The houses and villas are not nearly as attractive as those of Bremen when the rose gardens and display of bright flowers were most charming and unique features. After an drive Whittmore took Kenny and me out in a row boat for a half hour and then we went with her to the train which left at 5.35. That was the end of a very happy and unexpected episode. We learned a great deal from her and she a great deal from us. She is full of fun and enthusiasm, affectionate and appreciative. Whittmore and I strolled about the town, looking into the shop windows and making the attempts to find the impossible umbrella on which Whittmore's heart is set! We bought some cherries and reached the hotel at 10 P.M. where Charlotte had passed her time batting (you know my nickname for her), Lady of the Order of the Bath) and writing. I found a card from Miss von Blumberg who had seen our names on the register. She wrote a message regretting that she had missed
as she was to leave at eight in the morning. So this morning I got up in time to exchange a few words with her and see her off. She left New York two days before we did and reached Hamburg the same time and we had the visit in Berlin besides! So the train made good time or bitter since the Hamburg line. We had ordered lunch at 1:30 but after unfruitful attempts to see Wirtzau, Charlotte and I decided we would expedite matters by going to buy our Bergen tickets. On our return at 10:30 Wirtzau decided he would begin his day and now we have settled our money matters and he is off doing his shopping.

Friday, July 27, 1876.

Charlotte and I visited the Art Museum which we did not find particularly interesting. A large part of the building is under repair and therefore closed. Wirtzau bought his valise, went to the bank, and a little after we joined us at lunch. We then visited the Exchange, which did not happen to be in a very lively condition and walked about the Church of St. Nikolaus but were too late to go in. We drove out to the Zoological Garden and spent nearly three hours walking about. The garden is very extensive and there is a large collection of animals. We watched the large elephants for a long time. His use of his trunk was very clever and intelligent. Every body who came along had some food for him. The keeper of the lions and tigers walked along in front of the cages within a little enclosure and called the animals by name, fondled them, and made them roar. The aquarium had a good collection of sea-anemones but could not be examined in detail except with that of Berlin. We washed back to the hotel and after a little rest took the steamer for the Fischhafen at Uelzen, one of the suburbs of the Amiens Altert. The architecs of the Stadt Theater plays in the garden which we were not surprised to find a popular resort. We were immediately amused, as we sat eating our supper, by watching the different families parties and groups of friends. Lots of row boats and sail boats, some of them large enough to have cabins floated about and the people must have en-
joyed listening to the music across the water as much as we appreciated the added picturesque ness they gave the scene.

Today Friday I went out with Winthrop to finish up his shopping. It is slow and hard work. We bought our maps at 10 each and a handsome haversack in which Winthrop looks like quite a dude. I made a hunt for a waterproof but after a long struggle gave up the search. We went back to the hotel for Charlotte and together visited the Nikolai Kirche. After dinner we took the steamer on the Elbe for Blankenheim and I will write later about that lovely trip as it is now half past nine and we are soon off for Romo. If we see fifteen lines as much in the sixty days there as we have in the five days in Germany we shall have lots to remember.

All keep well and happy and send true love to the dear ones on the other side of the world.

Affectionately, Martha
S.S. Olef Trygvetts
Saturday, July 3, 1876 6 P.M.

Dear Family,

I must tell you something about our visit to Blankenese yesterday afternoon and I cannot do it justice under the present circumstances. We took the steamer, second class, at 4 P.M. and greatly enjoyed watching the banks of the Elbe as we sailed along for a little over an hour. We saw Blankenese from a distance and were sure then that we had made no mistake in deciding to make its acquaintance. It is situated in a ravine whose precipitous sides are terraced and every available spot occupied by a cottage with a thatched or tiled roof. The houses here are for the most part not large enough to contain barns or stables, but that made no difference, for in some cases, we saw that the horse lived on the ground floor and the people upstairs! A narrow, sandy road followed the shore and children wading in the water and digging in the sand, girls digging in the clay and boys hauled up in the beach were objects we have seen in faraway fishing villages. But that was the end.
of the monuments, to see a philosophical phrase. The particular immediately struck our fancy. A perfect network of winding paths paved with cobble stones, and straight stone steps stretching up and out of sight, extended in every direction. The trees and shrubs of the tiny gardens hanging over the by ways and completely adorned them. Other little paths distinguished only by an open gate led to the cottages. Roses and hydrangeas were blooming in great profusion and little strips of land sometimes over large enough for one row of beans or potatoes were utilized to the utmost. The picturesque and the sanitary early thrived on the same soil. Water trickling down the gutters was the only sign of this predicato. We met several villagers, but they took no notice of our staring. The village is evidently a permanent exhibition. There was one exception however. A little peasant maid of five or six years stretched out her hands as she saw me coming leading in Sunday file and as we passed one after the other she quietly placed her tiny little feet in our hands without a word of a smile and as quietly withdrew it. Was it not a pretty greeting? We found Shops scattered about. The ubiquitous watch.

makes and artistic dentists were there and several little houses had signs up to show that they could furnish fresh milk, coffee, and boiling water. By the side of the principal road, one or two on which carriages and wagons could pass, we saw a wooden case, a simple 1 foot square enclosed by a wire screen and furnished with box andIndian beans. Inside were two official looking notices announcing the meeting of youths and maidens and giving full particulars of their family connections and antecedents! After our stroll we went to the Fächerhaus and found a table in the garden overlookiing the rice and village. We had a simple and not very good supper and at quarter before seven started to drive back to Hamburg in the undershirt which had come by our orders to meet us. There was a succession of pretty villas and lawns and private gardens all the way to the city and even more than the usual proportion of beer gardens and taverns. It was a charming drive and we went every walk as we had left the eight miles behind us. But we still had to pack and it was not until...
nearly ten that we were ready to leave the hotel.

I had no idea that so many curious costumes could be seen in so modern a city as Haarlem. These of the flower women were particularly interesting; with the short dark blue skirts, white blouses, bodices, silver chains, and wonderful head-gear with black stamped leather bows projecting like wings except in grace and beauty. The housemaids looked very neat with their stiff little muslin caps, white aprons and bare arms, and pretty too, some of them when the bare arms were not red but brown. What a trade these must be in brass buttons! Even the street sweepers have their uniforms.

Christmas and Sunday Eve.

Here we are celebrating the Glorious Truth in a decidedly novel way! Our little ship does not capture our hearts. Friday night we slept well and Charlotte and I were up to break fast. Nothing slept until two o'clock, I felt more like staying out on deck than struggling for his dinner in the ill-smelling cabin. Charlotte read a book after breakfast and went other places. I felt well enough to write the first three pages of this
After a good night’s sleep, I turned on, having had only a cup of coffee since morning. My cabin was a most uncomfortable little hole with an Englishman and his son and Charlotte and I had to share the ladies’ cabin. The stewardess was a slut and as stupid as she is dirty and prodigious. Last night we were all utterly mismatched. In spite of it I nearly had hysteria from laughter! Our ship had been pitching and tossing so violently. A woman and child in the cabin took turns being sick and really suffered greatly. About two o’clock I heard a moan which wakened me in spite of my attempt to sleep through it. I raised myself up and beheld Charlotte in a double bow, bust in the floor. Her bed had slid out, turned upside down, turned the trunk across the narrow cabin and there lay Charlotte in the midst of the wrecks saying in a pitiful tone “I can’t find my dress!” I burst out laughing and it was adding fuel to the fire to behold all my clothes which I had laid on the seat of my bed, spread out on the floor and my soft hat which I had given the care of my hair pins, utterly empty on top of the heap! And not a hairpin to be found when morning came. I suggested to Charlotte she take her pillow and blankets out from under the debris.
and rolled up on a certain sofa.

The poor child was quite sick all night, but I held my own until this morning when I gave up the little I had! We went on and on until about three o'clock when I said I thought it was time dinner was done. Charlotte said she supposed they had been to breakfast and was somewhat surprised to find what time it was! We were there in smooth water entering the harbor of Christiansand. Wuthering, nice was a dreadful shock if we could go on time to dinner. We were glad enough to do it and at four o'clock appeared at Ernst's hotel where we had some salmon, veal, potatoes, preserve, wild strawberries, cream, and St. Julien for dinner. Do we celebrate the day, first meal in Norway, salmon, strawberries, and first was an occasional drop of rain. We were rather weak when we went to our meal, but now we feel better. The Charlotte is quite lame. We shall never eat a whit any statement that we hear about the winds of the North Sea! We are to have few more nights on the Blaf Thorpebroek before we reach Thorsheim next Saturday night and we dread them, but we shall probably have no such sea as that I last night.

Well, one looking Ereand.

Monday, 3 P.M., July 5.

The captain suggested going to take a carriage and drive to the Ravendal. Charlotte joined us there, as she had felt too stiff for the walk in the rain which Wuthering and I had enjoyed. Our little yellow pony rattled us at a good pace over the pavements. It was a relief to have a shaking up of a different kind since we were evidently bound to have some kind of a jolt! We left the carriage at the entrance to the date and spent half an hour looking about the rocky cliff, which were precipitously on one side, and then strolled past the little pond, on which were swans and ducks, and up a hill where we found another smaller pond. At ten o'clock we reached the steamer, but it was still light enough for us to read. We began to feel that there are to be compensating circumstances in the route I choose? Eight hours at Christiansand is certainly one and we are now enjoying another. When we went to bed we prepared for another earthquake! I put my hairpins in the most secret place I could find and jammed my clothes down so hard between the cushions that mamma would have had to repeat her experience in the library to get them out! But our tumble was futile. We had a quiet night and slept through until after nine this morning. It was
the growling roughed so I did not
burr up. When I was dropped I found
the breakfast table had all been cleared
off, so I joined Charlotte in having tea,
bread, crackers, and ham in the cabin.
I had tried to make the stewards und
stand what I meant by crackers by
saying that I had had none for break-
fast, that they were thin, round, hard,
white, etc., but she evidently couldn't
decide whether I wanted a dress or a
baby! So I took the precaution to ask
the captain for the Norwegian word
found it was pronounced keks. By
putting the word for English before, we
get some very good Hinsley biscuit,
almost like Albert biscuit. At noon
we reached Brest, where dinner
was served. The custom on shipboard
seems to be to shift the diners until
port is reached, so it may be at 12.30
as it was today or 4 as it was yester-
day. We had quite a fair dinner
and then bade farewell to our ship
which sailed away to Stavanger. We
are to go by rail and thus avoid the
longest part of the coast journey
and have a chance to see this little
place. After wandering about the streets
we followed the delightful green in the
pavement and climbed a hill above
the town from which we had a fine view of rugged, craggy peaks, jagged, coast-line and red-roofed village with its principal buildings, the church rail.
road station, and porcelain factory, overshadowing the tiny houses and stirs.
We settled ourselves in a sheltered place and began to use our writing materials all the rest of our baggage except our umbrellas being on its way to Stavanger.
but the clouds soon gathered and we thought it prudent to beat a retreat to the railroad station where we were.
On the hill we had our first chance to appreciate the beauty and variety of the norwegian flora.
that brilliant coloring to the pink clover! and how exquisite the blue-bells and many formed pink and yellow flowers which are strangers.
The little lads and lassies we melt off their hats and curtsies and put us to shame with their politeness.
Even the ponies and horses in the hill.
side had a quite courteous manners about them and the little shepherd dog which was busy keeping a stray herder near the pasture gate had an urbanity in his manner which struck our attention at once.

Stavanger. Monday 11 P.M.
At 5.30 we took the train paying 2.48 kroner each for our tickets to Stavanger. This time it required no effort to decide upon third class. We had a compartment to ourselves and were very comfortable during the little hours and twenty minutes necessary to make the forty-eight miles. In spite of the statement of Baedeker that it was a dreary and uninteresting country we found something to see at every turn and kept our eyes wide open. The little shops which sprang out at every station and backed at us as if we were riding by in a carriage were very funny. All the way along whenever there was a house there was a group of children waving their hats and we waved our handkerchiefs back to them. The rocks were wonderful and the little spots of earth were all made to produce something if only peat. At Marskø we stopped ten minutes and Milles felt bought us each a sandwich for five öre! But they were not worth much more. One was made of home, one of cheese and wine of cold boiled egg and anchovies! Nearly all the passengers of the Chief Inspector took the railroad journey with us. For the last few miles the railroad followed the fjord and the scenery became more beautiful as we approached Stavanger which is a much more prosperous looking town than Christiania.

Steamer 11.30 P.M.

We arrived or tried to arrive at once for the Hotel du Nord, the first one named in Baedeker. We were overtaken by a man who asked if we were going to the Hotel Victoria. We said we were looking for the Hotel du Nord. "That hotel is dead already a year," he said. "Go to the Hotel Victoria. It is new."

"Oh," I said, "of course we don't want to go to a dead hotel. We will go to the Victoria if it is really alive." So he showed us the way and we met the proprietor. We found some of our fellow passengers who had kept to the steamer already there and others joined us. We introduced the proprietor telling the guests in German that we were Americans and what our conversation was about the hotel. They all laughed very heartily and all the more when we joined in and..."
they found we had understood the talk. We had a supper to which we did full justice after our nine hour fast. There were beefsteak and potatoes, lobsters, minced cod, salad, cold meats, tea and bread with cheese I suppose. After supper it was drizzling so we did not try to see more of the town as we had hoped to do, but returned to the ship. Charlotte and I are writing while our seven companions all Norwegian women are preparing themselves for the night. Every evening is full and we pray for a smooth night! We think it is very funny.

Tuesday morning we had a good night after all and this morning Charlotte and I appeared at breakfast about half past nine. Of course it is raining but we are not disappointed. It is the first rain we have had. But we are not tempted out on deck. I shall mail this as soon as we reach Bergen which will be shortly. A letter to Edith is under way. With hearty love to all. Morrow.
Hotel Køge, Bergen July 6.

Dear Family,

I am going to try and tone up my morals a little, since at last I have a fair chance to use a steel pen. You know I claim that the stylographic pen is a powerful democratizing agent in our era. Of course, the example of Papa is the exception which proves the rule!

Now for an account of our Bergen Days. According to the official programme we entered the harbor on July 6 about noon on the planet Jupiter. Reunions being as always in the ascendant, I in our efforts to get ahead for one of the two German couples who had been with us from Hamburg, we arranged for Muttley to drive ashore, make for the hotel, secure rooms and return for us. So off he went. The customs house officials appeared, suspected the trunks, the Germans departed in a boat.
the time dragged along. The ship was nearly deserted, and we continued.

It must have been nearly ten o’clock before we appeared. He had arranged for a carriage to come for us from the hotel, but the driver did not find us. As we did not make our appearance he returned for us and then we had to hunt up a porter and cart for our luggage and foot it to the hotel. We went at once to table there, it was about half past three, and there sat our German friends waiting and bowing at us! However we had the comfort of settling ourselves in very good rooms and expressing our abhorrence after our three quarters in the steamer. After dinner we started in a two horse carriage for Fortoft, Mr. Frederick Gades county place. In spite of frequent showers we enjoyed the drive greatly. The ascent from the road through the avenue was quite steep, and the view from the house was

respondingly fine. It reminded me exceedingly of that from hotel.

Reguin. The Yoders family. had not moved out from town, but he himself was there in a short inspecting tour and gave us a hearty greeting. In his heavy waterproof coat, waterproof boots, his gray hair, ruddy cheeks and mutton chop whiskers he was the perfect embodiment of a country gentleman. He chatted about with us taking especial pride in showing the Davenport which is certainly most interesting. He is having it restored under the direction of his cousin, laws whom we did not see as he was about to start on a journey. He returned to Bergen by another road part of which was so steep that we had to leave our carriage and walk. After supper we were glad to think ourselves up for the night. Charlotte having just indulged in a hot bath in a room which
was glad to seek refuge for a little in order to warm myself as we find the house quite cold. On Wednesday we went at nine o'clock to the fish market and stood for a long time watching the busy crowd. What convenient in fish these women are! The fish are passed up to them from the boats in hampers, satchels, sacks or tin hods and guick as a flash they look them over and throw back those which are not sal-infectious and strike in for a fresh bargain. Short, scream, jargon, and do the business. Even the clime and wet had a sort of fascination and it was hard for us to tear ourselves away. But Mrs. Gedde had of need to be at the hotel at a certain time to go with Mr. Thursty to order some boots. So Charlotte and I went off on a hunt for
a waterproof. I finally decided to have one made and reclose a pattern of the cloth. It is made up in the olive side with silk facings to match. The style is similar to my feather trimmed garment, but the cape is more convenient and there are adjustable sleeves and a hood. The coat will be ten dollars as we left the dressmaker we can rely on. Gade and Matthews who were just entering a tailors shop. I was glad. My heart had sunk when I found that the essential part of two pairs of trousers was patched! And one pair of boots was thought to be enough for a summer in Hawaii and an old pair at that! A pair of boots had been ordered and I helped choose the cloth for new trousers, so now he can walk on his hands and knees if he chooses without my dreading an explosion!
It was raining hard but Mr. Gade insisted on walking with us to the Museum. He went through the first story with us and then left us in order to attend a meeting of directors. We spent some time more in looking at the collections to which Mr. Börs had made valuable contributions from America. We also visited the bank and had a little chat with Mr. Herrath.Herr Bortnow, Mr. Bull had given me a letter. After table while dinner was wandered about among the shops longing all the time for weather suitable for climbing some of the hills or taking a walk in the environs of the town. Five clerks at Brandt's spent an hour showing us furs! We almost decided on a 300 crown coat for Papa and a 200 crown cider down, quilt for Mamma! Besides 4 coarse bear skins.

for glue, foot up, blue fox, muff and boa for the whole family! We joined the Norse Twist forening and adorned ourselves with Dr. yarn at the cost of $5 each. This we did at Hammar's and there we looked at his store of antiquities which was disappointingly small. In and out of shops we wandered everywhere finding people most courteous and jabbling very funny English in a flaxhill style. Mr. Millport and I made the Hotel de Hotel to look at the repor
tes. The Frenchies had been there. Mrs. French is a writer of the Times. Also Mrs. Loving of Chicago, the teacher, with her four young chil
dren, but all had left. Our days are so long that we have no evenings as the next events were supper
and bed. A taste with home-grown in our attempt to translate our certificate of membership in the
Tommi Club was a nice appetizer! This has been a day! I will just begin to tell you about it; thrice it is now after ten and we are in the front of returning to our beloved Olaf! We were a little late in setting out, in the rain of course. Whitmors wished to present his letter from Mr. Bond to his nephews Mr. Isdal, the accoumtant. Last night as I was winding my watch, the main spring broke (Whitmors watch by the way has a lot of going) and I wished to enquire about a trustworthy watchmaker. We went to Mr. Gade's office thinking we should find Mr. Isdal there but we did not. Mr. Gade however insisted upon going with us to the watch makers.

Now I must say goodnight as we start on our next stage walk, with true affection, Marion.
Folde in on the way to Molde.

Friday, July 9, 11 A.M.

Thank Heaven! That explanation at least I must utter before going on with my account of yesterday. Further particulars later. After bargaining about the watch, Mr. Gade said he wanted to go with us to the Hanseatic Museum. Then we had a most interesting experience for we saw with our very eyes just how the old German merchants lived and traded. 

who for centuries held in their vise grasp the commerce of the country and the welfare of the people. All along the quay stretched the buildings belonging to them. On the ground floor was stored the fish oil and other produce brought in May and August from the north by the fishermen who received in return the goods they needed for home use. But the only and all-powerful merchants knew how to regulate prices so that the people were always in debt to them. In this way they amassed fortunes and eventually for the most part returned to Bremen, Lübeck, Hamburg and the other towns which had been...
I was glad to find the letter of June 23 and 24. We had a good time riding there. After dinner I went to try on my cloak which came in the evening and the verdict of the jury is that it is a great success. Mr. Gade went to an arched brown book store and there Mr. Isdal and had not returned when Mr. Gade came in a handsome couple with a pair of black Norwegian horses not ponies that folded us with admiration. Romulus and Remus are their names. Black in color, sturdy, spirited, swift, and strong, they walked as near my ideal of a perfect pair of horses as I have ever dreamt of. Well, Mr. Gade did not come to we drove to Bergen for him. My! what a sensation we made! The horses dashed up to the door, - I am sure the coachmen enjoyed it - Mr. Gade bought and by this time. Mr. Gade came back we were surrounded by a mass of people staring and gaping! The carriage could not be turned there as the street was too narrow, yet it was the principal thoroughfare. So coach went the whip and alone we promenaded until we came to...
crossing of the roads. Round we turned and back we went the sidewalk all the way along lined with an eager admiring throng! Mr. Gade felt quite sure we showed here no more rain and declared that the coach was too crowded and we should go in open carriages. We drove to his house in Halfaret and walked about his garden and talked with his wife. In about twenty minutes the coachman drove up Romulus and Remus in a handsome victoria with special appointments for rain and with the seat of Charlotte and Miss Inga Gade, a girl of about seventeen were packed in. I drove with Mr. Gade in a fine English phaeton with a rumble, plated rack for the reins, and then a very good horse who looked very handsome in his silver plated English harness. We sped along over the road in a very different style from that of two days before. When we reached Fantoft, we went into the house and Mr. Gade brought out a bottle of Pommery champagne and some English biscuits. We drank various
toasts and then little Inga Lorsande, the four year old grandchild, whose parents were both away from home joined us and we walked around the church and in the park. Near the front veranda, we noticed a flag pole which could be raised or lowered on a standard. I noticed it and Mr. Gade suddenly turned about, walked off, called "hils" and soon came back. We surmised what he was doing and be sure as we returned from the park, we saw the American flag flying from the staff on the flagpole! Mr. Gade had some orders to give and we waited in the house until he was ready to start back which was about eight o'clock. It was raining so Mitting and I changed places which gave him a chance to talk up some subjects with Mr. Gade. The whole field is developing in his mind in a very different way and this, I think, has done little as yet in the way of actual writing where he does get through it will have plenty of material and we well in the mood for it or rather in the spirit of it. Can you imagine greater kindness than Mr. Gade has always...
us? I think even the humans could not do more. It was impossible for us to express our appreciation in any adequate way.

Mr. John H. Ford, the Pullman's manager, told me he had given me a letter, called me in, and was very cordial in his desire to do something for us on our return. He thinks now that we shall want to spend some days at Radke in the Harz, so that we should probably go from Velden to Detten, by water, up the Harz, then to Voss and Gutwagen and see the Fichfjeld & Christiania.

On our return to the hotel we had an exciting time gathering in our goods and chattels. There was my wash and cloak, my shoes and trousers, and the personal wash of the family, and in addition the packing, packing, and sending of the letters to you. We had to fly around but we were ready to leave the hotel a little before eleven. The landlord told us that the morning place of our steamer had been changed to the other side of the harbor. We walked along the German grain but she was not there. We spent her across the harbor near her first landing, and the question was how to reach her without walking all the way round. We found an old sailor who spoke English very well and told us a boatman would come along in a few minutes. So he did, and we were soon settled in his boat chattering English with him. As we stepped on board the steamer the Captain wished to meet us, his face radiant with smiles, and said, "I have something nice for you." He led us to a state room which he said we should have with an English lady and the fourth berth should not be occupied. Imagine my joy, especially when he told us that every one of the fourteen berths in the ladies' cabin was to be occupied! The husband of our roommate was put with us, and so we were settled full of congratulations when we beheld the women stowed away and the men in a similar style in the main cabin. We passed a very comfortable night.
and were up at eight o'clock but not quite even enough to go to the first breakfast table. I made a wet-beaded mess, failing in my attempt to find anything palatable but boiled eggs and bread. A poor old couple near me, cooking something like Yankee pie and unable to speak a word of Norwegian, were utterly forlorn and dis paunted. The old man had to begin his breakfast with a cup of hot water. The beefsteak was tough, had grime with it and was generally unfit to eat. The eggs weren't cooked enough, the potatoes were cold. The bread was sour, there was no cream for the tea, the butter was stringy, etc. etc. etc. I can't imagine what brings the poor wretches here. They have with them a young Norwegian couple who try to make things easy for them but are not very successful. We had a fine sail through the Trågford and past the cliff Hornelen while we soon got above the water. The clouds hung about it so that we could not see its full
Thornaby. July 11.
Hotel Britannia.
Oh dear! There is so much to tell! We didn't go ashore at Aalesund nor at Molde which we could see very well on the way to cut in the harbor. Later it was mid-night. We had an uninteresting time yes-today on account of the rain, which fortunately ceased as we approached Thrond. bjerke and the sun was shining brightly when we landed. As the Sverre Sigurd's sun lay at the next pier. We thought we went abroad. One of our rooms was all right. He was told we have the best! After seeing our rooms at this hotel we went to Brunii's the furnishers where we met Mr. F. N. Peabody who with his young St. Baldwin had boarded the ship at Molde. He is to travel with us to the North Cape leaving his family in Dresden. I am in a dreadful stew about furs. I want some blue fox. The skins cost $10 to each. The very best quality and the tallow is 5. I can't estimate the price per yard now do I know its value. Perhaps I can find out from somebody before I return.
height. After passing the entrance to the Medjorfjord we went out into the open sea and had quite a rough time for an hour and a half. It is a dangerous bit of a dark winter's night. Many of the passengers were ill and we again congratulated ourselves on being already back on shore of the general calms. I understood the situation as well that when I went on deck this morning I opened the skylight in order to give the poor watchmen some air! Of course the stewardess never thinks of it! During our sea trip Mithras and Charlotte napped it in their staterooms, but I stayed on deck. When we reached smoother seas I took a little exercise and we were all right when dinner was served. We are now at Aalesund which we reached at half past four or earlier than the captain has known in seventeen years. We stay until eight and reach Molde about midnight. Mithras is on shore and we may go to the hotel for supper, but it is raining very hard and perhaps we are better if where we are.
At service in-trinity Cathedral
Sunday, July 11, 10.30 A.M.

