

**Anna Lewis letter to Dora Kelly Lewis, 12 July 1890**

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Kristiania, Norway

July 12th 1890

My dear Dora -

We were glad indeed to get your June 27th letter + to hear that you were all well + happy. I write from here for we expect to go off on a tower ~~from here~~ on Monday + shant write for two weeks again. We had a lovely day yesterday coming by the shores of the Skagerak Already we [hurrah?] for "Gamle Norge" + turn up our noses at "Sodra Sverige" which we thought so fine two days ago. But I must go back to Kjobenhavn (Ahem!) where Papa left Lou. The Rosenberg Castle + the wonderful Museums were really lovely + the Livoli Cafe Chantant was great fun. I found Mary in

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dancing bliss before a picture of the widow of Christian 7th with a Lady in waiting bearing her cross for her + holding it like an umbrella, while the King was seated in state in the clouds, with an empty chair by him, labelled for the Queen. There was a horrid American at the table d'hôte who told the tallest stories to an impassive Englishman opposite. At last she said that Mt. Vernon (+ he didn't know what that was) was sold to an English syndicate. Then John Bull spoke up + said that the Tower of Pisa had been sold to the Chicago Fair + was to be moved there stone by stone. She swallowed the bait + crowed loudly! - We have a capital + [even?] tempered courier, + get on most seriously. His English is very good indeed he uses it here, as he speaks neither Swedish nor Norwegian. Papa as usual converses with Luis idiomatically. Yesterday he said "Now where does he hang out-" to Molly Lewis' despair. - It is light here all night. We try not to go to bed till the sun sets, about 10 P.M.- We feel we can dispose with the midnight sun. Mary is really wild with excitement + is a delightful travelling companion. She adds greatly to our enjoyment. The city is still decorated with triumphant arches in honor of [illegible?] Williams visit + is very handsome. We have been to visit the omnipotent Bennett + he has laid us out a trip of two weeks, to the Fjords + over

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the Romsdal. There is a dreadful two hours in going from Mølde to Bergen where we shall be on the open Sea, but we shall have state rooms + so shall be spared public shame. I spare you the list of impossible names of places. Papa is rewarded for his severe turn at home by escaping scatheless when Neptune gives us a tossing. Mary has an invitation to pass a day with Dr. + Mrs. Jack Mitchell, who have rented an "old ivy covered mill" near London for the summer, with Bessie Wheeler Eliot + Po. "Murder would be the matter" if I was to pass two months with Dick Eliot. Papa + Anna send lots of love to all five of you. Write whenever you can -  
Affect y Mamma. -