

Biography and Correspondence
of
ARTHUR M. REEVES
Author of
'The Finding of Wineland the Good'





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Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY



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OF
ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES

BY
W. D. FOULKE

BEING
*A SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME TO MR. REEVES' 'FINDING OF WINELAND
THE GOOD: THE HISTORY OF THE ICELANDIC
DISCOVERY OF AMERICA'*

—♦—
WITH A PORTRAIT
—♦—

London
HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

1895

BIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ARTHUR M. REEVES

ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES, son of Mark Ewen and Caroline Middleton Reeves, was born October 7, 1856. His father was a successful merchant, who, near the beginning of the century, had come from New Jersey to Richmond, Indiana, a Quaker settlement then near the frontier, and by his ability, integrity, and industry had risen from humble surroundings to prominence and affluence. From Richmond he had moved to Cincinnati, where Arthur, his youngest child, was born. During the stirring times of the civil war the boy was at school in that city. In 1865 his father purchased a tract of land near Richmond, which he laid out in extensive and beautiful grounds, and retiring from business, moved thither to pass the remainder of his life. Here, after a time, Arthur (whose family belonged to the Society of Friends) became a pupil in Friends' Academy, an institution under the charge of Wm. M. Jackson; and he soon grew to be the personal friend of his instructor. He travelled much with his parents and sister in various parts of the United States, and, in 1871, in Europe and the Levant. During this tour the boy kept a journal in several volumes describing what he saw. The following extracts show how vivid and accurate were his impressions.

He thus speaks of the little towns upon the Cornice Road:—

November 24, 1871.

'A description of one will serve for all. From a distance we see a pretty, new-looking town, in a cove right on the beach. When we come to it we enter a long street, hardly ten feet wide, certainly not wide enough for two carriages to pass. The street is dark, and on either side the

houses are packed closely together. We look in at the windows and see damp, cold, cheerless rooms, with the universal tile floor, and looking hardly fit for a pig-sty, much less for the residence of human beings. The houses are built overhead in places, and it seems as if you were driving through the buildings rather than through a street. Probably you come into an open space in which there is a fine marble-fronted church, and indeed in whatever direction you look you see a church, perched even on the tops of the mountains and looking inaccessible to any human being. All along this coast, wherever there is a sheltering cove, a little town has sprung up. This road is very much travelled. We constantly pass diligences and private carriages, and everywhere we can see the patient donkey, either hitched to a cart or with a load upon its back.

‘We reached Alassio at about half-past six in the evening, and remained all night at the Albergo Di Londra, a poor but dishonest hotel. They charged us a great deal for very little, but we had pity, for we knew that this was their last chance; the railroad will be finished by December 5.’

He thus narrates the departure from Cairo of the Pilgrims to Mecca:—

‘*January 2, 1872.*

‘When we reached the open square in front of the citadel, we found several companies of soldiers drawn up, dressed in white linen. The cavalymen had each a small flag of purple and green. We drove to a side street through which the procession was to pass. The people had come out as if to a fair, and were perched around on walls and housetops. Some of the women wore elegant silk dresses. Every few minutes some old men belonging to the different mosques would come by with flags, and beating drums, which made a sound like striking boards, and was accompanied by other music from an instrument sounding like a bag-pipe. After a while twenty-one guns were fired, and when the procession started, twenty-one more.

‘This procession was headed by foot-soldiers. Then came the cavalry, two companies on white horses and one on bay horses. After the cavalry came a camel bearing the gorgeous makhmil, a kind of canopy. Just behind, one of the high dignitaries of the Mohammedan faith rode upon another camel, and just behind him, also mounted on a camel, came a dervish, naked to the waist, his head swinging to and fro as though it were not fast to his body but set in a socket, so that each movement of the camel made it vibrate. It is said that the dervish’s head never stops swinging from the time of the departure of the caravan till its return.’