As we sit among these simple, God-fearing people and join in their sense of worship, we hear if not in mind, my thoughts wander home-ward across the seas and prompt me to jot down a few words of greeting to you.

Glad in a black gown and white neck ruffle the minister stands in his yellow pine pulpit under a sounding board and preaches in a slow deliberate manner with more modulations of the voice than is usual in conversation. The folk sit crowded about in the plain wooden Pew listening reverently - must I say with one exception? The service is largely musical, if that term can be applied to the sounds given forth by the somewhat wheezy organ and the still more wheezy voices of the choir...
and congregation. It brought a smile to my face to see Wuthers find the psalm in her prayer book for the old lady next time, whose eyes are more ancient than her wig and plumed and jetted bonnet, and gazed on her anew every few seconds as her eyes wandered from the right lines. In front of me is an old man who leans forward and bows his gray head over the pew in front of him, occasionally looking up at the minister with a face which I know is intense and absorbed. In front of him is a soldier wearing a dark blue coat with collar and strap of magenta and yellow and a bright new light colored yellow strap across his shoulder and belt around his waist. These tiny white headed boys are our neighbors and in front of Wuthers are two
simple peasant women, one
wearing a black bonnet and the
other the favorite head-gear of the
poor women—a silk handker-
chief, folded three-cornered and
tied under the chin. All about
are men making generous use
of the floor as a spectator. A
man has just risen from his
seat near the center of the church
and is standing, evidently for
the sake of resting himself.
Every few minutes one or sev-
eral of the congregation pass out
of the church in a very refor-
mal way. The church itself
in its decay. Even inside, the
soapstone carvings is crumbling away. The proportions
and masonry. Extensive re-
pairs are going on, the out-
side of the church being the
part now under restoration.
A graveyard surrounds the
church. One section seems to be set apart for the poorer classes for the graves if marked at all have only a black modern cross. In the other part the graves are very well cared for and have substantial headstones. I saw one of Seville granite. Nearly every grave has on it a bouquet of fresh flowers. So general is this that I thought at first they must have been distributed under the direction of some church or State officials. But the occasional omission of the offering makes me feel sure they are tributes prompted by family affection.
Hotel again 1:30 P.M.

We remained in the cathedral through the communions in order to attend the christening service. The mothers six in number, holding their babies, headed the procession up the aisle to the altar. Then came the women sponsors, and finally the fathers and other men.

The women grouped themselves on one side of the chancel and the men on the other. The service was quite long. Since the minister went around laying his hands on the baby's head, and then each mother came up to him separately and the baby was named and baptized. The women mostly belonged to the peasant class and wore the favorite white handkerchiefs over their heads. I noticed that the fathers were not called upon to stand up with their wives.

After the service Mr. Mitchell remained to explore the cathedral still more. On our way back to the hotel Charlotte and I rambled into a crowd of people who had gathered together after attending church to listen to
an open air concert by a military brass band. It was so interesting that we went back for three hours. Both of the wide sidewalks were crowded with people standing very quietly and others walked up and down the broad street. Five selections were given including the overture to "Martha" and prayer from "Moses in Egypt."

Last night for supper I had salmon, chicken, beef, steak, potatoes, lobster, chicken, bread and tea. The table was covered with cold meats among them as novelties to me were reindeer tongue and hare and bear ham! I didn't try any of them! The reindeer have clothes like dried beef when it is sliced off the great bone. In the evening we had an awfully funny time with our two bathtub tubs four feet in diameter and a foot high! They were regular duck ponds when we got in! It is hard to keep ahead of the dirt we find on the steamer.
Wuthering has not yet sent off a letter. I asked him about it today and he said he should not until his return from the North Cape. I told him he surely had enough material for three letters and that if he did not begin in the first ten until toward the middle of August, they would extend too late into the season. He was quite decided however and I thought it best not to talk about it further having learned a little from the discussion at home. — I have just had another talk with him. He thinks I take the matter very seriously and so I do for I am sure that he is wrong in thinking that in this trip north he will get ready a letter to mail on our return. It is to be a constant succession of sight-seeing. We are to be routed up and out at all hours and it will be difficult to keep to the
Please send to Bergen's Credit Bank up to the first of August as the checks would be forwarded there in any case. We shall probably be in direct communication with Bergen shortly after the middle of August and the letter mailed from Boston on the 24th reached us in just two weeks.

I cannot tell you how often we wish for Russell to be here. From him we would not only see and learn much, but add greatly to our pleasure from this enjoyable and delightful appreciation of these new sights.

How are you ready for an eight days' rest? I hope your plans are prospering as our plans are. We think of you often and you do not seem very far away. With true love,

Marion
Lofoten Islands

July 13, 1886

My dear Russell,

I've never been thrown out of your berth in crossing the Arctic Circle. I believe you have no idea what an experience it is. Neither have I. For I slept last night just as if nothing were happening! It is very hard to realize that we are actually in the Arctic Ocean. The only reminder we have is the patches of snow on the mountain sides. The sea is so smooth as a pond, the temperature is no lower than it would be on a rainy day in late October.
with us and on the southern slopes of the islands we see very rich green foliage though the growth is all quite small and there are few trees.

We have a good many companions who have been in America, the East or round the world. Some of them are not very prepossessing looking but prove to be quite interesting on close investigation. We have a funny Englishman who is very fond of narrating his exploits, causing little frights he has an audience or not.

I heard them tell a yarn yesterday about crawling like a worm over rocks, so steep and rotten that he could not cling utter with his hands and feel alone as I have forgotten how many hundred miles. After our long experience on a steamer where the cargo was of first importance and the length of the stops depended on the time it took to unload and load, it seems like the extreme of luxury to be on a purely excursion steamer which anchors during dinner time in order that the passengers may not lose the view! The whole deck is clear too so we can move about from bow to stern and everything is kept in tip-top order. The sailors are kept pretty busy mopping up the decks and polishing off the railings today in the dawn.

I believe I haven't written
I have seen very young people, hardly more than boys. All the young men have to serve three months one year and a shorter time in the two following years. The uniforms are very dark blue, almost black. The chief peculiarity is the hat which is of soft black felt wound with a medicine sized braid, slightly rolling, and a drooping plume of horse hair. As you can imagine, it is not very imposing.

I hope that someday you will see this interesting country for yourself. You will find a story called "Afraja" by T. Rügge will describe some interesting phases of the life in this section. Tell and express my love, especially to Karl.
Our experience on Sunday evening at the variety show given by the travelling company from Stockholm was in no respect at least a great success. The place was a small tivoli in the outskirts of Halmstadhamn, called Hjorten. The garden and building were very simple and unpretentious. The theatre was furnished with three sections of wooden benches, each seating from fifteen. We paid one krone each for our seats.

After music by an abominable little orchestra a farce called E Cigar was given with more reverence than art. Then followed the special part of the show which had attracted my attention - the famous Kalixians described in Björnson's "Anne" and for which Grieg and other Norwegians have written much music. The men and women were dressed in peasant costume and entered into the affair with much zest. The dance sequence gave athletic skill and I judge when the liquor is flowing freely...
as it usually does at a wedding is a very noisy and exciting part of the festivities. The clothes were hard and our time limited, so we decided not to stay through the rest of the performance, but returned to the hotel for supper and to take our leave. Major Garthell, who is travelling or voyaging for the health of his invalid boy and had been with us from Hamburg, had been an unusually pleasant travelling companion and had shown us many little curiosities. He has urged Charlotte to allow him to aid her in her first coming to Dresden when his home is, either by accompanying her at the station himself or by presenting her to Miss Garthell and others who know the resources of the city. He has travelled in America and is a friend of Dean Gray. He took me in his carriage to the pier and made great efforts to show us the "Clacton", which he had explored in the afternoon. She is the new boat of this line, which had reached just that morning, and had been received with firing of cannon and waving of flags. She is a fine ship, we could tell this; the cabins were locked. At about half past eleven we boarded our home boat for the next eight days. At midnight, I believe they call it, this it was as light as at noon with us in a gray November day, we started in our voyage.

Charlotte and I have stateroom No. 2, not as large as on the "Transit" but quite comfortable. Midship, opposite on the other side of the ship, in No. 7, which is a single room. Both are nearly amidships and very well situated. When I looked at the thermometer yesterday morning about nine it stood at 60°. The air was warmer and warmer and we fairly basked in it. All through the morning we threaded our way between the rocky islands with an occasional patch of green, a bit of which was generally occupied by a tiny hut whose red color gave
a bit of picturesqueness to the scene. Every hour or two we passed a
fishing boat and could a man or boy handling in a line. We
did not succeed in making out anything at the end of it.
Later in the day we saw some sailing vessels, built after the
model of the old Viking's ships. We had a strong stuff of the
odor from their cargos of salt cod
cloths; they passed at some dis-
tance from us. About four o'clock
we reached the island of Tong-
hattien which we had been
watching from a distance from
an hour or so. It resembled in
form a broad bummral felt
hat floating in the water and
seems to keep this shape
from different sides. Nearly all
the passengers were rowed ashore
although the sun had disappeared
and the skies looked rather over-
cast. We tramped in Indian
file over rather a boggy place
where we found some interesting flowers and then began our climb to the famous tunnel made of the giants' arrows. Debut some of those lovely old German puff and blow! We passed women and girls standing in almost pathetic silence behind traps laden with milk and beer. They did not receive much patronage, I believe. When we reached the tunnel we stopped to look through at the bit of marine landscape in which it formed a frame bold and unique in outline. Some of us then clambered through, first making quite a sharp descent and then a slight rise. The scenery at the western end was much larger, and we had a more extended view over the sea and islands. In this traverse we were back on the clifftops, escaping the rain and following...
all the better for our trip.
The scenery had become much
broader. All the way along were
mountains, not mere islands
and the mainland itself was
one series of jagged and
lofty elevations in which the snow
was lying in masses. From
nine o'clock until midnight
we were steaming along the
base of the wonderfully fine
summits called the Seven
Sisters. As their outlines changed
from minute to minute no
one fascinated beyond me.
and it was with reluctance
that I yielded to the
dictator of common sense
and began to prepare myself
for another day.

Evening near Lödingen.
We have had rain all day which
has been a cause of grief if not of
disappointment. Still we have been

on deck most of the time except
when we were crossing from the
main land to the Lofoten Islands
and for a while after dinner when
we took snaps in order to be ready to
sit up tonight in case the curtain
pops up to show the Midnight Sun.
We have now reached the Catti
itude where it is visible at this
date under favorable conditions.
The beauty and grandeur of the Lo-
fothen Islands was sadly marred
for us by rain not being able to
see the characteristic peaks except
at rare intervals, but we can do
very close to the place that we had the
full benefit of the mountain
sides. Three toward the north
were rocky and barren, Snow
patches lay scattered about
sometimes quite far down.
After looking at this dreary and
united scene we might turn
to the other side where a mountain
exposure in these long summer days had caused the most luxuriant verdure. The contrast was sometimes very striking. There seem to be many more settlements than we have seen along the mainland and there is quite an air of thrift and prosperity about the houses, though they are scattered and not grouped in hamlets. The sail through the Raftsmen was marvelously beautiful and all the waterfowl were up in the bow of the steamer seemly all they could. We are causing us and out among the islands and if the day were fine should undoubtedly have many superb points of view. I shall try and mail this at breeding if I find that time can be gained. We shall reach this early tomorrow and spend most of the day on shore.

Always truly, Marion.
Wednesday, July 14

Dear Home Folks,

We sat up last night so as to run no risk of losing the one chance in a hundred thousand of seeing the Midnight Sun. The clouds hung very low, but the temperature was colder than it had been, only 53° at eleven o'clock. We wrapped ourselves up warmly and Dr. Baldwin settled Charlotte and me in Mr. Peabody's back chairs and we had a jolly time watching the fine cloud effects in the snow covered mountains, playing cards, and eating a cold supper of Charlotte's favorite 'Reks.' The one chance didn't come however and at half an hour past midnight we resigned ourselves to our fate.
This morning when we woke we found the steamer anchored in the ford of a quiet river. After breakfast the expedition started for the Lapp Encampment up the Tromadal. We had mist or rain all the way.

After being rowed to the shore we made a hasty landing at a place where a dead whale gave us a greeting almost as disconcerting in its effects as that of the North Sea. We walked two miles through low birch trees and pasture land, which seemed like a bit of New England. Some parts of the way were very marshy and at times I almost envied Charlotte who had hired a pony horse. I was resigned when I learned she had to pay three kroner for going one way and five kroner for return. We first came to the Gamme or huts made of a framework of birch poles covered with turf with a hole in the side to serve as a door and curtain in the roof as a windbreak. A little fire was burning in the center of each hut and about one we saw women sitting with two little papouses. One was only two months old, but its flesh was very white and its features almost pretty, the other looked uglier and brownish than an Indian. Byrom was the bit of land fenced in for the herd of nine hundred reindeer. Every body flocked there and it was a motley crowd.

I assure you. The nationalities represented were American, English, German, French, Hungarian, Russian, Swedish, Norwegian and Lapps. Then we had reindeer, horses, and many different and strange kinds of dogs. Lots of little Lapps were running about.
day and half afraid. The men and women were equipped with articles to sell. We made a few little canoes and watched other people drive their bargains. A photograph from Tom's made a large group of Indians, Exacto and reindeer, and we had great fun having our pictures taken. The reindeer looked much smaller than I had imagined. They did not seem larger than good-sized goats. We were much amused by the noise they made which sounded like the grunting of pigs, and by the peculiar cracking of their joints. Their coats were very rough and patchily colored. I suppose they were moulting! They were caught by a Cassava and one of them when being milked kicked so badly as a cow could and upset the bowl into which
the woman was walking. The man had hard work to hold on to the horns. I walked back to the yard with Mr. P. H. Sturge, a man from King's College Cambridge, who took first class honors in his trip to history. He is a great admirer of Sir Walter the Englishman. Of the many stories was the only person in the boat in addition to our party of three and we were so long in getting off from the pier and our neighbors the whale that he was made quite sick. So he has another yarn to tell! After dinner we made an expedition to the town of Trondheim and looked about among the shops. We were especially interested in one where the goods manufactured by the Lapps were kept on sale and where they traded. The prices were high and all we bought was a pair of...
wedden pictures for Britting. A
Norwegian boy who lived in
Brooklyn until he was nine
years old guided us up on this
town and took us to a hill
where the burning ground is. We
were in a very happy state for
the clouds had cleared away
and the sun was shining bright.
It is now half past nine, and my state room
is flooded with sunlight! I am
going on deck to enjoy the sunny
experience.

Thursday July 15, 12.30 A.M.
9° N lat.

A most wonderful experience!
I sit in my cabin with the sun-
light pouring in, the frost hole
side open, the temperature 58°
the sea smooth, and the sky
almost cloudless. Commotu

enough conditions do you say?
Fill the Arctic Ocean, the time
of day, and a stupendous
range of glaciers covered moun-
tains and you will not wonder
that I have hard work to be-
lieve I am still in the old
earth and not either dreaming
or making a flying visit to
the moon or some strange pla-
net. What a succession of
wonderful news we have had!
And how well repaid we shall
all feel for our effort even
if we see no more.

"Good morning" to the Captain
said one when I had this
"good night" just now.

Hammerfest, July 15, 11° A.M.
The sun is still with us. We are
enjoying a perfect September day.
We reached Hammerfest before
breakfast and have just returned from a stroll in the little settlement and are now steaming away for our furthest point southward. We did not find the odors of the town as rigorous as we had been told they would be. I am keen away the palm for us. I took advantage of the opportunity to buy goods and shall be eager to hear if the message is safely received. We paid 7.50 kr or about 82.00 Charlotte joined in the expense and we hope the message was worded so that you will share it with Uncle Joseph. Charlotte and I did our shopping about the town alone, as in spite of my running Mother from his sleep, he was so sleepy that he just managed to get in there and found the little flowers which I enclose. I don't know where it could have come from-there seems a little vegetation about the town. Still we only had time to walk through the streets.
CABLE MESSAGE
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THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.
NORVIN GREEN, President.

NUMBER
5

SENT BY
MOSE 10

RECD BY
Hammerfest

CHECK

Received at
Hotel Brunnerck 9.16

July 15 1882

Dated

To

Dr. Talbot Boston

(66 Marlboro St)

Nordkap greens Boston and

Fairbanks

Garmington

Talbot Fairbancs
To guard against mistakes on the lines of this Company, the sender of every message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back from the terminus of said lines to the originating Office. For such repeating, the sender will be charged in addition, one-half the usual tolls of this Company, on that portion of its lines over which such message passes.

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This Company is not to be liable for damages in any case, where the claim is not presented in writing, within thirty days after the sending of the message.
Sværholt Klubbene.

Thursday, July 16.

At five P.M. we reached this perpendicular cliff, 1000 feet in height, and our attention was speedily attracted by the gulls which began to flutter about the ship as we approached. The gray rocks were white with the birds whose heads looked like rows of tiny pearls along the narrow ledges. The firing of cannon and rockets started them into flight. The effect was like a storm of soft, large snow flakes. As the birds settled in the water they covered it densely. Their peculiar shrill screams sounded in one continuous note, which rose far above the noise of the ship's machinery and the breaking of the waves in the cliffs. We hardly knew which way to
turn whether as much of unique interest on every side. In itself, alone the sight is worth the journey. We stopped long enough for a boat to row out from the thrifty and prosperous establishment belonging to the owner of the bird rock and bring a fresh supply of milk and we are now on our way to the island of Magari where we shall see the most northern point, the North Cape, Svaerholti being the most eastern.

North Cape, July 16.
1:30 A.M.

The great experience is over. We have seen the Midnight Sun from the North Cape. I will not attempt to tell about it now, but I send a little flower to greet you. It grew in the same as the way
South of Tronino. July 17.

My dear Family,

It is a difficult task to sit down in cold blood and narrate the wonderful experiences of the past two days. I shrink from it more than I would if I had been more prudent in my early years and not squandered my store of epithets on such everyday matters as chocolate cake and new dresses! Still, I must go on with the word, regretting that it must be only an outline sketch. I hope however you can all put in the colors for yourselves some day.

We cast anchor in a little cove under the Kinti Cape in Thursday evening, July 15, at seven o'clock. High above us towered the precipitous rocky cliffs of the most northern land of Europe. After dinner began the excitement of making the ascent. Boatload after boatload put off.
the process of loading being watched each time with eagerness as alive the water looked smooth there was enough swell to make the little boat ride up and down against the jury as so much as to give a ducking to several poor unfortunate who thought they could manage to transfer themselves better than the officials in charge could. We succeeded admirably, indeed we thought we accomplished the feat with a certain degree of grace. We had it full quite a distance to reach the shore, although from the children at cottage very near. The tide was not high as we landed on well-rounded rocks and pebbles which were very slippery. A few steps brought us to grass and the ascent began at once. The path followed the course of a little brook until the incline became so steep that the path was made to zigzag and a rope fastened. Orion posts proved quite helpful. We cut across the first turns of the path gathering from the tall from the most beautiful and varied mass of flowers we have yet seen. Wild geranium, forget-me-not, yellow violet, primrose, large double yellow flowers like buttercups, flowering mosses, alpine clovers, I wish I could name them all. Our friend the botanist gave me some scientific name but I have forgotten all but particularly an alpine flower which he said he had never seen. I gathered a great bouquet to carry back to the ship, and it still adorns our table. We climbed a gently forming the rear part of the line of march. The people looked like ants crawling up the path in front of us. When we reached the summit we still had about a mile to walk through the extremity of the Cape. The surface was covered with loose stones, gravel small and occasionally in patches looking at a distance like clumps of daisies. When we reached the monument
which commemorates the visit of King Oscar in 1873 we found our companions celebrating their arrival by drinking champagne and eating caviar and cake! Was not that an incongruous setting for the Midnight Sun? There was some wind but we put down on the ground, put on our shawls and even the little shelter given by the monument was enough to make us feel very comfortable. We sat there for three quarters of an hour watching the sun setting towards the horizon in its inevitable course. The cliff was so steep that we could not see where the waves broke in the stone beneath us. Far beyond stretched the Arctic Ocean and back of us lay the rocky plateau as bare and bleak that it hardly seemed like one outport of great civilization as that of Europe. The effect of the sunlight on the water was almost like moonlight, I can.
not describe it. I think we were all
pleased to have the sailors start the procedure
of standing up champagne bottles and break-
ing them with stones. Of course the clackers
jumped up was there who said it was
fine the one, but if we wanted beau-
tiful scenery it was no place to come.
The sky was so clear that we did not get
any of the red flow which is commonly
represented in pictures. When the sun
began to mount in its course we took
the course direction and about one
o'clock were in the ship again. Charlotte
went to bed at once as she was quite
tired. Nettie and I stood up and
as soon as the ship had cast anchor
again in deeper water went fishing;
I my com pulled up a good sized
cod and it was so long before another
would bite that I decided I had
already done the correct thing and
had perhaps ruined my chance of the
spoil; and as I pulled in my line
and watched the row of men and
women who were alternately casting,
their lines and hauling them in over the deck railing. About three the steamer started in her return trip and nearly all the passengers dropped. Feared death it was broad daylight. Dr. Baldwin wrapped me up in a sea chair. Wishing produced his writing materials and we three kept watch together on the deck until half past four. I had intended to visit the meridian monument in Hammerfest but my spine had been too much for me and I had to sleep off a headache. The morning was warm, the thermometer on the deck registering 57°. I wrote these points because they are at variance with one previous notation. About 5 P.M. began the most thrilling experience of all. The sail down the Lyngen fjord. For more than ten hours we steamed along at the base of mountains from five to five thousand feet high, each one separated from the next by an enormous glacier which in some cases extended nearly to the water's edge, and in others formed the crest of the mountain. Large masses of snow and beautiful cascades frequently thousands of feet in height, the sea with all the beauty of a lake. More striking elements in the grandeur of the scene. Everyone was deeply impressed. At eight o'clock we were summoned to supper where we did not linger long. On reaching the deck again I thought a bit of magic had been wrought. We were in a world shut in by hills covered with dense green foliage. A prosperous little settlement on the slope looked very inviting. It was the village of Lyngen. The only proof we had that we had not been moved a thousand miles from the scene of the afternoon was the plumage we had over the hill top.
of snow covered peaks and glaciers. We turned about in this cove and again had the range of mountains before us, but the sun was no longer shining in the glaciers and the effect was not as fine. A vocal exhortation was given in the saloons by some Swedes who had boarded the steamer at Nannaefjord. The music was said to be good, but I preferred to stay curled up in a steamer chair looking at the landscape from the bow. At midnight the sun was behind a cloud and we had a few tinges of red glow which was very effective though not so marked as sometimes. Charlotte was so tired this morning that I did not disturb her until ten o’clock. Writing and I went with some people in a rowboat to see some whales which in number anchored off at the harbor. I Tromsø there was
one very modern specimen from which the boatmen cut some barnacles. His back was deeply furrowed and his fins were pure white and very beautiful. Witting got out of the boat and stood in his back. The others were antique to a degree and we decided we were not in favor of the modern classics. We then went to the factory where they were making oil. It nearly killed me! I hadn't a whit of curiosity to see the process but rushed into the open air with all the speed I could muster! When it almost made me sick to think of it now. With an experience of three days ago we are ready to join the palm to Tunisia for rescuing seals. An air return to the steamer we found Maj. General and his son. The had arrived in their mail steamer. Our machinery started up before they could set off in their boat. We had a great excitement.
Sunday, July 15.

Last evening I had a game of matador, a kind of dominoes, with Miss Helene Mechlis of Berlin, and Mr. Peabody, and then went into the salon where Mr. Lambie played.

The fog and clouds in the night were very dense and the sea was quite rough for a while. Our course has lain within the islands all the time except in crossing to the Souter Islands, and it has seemed like sailing on a lake. I was a little late for breakfast and then had to scurry to get my belongings in the way of a family out of bed; for we came in sight of the Eustisewn Glacier sooner than I had anticipated. It seemed exceedingly large and vast, and very beautiful as it stretched from near the edge of the fir and the mountains side and away off all of sight. We were landed, and had a walk of about half an hour to the fort. I the nearer although the distance did not seem more than a stone's throw. With the help of the sailors we climbed about fifty feet up into the ice and had a very good idea of its immensity. It is a vast sheet clean and we found it slippery with getting up and down. It was a great disappointment to have the fog shut down too that we could not see the whole of the Eustisewn or immense field of ice which covers this section of the country, but we have to much to be thankful for that we are not disturbed to grumble. Dinner was a little delayed in order that we might enjoy another bit of excitement—that of crossing the Arctic Circle. I went out into the bow and watched the men fire the four salutes, which marked the event. Curiously enough at that very moment a shower of orisons appeared and amounted
so greatly. I suppose the line is
bring out in their back yard for them
hang their clothes on to dry.
Now I must tell you a little
about one household among this
trip. First come the Americans
families in number, but if a total of
seventy to one. Mrs. T. H. Peabody of
Boston heads the list, a thorough
gentleman, kindly, appreciative
and happy in spite of a certain
discontent at being under orders
to travel without his family. His
physician Dr. Henry C. Baldwin
has done more for our comfort
and happiness than anyone on
the ship. He is from Somerville,
graduated from Harvard College in
1870, then from the Medical School
where he was Prof. Woods' assistant.
then after a term in the Mass. Gen.
Hospital he was transferred to the
Memorial Hospital where he left
after some hesitination. He then
prolonged trip with Mr. Peabody.
He is kind, thoughtful of others.
People and good night through.

