



HOTEL NORGE

• • • ALBERT PATTERSON • • •

BERGEN • NORGE

July 23^d 1903

Dearest Anna,

I fear we have not
given you very clear accounts
of our doings so far, but it
is really very difficult to get
opportunities to write. [The day
before we left London we went
away down to a place in the
city called Oliver's Road to
see some people from whom
I am in the habit of buying
chemicals and close by came
upon Bunhill Field, the old
grave-yard where Bunyan and
Isaac Watts are buried. In
those days non-conformists could
not be buried within the city

limits. It really gave me quite a shock to come upon Bunyans tomb right in the thick of the busy city. In the same graveyard an old lady was buried who had been tapped a great number of times (on account of dropsy, no doubt) and had lost in this way 274 galls. of water - I think the number is right - all of which she bore with exemplary resignation. We did not see her epitaph but were told about it. Across the way from Bunkhill field is John Wesley's old house and also the church where he preached. Possibly you saw these things while in London, but I had never seen them before.

We left London on Sunday ^{morning} (July 21st) arrived at Hull ^{at 2.30 p.m.} and sailed for Norway the same afternoon by the "Eldorado." The wind ~~was~~ was in our favor all the way and we made a second passage, arriving at Stavanger at 10 p.m. on Wednesday. As a quarter to eleven Con. and I went out to see the town by twilight and were delighted with its quaint

picturesque. Con. was greatly amused
 as it being practically daylight at
 that hour. In fact in these latitudes
 it is hard to realize when bedtime
 comes. I retired to my little berth on
 the ship at 1.30 a.m. with a pious
 feeling that I was going to bed unusually
 soon. We reached Bergen at about
 9 o'clock this morning after a beau-
 tiful sail up the harbor. The
 morning was showery, but this afternoon
 we had a charming drive out to see
 a quaint old wooden church (the
 Fantopst Kirke) built in a pagoda
 like style of architecture. I have
 taken many lovely drives before, but
 this one certainly was ahead of them
 all, and already I feel amply repaid
 for the discomfort of crossing the
 North Sea. Bergen is a town of about
 70,000 inhabitants, but one would think
 that it was much larger. The houses
 are perched upon all kinds of sites
 and with their tile roofs. Those in the
 outskirts of the town are mostly built
 of wood but also have red tile or slate
 roofs. They are painted in good taste
 and one often very picturesque. Many
 of them are surrounded by lovely
 gardens with great quantities of
 roses in full bloom. We have

been speculating as to where people get milk from as we have not seen a single cow or goat since we arrived. The subject must be investigated.

The horses are nearly all like enlarged Shetland ponies - with great thick necks and usually close cropped manes. They seem to be hardy little beasts and so far we have not seen one that was not in good condition. They must be well fed and well taken care of.

I should like to write much more, but it is eleven p.m. and we have still to re-stow our cargo and to be up at 5.30 in the morning. It is still twilight and I have just had to hunt Con. Jeps. He cannot believe that it is bedtime & I do not wonder. Bands are playing and the streets are crowded with promenaders. By the way, Rankin and flo. were greatly pleased with the improvement in Conrad. They think that he has developed wonderfully. But I must close. Love to Mrs. Molson and all the boys.

Bernard.