Of the Jews’ place of wailing at Jerusalem he writes:—

‘*April 5, 1872.*

‘Riding a little farther on, we dismounted and walked around to an old wall, a part of the ancient temple. Before this wall, in a little alley-way, many Jews were assembled, the men wearing velvet caps trimmed with fur, and those who wish to die here wearing a long lock of hair before the ears. With Hebrew Talmuds in their hands, reading, wailing, and sobbing, these people leaned up against the wall, kissing it, and every now and then crying as if their hearts would break. Old women sat reading on the ground, rocking backward and forward and wiping the tears from their eyes. Such a sight I never saw before. In places the stones of the wall have been worn smooth by the kisses of these poor people mourning over their ruined temple.’

Two days later he bathed in the Dead Sea, and thus he tells the story:—

‘At last we reached the shore, and spreading our blankets on some driftwood, we had quite a pleasant shade from the broiling sun. Our small tent was soon pitched and then I undressed and waded in. The bank is quite shelving, with a pebbly bottom. When a short distance out, I lay flat on my stomach, and without any exertion whatever I floated on the surface. Then I turned on my back, and still I floated. I next lay on my side, but immediately I was turned over. When I tried to swim my feet would come to the surface. The temperature of the water was very pleasant, but the sun shone so brightly I could not remain in long. By accident I threw some water into my eyes, and they commenced smarting severely. I tasted the water and found it very bitter, much more unpleasant than sea water. When I attempted to wipe off with a towel after going out, it slipped over me just as if my body had been oiled. After I had ridden for some time my hair and ears became incrustated with salt. As we rode away we looked back. Truly as still as death lies the pretty blue lake in the valley between the mountains of the Jordan.’

In the fall of 1872, Arthur returned to his home at Richmond and resumed his studies. In addition to his school work he determined to learn the printer’s trade. He purchased a press, and it was not long before he began to take orders from merchants and manufacturers of the town, and he had soon established a thriving little business, which he managed personally at his home. Soon the business outgrew these surroundings, and after a year or two a printing office on Main Street was established, which later became consolidated with that of *The Palladium*, then the leading newspaper of the county.

In September, 1873, he entered Cornell University in the Freshman class, but ill health compelled him to leave before the end of the collegiate year. In the fall of 1875 he resumed his college work, and continued it without interruption until his graduation in 1878.

Being of a nature sensitive and reserved, he made acquaintances very slowly, and his abilities and force of character were not at first known or suspected outside of his small circle of friends. But as one term succeeded another, and he steadily gave proof of remarkable mental powers, both professors and students began to watch this quiet young man, and by the time he reached his junior year he had become an intellectual force in the University. Thus it came about that almost against his will he was chosen one of the editors of *The Cornell Era*, one of the best college weeklies in the country. For two years he was also an editor of *The Cornelian*, an annual publication, and in his senior year he started a weekly illustrated paper, *Cocaigne*, which was instantly successful, but which, lacking his editorial skill and enthusiasm after he graduated, presently ceased to exist.

Although he was a student he was not a book-worm, and he had always ample time and inclination for the social side of college life. There are songs sung by the students to-day which were written by him. Within a few weeks after coming to Cornell he joined the Kappa Alpha fraternity, for which he always retained an abiding affection. Here he first met his most cherished friends, and while he was well known to all the men of his time at the University, it was only to these that the full depth and breadth of his character were revealed.

Very early in life he showed a strong bent for the study of languages, and the rules of the University allowing him much liberty in the choice of his work during the third and fourth years, he devoted himself enthusiastically to this study. He was encouraged and advised in particular by two men, concerning whom he always afterward spoke with gratitude and affection—Willard Fiske, professor of the North-European languages, and T. F. Crane, professor of the Romance languages. Under their instruction he became familiar with German, Swedish, Icelandic, French, and Italian; and in these tongues, as well as in Danish and Spanish, he later acquired excellent conversational facility, while in Icelandic he became a philological authority. It was the influence of Professor Fiske that first directed his attention to the Norse languages, and developed in him an enthusiasm for what presently became his life work.

A warm friendship grew up between student and instructor. During his senior year Mr. Reeves read with interest and admiration Tegner's well-known poem, *Frithiof's Saga*. It formed the subject of his graduation thesis, and metrical translations of various parts of it were written by him for *The Era*, as for example the following (February 8, 1878):—

'FRITHIOF ON THE SEA.