Mrs. Spring, act 16, Miss Spring, act 33, and Mrs. Spring's nephew, Rich Riker, act 23 approximately and distinguished for his good-heartedness and the large amount of liquor he consumes from a little family party. Mrs. Cibby, of Exeter and Mrs. Nutten, of Chicago, fat persons, young ladies (?) who wish they hadn't come, make another group with the young German Frankel whom they brought with them as they didn't seem to make much progress with the language and they thought they might if they had their teacher with them all the time. Teacher sits numb all the time, except when a German comes along and then he gets up! Miss Baker and daughter, Ella, of N.Y. pleasant but more too agreeable, and two young fellows from Yale whose names I do not even know complete the list. There are twenty-six German. I have hardly begun enough to catch them with my feeble descriptive powers. Half
of these two as if they had stepped out from the pages of Fleissne Blätter. Certainly the four do voices sit near us at table. One of them is director of the large insane hospital in Vienna. He is short, fat, has longish hair, and wears immensely large eye glasses. The other man has a gray beard, something which, for the sake of courtesy we will call a moustache almost out of sight, a filthy, the most horrible grimaces and an almost rollicked tone of humor. He takes snuff at table and announces the approach of a new course with the vigorous use of his handkerchief and motels. At the close of each meal there is a similar performance. We suppose it is Viennese dialect for "grecsne Mahlgzeit". I wish I could talk with him. We are getting over our dispute and see how funny he is. I have no doubt that is some body. The nerves are very funny.
too. A very different set are the two young German officers, the wife of one of them and a fascinating young country girl, both captivating in a very graceful manner. They are the only well-dressed Germans I ever saw. I have only just made the acquaintance of the ladies of the von Bothmer party whom Mr. Gade wrote. There are two.

Englishmen from Cambridge whose acquaintance we have enjoyed accord- ing to ship standard. Mrs. J. Lawrence Lambie is quite musical, very easy, and willing to have fun made plans if Mr. F. H. Sturges so feels. Declined Mr. Sturges to the first-class term in the historical trips. We have had them sit near us at table lately, as they were awkwardly placed elsewhere. There are Swiss, French, and Paris, Dutch, and one Italian on board besides thirteen Norwegians.

Thursday, July 15.

Back in our old hotel again! The next trip to the North is over.
and we are so much the richer in experience and pleasant memories. It could hardly have been more satisfactory and far surpasses my expectations. We landed in the ship at half past twelve yesterday and came at once to the hotel to find a batch of letters, the latest being that from Manuela of June 28. It seems a long time ago. We had a good time reading the two letters from her and two for Charlotte from Edith were a delight. After having written started to do some official sight-seeing about the town and Charlotte and I walked to the Lower Lefkas 4½ miles out of the town. We talked with Mr. Somerset, Mr. Strong and Mr. Miller who overtook us. They evidently thought American girls could walk. We told them to go on but we reached the fall soon after they did. We returned later but they went to the coffee fall. We regretted we had not when we heard that it was frozen than the lower and that there was a short cut back to that we should not have had to walk our steps.

We slept late this morning while writing walked the fall and then in company with a young man who is going to enter Oxford to study law we visited the Latin School and fire department. Charlotte bought a trunk and I found another spoon. We then visited the Cathedral which will be very beautiful when it is restored which will not be for many years. It is being very carefully and thoroughly done. While writing has been doing the town this afternoon we have repacked and reduced our baggage to the minimum. We are to take the 7 P.M. train for Stornow and there get over
the Domfjord to Tromsø and then to Haø where we intended probably stay a while. The hotel at Ask is now a private estate. Then we go on to Victoria's Solide and to Merah at the head of the Geranger which Mr. Robbey says will be a pleasant place to visit than Helgøya. Next to Folleide and over to Vadsheim Beyond that we know not. It is now time to be off to goodbye with love from all and especially from Marion.
Stowen near Thondbyron.

Tuesday, July 20, 9:30 P.M.

My dear Russell,

It was a real delight to hear from Mamama’s letter received yesterday in Thondbyron that so pleasant a plan has been made for your summers as I know a visit under Mrs. Kendall’s roof at Mt. Desert will prove to be. I am especially glad now that I had the chat with her just before I left home, for I can imagine your surroundings very early from the account she gave me. You will be able to tell me how she soared above her trials and tribulations in draperies and wall-papers.

I wish I could write you the hundred and one things that are in my mind. We are having our first experience in a Norwegian Wayside Inn. The surroundings of the house...
are like a park. All the verdure is
wonderfully dense and deep in color.
At the foot of the little slope on which
the house stands is the station which
is almost pretty enough to be a sum-
murai villa and the grounds about
are laid out in a very ornamental
way with flower gardens and a
fountain. Tomorrow morning we
start in our carvings and walkin
tomorrow across the done.

I told you Russell that North
Cape tip was grand. It went far
beyond my expectations. partly be-
cause I had made up my mind
to have my head weather wind. this
true and consequently every time
I saw anything I felt so unable
to! The most wonderful bit of
it all was the ravine on the west
side of North Cape which was
filled with a most luxurious
growth of flowers. Almost every
time I have started out on a
trump. I have regretted not having
won my flower pin. but every
time we made a stage further behind.
I decided it would be useless to try it,
but finally it seemed as if flower
would grow where nothing else will.
When I went to the glens of Iowas
I knew I had not learned my lesson.
I thought I knew that no flowers
would grow in the sandy stony
patch between the shore and the lee;
but I found just there the best
bunch of all. The flower was some-
ting like a clove but of shades
of yellow and brown just like
those in my tie which I wear with
my brown suit dress. So I carried
a bunch in my hand until I
could get my flower pin. The wonder
at the North Cape was intensified by
the utter panemness all about. I even
saw anything so impressive.

We are very much surprised
at the amount of English which is spoken. Some of it is very funny. Today in the Troubadour Cathedral we came across a man who told us about the sculptor of the figure of Christ. He said he was drowned two years ago in Christiana Fjord, he was a hopeful (i.e. promising) man and was struck away in the frame of his youth (smiting to hyme with rush but meaning yorte)

I have written about our fellow passenger in the "Drama Regios" who was so charming in spite of his cigarette smoking. It will interest you as it has me to learn that she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany. Her husband is the Prince of Saxo-Meninga. The two officers and other lady formed her suite.

Have as good a time in the New World as we are having in the Old, and before long we can take it all over again. With love, Kendall. Ever kindly, Marvurs.
Downfield

Anne, Wednesday July 21, 9:30 P.M.

Here ends our first day's fishing and my! haven't we learned a lot! Last night we made the acquaintance of a Norwegian min, that at Stören whose surroundings were as beautiful as a private park. We didn't admire the hay beds as much. Still Witting has had work to leave his and it was half past eight before we were off. It was quite a caravansary. First Charlotte in a cariole with her but who flourished his whip all the time and was two hours in getting us over twelve kilometres of beautiful level road! Frank No. 1 and one set of eyes teeth cut! Next came Witting in a cariole with Charlotte's valise, trying to look like a trunk, strapped on behind. Then Marion in a cariole with the little black trunk in which was packed a tiny ten year old boy, clad in long trousers, red shirt with full sleeves, vest and large cap, who in most positive terms refused to let the other occupants of the vehicles have a look at that dress! Then followed driven by the Englishmen going fishing and a bagnage wagon laden with their traps
completed the train. At Praeneste we changed horses and carriages and paid nearly twice as much as we ought for our first part. That lesson was learned. I had bought a lot of cord to use in strapping on the trunk and make us independent. Just as we were starting I found the men had used another rope and my pipe was certainly fastened to the carriage, my baby almost maintaining that it was top back. But this time I had my way amidst the laughter of the assembled carriages. At Garibaldi we changed two carriages for a stolbysjona and have decided in that as the best and cheapest arrangement, all taking turns riding in the carriage. We reached Bjørnaker at 2:15 P.M. and had to wait a long time for dinner in the dining-room which was occupied with a party of English people. We were much amused by one two Englishwomen, Thomas and Baker, who parted company with us after dinner.

They were very polite and agreeable and giggled as badly as ever two school girls did. When I got off my 1.90 hour stroll in town we thought they would climb out. Their suit from Garibaldi was a marvel to be gazed upon the peasants watched his every move with interest. Charlotte nearly had a fit when she drove off in a stolbysjona with me from Bjørnaker. It certainly was the ramshacklest vehicle we ever drove in. Our Catchall turnout could not beat it. Even the horse with his many shades of yellow and brown looked as if the paint were worn off him! We dined on fried fish, potatoes, meat, lettuce, radishes, bread and butter, cottage pudding with excellent sauce, and coffee. The afternoon stages through Bjørnaker, Strom, and Anne were performed with comparative freedom from excitement.


Two days to record. At Anne we had much better beds than at Strom and enjoyed the nights slept. At quarter before eight we were off for Rise. Just beyond
there we hitched our horses to a fence and under the guidance of our guide, Old Rice, visited a gorge near by the river. I don't know what it is called in Nepewau, in Yankee it would be Devil's Den. The road increased in interest as we followed the River Drive. At Drivten we put all our luggage, even to our jackets, on a cart and sent it on to Longwood, fifteen kilometers and at eleven o'clock after a slight lunch, started in our first walk. We kept on the road close to the river bank for about three miles and then struck off on to an old road. We had quite a climb as whenever the road divided we chose the branch which would take us higher up the mountain. We passed few salers, at one of which Witting tried the milk, but the surrounding were too dirty for Charlotte and not in our satisfied condition. The sky was cloudless and the sun very warm especially when we were behind a peak which shut off the breeze. The river wound about a spur of the mountain and from the crest we could look through the valley in both directions and thus had a glorious view. We had another
hours walk after leaving the road and it was three o'clock when we reached Kongvold which has an altitude of three thousand feet. It is by far the most attractive station we have seen and seems to be a mountain resort for Norwegians. In the parlor was a fine display of flowering plants. One red carnation, only about 120 feet high, had twenty-two blossoms in a cluster at the end and a lot of buds besides. The roses too were exquisite. These house plants which we see everywhere are a constant source of wonder. They bloom in the darkest corners of the room and seem to have very little care prior to them, yet they would do credit to the choicest conservatory. We had our first large trout for dinner, also moktoberen, but they were fermented and beyond our power of digestion. In an hour we were gone in our team and began to feel the sensation of travelling across a Norwegian field. The main plain in which we drive for twenty miles was barrenness itself. The only break in the monotony came from the snow covered peaks. As we viewed them from different angles they gave a certain kind of variety to the landscape. At Jerkin we found a pretty Norvian girl
Who spoke to Charlotte in German and then changed to English as she discovered her mistake. She had two brothers in America. The drive to Togstuen would have been very tedious for Charlotte, she had not had a little lift who could have taken her and taught her some Norwegian words. We found a great difference in the boys. Some of them do not even understand their own language. We made up the most perfectly grammatical sentences from the book, pronouncing them countless several times and then fining them off, with the effect that I imagine Winterrupps might have!

At other times, if we supply our deficiency in Norwegian vocabulary with English words, we are understood.

We congratulated ourselves over and over again that we had had an ideal summer day for our trip over the Dombrekog. The thought of clouds and sun and cold made us shudder.

From Togstuen we had ten kilometers to Dombrekog and a descent of a thousand feet in about half the distance. You ought to have seen us go over the second five kilometers. Winterrups was ahead with a fast pony and

an easy carriage. Charlotte and I were in a stockjack without springs and with a pony who if he must be second had made up his mind to be a good one.

I held the reins and just let him. We made the five kilometers, more than three miles, in fifteen minutes. It is a satisfaction to know that a stumble is out of the question. At Dombrekog we had a good supper, but as we had heard that the charge there were higher than usual we decided to post no after it. We took the road. Just after leaving Dombrekog the road is unusually fine. I think it must be quite new. It is level and correspondingly serene. At eleven we were in Holsteren and settled in such a way that Winterrups held the post between the stairs and our room. There was a piano in the house and we were very well treated. The only objection being the mosquitoes. I think however the home was not an exception to the general rule in this valley. I will give the charges as they were. We had a grand dinner as to our plans and decided to go on to Holstene for dinner. It had been arranged to us by our Englishmen at Bjaeskeren and Winterrups had set his
heart in staying there, while I was eager to reach the Komsdal and then stop or stroll as we pleased for six days. We found the station at Kolsat in the midst of a lot of old buildings which quite shut off the view and made it not particularly good so Witting arranged to go on. He and I drove together. There was a very peculiar arrangement of the harness which threatened to break the pony's tail. Accordingly Witting re-arranged it and took his place again in the stock-jar. The next thing I knew, the saddle and harness, all the harness, in fact but the bridle, were off the pony, the shafts on the ground, Witting had sprung out. I was holding onto the clotheline reins for dear life, only fearing that the bridle would give way and the pony would be off and the whole lot of us were standing at the side of the road. It was a hum-
ple matter to untrust the harness and put us to rights again. Witting declared his continuation had nothing to do with it, but I — Witting was immensely pleased with his jerkin, while we reached...
after a long stretch of sandy road, and we decided that he should stay there and be quiet and independent and do some writing, while Charlotte and I should go on to Storflosten or Ormeim, and begin to enjoy the North Side. Just as we were approaching Molmen, we had a little rain, the first since we left the Lofotens Islands. We had supper while the shower passed over and then resumed our drive to Storflosten. The air was delightfully fresh, the dust had been laid, the drops of rain were glistening on the grass and bushes, the Rana ranched along very merrily, and we felt that we had made no mistake in keeping on with our journey. We had a little room toward, so almost like a state room, with the two little beds built in. But today we have moved upstairs and can look out at the river and mountains instead of the kitchen sink drain. We shall wait until Weihenstephaner or else we shall have lunch at Ormeim. It is very pleasant to be seeing the part of Norway which is familiar to you. I have been rereading your letters and am much interested in your observations. Shalt we have a good time talking it all over?
just before tea and we spent the rest of the evening in revising part of his first letter. One point that provoked a vigorous discussion was his statement that "the scenery in Norway is grander than that in Switzerland." I would not allow that on the whole it is and I wish I could remember your verdict. A good bit of this letter is now ready to be copied.

We had been told that the mosquitoes at Sturefoss would be very troublesome. We saw a great many during the day. But we kept on windows closed at night and even quite free from annoyance. At 9 o'clock just this morning we packed up our baggage in a suitcase and set out on our way to Arnemere. 11 kilometers. Our bill for two nights, two breakfasts, dinner and supper was five kroner each. The clouds had come very low in the mountains all night, but they lifted as the day came and we had glorious sunshine all the way. The road is descending constantly and is so smooth that we thoroughly enjoyed every minute. The scenery is so infinite in its variety and the mountains give no individuality so much as one learns to know them that our attention and interest was increasingly absorbed. We made quite a digression at the Sturefoss where Charlotte bought some strawberries of a boy. I tried to teach him how to make the little brick back box look more attractive by trimming it with strawberry leaves, but he was very reticent and shy and hardly dared look at me. Writing and I had already made several stops to gather the fruits from the rocky ledge by the side of the road. I had from quite tired of trying my new little drinking-cup at each stop and tried filling it with berries but it would not fill with water a cent, admirer! I am sure I found enough! We saw some interesting plants, of which I enclosure a blossom. The leaves are like a reed and the blossoms grow in sprays on a long stalk, the effect being that of an immense white plume.

We have had quite a dinner here
Soup and vegetables (cucumbers and capers) for the first time since leaving Florida. Luckily we didn’t have vegetables there. The bill of fare also included mutton, rice, roast meat (we give up the name), potatoes, molasses jelly, and strawberries. This we are now engaged in digesting and I fear the letters we are trying to send off will fare badly. From the windows of the little sitting room up stairs, from which six rooms lead, we have a fine view of the Waarmosas tumbling and teetering down the mountain side. Its highest point where it is lost to sight among the trees is marked by a mass of mist and later in the day we mean to scramble up the path and inspect it closer as the guide, both advised. Tomorrow we go on foot to Fladmark and perhaps Høybergen. Friday morning we leave Wals for Vestnes and Süholt.

The two write in sending Oakland greetings.

Marion.
Hogheims, July 28, 1886.

Dear Home Folks,

When I left you last we were in Orneins and Calrachette and I was thinking of strolling up by the banks of the Vaermejus. This we did for quite a distance enjoying the scenery very much as we thus able to see the fall from different points. After supper writing and I walked across the postine at the foot of the hill on which the house is and had another look at the fall from the base. In the morning we did some work on one of the Held Letters and at eleven started on my walk to Fladmark eleven miles. We were glad to part company with a young man who seemed to be in the last stages of consumption and yet went to his meals and stood about VANESSING and associated as he was. We liked the house very much, but it is strange how constantly we find the beauty of the views best of top out buildings or trees as in the case of Orneins. The best views of the fall for a distant one is from the road near the house.
We had a grand walk, the beauty and grandeur of the valley increasing with every mile. What variety there is to the waterfalls! From the silver thread.cozenly gleaming down a rift in the rock, to the tumbling water spray and trees, only to form again and keep on wearing its descent in the landscape, to the turbulent torrent carrying rocks and stones before it and depositing us with its ceaseless roar. The road is so smooth and level that I was surprised in reaching Hadnagard we the house and a garden, to find that my feet were somewhat blistered, so I decided to ride to Higham, much as I envied my companions the interesting walk. Hadnagard station was not very attractive though we had a good dinner there served more promptly than usual. The gate with me was a little anxious about another child. Gascoyne behind us in which a mother and daughter whom we had been seeing off and since blue frock were riding, and consequently let my horse walk a large part of the way so I had a good opportunity see the wonderful buildings which fill the valley near Hadnagard. Miss Midgley and Charlotte joined me to the drive and decided to stay here for a while. There is a beautiful outlook from the front of the house where our rooms are across a field to the river, which is bordered by a scattered row of elms and bare branches at and flows so placidly that it looks like a lake and is restful to our ear and eye alike. Its deep green trees unlike anything I ever saw in a constant marvel and delight. Directly across the stream are two or three little houses on a field and then the mighty rocks rise up to their great height, the verdure struggling to keep pace but soon giving up the effort and relinquishing its place to rocky debris and snow drifts. Just back of the house is a patch of trees which I thought I would like to see but never again writing. Our next home will be the Dogboy, will somebody find out how far it is to the cursed patch of woods
in the rear of the house. I thought I could go there and back in five minutes and it took me forty-five. We have now been here two days and a quiet and restful time we have had. We could have gone on today to Naes but the clouds hung low and promised rain and we decided that if we were to wait until tomorrow we should face no worse and possibly better. This morning I devoted about four hours to working up a scheme of our future goings. Was there ever a more exasperating system of time-tables? You must either get yourself safely some point than you find it impossible to get out of it! Or else you have to retrace your steps in a very unAmerican way. I will send a draft of the plan as accepted provisionally by the party. It allows for detentions by bad weather in some places and in case of fair weather we can get over the ground more quickly and have longer stays in some places. I have thought that it would be a help and something I can offer to writing to know so nearly
how much time the car has, without obliging Charlotte and me to forget some of the interesting places we wish to visit. There is a very kind woman in the home here, Annete Ollesby name. She is more quick-witted and talkative than the women I have met, and I have had several little chats with her. She knows how to express her ideas in different forms which is helpful since her vocabulary is so limited as mine. She looks like one of our servant girls. Matter, I think. But she has the courteous, calm word expression common to the women here. Her home is a little way up the valley and she is only here for the summer. It is almost impossible to make friends with the people. They are very shy and reticent and keep in the kitchen by themselves whereas it is not absolutely necessary for them to be done service. We are having a great time about our food. There has hardly been a meal since we left Germany when we have left the table fully satisfied. We like the food and there is always plenty of it. The trouble is either in its lack of nutritive power or in our voracious appetites. Both Charlotte and I can out-eat any two Norwegian men and we usually do it. Here is our ordinary order for the day: Breakfast at
9 or 9.30, fish, eggs, meat balls, three kinds of bread, fläskbiff (beef, salted calf), I should think) cheese and tea, good coffee and plenty of milk and cream. For dinner at 2.30 we had yesterday mixed, beef and potatoes, marrow stew and potatoes, wild strawberries and whipped cream, omelet with preserved strawberries and raspberry jam. In spite of various attempts, we seldom have dinner before 5.30 and it is sometimes after 9. The meal is similar to breakfast, the we usually have pancakes, of which we are all fond. I am pleasantly disappointed in both the quantity and variety of the food. But what will become of us, anything! Charlotte is growing so fat, and we talk of the possibility of wishing to abstain from place to place, when walking in becomes a physical impossibility. We are doing very well here.

I forgot to mention the excellent English coaches and roasts which we find almost everywhere. Some of these with a hundred of cream cups are frequently paid their way into our pockets for a little extra meal.

Wittus says, I am as brown as a Norwegian honey! I tell him he must be more exact in his choice of words. You will have to imagine the true extent...
heine at 11 A.M. and walked here. The sky was lowering, but there was not enough rain to trouble us. One more regret was that we could only occasionally get a glimpse of the beautiful Rossdale and the peaks of the Trolltinder opposite. We met several parties of tourists, but I have been constantly surprised not to see more. As we strolled along we all felt we were greatly to be envied and that nothing could be more pleasant than to visit such a fine country in so independent and decently a fashion. We mean to do as much walking as weather, time, and feet will allow.

We stopped for dinner at Hotel Holgensæs which is about a mile toward Naes from Ake and is a pleasant comfortable place. We certainly had a model dinner of soup, salmon, and potatoes, roast mutton (better than usual) and potatoes, an unlimited supply of ice, sweet wild strawberries, and cream.
and coffee. We ambled along after
wards, picking several from leaned clove
by the road side. We heard the bugle-
calls from the camp at Kielmarnae
and there was a good echo. He had been
advised to come here instead of Drees
to avoid the crowd and because of the
more attractive surroundings. Evidently
thirty-five other people were influenced
by the same motives for the home and
the "Hotel Belle Vue Annex" as the sign
reads are both full and me are
lodged in the front rooms in the main
floor of Thorjung Samuels's one story
cottage. In my room a comfortable
looking bed has been improvised from
a sofa. A second bowl and pitcher
are placed on a chest. There are plants
in the windows and flowers in a
vase on the old chest of drawers, a
clock which is minus a case for
its travelling gear, is ticking on the
wall and everything looks very
clean and cottagey.
After morning quarters we took a boat manned by a mile of boys as stroke and his father and rowed to Vedlinge, near where we visited the telegraph station and dispatched a message to have our letters forwarded from Bergen to Falaise. We wandered about the little village and thanked our stars that Andreas had been so nice a writing place. Following this tramped on to the muster field where the militia were encamped and joined us late at supper. Among the guests Wintberg discovered young Mr. Isak of Bergen, a nephew of Mrs. Boes and brother of the vice consul.

I am filled with wonder at reading Mama's letters from Norway and we all find it difficult to comprehend how you did it! She evidently went without eating. Why I go down to breakfast half an hour past the time I fixed the night before and then I have no sleep again to wait. And as for dinner, we think we are lucky if we get in an hour after ordering it. Another difficulty is our having Papa and mamma carole riding from five in the morning until eleven at night. Soldiers are stationed at being taken over the Dover field at the rate of forty-five miles a day and said he couldn't stand it. To be sure he overdied in Hamborough most unfortunately and was tired when he started, but I think even if he had been fresh we could have gone 100 miles in two days. We don't intend to take the trip from Bergen to Christiania in three days as you did. I have saved five days for the part between Larvik and Christiania.

Here is the scheme in brief:

Leave Næs Friday, July 30, 7 A.M.
Reach Vestvåg 10:30 A.M.
2 Scholt P.M.
Leave 1st Oct. 1 P.M.
Spent Sunday at Meron General 1st
Reach Valdivia Tuesday.
Leave Friday or Saturday.
Reach Vadheim Tuesday, Aug. 10.
Writing will then go to Bergen and
Charlotte and I will go up the Namsdal
and meet him at Vossanger, new
Saturday, as we prefer to see that
wonderful bit of the country twice
to go up to Bergen again, while Wey-
thing wants to work up Bergen more.
The next week we divide between
Odda, Ulvik, and Eide and get
back to Gudvangen on Tuesday
Aug. 24. We shall reach Christiania
in the 31st. All this latter part is
a little subject to change.
Now I must get ready for an
early start. I shall just a letter
to Edith from Solbo in Saturday,
the 31st, which I hope will reach
her by the 21st.

Always affectionately,

Marion Salbot.
Hotel Gevanger, Miraak.
Gevangerfjord. August 1, 1876.

It is very pleasant to sit down this peaceful Sunday afternoon and tell the home folks of the busy hours we have been spending since we left Farsø on Friday morning at seven o'clock. Among the people at the landing I saw a party who I know must be the Hockley's and I inquired which was Mrs. Hockley and introduced myself. They had followed us through the Romsdal and pressed us at Våghorne. We heard the young one say as he was starting off in his cart: 'I am going to demand some grease in a real Philadelphia fashion, and we a good deal amused by it. Mrs. Hockley was very pleasant and we afterwards were at the same hotel as Scholtz over night, though they took a different steamer to Vestvågøya. Mr. Isdale was with us on the Gevanger' but we parted from him at Vestvågøya at half past nine one oclock. 
and we readily induced a red-shirted, pleasant-faced peasant to harness up and take her to Stolb. Mudfoot wanted to carry his knapsack, but finally yielded to our judgment and put it on the carriole. We thought we were pretty well up in the field but we found there was still a long road to the top, nearly a two hours' walk in fact. It was fortunate we were not going over the road in a carrozzina, otherwise our car would have missed the sound of the cattle-calf. We stopped and listened in admiration. The voice rang out clearly and sweetly and though it must have been nearly a quarter past nine in the morning, the drone mountain-fauna, every note of the trill, and cackling so came to us. Just as we began to descend we passed two carriages near the road and tried to get into them but the doors were fastened and we could only peer in through the little window and catch glimpses of the faces and


dom earlies than we had planned. We had just learned that we could leave our baggage on the steamer and find it again at Stolb, so we hastily packed up Mudfoot's knapsack with our necessary goods and landed. We had a little lunch and for the first time thought we were cheated as we had only tea and milk and had to pay fifty one each. But we took comfort in the thought of the number of times we had been undercharged! At two o'clock or a few minutes after we were ready to start away to Stolb 26 kilometers. For about three miles the road ran along the edge of the front and was quite level. We saw many wild white roses. The sun was warm, but after we began to ascend it went behind a cloud, and the temperature was very comfortable. When we had walked about six miles the Rockefeller party passed us in three carrozzinas. A little further on Charlotte decided that it would be better for her not to walk all the way.
farms and little beds whose meadows did not conceal with the dirt outside. We met a herd of over fifty cows and saw many others in the mountain. It seemed a long walk to Schott, but the last part of the road lay through a charming valley where the peasants were making hay very merrily and merrily. We met a little eight-year-old chap who in his long brown trousers, vest, and red shirt looked like an old man. We stopped and laughed as we watched him waddle up the road.

One boy we passed said, "How do you do, thank you sir, good day?" Two little maidens opened a gate for us, and wishing fare each five öre and exhibited them to use it well and grow up to be good girls! They listened in open mouthed wonder.

It was nearly five o'clock when we reached the new hotel at Schott, kept by a man who was a farm hand in Iowa for five years. We were glad that Charlotte had been in advance.
and secured rooms and ordered dinner for we were nearly starved. We had a delightful row in the fryd in the evening and were especially interested in watching the marine plants growing in the bottom. We could see very clearly where the water was twenty or even thirty feet deep. The jelly fish were very numerous and bullying. At night we found ourselves for the first time disagreeably and uncomfortably in the tide of travel. The home was more than full and crowded and service overtaxed. We had however the best beds we have slept in outside of the large towns. My companions both remembered the meaning of the next day in my life and soon after breakfast Charlotte proposed to take me to dinner. This fact and its corollary, that I accepted with pleasure, atoned both how leisurely we had been travelling and how independent we had been of horse and wagon during the last few days. Just as we were safely seated Winter rushed out from the hotel, attained in his heat, the difference
but she only laughed and we laughed
for her account of the idea of us playing a Norwegian
who had been used to the business since he
was in body clothes born to hang in Brigham.
It was very kind and thoughtful in Charlotte
to plan a little celebration. I wrote and
mailed a letter to Edith and there we had
a long wait for dinner. There was no bread
and a Scotchman next me, Mr. Johnston,
go out to the baker to buy some, but
we could get nothing better than turns. The
steamers came about half past three and
there was a grand scramble to get aboard.
Wuthers pulled me one of the boats we
were in. When we handed out his coat a
lot of twisted bread of this shape CD rolled
cut out of his pocket. He made a vigorous
exclamation and said that was part of a sur-
prise for me! I assured him that it was
altogether a surprise. In the same fracas
his Johnston's box of cigars was turned up.
side down and the tumbler rolled out-
side the bottom of the boat. We finally
settled ourselves on board only to find
that we were not in the "Skanzag" as
we had expected. We were greeted on
leaving my luggage had been
...
transferred and was all right. Mr. Bennett of Christiaan, the townsman, went on board, and his wife were on board, and the English people began to ask questions. He is an old man and kindly in appearance. Musings talked with him for some time and gave him some points in his guide-book, as he put it in the imperfect fashion of the American youth! We entered into conversation with Mr. Johnston and his son who has recently entered Oxford. Long before supper time people crowded into the tiny saloon to choose places. As the camp started in deck had to be used at the table. I proposed that we each share one and when the stewards came to gather them up we carry them along ourselves! Before the announcement for supper came we made our way as we were anxious to have it over before reaching Hellsgirt. When we entered the saloon we found some giant English fellows standing pressed over the plates before which we had intended
that at 9 o'clock and the Captain announced the passengers to clear the saloon in order that the table might be properly set! I was so disgusted that I said I would prefer to go to the second table and if necessary lose some of the fine scenery rather than take part in such an exhibition. The Johnston declared themselves true to us although they were nearly starved and wait we did. When we finally succeeded in securing places we still had a hard time to get food and I was so impatient at being shut up in that hole that after eating some salmon and drinking a cup of tea I made a black bread and ham sandwich and took it on deck to eat amid the grandeur of the Geiranger fjord! We posed on rails in the very bow of the boat and were awed with the solemnity of the scene as we saw it in the half light. Unfortunately our pleasure was marred by the thought of the forthcoming sting for beds. We decided that Wieland should set sail on as quickly as possible.
and that Charlotte and I should stick to this if we could in order to avoid another experience like that at Bergen. As they began to cast anchor, we turned to go to the middle of the ship where the jumpway was, when a boy with whom Whitelaw had been conferring took away a section of the railing by us, whirled to the nearest boat which came along side. Whitelaw jumped in. I stumbled in next and after me came Charlotte and Mr. Johnston, the boatman made for the shore. While the Captain stood shouting for our tickets and the passengers who stood nearer the stem out of sight of the dumps wondered why there was not another boat! Mr. Peabody had advised us not to stop at the hotel near the landing but to go to the new one above it. We could see it in the twilight, it was half past ten, and up we dashed and in we rushed full well asking for rooms and beds in an excited manner which made the people laugh. They showed us upstairs, we had our pick of the rooms and in five minutes more the house was swarming with people clamoring for rooms, beds, anything! How we clucked as we stood in the doorway of the three best rooms and looked at the mob! It quite offset the supper business! And we clucked still more when we heard people at the morning who had second rooms in the house tell how they were in the first boat off from the steamer. One young fellow in his wedding journey was heard to offer a boatman ten shillings to put his clothes and the bride he paid amounted to 2 1/2 to each! We were very glad that we had decided to remain here and row back to Hellesylt and we have learned to keep a clear of such streams of travel as possible. Still it will be comparatively easy for us owing to our leisure and independence. I was rescued this morning by hearing a conversation in Norwegian in the hall which sounded ominous and when the number of our rooms was mentioned as one to be reserved I sprang out of bed to find Mr. Bennett outside the door and to tell him we intended to stay and wished an room. Why," he said, "you cannot leave until Tuesday." "Yes we can," I said, "we are going to visit Hellesylt." "Oh!" It was delightful to feel that we could lie ached as long as we chose, while everybody else was preparing to go off by the steamer, and I can but to think of the quiet which
would follow their departure. About half a
day past nine I went down to breakfast and
was soon joined by Wuthering. Mr. Johnston
appeared and we strolled down to the pier
with him. He had already wished me many happy returns, and as we stood
talking by the water's edge, he turned to
his satchel, rummaged about, produced a
little box which he gave to me saying, "I
want you to accept a little birthday token
from me; please take your pick from this
box." I opened it and found two silver
brooches and a scarf pin which he said
were upgradations from the carvings in
the champagne cathedral. I chose the
scarf pin partly because it was the
smallest, and he reluctantly consented
to my choice. It represents a face with
a profile on each side and is a quaint
design. The workmanship is very fine.
I shall find it very useful and a very
pleasant remembrance of the coming inci-
dent of an unusual birthday. The
name marked was the known to you;
see it was quite a present. Mr. John-
ton and Wuthering his address and
wishes Charlotte to send word to him
or Mrs. Johnston when she is in Lon-
don. They live in a suburban village.
He keeps Norwegian ponies and a carola, and I judge has money too in his talk, he affects poverty. He showed himself very generous and warm-hearted many times during our short intercourse with him. We watched him embark and waved our handkerchiefs as the steamer went off, while he saluted us from the bridge. As the steamer started the sailors on a yacht set up a cheer, which was echoed by the peasants in the canoe. With a jolly Harvard cheer and his shant, sharp 'sab sab sab' three times over was imitated by a little dog so clearly that the assembled throng joined in a hearty laugh! Many of the peasants were finely dressed, the women wearing scarlet skirts, trimmed with gold or silver braid, and a little black bodice, and white waists with full sleeves and silver tinklets. The men had gay-colored shirts and fancy scarfs tied close about their necks.

We have had only one companion here, Mr. N. Thomsen of Christiania, a very agreeable and intelligent man, with a great sense of humor. He was telling us that the people hereabouts drop their hils and put them on
in real cockney style as we observed. He said there was a man who had two daughters named Hannah and Anna. Hannah he called Anna and Anna he called Hannah. A young man visited in the family and fell in love with Anna, but as he had never seen her name written, he directed his proposal of marriage to Hannah. This quite surprised him!

Charlotte and I took a walk this afternoon up the mountain side following a stream or waterfall. As we came back we stopped in the churchyard and I was reading the inscriptions in the gravestones of a mother and two daughters who died within three months of each other of measles fever when I heard a good day spoken near me and found a very intelligent young fellow who has never been farther from home than Aldershot and has learned English from books in a remarkable way.

We intend to start at 6 A.M. on our next stage to Falmouth. The weather is glorious again and everybody very happy. All send affectionate greetings especially Marion.
Falaise August 3, 1876.

My dear Russell,
Since I wrote you last I have become real Norwegian traveler. One feels as if the North Cape belonged to the world and that it is quite natural and right that one steamer should be carrying Americans, English, Scotch, French, Germans, Italians, on a pilgrimage to it. But on the fields and farms we are among the peasants in their homes and can feel the real life of the country to a much greater extent. We were glad to leave state rooms and cabins behind us. Out of thirty consecutive nights we had spent twenty-three on a steamer and it was a pleasant change to spend our days in a carriole or trollycarre and our nights in a log tavern.

Wouldn’t you laugh if you could see us settled on our little wagon wheels, cloth as if they might tumble to pieces at any moment and the hay.
new and piny as well. Although the roads are almost always good and in some places better than any I know about in the vicinity of Boston, we do not get from place to place very quickly. In fact on an average road, partly up hill and partly down, we can make almost as good time as the ponies. Last Friday, for example, we walked a little over sixteen miles including a good mountain climb, in less than two hours and those who drove were on the road over five hours. In shorter distances we can count on being not more than half as long again as the ponies. I must tell you about the Skydagut (pronounced Shuddgoot). He is a boy who goes with you from one station to the next in order to take the horse and wagon home. He rides in the back of the wagon, sitting on the trunk or valise if there be one or sometimes he stands up. He may or may not drive as the passenger prefers and it is usually more agreeable not to have him do it as the reins or clothesline which is generally used for reins. There is inconvenience in the way. He always walks up the hills and hops the gates and jumps in the carriole in a very expert fashion so that the driver does not have to think about him at all. At these stations which are called post the proprietor is obliged to provide horses for travelers within a few minutes after their arrival. We drive up to a station. We wonder if we have reached the Norwegian abode of the sleeping beauty. Presently a sign of life appears in the form of a man who vanishes out from the barn. We ask for horses "stray" by which we mean "immediately" and the man understands "within an hour." The next scene represents the sudden appearance of from three to a dozen small boys. Norway has nothing to be ashamed of in her crop of boys. They seem to be produced by magic from the most dreamy and lovely spots. One or two start off up the road, returning in the course of time
leading the required number of horses who have been cut to pasture. Sometimes the boy returns on horseback. The riding bridle which he wears is quite an elaborate affair in comparison with the one belonging to the harness which consists only of a bit and the strap over the ears which holds the bit in place.

Another boy or perhaps the same one disappears for a minute and returns with a soft felt hat, a coat, a pair of black bread or some other article of travelling apparel. It takes only a few seconds to harness up, the baggage has in the mean time been transferred to the new car and off. The boy jumps in and we are off. Our "jet" is usually twelve or fourteen years old. He has very light hair, blue eyes, dirty hands, dirty face, is sometimes stupid and always shy. Occasionally we find one who is ambitious to learn English and will so far forget his habit of silence as to answer us when we talk to him and
then we have real fine laughing at each other's mistakes. But sometimes they are so dull that they do not understand their own language! We puzzle over our "Guide to the Norwegian Language," construct absolutely perfect sentences, pronounce them to ourselves several times, and then fire them off to the gut who exclaims with a very discouraging shake of the head! Once we saw a very com- ming gut. He was certainly not over seven years old and so small that he had to be lifted up into the stolhaearn and when he set out on his return we could barely see the top of his head over the reat! He wore long trousers, a red flannel shirt with full sleeves, a red and a colored woolen scarf about his neck, precisely the costume of the groom men. Sometimes our boy is a girl, perhaps very little, wearing a long black shirt and dark waist and a large handkerchief usually white, plain or figured, over her head. Sometimes he is a man and he may be an old woman. Yesterday Charlotte
and I had the most extraordinary gut of all. He was a hump back with a gray, gray wool gray beard and hair long on the sides and close cropped behind. He wore a large red cap. When we saw him come down the road we thought him rather an interesting feature in the landscape. We were not much pleased however to find that he was to be our guide, as he had a very mean, mean look, so we asked Mrs. Thrush who intended to walk to keep somewhere near us. The old fellow did not like the idea of his pony keeping pace with a man walking and plied the whip vigorously. Mrs. Thrush was not to be outdone. He could walk up the hills much faster than we could go, but whenever we were on a down grade we got ahead and then the old wizard would laugh in a fiendish kind of way. I asked him several times not to go so fast, but he would hold up only for a few minutes. He had to walk up the hills and go so
tired that he gave up trying to keep ahead but he still urged the pony on in such a zephyr manner that when we had gone half way, Charlotte and I decided we were rather not to and walk the rest of the way to Teleside. It is the only disagreeable experience we have had.

We have enjoyed our walking very much. We have walked about seventy five miles in all. This morning I added up my accounts and I find that my travelling expenses for the last two weeks amount to thirty dollars board, washing, posting all included. That is not much for over three hundred miles is it? I think our board has averaged a little over a dollar a day. The least we have paid is 93 cents and the most 

4.37

While we were waiting at Scholt for the steamer we were much amused in watching some James which a young Englishman on his wedding journey started among the village boys
They had running and walking and
gaping matches all into and destroy-
time and the two boys who did best
and the most each received a small
coin. A lot of men gathered about
and were as much interested as the
active participants.

Mithras sends you a sketch from
life of our Landlord at Meroe. It
was taken while he was coming up to
Helghay. It does not show his curly
hair, tiny eyes, smooth boiling of
both and perpetual radiance of
comeliness which made him look
more like a stage character than a
simple kindly peasant. I enclose
some samples of gladbird, the fa-
vorite food of the people. It is made
in round their cakes larger than a
soup plate and is the only bread to be
found in some places.

Charlotte and Mithras both send in
great deal of love and love
Ann's affectionately etc.

Frequently Sabbat.
Olden near Talseide
August 5, 1876

I had thought that my next tidings home would be in a some a response
for we had telegraphed from Verlungsnes to have no letters forwarded from Bergen
to Talseide. Our message was sent on
Thursday evening, and we named
Saturday as the time for mailing the
letters in order to make sure of their
going by Thursday's steamer. The mail
which came to us was a note from
the bank dated July 30, the day we
sent the dispatch, saying that our
message had been received too
late for them to comply with it.
The envelope was postmarked August
3d. The interesting part of it was
that such a message should come
alone, when the letters might have
come as well.

We did pretty well in starting
from Mered to Monday morning.
he had addressed me in the Churchyard and the other our landlord, Nils Peter Nielson, the most deliciously lonely man I ever saw in real life. He was like a made-up character in a burlesque. Nielson was in great spirits and sang and told stories all the way.

I think he was charmed, or by the rare appreciation shown by Nils, who, although he had absolutely no knowledge of the English language, except the word "yes" constantly manifested his delight at words and music alike. Our Laughter was excited much more by him than by Nielson and fortunately we did not need to limit it, for he was joining in so heartily. Nielson told the story of the Chelsea man who died and knocked at Heaven's gate, at this point came an elaborate statement of Peter telling him he had been so bad he must go to the other place. This proved very amusing to Nils.
The next stage was the rejection of the man at the other place. This being elaborated with emotions and jesting produced a still greater amusement. But when Martinz gave the man an exclamation "Send me anywhere you will, only not here; don't send me back to Chelsea," I thought
this must split his sides! Every individual hair of the fleshy man, which grew under his chin and in his neck encircled his red face like the rays of a small sun, shone in his movement. His tiny eyes sparkled and the slit, corresponding to a mouth, from which a front tooth was gone, spread from ear to ear!

We nearly died too! We never before spent three hours in such an atmosphere of radiance!

We were very glad to have seen the German graveyard by daylight in this intensity of light, but we were not so much impressed by it as we had
been on Saturday night when the half light threw a sort of mysteriousness over the whole scene. We were pleasantly surprised at the Height of them, but did not see it to the best advantage in the glare of the moonlight. We did not linger there long but started on our walk up the road following the fire coming from Charlotte and I had been travelling for four hours when Mustings overtook us with the baggage. The man who served as guide was an intelligent fellow and the grist mill operator I have seen. He was like a smart Yankee farmer's hand. He asked Charlotte and me to ride, and when we came to a long level stretch of road he and Mustings pulled in behind. At times he and Mustings started along on foot, and we walked that way. The descent into the valley was charming, as indeed it always is. We had ordered...
Our dinner in advance and we had
that it was ready when we reached
Bordeaux at three o'clock. It was a very
good one and we were sorry that Dr.
and Mrs. Talbot of Boston, U.S.A., who
named me our register for the first
time had not had as good fortune in
Gironde. At four o'clock we started
again in a boat this time, to crossone
the lake instead of tramp over it. The
scenery was charming and the trip
would have been thoroughly enjoyable
of the boatman next me that he was less
pensive with his tobacco. He was
also missing a front tooth. The third
of the genus that day! At Kyrss there
was some delay in getting our horse.
Mr. J. R. intended to walk. As Char-
lotte and I mounted up the hill from
the station we met a lunch-bred,
His beard was long and asex-pray.
His hair was clipped close behind
and hung in straggling locks at the
sides. The large red cap which he
raised to us as we passed, added fur-
times nearness to his uncanny appearance.
No one somewhat damaged to few min-
utes later to find that he was to be outgun.
The rest of the stockman, who was settling
things, was raised so high that Mr. J. R.
had put a bag in for us to rest our
feet on. After reaching up a hill Mr.
Rumich anghed in the stockman
not as the thumb behind as is usual,
but in front of us on the bag! Just at
that moment he realized that Mr.
J. R. who was walking was making
as good time as we. According to
my morning experience we knew
he could do it easily and so we
had asked him to keep so near as
the conveniently could for we didn't
like our wizard very well. But the
arrangement did not suit our
nunner very well and he began to
urge his pony and was very suc-
cessful in his efforts too. Going
down hill Charlotte and I had to
...some high seat and Biathlon could not keep up even the horse. This pleased the old fellow and made him gain in a dismalside seat. I say, every few minutes I could tell him not to go fast and for a few seconds he would cease urging the pony, but at every hill Biathlon would catch up with us and then the whip would come into use again. After a while however he got rather out of breath walking up the hills and stretching his pony at the same time and gave up the attempt to keep ahead. But Charlotte and I soon grew tired of that constant grumbling meant to keep the pony on the road and we decided to walk the rest of the way about four miles to Falaise. We were glad to see our team disappear and to travel again at more nearly the natural rate! The glimpses of the foxtail and snow-capped mountains as we descended...
Fallen were unusually beautiful.

When we reached our hotel I was not surprised that it is a favorite resort.

Nearly every day indeed I have to learn that there places whose names are perfectly familiar to me are a cottage not a village or town. At Falaise the main building has been much enlarged and a new annex has been built in which are those rooms look up at when the front. We passed the It was exactly five years since you registered at Falaise! next day quickly. Writing did not get up until eleven and spent the afternoon writing. We parted company finally with Mr. Trim, Hamilton and Mr. Trim, Stanley whom we had been running across frequently since leaving Falaise yesterday morning.

Wednesday I was up when the train came in at half past five and went for our letters which turned out to be the disappointing one from Burgew. We then breakfasted ourselves and about half past seven were ready to start for Aldoreau across
the fjord some nice miles. We drifted ashore at Boat-men by firing a signal whistle with his hands whenever we met a row-boat. At Olden we stopped, moved in the top of the house, one half turning toward the fjord and the other toward the valley. The woman has been in England at the request of a family who have a cottage in this valley and live there in the summer. Consequently she knew very well how to provide for our wants, and at once put up a very good lunch. Accompanied by Daniel Olden we walked a little over the miles to Olden and a beautiful lake formed by streams from the arms of the great Jostedal glaciers, the largest in Europe. Withdorph and Daniel rowed us the entire length of seven miles to Russeth where we took to our feet again and tramped up the valley, passing through some very marshy places, to Gaard Brixdalen, a walk of an hour and twenty

minutes. After forming the streets of Dalsnibba, the lake with nearly equal parts we had superb glacier views. The end of the valley was shut in by the Meikolodshaer which formed from the ground level to a majestic height. As we walked on we saw still more glaciers. It was a gray day and therefore we lost the brilliance which would come with sunlight, but it was a very impressive light. On all sides was the rush and roar of waterfalls, making their way down ravines or tumbling over precipices. It was a very commonplace proceeding to sit down at Gaard Brixdalen and eat a dinner of home sandwiches but we were glad to do it before resuming our climb to the Brixdalen pass and the glacier itself, a walk of three quarters of an hour. I do not remember ever having seen the deep blue color of this glacier equalled and it surface was so jagged and irregular that it was impossible for us to climb on it. The scene was most awe-some for we had left all the verdure of the valley below us and had only
Tours, forests, and glaciers, and waterfalls to behold, with the exception of a few
flax growing near the stream. We described our names at the Sacred Heart place.
The woman was very kind, and her face lighted up with a beautiful expression when we told her we were from
America. She has children there and
on the wall of the one room in which the
family lives is a map of the United State.
Daniel asked us if Boston was in Dakota.
We also saw a Bible, but not much else
belonging to civilization. At half past eight
we reached Oldoewa, after an altitude of
two and a half hours. We had a good
supper and were much pleased to see
butter balls on the table and to have
our maid wear slippers. Wurzburg
is writing today. Tomorrow we go up
the Ednwarid to see the glaciers and
on Saturday begin our trip across
country to Vadhera and Berge.
It may interest you to know that since travelling expenses since leaving home in
cluding steerage passage and 1st Class trip
have been £43.50
With loads of love, Marion
Piet van der Velde, Jolstervand.
August 1, 1886.