'See the clouds the welkin moiling !
Thunders through the desert roam ;
From the depths the waves up-boiling
Fleck the surface o'er with foam—
Lightnings in the heavens streaking
Here and there a bloody band—
While the sea-birds, shrilly shrieking,
Seek their nests upon the strand.

And again (March 22, 1878):—

'Spring has come: the birds are twittering,
Forests leaving ; smiles the sun,
And the loosened floods, low murmuring,
Dancing down to ocean run.

Glowing now, as Freja's blushes,
 Spreads the rose its doors apart,
 And in manly breasts awaken
 Love of life and hope and heart.'

In the summer of 1878, after graduation, he went abroad. In Paris he met Andrew D. White, who had been President of Cornell while he was a student, as well as Professor Fiske, and he travelled with the latter to Berlin, visiting on the way Rheims, Trèves, Brunswick, Magdeburg, and Wittenburg. In Berlin he frequently met Bayard Taylor, then American Minister to Germany, and he always cherished the recollection of a delightful intercourse with that able and genial man. He afterwards visited Spain, but was repelled by the forbidding and cheerless aspect of Castile, and when he reached London on his return, he thus expressed his satisfaction in a letter to his mother:—

'TAVISTOCK HOTEL,
 November 11, 1878.

'I do so enjoy this dingy, smoky, dirty city after France and Spain. I like the fog, I like the rain, I like the man that drops his "haitches," I like the obsequious flunkey that stands behind my back at meal time, and looks at me with superior disdain when I ask for another bit of bread, and only comes out of his sphere and deigns to notice my request when it has been thrice repeated. I like the "boots" who brings me a package, saying, "I suppose now Sir, as this wouldn't be for you Sir, would it Sir?" as well knowing as myself that it couldn't possibly be for any one else. I like the foaming English beer, though it does make me bilious. I like the cabman that charges me over-fare, recognizing that I am native of a country that, (bless it!) with all its faults—and they aren't chronicled in any one day—is the best upon which the sun ever shone. . . .

Thy devoted Son,
 ARTHUR.'

When he returned to Richmond, he found himself for a short time with little to do. He thus wrote to his college friend, Mr. James H. Peirce:—

'February 13, 1879.

'I trust our friendship has by this time come to be of so mature a vintage that it will improve with age; and I for one fancy I will enjoy the days of companionship all the more when they do come because they have been so long deferred. I am just now drifting. When Jenkinson came back—the mighty editor of the no less mighty *Palladium* (long may it flaunt its inspired pages in the faces of an admiring multitude! the subscription list is looking up)—when, I say, he came, after a lengthy council (cigars instead of pipes) we both arrived at the conclusion that the sheet could not afford to be Hydra-headed as to editors-in-chief, and as I did not care to do anything but edit, I stepped forthwith down and out. You, I know, with your proneness to magnify my editorial gifts, will harbour the base thought that my departure was due to coercion,

and was not, as I have led you to believe, quite voluntary. Suggest it in your next, and I will bring affidavits and get an alibi or anything that may be necessary to substantiate my statements. Yes, I am drifting. Daily I thrice feed. Nightly my brows are steeped in sleep. The days speed by. Beer hath no charms. The subtle cigarette lies undisturbed and I am drifting. . . .’

But he did not drift long. He had planned with Professor Fiske a journey to Iceland for the coming summer, and he now began to prepare for it by a careful study of the Icelandic language. His eagerness to acquire this was stimulated by his interest in Norse literature, and soon after reaching Iceland, he found that he was able not only to understand but to talk with considerable fluency.

The principal events in this Icelandic tour are given in letters to his family, and in a narrative of part of the journey which was written shortly after his return, but was never completed. His first letter after leaving Scotland is written to his mother.

‘LEITH, S. S. *Camoens*,

July 12, 1879.