Dear Home People,

Two little incidents of our visit at Jolstervand may interest you. Charlotte and I inspected the little shop which sells supplies to the hands and it occurred to me to ask if one might be washed. The man consented and led us through a shed built on the floor for storing grain and other heavy goods. He pulled on a rope hanging like a swing and down came on the other side of the building some stricks! He asked if we could hang on and of course I said yes. So I took hold of the big hook, he pulled the rope and yanked me up in the air where I hung like a bag of meat while he adjusted the weight at the other end! The result was 46 kilograms! I was glad to know it as you doubtless will be. I wrote you about getting up early for the mail. It was not time to make Charlotte when I returned to the Annex so I thought I would sit out on the balcony. The door leading to it stuck pretty hard and I thought the best way to
This page contains a handwritten text about an evening spent with friends, including a description of an unexpected event and a conversation with a maid. The text continues on the right page.
his card. I noticed it folded just as he gave it to me. After making arrangements for dinner on our return we walked about three quarters of an hour through the most lovely valley I have seen. We took a boat on the lake and rowed 1 1/2 miles having a fine placid view all the way. Another short walk brought us to a bend in the stream from where we had a good view of the Neskathaabec. We had a frugal lunch with sauce of beef dissolved in glacier water,bandling a Palatable drink. Wild strawberries growing plentifully in the middle of the bank took its taste out of our mouths. A party of English returning from the glaciers told us it was not worth while to go nearer unless we had never been at one and as Baedeker gave the same advice we followed it and soon set out on our return. From the lake we saw many avalanches from an immense glacier. It was a most smitty night and one which abraded the gaze of the boater accustomed
as they are to it. After dinner and a little chat with the landlord's wife, whose Komgrenau was remarkably intelligent, we started for Vienna. My verdict on the two places tips me, that the first was impressive and oppressive, and the second, beautiful. In Oldenburg, even the verandah bears the marks of antiquity, while the valley of the Loen and even the mountain slopes are unexpectedly green. We took only one boatman from Loen, but when we had gone about half way, one of the row, Corts Mithup, was very soon gave out. We used his other one and I steered from the stern, but pretty soon the other row lock broke away too. As the water was rough, the first time by the way, our progress was slow, but about nine o'clock we were housed at Ystnes. In the morning at eight, we started in the steamer and touched at Falside, having made a circular tour of the end of the fjord and becoming quite familiar with its beauties.
We embarked in the steamer and at half past nine landed at Vetvik and began an overland journey to Bergen. The first event was a mountain of 3,200 feet to climb. This of course we did on foot and it was steady up till noon for two hours. Part of the way Mr. Jensen, the British consul in Trondhjem, and his little girl kept us company but they were picked up by their calèche and carried to Red. We had a view that was grand in every sense of the word. The sky was gray but clear and we hardly knew whether to gaze on the great fields stretched out to the north and almost at our feet or on the great river winding mountains. But south. We were loath to descend, but the wind blew rather cold and we marched. It did not take us long to get down but it was harder work. We beat the pony was pulled our luggage in pony up and the beat us going down. At half fast one we reached Red. We had heard of the rival hotels there, Hotel Victoria and Hotel Victory. Mr. Jensen had agreed to order our dinner with his at the Victory. A corner from the Victoria in the shape of a small and intelligent boy with a polite laugh met us out in the road but we were level against his miles thanks to the prospect of a dinner at the rival establishment. The two hotels, or rather, are placed at a head in the road, opposite each other and smile together as if to leave space for the roadway. We found an excited group of people gathered about the clock, and with an luggage in it. Mr. Jensen said the landlord of the Victoria was proceeding to appropriate our belongings when he re-monetized and was told it made no concern. An appeal was made to the steward who stated he was told to take it to the Victory. Mr. Jensen had already ordered his boat to Föye and partially be of his one for us. On attempting
to complete the arrangement, Muthers was told that he must take a round boat or the Lake was rough. All right he said, ‘two men and a six Bowd boat.’ But you must have three men.’ I’ll take two and now myself. ‘It won’t make any difference about your rowing, if you wish of three men go.’ ‘Well, I don’t want three men.’ But three men must go in a six Bowd boat to get it back!’ That was a bit of sharp practice we saw through. But Mr. Jensen had met and at last had better at the hook. The man with whom we had this encounter was the chief boatman and owner of the other boat. But had cleared it out. Nevertheless he told something when he went there to put his name in the boat book not to go to the Victory as he would surely be cheated there. But we had a very good dinner, including peas and lettuce, the result of competition as Mr. Jensen said.
The other boat got off first and as we had now to load and there was some trouble with a row lock they got a good start. The chief boatman was one of their rowers too. When we were fairly under way Britten offered each of the ten men rowing with him fifty one extra if they could get in boat in first. Their faces beam and they did some good pulling but we gained very little. Britten admired the prize, their eyes sparkled and we sped over the smooth water. Charlotte and I taking turns bailing out the water from the boat. I timed the cars with my voice and measured the stroke. We gained a little but the other men were evidently in their mettle and they must have pulled hard for Britten is no mean hand at an oar. The other boat reached the pier ten minutes before we did. We made the twelve kilometers in an hour and thirty-five minutes.
Charlotte and I thought we would walk the next stage, eight kilometers, but Murdie said he would ride with the baggage. The road was beautiful. It lay through a valley with the most varied scenery. After walking half an hour over a hard level road we began to feel anxious that Milting did not overtake us. At the end of another while we began to picture him lying in one of the miserable huts at Forde frustrated by his exertion. But we decided that the best thing for rest as was to keep on to the station and if he did not arrive as soon as we then go back for him. After some time more he did overtake us and explained his delay by the fact that he had been taking a dip in the fjord and going on disembarkation of his army and swimming powers to the shore. All the same, I was not decided by his story and exasperated to the extreme. We thought of boating and peasants' clothing as in admiration and wonder. This was his explanation, but we were interested in looking at the very pretty and charming little maiden who was serving us in his boat! He asked if we would like to dine but we were enjoying the walk and told him to keep on and get the fresh horses all ready and we would soon be at the station. To make what might be a long story short, he did keep on eight kilometers further than we had agreed. But sixteen miles, and a mountain climb were enough for Charlotte and me on one day. Fortunately a boy came along with a stall because he was taking home and we jumped glad to have a ride albeit after an exertion and without any maps we found the evening in cold. At Aardal we caught up with our train and also found Mr. Jensen. We all had suffered a lot, but some of Mr. Jensen's luggage had been carried off by mistake from the shore by an English party who in the evicted victim as a notice we have seen.
heads, and he was obliged to stay at Randal while we kept on to Brede-
Værendal. The road all the way followed a beautiful lake and it was
a fine drive, though for a few minutes we had some rain. At
eleven o'clock we reached out a very
frail looking old woman who dormade us comfortable for the night.

On the way to Bergen, August 7.
At breakfast in Brede-Værendal, we met Mr.
E. M. Berger, one of the laughing Englishmen
we had seen at Byåerkeries. Showers in
the morning made us decide not to con-
tinue our journey until afternoon, but
we did not fare any better then and we
had hard rain at intervals as we went
to Freda and Sande where we spent the
night. We are now travelling with Dr.
Thomas Welles of Worcesters and a Moren-
gentleman and his daughter from
Bergen.

Welles's kindness and good spirits
are unfailing and Charlotte's as well, and
much of my pleasure is due to them. We
are looking forward eagerly to returning
again from home.

With true love always, Marion.
11.30 A.M.

Wednesday Aug 11

Dear M.,

Cablegram from home just received. Was at the fish market when it arrived.

F. Talbot.

Optatet fra C. Kreditbank.

Bergen. Skrevet den 18.

den 11. 18 kl. 9.20 Fmnd. Xl. + 9.30 Fmnd.

af Kunt.

Den norske Stats-telegraf.

Telegram fra Boston No. 78, Ord 9. den — 1886 R — Hr.

Telegram and rounddaal letter delighted well.

Nickerson Harding and Co. spent last night at Holdt's Hotel. They went by the Hamburg steamer to Christiana and perhaps thence to Christiania by

left before I called this morning.
Fleischer Hotel, Vossangeren.

August 12.

Dear Home,

In closing my letter on the steamer between Vossangeren and Bergen I had little opportunity to tell you how pleasantly the time passed with Dr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Henrietta, Katharina, and Laura Meyer, Fräulein and Sofie Reins. All spoke English and the young girls told us some capital stories. Sofie Reins is now acting in the Christiania Theatre. She cannot speak English as well as her sister, who teaches the language. But she does our Shelley and Byron and has read all their works in Norwegian and learned by heart a great many passages from the original. She is quite tragic in her manner and recited some bits with marked effect. She also presented some cake and shared it with us two at the same time, their many good words, in the most comic tones she had, that hardly anyone could count them. I trust you will be able to give our little son the best education possible. Dr. and Mrs. Miller were very nice.
agreed. They took the mail steamer up to Vardo, beyond the North Cape and had been following in our foot steps, passing us at half past 8 at Oksvold. Also we had such a good time from one to two o'clock, we were glad to ship from the steamer to the hotel and make a start on the thirty letters awaiting us. We had hoped to hear that Papa and Mamma had decided to take a little vacation and join us in Germany, but had made up our minds to be disappointed in our wish. It was a satisfaction to know that our message from the North Cape had been received. We sat around a big table and with the light of two candles read and read until we had looked through everything and then received another reading until the next day.

Mittelspåh did not wish to return to the Hotel Konge and chose the Radetjørem, but we found it dirty and the service poor. On the steamer it had occurred to me that instead of going right on to Eids to wait for Mittelspåh to do what he wished in Bergen, Charlotte and I might very pleasantly spend a day in visiting tyre, Olde Bull's summer home. Mr. Lund, Mr. Bulli summer man in Bergen, to whom she gave me a letter, had expressed a wish to entertain us on our return to Bergen. We were not willing to encroach upon his kindness to that extent, but we thought he might admire us about the best way of going to Høybo. Accordingly Mittelspåh made various attempts to find him in his office, but in vain. A message came from him in the afternoon saying he was just about to start for Voss with his family and was coming down to us, but hoped to find us on his return Friday. Meanwhile Mr. Gade had called upon us and helped us plan and Mittelspåh went with him engage a carriage. Charlotte and I walked in the new Park and saw the fountain presented by Mr. Bös. We also strolled about the town in some of the side streets, bought some souvenirs to take the place of mine which had spilled in the trunk, without doing much damage, and as I was joining Sindt, I thought I would step in and tell them that my waterproof was very satisfactory. The man who had served us stepped forward smiling. I began, "I do not know whether you remember me. I was here about eight months ago and you made me a waterproof." His face fell, he looked searchingly to death, he pressed his hands together and at
tually groaned in every limb! I continued. I want to tell you that I have seen it a great deal and it is very satisfying. The poor man even then thought I had come to find fault but now re-assured on seeing Charlotte's smiling face, but it was not until we were closing the door behind us that his face began to assume its cheerful men. In a bookstore we saw a copy of the Norwegian St. Nicolai. The first article was the second chapter of "Ramatza," a play by Mrs. Alcott. I tried to buy a copy but the magazine is sold only by the volume. Writing learned from Mr. Gade that an Englishman and a Danish girl were to be married in the Danish church at five o'clock and of course we had to be there to see the deed done. It might have been an American wedding as far as the white silk and veil of the Bride and velvets and laces and dress coats of the relating event. The pews on the main aisle were filled with us and other people. The bridal party marched up to the chancel where they were seated even the bride and groom having two large boxed chairs which they occupied during the singing and part of the
us each a bunch of flowers which were a delight to us for a long time. The rain drops settling on the rich red folds of the rose petals glittered there all the rest of the day. We were shown a path which we could follow during the short time left and we wandered among the firs and bushes past a picturesque little pond and by a running brook back again to the boat landing. We turned away with much regret for in spite of the rain the woods looked very attractive. Our young boatman had thoughtfully spent the time cleaning out his craft and as he had turned the boat over upside down we were not as much exposed to the wet as we had anticipated. The road is very billy and in spite of the rain we had to leave our carriage and walk down one steep place. While the horses were resting once the driver took off his coat with the silver buttons and beard covering it out! But we made
possible that the letter which I gave to the woman at the station Dreminn on July 25 to deliver to the postman who might drive by anytime between eight and eleven in the evening could be the one which had reached you on August 10. But it is the only one you could have referred to as the other Romondal letter was not mailed until we reached Naes. Considering the bad luck of my letter from Hamburg I am prepared to recommend a route from Hamburg to the U.S. through the Romondal. By the way I believe I haven’t mentioned that a railroad is projected from Christians through the Endabrandstad and Romondal. It could certainly be built more easily than the one between here and Bergen of which one tenth passes through tunnels. This little hotel looked very gay as we approached. The rooms were brightly lighted and a harp and violin added to the generally favorite resort-like look. We have a
won in the arms which we always prefer, and the best beds we have had in human. The table is admirable, and for the first time the maids are all dressed in peasant costumes, wearing white jackets with full sleeves, vests with very narrow backs and shoulders and rounded in front, made of bright red material, and black skirts laid in plaits. The hair is braided, and the ends of the two braids tied together or brought over the top of the head and fastened. As we are in no hurry we shall wait here until the weather is more favorable for travelling than it is today. There are a good many people here, but no Americans I think except ourselves. We are passing our time quietly writing and reading and preparing for new excursions. Writing will bring us another mail when the cokes. We are very happy with the tidings we have had. So ends another chapter, but there is no end to blow which pes tall from Marion.
long service. The next thing was to see them drive away. The coachman of the wedding pair wore white gloves, a top-hat and the horses had white leather trappings. Writing their went to send the cablegram. We thought we would satisfy Mamman longing for the undo, transcendent and magnificent, and hope Papa won’t depudize her the pleasure! The art of simple Saxon speech is encouraged by the nations by leaping an extra duty on such importations from classic Congress and we are now going to economize a few days to meet the expense of that cablegram! We had a supper that made an young waiting star - chocolate, sardines, and currants which we had the proprietor furnish by request. The strains of the music in the park near by drew us out to join the throng. As we approached we were greeted by the familiar notes of Yankee Doodle. The next day Wednesday I was up at six o’clock. The weather on Monday had been perfect and it was delightful to see
Berne in her fair guise. We have from time to time a great attachment for her in spite of the lowering circumstances she has shown us. But yesterday dawned with a cloudy sky and all the landlord promised us a fine day we had no other encouraging sign. A few minutes after seven Charlotte and I were settled in a carriage with a shielded drive. All our travelling appointments were put aboard to be left at Nistim a station nine kilometres from town. We bid goodbye to Matthias after agreeing to meet him at Eide on Friday evening. The first thing for me to do was look up the Montagam for coachman, for it never crossed my mind that such fellows exist. We followed the road leading of Tantoff and passed many little wagons on their way to town and market, usually occupied by women with curious shaped head gear looking like those covered hats that were only too common and evidently made of white cotton twisted about a frame. We soon began to feel drops of rain but for nearly two hours there was so little that we were not obliged to have the carriage closed, but then it rained hard as it did all the rest of the day and is doing now except when it rained harder. Our Kindeh took a wrong turn and we had to retrace our steps in order to reach Lysekrone, the point on the mainland where there is a pier opposite the island of Fjøs. The house could be plainly seen and looked very charming in its red setting of firs. The people at the little house by the wharf said they were too busy to row us across, but just then a boy in a boat appeared and amiably consented to be our chauffeur. He had been fishing and the boat was not very clean but we were glad to have any mode of conveyance. We were in the water about fifteen minutes and then scrambled up the gravel path to the house. Roses, ferns, myrtles, sweet williams and other home like flowers were blooming in great profusion and we lingered to look at them before rapping at the door. A servant came out and we asked in English if we might walk...
about the place. She suddenly disap-
peared without a word, but soon came
back and asked us the secret of the
sitting-room leading from the dining
room in the ground floor. In a few
minutes a lady appeared who I sup-
pose is the housekeeper. She neither
speaks nor understands English ex-
cept in the most limited way. But she
soon found out that I knew Mr. Bull
and was from Boston. She took us
upstairs into the charming music-
room or hall. In it are two grand
pianos and a public organ and
about the walls are many various
trophies and tributes received by Mr.
Bull in different parts of the world.
We were most interested in the
finishing of the natural wood finish-
ings of stenciled walls and pillars.
Sleeping and dressing apartments
lead from the music room, and
one can easily step out on to the
hillside path winding close by
the house or pick currants hang-
ing in large red clusters from
the bushes. Our exercise gathered
Ode, Hanseatur, August 14.

Dear Grandma,

While I think of it I must tell you that I dated my last letter one day too early; it should have been August 12. Meanwhile, on joining us yesterday at Foss, brought your letter of July 26 from Scuntrybott, enclosing Russell's capital letters. I wonder how I gave you the impression that we did not hear from you when we were first in Bergen. The receipt of the letter was quite an event and I was sure I noted it in my record of the day. While Mitchop and Charlotte visited Walkendorfs Tower, I went to the bankers and found the letters there and had read them through by the time my companion had returned.

Mitchop looked at underwear in Hamburg but found nothing he liked and decided that he should not need any thicker clothing than he wears at
home in winter and he was right as it has turned out thus far. We are beginning to expect cold weather in crossing the Firthfield. If the sky is clear and the sun shines we shall not mind, but just now I think my good fortune has deserted us. The pleasant day for our beautiful drive from York to tide was followed in the evening by rain and we still have it.

You will doubtless be pleased to know that at last we no longer feel the pangs of hunger! I suppose an experience was due to the process of adjustment to climate and food. We are eating now in a much more healthful and civilized manner. We lack in a little box of chocolate in Bergen to me for refreshments and have already found it useful (?). We are all growing fat. After our two days separation from Lithgow, Charlotte noticed that there had been a great change in his looks since we left home. I think you and Papa will be quite satisfied with that result of our investment!

You must have been amused at my reference to an "euphoria." I had evidently lost my old time keenness of vision and destiny for I could not see or catch one, and indeed most of the time even now have to assume that it is they! I have not been troubled much, but Charlotte has had a fearful time. Everything goes for her. And something it has been a beautiful provider!

I feel very sorry that you should have a summer so full of care and fatigue. The thought and labor seem to such a work which will never be realized by other people is perhaps an instance of the distemper laid down by Hamilton and which I usually deny, that some truths of anything not doing is dimming. I hope Papa is able to be with you at Swamscott and that you will
both not forget your son in the backwoods of Maine. There will be a great reunion in six weeks from now. Last evening Miss Wood said that in spite of the first time he is having, he will be quite content to go back, for there is no place like America or Mass. or Boston or Col. Mallows St and 19 Matthews. Charlotte is beginning to dread the debarcation and I hope you will have letters waiting her at from Clara Vicki Berhamstrane Neima.

I shall have to be repaired as soon as I reach home and should be glad if it is convenient for you to arrange to have ella or some assistant on hand. Even underwear does not last very long in this land where cold water and iron rust are used for laundry purposes.

I have written to Mrs. Bull about the incident you travel in which she had a part and would rather not have my account of Lyons so beyond the family. The tidings from home are all very welcome es-
Odde, Hardangerfjord, Aug. 15.

My dear Russell,

I am sorry I cannot remember your birthday in any other way than by sending you a letter. I have a little present for you, but I do not dare run the risk of putting it in the mail for I think it is something you would like to have. It is a cap made by the Lapps or rather the same kind they wear, only fresh and clean and new and I think you will find it especially useful when you go skating. I don't believe it will help you any when you are studying as the last one did! It is made of dark blue cloth patched with bright red and a dash of yellow. Its shape is something like this:[image]

I enclose some stamps which you may like to keep or exchange. They might be worth more than the ordinary stamps which you can get because they are not cancelled. The one one...
stamp is not used much as its value is only about a quarter of a cent. The English stamps came in letters forwarded to us from London. One of these you will see is worth 2½ shillings and I presume is hard to get in our country.

Mamma has sent us some of your letters from Sutton's Island and we have enjoyed reading them very much. You certainly know how to write an interesting letter, even when you have to "escape" to get news together. You seem to have a great many plans and I hope the weather will be favorable for your different excursions. We are trying to imagine Papa and Mamma making you a visit. I think that next to a trip to Europe, it would be the very best thing for them to do.

We are now in a part of the country where there are really some very picturesque costumes such as our sees in pictures of Norway, fair life. All through the north,

very few bright colors are worn and the women dress very simply. But here the bright red bodices and fancy head-wraps and white head dresses would delight your soul. The men, however, all wear dark clothes, the only bit of color being the woolen scarfs about their necks. The warmer the weather the snugger and closer they wear them. We have fortunately planned our visit here so that we can see the Sunday festivities on a day when there is service in the church which is only once in three weeks. The church is directly opposite my window and I find the crowd of people rather distracting! Among them are lots of English people, the men wearing outlandish naps much more than the Norwegian, and the women do not dress much better. Writing is quite disguste with them and is glad we are not at Hotel Hardanger which is much finer than Ole Rustead's
when we are and is a favorite resort of the English. The Norwegian guide-book in the English translation says that Norwegians who go there risk a refusal. I suppose that means they may not be admitted. I think I have written about the funny English used by the hotels in their advertising cards. The latest and best is that of the hotel which offers as attractions “beautiful scenery of nature, fish-filled rivers, and monstrous cataracts!”

We have been much surprised to find a great many glaciers and lakes in Norway. We had thought only of mountains and fiords. We are now going on a picnic to the great glacier of this region, but shall not make a long trip as we shall want to see the people towards night.

Please give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. I hope you will have very many happy returns of the day and that I shall help celebrate next year.

Yours lovingly, Marion Kellogg.
August 15, 1876
Odde in Hardangerfjord.

Mitchup was rather surprised when he left the train on its arrival at Voss Friday morning at eleven o'clock to actually jump into our arms, as we had agreed to meet him on the steamer at Eide that evening. We had postponed our departure from Fleicher's Hotel, because we were comfortable there and thought that perhaps another day would bring pleasant weather as it fortunately did. We had our stickjaare and luggage at the station and were off for Eide as soon as we had learned that Mitchup wanted breakfast and would overtake us in a car. The drive was charming. We enjoyed every fresh glimpse of the landscape. I remember Nanma's chattering with considerable giddiness about Eide but I can't make out from her letters that she went there. There is the same kind of a winding road at one place between Voss and Eide that there is between Voss and Gudvangen, and a fine waterfall as well. We waited some time at a little station for Mitchup to come along, otherwise the drive would have taken three hours, the distance being 30 kilometers.
We reached Eide in time to enjoy the excitement caused by the departure of a steamer for Bergen and then had a very good dinner of soup, fish with Danish pignons, boiled mutton, cauliflower and sausage, beefsteak and stewed raspberries with cream. The hotel is excellent and has a pretty garden, there are probably causes which help make it a favorite resort. At half past six our steamer came and we joined the others on route to Osde. We almost backed off. Writing was excused to do so, but I felt inclined to do so, but I felt inclined only upset all my plans and probably should not have less go around a few days later. Our steamer was so late that we did not need supper and could sit out in the promenade deck watching the fine scene until about nine o'clock when rain drove us to the sheltered deck below. At ten o'clock we reached Osde and writing was one of the first ashore. He secured the only bed in the hotel and a room in a peasant's house near by for Charlotte and me. It was the smallest cot of a house that ever sheltered me over night. It had only four rooms. The one which we occupied had a bed, a bench, and a sofa, a table, a chair, a washstand with a tin basin and dirty towel, and some plants. The trunk was provided with a pillow but it had not sheets and we could not use any, so I gave Charlotte one sheet from the bed and he rolled himself up in the sofa as it looked far more comfortable than the trunk. I had had my turn at a sofa in Naes. We joined the others for breakfast at the hotel and then wrote letters in our rooms keeping the window open as long as we could stand the foul odors from the yard below and then closing it until the smell of the house itself became unbearable. Such is one of the results of frequenting a popular watering place! But people went away in the afternoon and we moved into a large little room in the hotel and writing was changed into a better one than the last bed and we have since been very comfortable. Last night however I was awake when the boat came in and heard thirty two out of thirty three passengers turned away bedding! We had quite a good dinner yesterday considering the crowded state of the house and afterwards the rain had stopped which had put an end to any thought. I am examine me strolled about the little village and along the shore of the fjord. We spent some time examining a collection of antiquities from Stabaner and tonight some little articles. We met there a man from Colorado who was
on the steamer from Eide with his wife, son and two daughters. Charlotte and I
were pretty amused at his talk about this
way old silver is manufactured according
to the demand. His way of saying "you
fellows may be pretty smart but you can't
fool me" was I fear somewhat American!
He was examining a tarnished horse shoe
worth 600 kroner. May, he said, I saw the
almost exactly like this on top of at the
North Cape or somewhere near there and
inched the man if he could get me another
and he said yes." The salesman protested
that his goods were all genuinely antique
and said that his firm has men looking
the country and trading off new goods
for old silver as the people do not care for
money. My feeling is that there is so much
chance for fraud that you must purchase
what you like and believe it is really
old or not as you prefer. The woman
who runs the hotel has given me part of
her story. She has lived twelve years in
America, married a Norwegian there, has
a little girl six years old, earned from six
dollars a week doing home work and
later nine dollars a week in a laundry.
Last fall else and her family came home
to Bergen. She was sick five months in
the winter with typhoid fever. Her hus-
band has had no work and they have
used up all their savings. She has been engaged by Mr. Prettigard to take charge here because she can speak English. Her wages are fifteen kroner a month. It is no wonder that she is planning to go to America and to Boston in October. The work here is febrile hard, lasting night and day as it does, the reason is short.

After supper last evening Mithrop and I by continuous and combined effort succeeded in seeing something entirely new! We found out that there was a fiddler here with a stringed instrument peculiar to the district. He induced him to play, and it was a motley crowd. I assure you that gathered about him, villagers and housekeepers, men, women and children, large and small, clean and dirty, but all quiet and subdued. We listened to dance music and national airs until there were only three strings left on the fiddle and then we renewed our attempts to persuade some of the villagers to dance out in front of the hotel. The fun began by one of the men dragging Mithrop into the circle which was instantly formed and starting on the spring dance. Mithrop remonstrated at first but I told him I thought it would stir up some of the others and to be sure it did, for when the fellow tired of twisting Mithrop about
he found another fellow quite willing to
join him. We asked girl after girl to dance
and finally one consented this most reluc-
tantly to dance with the fiddler while some-
body else provided the music. It was a
very giddy sight. Then we had a spring
dance and Halling dance for exactly
twelve minutes until the fiddler and round up the show
by distributing some pence.

This morning the great event was the
church page which occurs in this parish
only every three weeks. Strictly after break-
fast we went out to the pier to watch the
boats arrive. A large number were al-
ready hauled up on the crane. The men
wore dark blue suits with frock coats,
dark felt slouch hats or chimney caps,
and bright woolen scarfs. Each woman
had a wooden box containing her fancy
and her dinner. The spaces between the
boat houses and the water served as
dressing rooms and were sufficiently
exposed to the elements so that we
could see every detail of the priming
process. The most elaborate part was
the arranging of the white head pears
worn by the married women. A wedding
veil would not require more
careful handling constant sprinkling
this way and that, so that it was ex-
actly even or be viewed with more satis-
faction when finally pronounced all
right than we saw in the case of a
comely, very young dame whose com-
passion evidently delighted in her task.

Over the white bonnets and reel coats
characteristic of this district were worn
dark jackets like the skirt of the dress
and the women consequently presented
an almost Puritanic appearance as they
filed into church during the tolling of
the bell. We did not see as many chil-
dren as I thought we should but there
must have been two or three hundred
peasants who had come from far and
near. We glanced into the church
but the display of white bonnets bet-
nered full pews and close air and
we did not linger. We could see the pre-
cent standing in the chancel and in
an unmusical voice lead the singing
white harp, vocal sounds were hardly
rendered by me with sweet voice which
I could hear above the others. The church
is evidently new and is a very creditable
edifice. A box placed near the door bears a sign saying that it is meant to receive contributions for an organ. An English service was held in the parlor of the Hotel Hardanger and some curious Norwegians listened at the piano, listening to the hymns. We met Dr. Mrs. Krueger who left early in the day en route for Christiania. They expect to make the tour of the world before returning home in about a year.

At noon equipped with a good lunch put up by our American Landmarks we started for the Buerbrosel. The trip is like several others we have taken in its general features the somewhat earlier first a charming walk up the valley by a rushing stream, then a boat for a short distance, and a longer walk through another valley to the glaciers itself. The peculiar beauty of the Buerdal consists in the peaks which rise on each side and greatly resemble the Trolltinder of the Burendal. The glacier is fine in general form but covered with dirt and when it
is reached only a small section can be seen. The times on trip very well so we avoided the parties who started out after dinner. The excitements of the village have been the arrival of a tiny steam yacht from Norway, carrying a lady who dresses in men's clothes and wears her hair in a long braid, and the exhibition of a reindeer led about the streets.

Tuesday, August 17

The event of yesterday was a visit to the Skjaeggarholms of which we have heard even more varied reports than of any other object of interest and that is saying a great deal. The two extremes are represented by those who say that the walk involves no hardship or danger and may be readily taken by ladies and by others who like Dr. Millen assert that constant vigilance is needed every step of the way to prevent one from utter destruction and that ladies should on no account attempt it. We followed the more general opinion which is that anyone who is used to walking and climbing will not find it a difficult trip and the result quite justified our decision. The weather had not been very favorable for the excursion during the past few days.
consequently when Monday morning dawned some thirty people were astir making preparations. We climbed, at one grade Tom Osew, the husband of Isabella, the hostess, and thus he obtained one day’s work at least. We found him a good fellow with a taciturnity amounting almost to dulness. About half past seven we got off in our boat for an hour, row up the fjord, due north. We were the first of the party from our hotel but there was not much difference in the times of landing and in the course of a half hour the walking power of the different individuals had been tested and we proceeded in certain regular travelling according to its own rate of speed. In the passing and carrying necessary to this final adjustment of the line of march, walking continued to hold the lead which amounted finally to a race with a winged steed. Indeed everybody felt like rushing for it was feared there would not be enough boats in the lake to carry all. Our fears were fortunately groundless. We climbed to a height of 1500 feet over a narrow path which followed the side of the fjord while a superb temple was making far for below its wonderful looks. The water could be seen at intervals where it flowed calmly. In some places we had to push on very carefully our wooden steps fastened to the bare ledges and in others we crept along over almost elevated in their construction. After walking nearly two hours and a half we were now about a mile, then walked again a short distance through a boggy bit of ground, and when our section had all reached the lake we embarked in a punting six-seated row boat owned by a company in Reykjavik and manned by two guides. Our lunch was brought to us at the end of the lake. We had been gradually approaching the fall. Another for more beautiful but less imposing had shared the honor of our gaze. We landed with some satisfaction, we three keeping apart from the others, because in my basket was a special jar of soup which Isabella had said she couldn’t give it all, but she added, “taking to Charlotte, I know you liked it.” Then Charlotte had spread some out in a basket she looked at it with so much content and
yet so merrily that Wittling and I both began to laugh. It was not the first instance, but on this first time Charlotte remonstrated saying she did not see what should make us laugh at her when we both liked it and ate just as much as she did, which was true to be sure! We went and stood as close to the fall as we could but the spray was very penetrating and we did not linger. The fall itself reminded me of a sheet of Niagara and is considered by some the finest in Norway. We had a cup of coffee at a hut on our way back and then continued our walk over the path which had been made very wet and slippery by rain which had fallen heavily during our absence.

Our feet and the bottom of our shirts were thoroughly soaked. At half past seven we reached Odda and after a washing process enjoyed a good supper. We are passing a quiet day, go tonight by steamer to Eide and if the weather is fair walk over the mountain road to Ulvik tomorrow. A great many mailboats have left but I suppose a fresh relay will come with the next English boat. Another goodbye until next time, the last of the week. Affectionately, Marion.
Vestrems Hotel
Ulng, Hardanger, August 20.

Dear Home Folks,

I must tell you about our leaving Odda, which we did with content in spite of our good time there. I do not know whether it took place on Tuesday or Wednesday! You can decide when you know that the steamer came in late Tuesday evening when we went aboard, and left Odda at one o'clock on Wednesday morning. Charlotte and I curled ourselves up on the lounges in the ladies cabin and had some good naps. I woke every time we reached a pier and knew that we gained time so I was quite prepared for the whistle announcing Odda at half past four instead of five the time we had expected. I went to the main salon to see Milthorp. He primped up directly but he looked scared and his eyes were very small! Three pen-
Men landed with us and we went to Melander's Hotel where in about three quarters of an hour we had breakfast. Meanwhile a heavy cloud had settled over the valley and the outlook was not promising for a mountain walk to Ulvøy. Our Englishman who had expected to take the same trip but was prevented by blisters on feet, closed us to wait until far into the morning as the sun might scatter the clouds. This we were ready to do so there would be no boat until Friday and there was no other land route. But about eight o'clock there were encouraging signs in the heavens and at half past we started quite glad that our time of waiting about a deserted hotel was over. We followed the main road to Trævangen for four kilometers and then took a by-road up the hill. It was quite a steep climb and we thought the three quarters must be going up as fast as we! But when we reached the summit we had a fine smooth road slightly undulating for a long distance. We stopped at a cafe where William and Charlotte had some milk and biscuits. The woman was exceedingly interested in Charlotte's shoes and examined it carefully. She asked if we had sisters in America and on our reply we asked if there were as cows there! She evidently could not imagine what we could do with them in the summer without mountains and sisters! Although the clouds scattered somewhat we did not have a fine distant view, but the outlook on to Ulvøyfjord as we began the descent was lovely. We have not seen any place that looked so attractive from a distance as the hamlet of Ulvøy. Part of the way was through the forests and I was reminded of the road leading to Fjelde, though the view of the fjord was much more limited. We traveled along enjoying everything and were six hours in reaching the ten miles. When we reached the hotel dinner...
was being served but we had some good things to eat and these were glad to nap it for a while. It had been rather a hard experience on the whole though the walk itself was easy enough. I dare say some of you will think we planned very badly, but those of you who have had any experience with the 'Forge Communications' will only wonder that we haven't had more of the same kind of night work.

Well, our room for the first time was the thing we have been dreading a passage way to another room, but we were too tired and sleepy that we didn't mind the slight interruptions from maps caused by various interruptions. We had no luggage with us except night clothes and our trunk due to be sent by boat the following night, but after doing what finishing I could I went down to the verandah to look at some New York papers which I had seen there. Bettyson a lady came and sat by me and
She wrote about the weather in England this sum-
mer. I said I was not from England but America.
She told me she had a sister married and living
in New York. I asked if her sister was Mrs.
Tom Greenville, and she said yes! Mrs. Stolle,
whom I have met at Dr. Gallitano’s and
Mr. Greene’s, had told me of a lady from
New York whom she had met and gave me
Dr. Greenville’s address so that I might
find out in what part of Norway I might
come across her. But I had not done so
and here she was! What a nice find!
I had a number of friends in common
both in America and Norway. She went to
New York with Eliza Stolle, the girl of whom
I took lessons last September and stayed
until May, making a visit to Mrs. Losty
in Boston in February. She has a brother
in New York who married an American
girl last winter. Mrs. Losty had told Miss
Hagemann, my new friend of Mr.
Salbst’s, proposed visit to Norway, and
Dr. Greenville had spoken of Dr. Salbst.

Another caught his downy coat
very early, preferring sleep to supper.
The next morning, we all had better
rooms given us and spent the time.
longing about and chatting. Our friend Helena is a very imposing figure. She looks as if she might take command of our national troupes. Even her uniform looks martial. She wears the Hardanger peasant costume and as she is a very large woman, it takes a good deal of drapery to make her be
dict! Her white head-gear couldn't be better in effect by a lace shrug or nodding plumes! She is an admirable cook and makes by far the best bread we have had in Norway. Dinner is the special time for the display of her culinary skill and while we have soup and vegetables and delicious deserts. One that I like very well is Risgrøt, a pudding made of rags and jam or preserve and eaten with sugar and cream. I think it might taste well even in America. Helena's house is quite a resort for people from Bergen and Stavanger. Consul Ross writes Mrs. Falek is here. Lived with the exception of the man at Kongsvold I have not been in any place where there were so
many Norwegians. The service has always been done before by peasant girls, but this year two sisters wrote from Kongsvold near Stavanger asking if they might come to learn house keeping. To her they are and a highly grateful pair they are, dying of curiosity about America and flying race with questions about our clothes, our trinkets, our writing materials, our everything whenever they can make their way into our rooms in the dining room they are looking in every direction at once, they are so eager to be of service but it takes several minutes and considerable skill to catch their eye. At the Hotel Nordstrand in Bergen we had a man waiter of the same kind. He was in a perpetual state doing nothing and even when we were the only people in the dining room he was so hard to catch as to well, the wish.

Tuesday afternoon I took a walk with Miss Hagemann to the Vågen. We came to a very pretty fall and sat on the bank for a long time watch-
ring and admiring it. Presently along came a boy who said that wasn't the Kazoof. We continued our walk but when we saw the fall we decided that one was the prettier after all. Miss Kogane and her brothers and sisters were very intimate with the Bell children, and she told me some interesting anecdotes. Mr. Huskisson devoted the day to his writing and Charlotte kept very quiet in order to rest her feet. We were interested in the evening in listening to the singing and playing in the parlor.

Saturday, August 21

We all remember the day and with a telegraph station wire within reach so that we could cable a message to Edith.

Soon after breakfast yesterday one wife and Miss Kogane started on an expedition to Oxford. We followed the shore of our Ford and walked across the estuaries separating the two Fords. Then she took a row boat and with her pull led us to Oxford.
The boatman was very unwilling to let us go alone. He thought we couldn’t find the place. Indeed he had all sorts of objections, but his real fear seemed to be that we shouldn’t drown the boat! In an hour we reached Olive. The scenery was very fine. I never saw more clear reflections in the water. The firs which grew on the summits of the lower mountains looked like the most delicate fringes of lace, and the sun lost its yellow light and the clouds about it were red with iridescent hues such as I have never seen. We found some children on the landing, who showed us the cold holes or crevices used by the peasants as refrigerators. Strong blasts of very cold air came up through them. Large tubs of sour milk were stored away to be used for cheese, I suppose. There are also warm holes in which snow melts rapidly if thrown in during the winter. Another natural curiosity is a mush which is said to be free gently dry in wet weather and wet in dry weather. It was not swimming, only when we saw it. We fell in with a party of three Englishmen who had
spent the night at our hotel. I talked with one of them and was much interested to find that he was a socialist from London. He holds a government office and evidently belongs to the better class. He is very well posted about America and wishes to spend his vacation there next summer to look out for dynamite! We reached home at dinner time. About five o'clock we had coffee served in real Romance and German style with cake, crullers, and sauces. Then we began to plan about our trip to the great Vonsfors. The best starting point is Vik or Eidfjord, a three hour's row from here. I have heard so many disagreeable things about the hotel there that we had decided not to make any stay but return here. But more than that I had taken an unaccountable aversion to the trip. If I went at all it would be because it was the first thing Lisa sent because I wanted to go. When I was awakened in the night by wind and rain I was glad. But as morning came the clouds broke.

Still I felt it more prudent to yield to my disinclination especially as the sixteen mile walk and eight hours in a row boat might not prove a good preparation for next week's test over the Fallsfjord. After an hour of hesitation Charlotte and Mrs. Hagnvam de decided to join Millie and go in a boat. The threatened roughness of the wind and the promise of frequent showers. It was rather a queer sensation I had when I saw them off. It seemed strange to be counted out of a trip. But I shall have a very good day reading and writing and as I have seen the Bryggen today I don't believe anybody will lay it up against me that I haven't been to "Bryggen" especially as I have seen more of Norway than any Norwegian I have met so far.

I forgot to mention a curious incident. On reaching Eide from Oslo we met from Bergen, the laughing Englishmen whom we had seen three times before in such out of the way places as Stenen and Fredrikshalden.
We all had a good laugh over another experiment.

Sunday, August 28.

My day yesterday passed very quietly but pleasantly. Whenever I talked with my roommates, I found one of the maiden ladies who frequent this place in real New England fashion quite ready to look at me amusingly even if they did not have the courage to attempt to chat. One, Fräulein Drayen of Darlington, invited me to walk with her to a place in the woods called Paradise where they hang their hammocks and sit and sew. I also had a long talk in my room with Thina Helsh, the older of the two wariness. After departing, she returned bearing a plate of crullers and sat down near me. I kept in with my writing while she pored over Charlotte’s diary. I did not say anything because I thought she would not be able to read it, but presently she turned some with the book and said, “what is that?”

“Ah,” I said, “I shouldn’t read in my coming book and I don’t think you ought to.” I had turned my penholder rather suddenly in my hand and she held the book so close that quite a drop of ink fell on to the edge. While I was looking for my blotting paper,
She rubbed the ink with her fingers, making it into a big blotch. Then she looked scared. She dropped the book, wrung her hands, exclaimed "I am so golly, I am so golly," and crept out of the room! I could hardly keep my countenance and when Charlotte returned we had a great laugh over things, combination of language and despair.

In the evening we had a good deal of music. Tøken Kieding played and Herr Bratland, a young artist who had studied in Munich and wants to go to America, sung very well. I heard a good deal of Norwegian spoken during the day and learned more than I have for any two weeks. My greatest drawback is lack of opportunity to familiarize myself with the language. About eleven o'clock the little party returned from Voringfoss, full of enthusiasm and delight. They had been free from the showers and squalls which had been almost constant in Ulvig during the early part of the day and had not found the trip fatiguing. Their report that it was the finest excursion they had taken almost made me regret my decision to stay in Ulvig. But I do not think I shall miss Voringfoss when I make future inventories of experiences in Norway.
Writings has read me this morning his first North Cape letter. I think it is very good, but I did not criticize it sharply as it should have been in its way to America a week ago. The Bergen letter I did not see at all. Charlotte has been writing about some recipes given by old Lady Hagemann who cannot speak English at all, although a son and a daughter have married Americans and another son an Englishwoman and all are living in America. At four o'clock today we take the steamer for Eide. The weather is fine and I hope will continue so until we have crossed the Orkney field at least. I fear the remainder of my time will be so crowded that no more long letters can be sent home. But I shall try to send messages just as frequently. This letter from Henry Nantin will interest Edith, and perhaps she will read it to you and keep it until I return.

With loving greetings from Beautiful Hardanger. Affectionately,

Marion Talbot.
Ulvaig, August 21

Dear Papa,

Although I have not sent any word especially to you during our wanderings, you may be very sure I have often thought of you and your work and have been glad to hear that your different interests have fared well. I am beginning to feel a little behind the times again in spite of last week’s cable message, but we hope to find a fresh batch of letters awaiting us at Voorzanger on Monday telling of your doings since Grandma’s letter of July 31.

I hope that you have been able to take some time for a vacation this month, for I judge you were kept pretty busy during the Institute meeting as well as after your return to Boston. I wish you were here...
to go on the Fillikfeld with us. We couldn't let you do it in three days from Bergen this time! Our plan is to leave here tomorrow, Sunday afternoon, spend the night at Eid, walk to Ves on Monday, walk half the way to Utangen and take the steamer to Laradal on Tuesday evening or Wednesday afternoon. The rest of the week we shall spend on the road to Christiania. Mother intends to cross from Denmark to Birnik on Lake Nissvaen and go north to a place near Tellhammer, and visit Bjornson in his house. Charlotte and I have not decided whether to go to Ytrefor via Randofjord or Lake Spreellen. It will depend on the time we make on the Fillikfeld. If we cannot take a steamer until Monday we shall choose Spreellen, but if we gain a day as I hope we may we shall go on the Sunday boat on Randofjord. We have just decided to choose the Rhine instead of Stockholm as you and Mamma advised. Thus far since leaving home I have spent $707 for travelling and living expenses and I expect to have $10 out of $175 when I reach Christiania. We shall make a short stay there probably only until Thursday Sept. 2 and then go to Copenhagen and take the same route you and Mamma did from Hamburg via Cologne on the Rhine. If we get our Rhine tickets for 107.50 instead of 125 Mamma prophesied that it would be hard to revisit Switzerland when as far toward it as Frankfort will come true. But all this is still very vague in our minds as we have no guide books or time tables here. Wind has been very uncertain in his mind, constantly comparing Norway and Switzerland and his old memories are a very unsatisfactory basis for a
mental operation which I think might never be performed. Yet it is a natural instinct and I too would feel real satisfaction in having a glimpse of the Bernese Oberland to come after leaving the fields and plains of Kanton. I wish I could remember your impressions. He should probably get back to Zürich on Sunday and reach Bern on Tuesday. I expect to hear in Christiania about the sacking time of the "Allen." Willhope ought to use his spare minutes for his writing and I have a better realization of the need in this slow country of planning ahead especially where correspondence is involved; accordingly such details come home. From that I am forced to want to a typographical I think I must say goodbye. You know I don't share your enthusiasm.

With true affection
Your loving daughter Marion.
August 26, 1856.

Valders.

Dear Home Folks,

It is quite time, after the four days which have passed since my last letter, to at least start a record of the things which have not left much time for writing. We took our departure from Ulmg on Sun. day afternoon, nominally at four o'clock, but the captain was then at home enjoying his afternoon coffee with his wife and children and accordingly we were twenty minutes late in starting. Nearly all the people from the hotel were on the pier and the handkerchief waving as we steamed away, was almost equal to that on the New York wharf last June. We certainly could claim a Conger share in it. We touched at Ocefpoid or Vifh and were joined by the three Englishmen we had met in Ocefpoid one of whom is a local. He had been so reasonable as to have some trouble with his eyes and in spite of my desire to talk with a London socialist I found me of his friends a more agreeable if less interesting companion. We seemed very good rooms at Erie where we now feel quite at home. After supper we chatted with these English girls whom we had met at Ulmg. The oldest was quite plain and
Love the marks of ill health. The second was more attractive in appearance and the third was very pretty. We wished there had been more of these, but there was this difficulty that the younger they grew, the smaller they were, so there was not much chance for the amount of beauty to increase. They were evidently well and had travelled everywhere, but the poor travellers knew how to adapt themselves to circumstances and take pleasure from new sights and experiences. They met with their uncle to whom they seemed much attached, not so much however but that he went round by stages while they walked over the mountain to Edel. He was about sixty years old and quite stout and gray. He wore whiskers in his neck and a long white mustache. The gray suit with black trousers, stockings, and spectacles made a ludicrous combination and we did not wonder that he had to wrap his legs up in a heavy rug as he sat on deck.

At half past seven on Monday morning Charlotte and I set out on the nineteen mile walk to Petersvagen which we had been anticipating since we drove over the road in the opposite direction.

Wiltump joined us after arranging to have our luggage sent by diligence. The weather was perfect; the road equally free from dust and mud and we took real pleasure in our walk. We had a little lunch in our pockets and ate it by the side of a running brook. At two o'clock we reached Vos and were fortunate in finding rooms at Herchers as several tourists were turned away later in the day. We had an extraordinarily good dinner of julienne soup, fish cakes, salmon, tongue, roast mutton, strawberries, rum cake and several kinds of fancy cake. I had a look at some English papers. But best of all was the treat in the form of letters from home and friends, the last being Edith's of July 31st. We read and reread them to ourselves, and each other. Then an exciting event took place, in fact an unprecedented one. I captured a flea! I put them in my wash bowl, then swimming for the first time a trace of my elders dexterity! We let them swim and didn't Charlotte.
and I gloat ever since! Nothing has so en-
thrallled my page! We decided we must cel-
bcrate. We made a raid on the only shop
we had visited during our previous visit
in Vos and found a bottle of current wine
price one kroner ten ore. We invited Wil-
lie to come round to draw the cork. He
declined to indulge in such a girlish be-
verage, but asked for the privilege of cut-
ing the flas in pieces! It was al-
most supper time before our baggage came
and we wished we had had writing ma-
terials with us. We went early that day
to make ready for another long day.
At half past seven on Tuesday, the wea-
ter still continuing very fine, we started
for the photographers! We had indulg-
ed in a bit of extravagance. Willy and I
are to appear in a stockings and Char-
lotta in a corset, all in the same pic-
ture, which you will see when we return.
if the photographer keeps his promise.
It was a long and tedious process
and we were glad when on our way to
Gudvangen. We took to our feet again
at Vinje for a walk of sixteen miles.
We had quite a discussion. Charlotte and I both wanted to walk, but Winthrop thought it was not best for us! I was sorry that we decided as we did when I found out indirectly that Winthrop was tired and yet would not ride if we walked. We stopped for dinner at the new hotel on the summit of Stalheinshelleven. What a wonderful view! We were not surprised to find ourselves in a small retreat of tourists travelling in both directions. The walk down the zig-zag road with its nineteen turns was very interesting, giving us endless variety in the views of valleys, mountains, and cascades. We had not seen rocks so light in color before. The sunlight striking on them made the mountains brilliant. In the bed of the river were large masses of white stones, while the rocks from which they seemed to have fallen were quite dark. The valley is very fine and we were glad that our route lay through it. Mama was quite right in saying that we should feel repaid if we went only to Stalheim. A Norwegian apology for a chaser over took us as we approached Undersorgen and we boarded the steamer immediately, as it might start any time! We were much impressed by the Nærøyfjord. I sympathized with Charlotte who regretted that she had exhausted her stock of adjectives. It seems to be the correct thing to compare the Nærøyfjord with the Geiranger. We should feel no hesitation.
in saying me like the former letter. I
set on deck, watching the shifting scenes
while we set of passengers suffred. For the
first time I met an Englishman who said
it must against the pain to have ladies wait.
I told him it was a new sensation to have
any one care and he replied that he thought
his countrymen left all their manners at home
when they went off to travel! This was the
extent of our conversation, for he was a quiet
chap, but I chatted with his companion who
related a poem in Yorkshire dialect. We
had met several times en route, but I did not
learn their names with certainty. I
think they were Mr. Hume and Mrs. Hulke
from Hull. We reached Leedsbore a
couple before eleven and were at once the joy
of a hundred men and boys with children.
We were soon off in the short drive to the
hotel kept by Linderholm and given good
rooms. The first thing to be done in the
morning after breakfast was to decide upon
the best way to continuing our journey
through Valders. We found a trolley or kind
of carriage with a pair of horses by which
we could be taken to Odense, one hundred
and fifty miles for eighty kronen. This
was much cheaper than we could go by
carriage and we should not gain anything
even by walking part of the way, so we
decided to try this new and comfortable kind
of equipage. It was quarter before ten before we
were off. The sun was shining brightly and
everything seemed auspicious for a fine
journey. Little children succeeded in Palmer
off one of their waves on us in the form of
poor blackberries and raspberries. At Haeg
we left our horses to run and walked over the
old mountain road to Borgund Stave Kirke.
We spent half an hour in examining it but
did not find it more interesting than Mr.
Jander's church at Fantoft. The little clock
tower, which is separate, was novel and
picturesque. The carriage with Thomas on
drive went round by the same road and
joined us at the church. We continued
our journey to Haeg where we dined. We
kept coming across the names of Col. Tes.
Bliss with his, Milton as comrade, and
Courtenay Guild. Another rest at Mari
Steen and two hours more up hill and
we were at Skt. Christen 3500 feet above the
sea on the Tillefjeld in the midst of
grand but barren mountain. The fields
are certainly as characteristic of Norway
as the fjords, though they do not afford the
same variety. Perhaps some travellers
would feel towards me as I do towards
those who say that after you have seen
one bird, you have practically seen all
they are so much alike! I had feared we might suffer from cold in crossing the mountain, but we were very comfortable even with the few maps we had. It was dark when we reached the house which is a famous establishment something like a Swiss hospice. The father of the present landlord is well-known as a mountaineer and has saved the lives of several travellers. At multinational I saw a copy of Grant's Memoirs. The name of John Eyre, North Dakota, was written on the fly-leaf. The book was well worn and looked as if it had been sent home to London after being read in the far West. We left multinational about eight o'clock Thursday morning. Although it was not cold, I thought I would button up my jacket. Now there is one very serious matter that I have not mentioned. We are getting fat! The lining of my dress has been gradually coming out, but the outer stuff has proved dastardly and I have been able to keep comfortable. Well, when I came to button my jacket, a part of my toilette which I had not performed for a good many days, I could not do it alone. Charlotte took hold of me side and held it firmly, muttering, seizing the other end at the moment he heard. I tried to put the buttons through the holes with a button hook. We succeeded all—
mirably after several attempts. Charlotte's second
double chin is a marked feature of her face
and she is confident that she will not be able
to wear her new silk dress when she reaches
Christiania. As for Muthrup, I can only say he
is so fat that he can hardly see out of his
eyes. When we come to a steep hill he cannot
climb the horses by walking up but has to be
carried! I am sorry to send this sad report
but think it prudent to forewarn you.

Oddaas, Randsfjord, Aug. 27.
We gradually made the descent of the Fjell-
fjeld and after starting Vangojosen in
real Bredenheu style we stopped at the un-
pronounceable station Oilo for dinner.
The old house has just been moved, but
we visited it in order to see some curiosities
in one of the upper story rooms in the shape
of little paintings on the walls done by artists
who had stayed there. They were very clever
and quite deceived us. During the next
stage we drove over a wonderful piece of
road built along the shore of the lake. The
solid rock had been blasted out. But in one
place the road was actually like a tunnel.
Later the scenery gradually became less
interesting and Charlotte and I had a great
time making fun of Muthrup's fineness in
which he joined very heartily. We put him
in the back seat and Charlotte held the wi-
bells over him to keep off the sun and we tucked him up in the chariots. We said it was
much better to have him right under our
eye than to have him go round by steamer;
as other girls old custom did!
We spent the night at Fagernes or Forheim
where there was a very pretty garden and fine
rooms which attracted Charlotte and me before
breakfast. We tried to "jump" in the swing,
but were too fat! The scenery along the way
continued pretty all the morning but less
grand except shortly before reaching Tos-
nessen. We were then in a field 500 ft.
high and had the best view of the Jotun-
heim Malta we have had, altho' they were
fifty miles away in a straight line. The
air was perfectly clear and we could see
their strong outlines with great distinct-
ness.
At Tosnesen we found ourselves
in a sanatorium for people with lung
troubles - a great establishment for this
part of the world and famous for America.
The entertainment rooms however were
well fitted up with books and papers and
music. There were about twenty-five
boarders, but there have been one hundred
and twenty-five there. It is in a fine forest
but presented no more attractions than
our American ones. It the same class
world. After dinner we started on an last
half-day to Oddaas which we reached about
seven o'clock. We had made the long journey
very easily and comfortably. As we watched
the fertile farms in the valley and com-
fortable homes with mansions, our build-
ing we could not feel that we had left
behind us the Norway we have learned
to love. We were in New Hampshire
instead. We had an Ushering com-
pany from Voss, though we first really
saw them at Laerdal, a lady and gentle-
man from Bergen who were so close be-
hind us that we made all the stops to.
father. Strangely enough Weitrup saw a
strong resemblance between the gentle-
man and Mr. Meyers whom we had
met with his family. On inquiring he
found they were one cousins, Charlotte
and I were not as quick in seeing the
resemblance.
We were given here the most extra-
ordinary rooms we have had next to
those of last night. At Fagernes Win.
thep had three beds in his room. Charlotte
two and I three! Here Whithop's room leads out of ours. He can go through a servant's room if he prefers. Our room is so large that it tires us to walk from the washstand to the bureau. Our trunk was set down on the opposite side from the corner we chose to use, so we moved it over in order to be able to do the little unpacking necessary before the steamer starts tomorrow morning! We could not have made the trip across country time enough as it was placed before.

At supper we had some English people ask us to help them out with Norwegian. What a comfort and satisfaction it is once in a while, when you feel discouraged, to meet people who don't know as much as you do!

At quarter past seven tomorrow morning the boat starts. My next will go from Christiania which we expect to reach on Tuesday.

With dearest love to all,

Marianne.
Randsfjord Station. August 28.
Waiting for the train to Tromsø.

Dear Home People,

I must tell you about some English people we have just met. What funny specimen Britannia does send out! Then we first saw at supper in Odense, last evening. Their first question was, “Do you speak English?” Then “Do you speak Norsk?” The catechism continued as follows:—What time does the boat start in the morning? Shall we pay our bill this evening? Can we get breakfast before we start? Do you think they will wake us in time? Do we have to walk to the steamer? How do we get our luggage to the steamer?

Harry answered these questions with the utmost pointiness and frankness. I was again attached this morning. What time is breakfast served? What time do we reach Randsfjord? Where is a porter to take our trunks? The next scene is on the bridge where I met them walking. Can we get dinner at the hotel? Do you know what time the train starts? Charlotte comes and reports they have actually taken their places in the train without consulting me! She thinks they spotted me for an intelligent person! It gave her much amusement to
see there two men and two women tugging after me! Their composure was something incredible.

The captain of the steamer from Endrengen to Carlsøl served us in our civility. He gave me some interesting statistics. The steamer has carried this summer 600 English, 90 Americans, and 80 Germans, and smaller numbers from other nationalities. I think we have seen all the English and Germans, but I don't know where the Americans have kept themselves. We haven't met more than a quarter of the number.

Gladwater' Hotel, Vorso, Sunday, July 29. Northrop made us an affectionate farewell yesterday morning intending to make his way across country from Odense to Gjørleb on Lake Trøjn and then go via Lellehamme to Alesård, Vigersænse, home. As Charlotte and I didn't find either the passengers or the scenery very interesting we took refuge in the ladies cabin and did some writing after breakfast. The wait of two hours at Randofford was rather tedious but we beguiled it away in the same fashion with the addition of coffee, cake and cherries. In the third class compartment with us was a horrible smelling peasant family and at Neew

...two more women and three students with their knapsacks tumbled in. So much for being economical - as Charlotte observed. But the time was not long, only three quarters of an hour. The platform at the Vorso station was crowded with people who at once scrambled for the places we left while we with a gentleman, his wife, two little children, mire and all the necessary belongings piled into a one horse vehicle and were carried through the lively, disorderly little village to Gladwater' Hotel. The way to the rooms was a perfect labyrinth and the steps up and the steps down continuous. But we had very good rooms, Nos. 37, 39, adjoining each other and with garrison of decorations starting enough to keep most sensitive people awake nights. There were wooden panels of elaborate design and fruit and lace laid in the scarlet wall to form a dado. Green and brown, lilac and gold mixed with each other to brighten up the various neutral tints about the room. White wooden chairs lined with gilt and upholstered in red brocade made us feel as if we were living in a palatial suite. We hardly knew which room was the more attractive and colored...
Sundevolden, Monday.

We spent the latter part of the afternoon in trying to get our trunks from the station and watching the logs come over the fall from the bridge. We had certainly left Norway behind us, this the people in this part of the world have the presumption to call things by the dear old names. Fjeld and Fors and so on. Sunday morning in the garden was lovely. We sat bareheaded under the trees and wrote and read the "Century." Around us were beds of maginette, nasturiums, marigolds, lobelias, and pinks and things. A break in the lilac hedge we could see the river flowing quietly. The buzz and whirr of the saw mills had ceased, but we could see the logs and debris of timber along the river bank. Altogether it was much easier to imagine oneself in a Maine village than in a Norwegian manufacturing town. We struck up a little acquaintance with the gentlemen and lady who had accompanied us in
our recent travels and they spoke of our devotion to writing. How we laughed when we recalled the number of times they had seen us at it! But we were happy to correct their idea that we were at work on private diaries. What interest they showed in our trips! It makes the Norwegians stare when we tell them where we have been. They are filled with almost as much wonder as the table-girls when we ask for a cup to break an egg into or anything which they can't understand the reason for. We say in the present Norwegian 'en kaffe, vaer saa godt.' They see we have a coffee-cup, there is nothing on the table which belongs in a cup, so they think they haven't understood and we can't make them believe what they hear until we actually point to a cup. How funny it is to hear them use the phrase 'vaer saa godt' and whisper 'vokoo' as they pass the different dishes at the table!

China and Lina at Helena's were the only girls who said it deliberately and in their ordinary tone.

But to go back to Gladveit. I saw there some fine poultry, mostly Yorkshire white
ducks, a peacock, pea hen and pea chicken, and a large family of blooded hounds. Mr. Chadwick told me that a great many eggs are imported into Norway from Denmark and France. I thought I remembered Mammas saying that they were imported from Norway to America. I hope they do not have to go through both processes.

At half past nine this morning Charlotte and I took possession of our luggage which was the best by rail to Christiania, and equipped with wraps and a little night bundle looking as much like a knapsack as we could make it, set out on our travels in Ringerike. We walked ten miles to Emdalstaden only the latter part of the way proving picturesque. We saw however a great many different kinds of conglomerate rocks which we stopped to examine.

America and Australia have met. The result? America held his own. Australia nearly yawned. This is how it happened. A mother and two daughters, a few sheep, four sheep, a basket, two boxes, a bundle of umbrellas, a trunk, a valise, etc., etc., etc., all from Australia were on the point of starting from this town after a six days' stay. The landlord told them where we had come from when the following dialogue ensued. "You don't mean to say you walked all that way!" "Oh yes, it was a very pleasant walk. Lord knows, I don't see how you could!" The announcer then turned to Hardanger and Odda. "You didn't think of going up the Schægedalsfjord?" "It was one of the finest excursions we have taken. "Terrible, brave, life is too short to do such things!" Charlotte thought it would have been nuts to have had hold of three Australians yesterday and reeled off "Hancocks" on ten for yarns while we had been talking since we met C. H. Hancocks of London on the steersman.

About four o'clock this afternoon we climbed up Vrangfjellen, following an old road leading through a most picturesque scenery, up to a height of a thousand feet. Here again we find a similarity with Norway, for my sensations did not appreciate the fact that the distance over a hill may be quite as great as that around it,
but always laid out their roads in a bee-line regardless of all natural obstacles.

Tomorrow, the fine, level roads followed by the bank of a river or the shore of a pond testify to the common sense of a younger generation. In most cases the old roads are almost obliterated, but this one is retained, in rather a rough state, to the sure, because of the beauty of the scene from it. The whole walk was about six miles including a visit to Kagen Udereyten or King’s View and Dronningen Udereyten or Queen’s View. We had an encounter with a half-mitted girl who pestered us with her questions. She was silenced when I answer to her query as to my mother’s name I replied “The Olsen!”

At the foot of the hill is a large painting of a woman with this inscription: —

“On the top the old fellow is standing. And many a chilling they hand him. But not a penny to the listener!”

Mournfully here I wander. And expect that the road beyond shall once be so plain, that I the top can gain.

A way to the city he makes— But not round the Tyre Lakes.

The match is standing above and badly he keeps his word. Give kindly a chilling or two. Then a way we get. My God! And mercy we ascend. Both you and I my friend.
This extraordinary poetry will be, I presume, as unintelligible to you as it was to me, for even the contribution box placed near at hand was not an adequate interpreter for so much poetic license. Later I found at the top of the Kleven a similar picture representing a man eating for contributions for the road and then I understood that my poetry was a plea for funds to repair the road through the Kleven or toward the lake, the road from the man or extending in the other direction toward the city.

Our genial host having asked us what we would like for supper, we exclaimed in as much chorus as two people can make "pancakes!" This has been a favorite dish with us and we thought this would be our last chance to indulge in it with the accompaniment of our still greater favorite "cylte Poe" or pancakes.

Christiansia, N. Victoria Aug. 31

At quarter past nine this morning we set out in a two-seated vehicle with a horse whose very appearance tired us. The drive to Ramledal, thirteen kilometres, was in spite of such trying conditions the really pleasant we have
taken. We ascended gradually and yet
the road ended so that we were always
directly above the lake,0 tucked into
crannies, islands while around us
were spruce forests and above us rocky
cliffs. At Knudsdal we took a steil-
weg at the bay for our final port in Norway,
seventeen kilometers to Sandarhein. We
had the best time I have driven, story
and willing and we jotted over the road
in good style, passing 7 people in
trwaukee, but quite content with our uni-
dervelt vehicle. It occurred to me that odd-
ly enough, I have not been in a car or a steil-
weg since this stage from Dombas to Holaker.
I flattered myself I was closer in mak-
ing the suggestions for today. I found
out that 0, Karlshall, one of the famous
suburban resorts of Christiania and a
royal chateau was between Sandarhein
and Christiania, so we arranged with
Witting to meet us there and save us
the time and tinkle of retuning our
steps. We took a second-class com-
partment in the train the first time
we have been to extravagant! You know
that second-class is practically first-
class here in Norway. Witting met
us at Burgado, having walked out from
the city. He gave us a great bundle of
letters, all up to Aug. 19, and we thought
the path leading to the Stoltenhütte or res-
taurant very attractive as we sat down
along reading the home news. After lunch
we visited the chateau and saw a great
many journal articles which had be-
longed to Carl Johnsen AX or Bernadotte.
There were other memories of a more re-
cent date, the most interesting being
the silver plaque with which the first
railway in Norway that to Laasjövarre
was opened in 1851. We suspected the
name kirke which was recently re-
moved to Byggdö, also a people’s house
with curiosities in it, but I felt that
they were both very ordinary! One room
in the chateau should have interested
Russell. It was filled with two white
satin coronation robes embroidered in
gold and with tremendous trains.
We admired if it could be the coron-
dress making establishment. We took
the ferry to the city, proceeded at once
to the hotel, while I changed my hom-
much hat for my more citified tra-
veling hat and then Charlotte and I
set out, about half past five, to diso
of our errands. The first was to have my umbrella recovered; it has just held together. Now that Papa has given me carte blanche to spend money for myself. I wished also to indulge in a new hair-brush, if I can find a store where such articles are kept! I also started some of my little book buying and after various rather lengthy wanderings, I returned to our supper. Some fresh fruit in the form of plums tasted wonderfully good. We met some pleasant Englishmen we had seen at Oade and also a distinguished looking family of Swedes whom we had seen at Kintfer, Sunnhordden, and Oscarshall. Such constant meetings are quite amusing even if no words are exchanged. It is now midnight and I have been having a florins time scattering about the contents of my two trunks, all my luggage having turned up in safety, and trying to sketch out our future plans without success however and I have no time tables.

Good night now from

Yrs Loving Marion
Christiana, Sept. 2, 1866.

Dear Home Folks,

I must tell you in what a funny way I started my day yesterday. The evening before, I had made a short call on Mitthrup in his room which was under mine, both facing in the court in which the dining pavilion is. A party of German men were there; the noise was overwhelming, did not allow me to sleep well that night but quite the reverse. When I closed my window finally, I gave a low whistle to Mitthrup but received no response and thought he had probably fallen asleep. More fortunate than I, in the morning I repeated my experiment but with no better result. This did not surprise me, as he is not very communicative about getting up time.

When I had finished dressing I went to his room and found it empty — no sign of Mitthrup anywhere. But the explanation was easy. There were two rooms in a section by themselves with adjoining doors and I suppose he was in the other room and to make sure I examined the room outside. Then I began the trumping process which usually occupies some time. On this particular occasion I was not even as successful.
as usual and had to apply more vigor to my chewing and spitting. Finally going into town and dining I heard a strange voice from within exclaiming in raucous, guttural strain "nei!" I inferred quite correctly as you may imagine and met the maid who had just been summoned to a realization of my difficulty and told me that the ages gentleman had moved into an other room. Charlotte says Norwegian hotel keepers will soon learn to shut us as a disturbance of the peace as far as their guests go.

We have been having a great time in the shops. Nothing has faithfully carried out Papa's instructions and I have been duly encouraged to spend money. By the way, we were much amused at the comforting news you received of my continued ability to make way with the "tickets" in spite of having no tasting of a more sentimental character! I have bought my brush (the man insisted that it was a brooch I was after) and have learned my lesson so well that I paid five kronor for it, though I might have been satisfied with one for fifty ore. I will not tell you of the other things we have bought, but wait for you to see them. I will only say that our purchases have been mostly in silver for Mr. Claflin's wish to them or to be easily disposed of otherwise if you do not wish them. Colonel Gade called on us and we had a pleasant chat. He gave us some hints as to sight-seeing and promised to secure tickets for the Penny exercises of the University today. That decide us to remain over a day longer that we had at first thought desirable. We walked out to the reservoir and had a fine view of the city and harbor, though not a distant one, as account of the haze. Then came the inspection of the Viking ship which to my mind is one of the most remarkable sights of the summer, not so much in itself, as an example of the patience and skill shown by antiquarians and archeologists in making the story of past ages. After a fine tabled-hole dinner by candle light, the Australians and Scandinavians sitting opposite, and a little rest we drove out to Trapper to see the Gade family. What an interesting old chateau! It does not require much imagination to picture the knights and ladies of Bernadotte's time.
(I don't know that there were husbands and wives as late as the beginning of this century, after all) making that ballroom shake. We had a grand time in the garden which was my ideal of comfort and profusion. We gathered delicious raspberries from the bushes and the children sampled all the flower beds for us and we went home laden with blossoms. Mr. Gade seemed very happy to have his family all at home again. He was quite alone for part of the summer while Miss Anna and one of the boys were in Bergen. Miss Katherine Mayo of Cambridge, a school-friend of Anna, came back with Mr. Gade to make a short visit and as it was desirable that she should see Copenhagen, I offered to keep her company if she should join us.

We found the place so fascinating that we had a grand scurry to get to the theatre in time. I had so far outgrown my old habits through the influence of new and wild barbarians that we marched in with our hats on. My first place alarmed me as much as the and we beat a hasty retreat, living
our hats on a nail and secured in place for style. The play was a classic, "Hamlet" by Shakespeare, another masterpiece. Go was the fact that Sophie Renne, whom we had met on a visit to Bergen from Vadheim, was to take part, as well as her brother. We found the criticism which we had heard quite true that she is stiff except in high tragedy. Then was considerable of that element and we saw some fine acting by the leading lady.

We had bought a copy of the drama and with its help were able to understand part of what we heard. We had a mild or mild theatre supper which you may describe to call it when you know it contained a sandwich, raspberry jam and bread and butter. You see we celebrated our return to civilization in about the same way each time.

This morning we hunted up some more shops, Bennetto using the rest, and had a little chat with the old man whose success in business seems to us astounding, considering the dulness and kindness which are his characteristic traits. At half past eleven we were in our seats in the University Hall. I will
Friday, September 5th 10 M.
S.S. "M. G. Metehor."

We celebrate the day by bidding farewell nominally to Norway. We have already done so practically. Charlotte and Miss Kipper spent the morning making packs in various handsome indelible and water- and inkproof, such as Mr. Gade and the Bank, while I slept off my head-ache, repacked for home and awaited Mrs. Gade, who had said she should call. She sent a message asking to the effect that she would meet us on the steamer with Miss Hays. Charlotte and I took a little look at the fortifications to help us screw up our valor before embarking in the North Sea and then came a pleasant farewell from the Gade family who rushed friendly messages sent to Papa and Mamma. The steamer is admirably equipped and the prospect is fine. For our twenty-two-hour voyage to Copenhagen. The Ringenske Hills are rapidly disappearing but we keep close to the shore as we thread our way through the pretty fjords. A wonderful chapter is closed, but another will soon be opened. We shall probably have only Saturday and Sunday in Copenhagen, our wish being to reach London on Monday morning. The latest and indeed the only wise table I
have been able to find is in mamma's letter of five years ago. We hope to be able to take the same route. Indeed, if it were not for the letter we should not venture on such a trip in the few days left. Leave Hamburg at noon, reach Coln at 9 P.M. Monday, Cathedral, Bonn, and Mainz Tuesday, Basle, Berne, Thun, and Interlaken Wednesday are the points we have. Then we shall make the circuit over the Bernin to Lucerne, Lucerne, 
Schaffhaussen either back to Basle or directly north whichever we can do with most satisfaction. We are bound late in Bremen on the 14th to sail by the "Saale" on the 15th.

Copenhagen, Saturday P.M.

Arrived all right after a delightful passage. Charlotte felt like tumbling into bed very quickly, but nobody seems sick and the most dreaded part of the journey is over. More anon.

Marie.
Thursday morning after breakfast Charlotte and I met in the corridor two English ladies with whom we had exchanged a few words the day before. They stopped and asked what we had planned for the day. I told them that we should spend some time at the University. "Indeed and what is there to see?" "It is the opening of the new session and the students come up to matriculate." "Oh, there is a function at the University, how clever of you to find it out! Your Americans always know about and see more than anybody else." And in retrospect, I can count up many experiences quite unknown to the ordinary tourist. I think this observation might be true here in Norway because the friendly feeling of the people leads them to not only make pleasant plans but to lead the way for Americans while they have quite a different feeling toward the English. It is not strange for us August especially a host of country shop-clerks and third-rate people in matters particularly come as representatives of the British Empire.
for the world. The students in its halls represented all the types of young manhood in a nation. There were the country boys in sack coats, with rough hands, shaggy hair, and honest, determined faces; and looking as if either money or brains had been for some time an obstacle to their entering the University. There were the boys with bright countenances and quick intelligence who had perhaps been voters of their classes and evidently thought they would take the University mildly by storm. Then there were the young men in dress suits, vast expanses of shirt front, white ties and white gloves, with dark hair parted in the middle and usurped mustaches, small side whiskers and eye-glasses, whose preparation for University life had come largely through experience in East King's college and who will always be better able to shelter a quaint character, buy a 'tulip-seed' ring, or make society verses than to restart the possibilities involved in Greek roots or parabolic curves. Indeed incomparable minds were there just as mild as the case in one of one's great

table with writing materials.

eight leather-covered chairs.

row of cane seat chairs.

common wooden chairs.

tiers of benches, with adjustable desks. The students filed in without any regularity and took the seats they preferred on the benches. It was easy to believe that the University of Christiania is the great institution of learning.
mourners but they were straighter, stouter and altogether in better physical condition than our boy when they are turned out of preparatory schools. Among the candidates were six girls, only one being in the Classical department however. She wore long white flowing white neck gair and white trimming on her hat which made her look quite charming especially as she had no pet companion. The other five were dressed all in black with black gloves did not wear hats and two had their hair plaited down their backs. In or three were very pretty and their demeanors very quiet and unobtrusive. After the faculties and dignitaries had entered and taken their places in the chairs in front the exercises began with the singing of a hymn or ode by a chorus of about fifty male voices. The clergy occupied the central part of the tier of benches. An address of welcome was then made by the chief officer, the chancellor I suppose, who somewhat resembled Dr. James Putnam in appearance and was much younger than many or most
of his colleagues. His favorite attitude was with his hands on his thighs, but he had a pleasant voice most fortunately for me as we had to hear it for a long time. After reading for about ten minutes he stepped to one side of the platform and the matriculation certificates were handed to him. They were quite large and very official look my and might pass current in our country or degrees. Folded in there were two printed slips probably containing instructions.

The chancellor read the names from the certificates and the students stepped forward, shook hands, and bowed or curtseyed as the case might be on receiving the paper. This part of the performance took an hour and twenty-five minutes! There were not only three hundred and seventy-seven names to be called. But the students were so seated that it took them a long time to make their way out to the platform. A large number were absent. The dignitaries were furnished with catalogues of which I received one a copy later. It contains the name, age, parents, and examination marks of all the 377 and I have found
it quite interesting to examine. The list is full of such characteristic national names as Olaf, Hakon, Ingvald, Harald, Ole, Sigurd, Lars, Oscar, and Andreas. The name of one girl was Ellen Bull. The name of another (remember to pronounce the final e) was Helga Marie Matilde Sofie Dągberg. It makes a good average, such as Louise Wally Olsen and we can set off against each other in the same way Anna Ivan and Alexandra, Felicita Willemninot Ingier. The classicist was Johanne Elisabeth Mathiesen.

First in order were reports from the different faculties as to the disposition of funds. Two of the candidates of the firm were present and stepped forward as their names were called. There was no applause at any time. The exercise closed with a final stanza of the ode, and we went on in joy rejoicing that we had seen the ceremony and that it was over!
Hotel du Don, Cologne. Sept. 6. 10 P.M.

Dear Family,

Well! Here we are and isn’t it grand!

But it must do to leave out our account of our travels on that extraordinary piece of land called Denmark on the maps and which never before seemed to me to have any special raison d’être except to jumble up poor Scandinavia and be jumbled in return by it and every other nation. But its Christians and its Fredericks really have some points of interest about them and their old castle of Rosenburg with rich historical collections and its special reminders of its builder, the great Christian II, as a Dano Danei on its map. Of course we were prepared to do all that time and strength would allow and Saturday afternoon and Sunday were most satisfactorily spent in sight.
We were fairly comfortable at the Hôtel d'Auglione which is most conveniently situated in town. My host and I know an excellent table d'hôte with quite palatable surroundings, but he is rather a morose and even sour-puss. We made our way at once to the Round Tower to do the correct but to my mind unsatisfactory thing, yet a bird's eye view of the city.

Next came the great Thorvalden's Museum. What a marvel it is! What magnificence it showed in the great sculptor to design such a mausoleum and monument before his death. It must certainly be a great source of profit to the city and nation in many ways. It is extremely interesting to see what an influence both his genius and his personality left. We looked at some of the reproductions of his works at the Royal Porcelain establishment, but were not much tempted to buy.

We spent the evening at Glotel. Foxy, what a lark. I don't think I ever had such a combination of diversions: a Danish waltz by a brass band, a ride in a balloon which made a perpendicular circuit in the fashion of a merry-go-round (a medal being presented gratis), a walk through three or four cafés where music was going on, and an ice cream while listening to a Haydn symphony by a fine and large orchestra, having my weight taken, prize tree, amount one hundred and two Danish crowns.

On the way back to the Magic Flute, visits to various bazaars, and last but not least, a ride in the Russian slide. Whew! what fun and could have invented it! As Mrs. Mays said, it gave me a queer feeling not to be able to sit down and yet not to feel the thing that is holding me down. We saw two old ladies
Go over the road and one party took the journey twice. We thought the car must have been revolved a few extra times for us before we were sent spinning down the iron track, up the hill, and back again for we did not stop revolving for some time after the straight away motion had ceased! It made us all laugh. I assure you, but the novelty is all worn off and I doubt if we care to try it again!

My first wrestle with Hendel's Telegraphe, looking out for our next groups, completed the day.

On Sunday at eight o'clock we were at Rosenburg Castle. It is necessary to procure tickets before hand and be there at the appointed hour. One could feel regret for going three many times. He returned to the hotel for breakfast and then set out again.
Our goal was the collection of Northern antiquities in the Princess Palais opposite the vast Christianborg palace, now mostly in ruins. But we had been warned and the collection is only to be seen on Sundays between October and May. As we left our retreat we passed the royal stables and inspected the carriages and horses. And then it was for Sunday morning, but we made up for any slight depression from the enervating past by visiting the Royal Art Gallery and the Church of Our Lady where the statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles by Thorwaldsen are to be seen. Our pessimistic porter had thought we couldn't take very trips into the suburbs which we had been told were fine, but we thought we could try some saunterings by horse car. The first one proved to be in a circuit line. It had a terminus however and there we saw a great many people waiting for the cars on a steam tramway. When the train came we joined the throng which rushed for the open car. We didn't know where we were going and didn't care, but were much pleased to find that we were
actually on route to the place of all others we wanted to visit but according to our great credit – Dyrehaven or Deer Park, a front of oak and beeches with all sorts of summer attractions for the people. We had a half hour drive in the park. The beeches were wonderfully fine. We were only a few minutes late to stable d'hote, but we had to be lively afterwards to get all our affairs straightened out, say goodbye to Miss Mays and reach the station for the 7.26 trains. At about ten we reached København and there bade farewell to Danish territory, jumping by steamer to Kiel. We went out of bed at half past four but it seemed quite unnecessary as the train for Hamburg did not leave until quarter before seven. We had as companions in our compartment those Americans from Berlin, the oldest of whom insisted on keeping the window open in spite of our circumstances. She said the heat would be unbearable otherwise. The result was that we were pestered with dust and in a terrible condition when we reached Hamburg. There we had another lively time. We had less than two hours and we had to breakfast, change money, buy underwear to replace some writing left in Christiania, dispatch trunk to Weimar and Bamberg and send a telegram for the letters which we expected from what you wrote would be at the Lloyd's office. All was done hurriedly and at ten we were off for Cologne which we reached after rather a warm journey at seven o'clock. I watched the spikes of the cathedral for a long distance and then the great spire itself as it loomed up over the city and could be seen for miles away. We walked around it in an way to the Hotel de Dome which is under its shadow. After supper Wintrop and I went out to view it by pale moonlight.

Wednesday P.M. on the Steamer 'Niederwald' between Bingen and Mainz. This trip cannot be accounted for by my surroundings, Rüdesheim, Johannisberg or the like. It is really and truly caused by the
I was up in the morning at half past six and crossed the plaza to the cathedral and sat among the people telling their beads at morning divine under the mighty arches. We had decided to do nothing but see the cathedral, except investigate one of the cologne shops, and I am glad we carried out our plan, the only diversion being the receipt of letters which we read at the Bank. We were glad to hear of the other travels on foreign soil. Russell's letters gave us all pleasure especially his good story to me which more than paid off the old debt. We shall have a bottle of real cologne! I had Withrow and Charlotte read Macmorran's letters about taking things slowly and asked them to decide. They both felt that we should go on. I have again opened the question suggesting to Withrow the plan of going to Frankfort and spend a few days in Erenact before...
reaching Nesso, but he still thinks the few days in Switzerland will be a great satisfaction and I do too!

To return to my story. We paid all the necessary fees and thoroughly inspected the cathedral with its valuable relics and rich associations. As we passed from one chapel to another, I met Mr. and Mrs. Locke and May. Curiously enough, Charlotte was also with me when I met May on the Rhône last September. We climbed the tower and looked up into the wonderful spire. We walked about among the flying buttresses and around the nave, turning corners and going up and down stairs until our heads were fairly turned with wonder and amazement at the art of man. Winthrop said there was nothing in Europe he more wished to see and I am sure his anticipations were realized. We stayed over a train longer than we had planned and left finally at 11:10 P.M., reaching Born at 2:20. We took Mr. and Charlotte took a carriage in order to see the principal sights quickly as
they wished to do some sightseeing before the steamer left. Charlotte had heard from Mrs. Matthews that Leida was near Heiden, which we think is near Zürich, and hoping that Charlotte could accompany her to Weimar. So a letter had to be dispatched at once. The handle of my valise had broken (we are traveling without trunks), and while it was undergoing repair I walked about the town and was unexpectedly pleased. Our steamer left at 3:45 for Coblenz which we reached at 9:15. Drachenfels was the only sight that thrilled us. My anticipation that the Rhine would prove a hoax was quite realized. We spent the night at the Hotel Amigo and a little before eight started for Lorchstein, crossing the bridge of boats and climbing up the fortes which was as nearly completed by nature as to make one think that human strife is perhaps part of the Divine order after all. We were not allowed to see the fortress and the view was not very satisfactory on account of the haze.

We spent half an hour on the pretty Rhine promenade and at ten o'clock steamed away again for Mayen. Then the real beauties of the Rhine began, and we have been in a much more watchful frame of mind. As far as Trögen the scenery is finer than I had thought and the ruins more picturesque. It is well to say more about those who have seen it or those who are to see it. At table d'hôte we drank Rüdesheimer. A funny thing happened. A young German next to Muthing rose with his wine bottle and glass in his hand and with some pertinacity and an elaborate manner asked to be allowed to pass by. Muthing however, not having yet quite assuaged the German maident, thought he was being invited to share the young man's bottle and in a correspondingly cortous...
and offensive style declined with thanks and removed the young man in all the more firmly. I was one of the most comical misunderstandings we have had.

I am constantly thinking of Papa and Mamma in their two trips over this part of the world. We expect to be in Them Common at 11:20 A.M., leave there the following morning for Lucerne and go to Linder on Saturday, reaching Wernar Sunday afternoon.

We are all very well except for some trouble with Mithrop's eyes which causes him naturally much annoyance. He is careful about many things. Rod Mair is in sight so goodbye again with much love from all.

Mair on
Hotel Bamberg, Thur., Sept. 9.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

It was a fair world truly that I first saw. The happiness of the year which
have passed has been but the fulfillment
of the aspirations ones which greeted me
in the loveliest of all places, Nature's own.
It is very good to be in this charming
spot again. This is how we came. I de-
tected a hotel in Marig which would be very
near the station. We went two hours by the
post from the steam-landing and visited
the cathedral and statue of Gutenberg. On
seeking the hotel we found it faced an in-
nune but barren tract of land, bearing no
sign of life but the impress of railway sleepers
which had been removed! The school con-
tern had been shifted to the other side of the
town where we eventually found the best
station we have seen in Germany. Our ar-
vival made a great stir in the quiet little
hotel. An old lady who sat up, to tell us
sat the late supper which we had after
resting succumbed to Mumps and
sat by us occasionally weeping. Her
elaborately arranged hair and this dress
a la wrappier enclosing her somewhat con-
spicuous frame and sweeping the floor
and the look of childish innocence on her
doughy face made us laugh.

At 7 o’clock we were off for Boaite with
cour and train tickets. We also decided to take
sleeping-car tickets, entitling us five marks
each. The compartment had chairs for
five and the conductor tried to make use
of the fourth. Much as we wished to sit,
free from anxiety, we loved our
chaise and declared with thanks, the result
being most fortunately equally satisfactory.
Never spent a night in a sleeping-
car, but it was very warm as they
say it has been everywhere for ten days.
We reached Boaite at 6:30. Refreshed
at the chancery of near the station and
left again at 7:10 for Neuss. There we
had twenty minutes and used it for
walking out on one of the terraces. At the new
there were low clouds hanging in every
direction which we thought might burn
away before the day passed. At 11:23
we reached there and drove at once to
the Hotel Hamburgen and were given
two rooms on one floor in the front
cite. The porter remember your

being here five years ago and was very
surprised to see us. He thoroughly enjoyed the
clearing-up process which was accomplished
before eleven o’clock. There were
about thirty at the table, mostly English.
Charlotte and I then went round the
message to you and also one to Keila
Hamburgen and had a pleasant stroll thru
the picturesque village. We climbed the steps
to the outskirts of the church, but although
the near view was beautiful, the clouds
still hung over the faraway mountains.
But shortly before dinner, the breeze
sprang up, scattering the clouds, and
in the clear atmosphere we saw the
Blindes Alp tinted with the rays
of the setting sun! Nothing could be
more exquisite. We gazed with delight
for a few minutes before the sun
went down and the mountains
faded away in the twilight. After
dinner we walked to Pavillon St.
Jacques, finding our way through
the densely shaded path by the
moonlight, except where the path
penetrated the forest and we had
to probe along in the darkness.
At intervals there were fires.
spaces from which we could see the town with its bright lights and the lake lying below us. From the promenades the alp was superb. We could make out the forms of the great mountains which loomed up in a weird, fantastic fashion.

Brum. Saturday. Monday. We had a perfect day yesterday. I think we shall look back on it with as complete delight as on any of the entire summer. We left them at 6:25 A.M. The air was almost perfectly clear and the sail across the lake charming. The only way in which our memory of it has a drawback comes through some bodies of music—our leaving Millet's manuscript with half a letter in the steamer. After the few minutes in the observation car we reached Interlaken, put our bags in the charge of a porter at the station, hired his fantastic carriage and horse, spent half an hour walking through the town and looking at the Jungfrau and Silverson through a telescope, and at half past nine set out for Grindelwald. Now picturise the
made it necessary to put up the hood. We had fine views again of the Jungfrau as we approached Interlachen. At 6.10 we were off for Lake Brienz and reached Fiescherau at 7.30. We walked up to the hotel, had supper and watched the illumination of the falls. It was very beautiful and did not quite surprise me so being a fraud as it did ten years ago. The electric light is very effective. We moved across to Brienz by moonlight. Charlotte was suddenly overcome with sleep on getting into the boat. She is to write the volume in our series entitled 'The Brienz by Moonlight'. We spent the night at the White Cross Hotel and are now on our way to Lucerne.

Alphonsus, 11.45 a.m., Saturday.

We have had a very pleasant drive over the Brienz Pass. The atmosphere has been somewhat hazy, but we have been able to enjoy the mountain and valley views greatly. We shall reach Lucerne at 1.10 and after seeing the lake and driving we shall start for St. Moritz at 3.40. We shall have three
quarters. I am here these during which time we hope to find Miss Hetzel, if dispatches and letters will do it. An express train to Frankfort, three hours there, and 3:20 P.M. will find us in Weimar to remain until Tuesday morning.

You ought to see us do the honey business during our three day visit in Switzerland! How absurd that three days' storms, but how glad we are that we came!

One of the incidents of our trip this summer has been the great sugar trick as performed in the principal cities of Europe by Miss Marion Talbot assisted by Miss Talbot and Miss Fairbanks. I think you have seen her do it!

How to look at Pilatus and Rigi. You may not have time to read this before you see me, but it carries a great store of love in advance from your affectionate daughter.

Marion Talbot.
Supplementary Report.

We reached Lucerne at 1.10 P.M. and after a good dinner at the Hotel Schwan went to the time which is Lucerne to the eight o'clock. It seemed more picturesque and wonderful than ever. At 3.40 we continued our journey to Zürich where the three-quarters of an hour interval between trains was spent in a vain attempt to find Mrs. Lila Brehmblie. We had as companions de voyage to Basel three young Catholic priests and a very agreeable and intelligent man from Stettin. In Basel we had time to get together a lunch and there started on our night trip to Frankfort, thus Heidelberg, then Rhine travelling in genuine continua.
The were ready to rest in the morning, but toward noon Charlotte and I started out on a hunt for her trunk and made a call on Charlotte's parents. After dinner Dan Warich went with me to buy some linen and then Charlotte and I made a short call on Dan Warich. Brother joined us and we walked out to Belvedere for a cup of chocolate. We took tea in the Vic's garden and saw Charlotte's new quarters. After various toasts we departed for the station and after a parting from Charlotte, over which we did not care to linger, Brother and I bade a second farewell to Demian at 8:10 P.M. We spent the night in Halle and...
in the morning continued our journey to Bremen, stopping from hour in Hannover, at noon.
A visit to the Rathaus cellar in the evening was very interesting. We joined the procession of voyagers in the morning and at 8.45 were off by train to Bremenhaven. Mr. Peters, the general passenger agent being on hand to bid us goodbye. At 1 P.M. the "Saale" began to move. By 3 o'clock nearly everybody was sick. Twenty-one people went to dinner. Fourteen died through of whom I was a fortunate one. Mrs. Brinton, Harold and the pils joined us at Southamptun on Sunday at 6 P.M. We had a grand reconciliation about our feeds owing to the
Abstract and ill nature of Mr. Leopold of Chicago, whose daughter was my roommate. The party which kept together in a delightfully impartial manner consisted of the two Talbots, the Burneys, Mr. Char. Doc., Mr. Ernest. Another Mr. Mueller, Mr. Walker, Mr. Schwing, Miss Cameron, Misses Burneys, Mr. Max, Miss Lucy Little, and Miss Gordon. We had two ship billiards tournaments, in which with Mr. Doc and Mr. Mueller as partners from the prizes. Rough weather interfered with our moving about much, but even when the gale was at its height we were on deck, not caring for the spray. Miss Cameron and I had some talks which I remember with pleasure. I was not sick at all and was at every meal.
although the racks were on the table all the time. Until the day we reached New York, Friday, Sept. 14. We were half
an hour too late to pass quarantine. Papa rowed out in a boat and it was a satisfying exchange a few
words with him even though he could not board the steamer. The evening passed quickly with dancing and
fireworks as we lay at anchor. At 9:45 p.m. we were at the pier and Papa and Will were soon
as hand to greet us.
although the rocks were on the table all the time until the day we reached New York. Father left us the next day at five o'clock to look around. Papa went out in a boat and it was a sad farewell. We exchanged a few words with him even though he could not board the ship with us. The evening passed quickly with drawing and friendship as we lay at our home by the fire. We were at the pier and Papa and Will were as on a grand journey.
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Received at Hotel Brunswick 1105 = Sept 10 1883

To Talbot Boston Mass
Try Dr. Talbot
66 Marlboro

Than happy well

Marion
To guard against mistakes on the lines of this Company, the sender of every message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back from the terminus of said lines to the Originating Office. For such repeating, the sender will be charged in addition, one half the usual tohs of this Company, on that portion of its lines over which such message passes.

This Company will not assume any responsibility in respect to any Message beyond the terminus of its own lines; and it is agreed between the sender of the following Message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery to the next connecting Telegraph Company, of any unrepeated message, beyond the amount of that portion of the charge which may or shall accrue to this Company out of the amount received from the sender for this, and the other companies, by whose lines such message may pass to reach its destination; and that this Company shall not be liable for mistakes in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery to the next connecting Telegraph Company, of any repeated message, beyond fifty times the extra sum received by this Company from the sender for repeating such message over its own lines; and that this Company shall not be liable in any case for delays arising from interruptions in the workings of its lines, nor for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other company to reach its destination.

This Company is not to be liable for damages in any case, where the claim is not presented in writing, within thirty days after the sending of the message.
Supreme Judicial Court
Feb. 29, 1848

My dear Mary Talbot:
I hope you will not think me intrusive or impertinent if I tell you how much I was impressed by your presiding at the meeting last night. The modest self-possession of the manner, and the neatness, politeness and elegance of the manner of your speaking seemed to me alike admirable.
I do not know why
I should write this to you, for doubtless you have complaints enough,
but I have yielded
to an honest impulse,
and I am

Very faithfully yours
Henry A. Ellsby

Hartford June 8th 1886.

Mrs. Marion Talbot,

Dear Madam:—

I thank you for your communication of the 7th. I will take an early occasion to confer with Miss Belcher of Providence, although I think I have found here the person who will be able to do the literary work which I contemplated when I spoke with Dr. Harris. I am nevertheless much obliged to you for your interest in the matter.

Respectfully Yours,

[Signature]

Amy Barnard
Per B.
125 High St.
New Haven, Ct.
Jul 30th 1887

Dear Mrs. Richards,

Many thanks for your capital book on Home Sanitation. I like it very much both for what it contains and more still for what it leaves out. The Association have certainly done themselves proud!

Please extend my congratulations to Miss Tubbs and the others. I am very glad that the lessons
as to grow in the sunshine of a normal school. That will give them a greater value. Enclose a letter from Prof. Atwater. Can you lend him Miss Brin's? or any other N. Y. addresses likely to prove useful? I shall be there and will say something, though I fear that Prof. Atwater is going to overdo it. Economists want only the economic side. Take it.
I think it would be well to revise the charts carefully and the blocks too, but I have found no serious defects. It might do to put the percentages on the Human Body blocks, e.g. water in muscle cells 50–70. I think that you get good news from the Professor that he will be taller and heartier than ever this fall.

Truly yours,

Wm. J. Ledznick
Manchester, Mass.
15th Sept. 1886

My dear Doctor:

It seems very long since I have seen or heard from you—You would have heard from me but that I have been wonderfully well able to work many ways. I know not...
whether you & Mr. Talbot are in Quebec
or Saratoga, but I take it, Man.
patients are pretty nice to bring you
back. I had a lovely New Year letter
from March 4th write this to say
we must leave the

Close, a balmy day
in two here at
Manchester, if
Primrose permits.
Mr. Talbot’s little
call is not enough
from her. I’m bought
for the rest of you.
Perhaps when the
hobby wanders
are more hobby,
then in any journey.
at home, you will
all find a day to
come, some of you
may be able to stay.
I want to hear the
New Year. May love
from us all to it.
With you now, & to
these coming, on our
Leaven-Sweet Poit
very to you a better
fragrance than their
ack- Ever affectionately,
Mrs. B.
Cable Message
The Western Union Telegraph Company

Number: 2
Sent By: Me
Rec’d By: S. Southampton

Received at: Hotel Prymynic 9-15 Seph 1 1882

Dated: Southampton

Sr.: Talbot, Boston Mass (Dr. Talbot Marlboro)

Charlotte settled fine start
Children
To guard against mistakes on the lines of this Company, the sender of every message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back from the terminus of said lines to the Originating Office. For such repeating, the sender will be charged in addition, one half the usual tolls of this Company, on that portion of its lines over which such message passes.

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This Company is not to be liable for damages in any case, where the claim is not presented in writing, within thirty days after the sending of the message.
Oct. 28th 1886

Dear Mr. Faxon:

I will not please

you if I fail to

get you a place in the Club, pretty

you will give a title to the books when I see you
tomorrow morning.

In haste,

Very sincerely yours,

S. B. Albee.

A letter not published
in the Contributors’ Check.
250 Newbury Street, Boston.
Feb. 9, '87.

My dear Miss Ballot:

Will you not lunch with me tomorrow? I suggest Miss Mabel Loomis, who is teaching in the English department at Vassar this year, and I think you would enjoy meeting her. It seems to me that she is going to be one of the finest of our college women. We shall
be quite en famille, so I hope you will have time for a real talk with her.

Very cordially yours,

Vida D. Leudder.

We lunch at one.

Yours,
Jan 5, 1887

Magazine of American History.
30 Lafayette Place,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Bellist,

I have no special day to receive friends at my house, unless I am usually in my study at the Colonel's house every day after five o'clock P.M. and in the evening. I shall be very pleased to see you.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Martin J. Lomax
JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,

SEMINARY OF HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Baltimore, Jan 20 1887

Dear Miss Talbot:

There was a change in our constitution at the Washington meeting, to the effect that the fee for life-membership should be raised to $50, the change to take effect Jan. 1, 1887.

I regret that no general announcement has been made of this fact, in consequence of the delay in my report; and I shall propose an extension of the term, if any persons wish to avail themselves of the privilege. My report will appear in a few weeks. It has been kept back by circumstances beyond my control.

very truly yours,

H. O. Adams
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

4 Park Street, Boston, March 19, 1887

Miss Marion Tilton
Boston

For your contribution, entitled

A Lenten Bit

in the April ATLANTIC, we inclose our check

for $3.00, and remain,

Very truly yours,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

[Signature]
Dear Miss Salbot,

I am disappointed not to have had an opportunity of seeing you while I was staying in Boston. I have after writing you the long letter on that right learnt that we both misunderstood each other in certain statement, but as it is all over now there remains little or no need of explanation. I thank you very much for your kind sympathy and interest in my work, and hope that you will, as a member of the Educational Association, do all you can to...
befriend the cause
Very sincerely yours
Ramatui
Woburn, Mass.,
April 23, 1887.

[Address and signature]

Dear Madam:—

I am interested in a movement to establish in Boston and other large cities and towns in the Union a fund for establishing and endowing a University for young men and women. It is proposed to establish a national fund and in order that it may be truly and wholly national and arrangement will be made so that the
people of every state and territory in the Union will have an
opportunity to contribute. It is, I think, eminently
fitting that Boston, the
literary center of the country
whose citizens have
always taken a deep interest in all that
too, to education both state and nation-
al, should be accorded
the honor of leading
off in the good work.
My object in writing
you is to ask if you
and the excellent corps
of ladies associated
with you in the work
of promoting University
education of women
will assist at an
entertainment about
the first week of May to start a fund.
Will you please give
me your opinion as
to whether the society
I mentioned above
would be likely to assist in
this work. Some of our
excellent Boston ladies
would, no doubt, join
with you in a musical
or literary entertainment
to be given in one of
the large halls in Boston.
I think several hundred
dollars could be raised
for the fund in this way.
I am, very truly,

S. E. Childs

Oct. 24, 1874
Your letter is received, but I am in doubt as to whether your plan is seriously proposed. If so I would say that I am sure that my associates agree in thinking that the efforts of all friends of university education for men and women should be directed toward strengthening the institutions which already exist rather than toward founding new ones.
Dear Miss Talbot:

I should be obliged to you if you would send me a list of persons in Boston (not members of the Association) whom it would be well to invite by means of my printed circular letter. Our hall at The Brunswick will not seat over 200, I believe, and I am therefore hoping to secure the most appreciative kind of an audience. Probably not more than thirty or forty of our own members will be present, we can safely count upon Boston to fill the hall, but you can perhaps enable me to distribute wisely a few invitations, say twenty-five. Send me the names and addresses and I will see that the letters are issued.
If you care to make a point of inviting any of the collegiate alumnae in or about Boston, it would be agreeable, I am sure to the Association. My theory is that these annual meetings are for students, teachers, and specialists rather than the madding crowd.

If you have any acquaintance with Boston journalists or writers of the press, you might suggest to them the educational value of the two approaching meetings—the Economic and Historical Associations.

With best thanks for your kindness very truly yours,

H. B. Adams
My dear Miss Talbot,

Mrs. Dickey has told me of your kind interest in the coming meeting of the Economic Association in Boston. May I not have the pleasure of having you name to the Select Committee for membership? If you do not object, I shall be glad to find you.
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY,

Boston, 188

I have to Dr. Ely, and he will find in the Contribution... trusting that this may meet your approval, and thanking you for his efforts.

I attentions from having your.

Dear R. Ely.
Dear Miss Talbot:

The press of the country has been once instructed, and today Mr. Ely and I have given it a double shot, i.e. both circulars at once. All members of both Associations have been saluted in like manner. I mail to you a lot of circulars which you might perhaps send to individuals whom you know upon the editorial or reporters' staff of the best papers. Don't bother about seeing people or writing letters, but scatter a few circulars by mail upon good individual ground. I think both conventions are an assured success, we are getting invitations of all sorts and I only fear the Brunswick room will not hold our company. My notion was to have a somewhat
private meeting at The Brunswick for the Historical Association and to let the economic people run a hippodrome at the Institute of Technology. Nous verrons.

I had circulars sent out to the persons whose names you sent. It was a good list. The political science club is also worth inviting. You seem to have the right instinct for a secretary and I should not be surprised if you had had a good deal of experience. At any rate, I thank you very cordially for your kind assistance and hope to meet you again at an early day.

Yours very sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Brison May 19, 1887

My dear Miss Talbot:

I have been trying to say to you for several days that I will join the other gentlemen in the matter you mention.

Faithfully Yours

W. Claflin
May 21, '87.

...=

It is lovely of you to think of this matter, but I think all the time is fully interspersed. I never thought that may be. It is my hope that my rules should exclude compliance with a request to...
Miss Zalbrot,

We find our daughter will be pleased to accept your invitation of her,
Charlotte Smith College. I am happy to say was not i

Very truly,

E. J. James.

May 22, 87
John Hopkins University,
Baltimore
May 23, 1887

My dear Mr. Sabot,

I was very much pleased to receive a copy of your paper in the new Technological Journal, and I have a distinct feeling of gratitude to you for having done such an interest
piece of work.

I send you a copy of an article on Exercise by Mr. Hartwell which I think is a very forcible presentation of the subject. Do you not think it would be a good plan for us to print for wide circula
dion (and for re-printing in newspapers) either as condensation
Of this, or something else of a similar nature? Did you see in the last number of Science an exceedingly-interesting account of some experiment in reform of criminals at Elmina?

The review of Lewis Carroll’s Some People in this week’s Nation is mine.

I have not heard to report that I did not see you at my house and I am your friend yours,

Christina Child Franklin
Dear Mr. Tellott,

It will afford me much pleasure to read my paper on rights of Christ-benevolents before your society. For its 10th paper, however, I regret to say I have an engagement I cannot well defer on health. I will bring you a correct account of the deeds done, you will name.

Very respectfully,

G. Stanley Hall,