‘MY DEAR MOTHER:—

‘At five o’clock this afternoon we sighted Iceland—hazy and indistinct, but still Iceland—. I sent a short note from the boat Wednesday just before we sailed, which will inform you of my latest movements up to that time. At seventeen minutes after four we swung out from the pier, and in the rain steamed out through the Firth of Forth to the right of Inchkeith and then up the Scottish coast. At seven in the evening we passed the Bell Light on Inchcape Rock and thought of Ralph the Rover, at least we would have done so could we have remembered—as it was, our memory was like the Rock, somewhat hazy. The next day we were still skirting the coast, and shortly after six in the evening we crossed the Pentland Firth and drove into the Orkneys.—We had been rolling well during the day—here we found smooth water and were happy. . . . Last evening at this time—half-past five—we were passing the southernmost of the Faeroe Islands, and grand they were, great mountains in the sea, weird and fantastic in shape, black streaked rock walls, their nakedness here and there softened with patches of pale green, while up toward their summits were small bits of snow visible through the rifts in the clouds which hung over the tops of these lonely giants. Now we are in sight of our ultima thule—of *the* Ultima Thule. To-morrow morning if nothing happens we shall be at Húsavík, where, as I wrote, we purpose leaving the steamer to proceed overland to Reykjavík.’

‘*Sunday Morning*,

July 13, 1879.

‘I am writing within the Arctic Circle. Think of it and keep in the shade! It is very cool, but we are well prepared for it and do not feel it. We are now four hours from Húsavík, and should be there at about two o’clock this afternoon. . . . The hills are covered with snow, in some places stretching down to the shore. Black rock masses tower above the water thousands of feet, desolate enough they look and like themselves alone. I have never seen such

mountains before. We see numbers of fishing-vessels in the distance, individuals of the eight to ten thousand which spend the months from the first of May to the last of September on these fishing banks—the best in the world. With a love that cannot be bounded by the Arctic Circle, I am, in the best of health and spirits,

ARTHUR.'

Upon his arrival in Húsavík commences his uncompleted narrative:—

'On a bluff above the sea were the pitch-coated store-house and dwelling of the factor of the Danish company which has a trading establishment here. Clustered about these plain two-storied frame buildings, and scattered along the bluff to the right and left, were many of the indigenous turf-and-wood cots. The bright flag of Denmark floating above the sombre dwelling, the little knots of people gathered on the bluff and along the narrow strip of shore below, showed the interest which the vessel just arrived in the roads was exciting in the little hamlet.

'The ship's boat was lowered and captain and passengers were conveyed to the shore, where the smiling factor Herra Þorður Guðbjörnson greeted us, and leading the way up the hill and along the bluff to his dwelling, ushered us into his low-ceiled sitting-room, and then fell to passing cigars and opening bottles of Sauterne, to which he invited his fifteen or twenty guests, not one of whom he had ever seen before.

'An hour later the entertainment was brought to an abrupt termination, and the passengers were summoned on board the steamer by the shrill whistle which, ringing out in the clear sky, awoke the echoes in the mountains and filled the air with sea-fowl startled by the unusual sound.

'The Professor and I, as we were going no farther with the steamer, stood on the edge of the bluff and watched it through the offing, and until it was shut out from sight behind the snow-capped mountain range beyond the bay. Herra Guðbjörnson, arousing us from an incipient reverie, begged us in excellent English to accept a room in his house, and become his guests during our stay in Húsavík. After he had introduced us to his wife, he left us in order to attend to the wants of certain of his customers, who, notwithstanding the fact that it was Sunday, had come in to purchase supplies. Patiently biding the issue of these transactions, the farmers' ponies stood huddled together in a little group before the shop door, fast asleep. . . .

'The Professor soon fell to practising his Icelandic upon the factor's little son. . . .

'The boy, having first patiently answered the Professor's questions, soon began to acquire in return so much English as to be able to repeat the alphabet and count from one to fifteen; an accomplishment which he displayed when his father returned, with imperturbable gravity, the common inheritance of his race, a trait which appeared more remarkable, in one of his immature years, when dinner was announced, for he received the summons with no more manifest evidence of gratification than we, although he was full as ravenous, as he presently showed. We had spread before us a mighty meal of halibut, mutton, smoked salmon, eggs of wild-fowl, potatoes, rye and wheaten bread. The eggs of wild-fowl, which form a staple dish upon the Icelandic table, are excellent, and it is well they are, for domestic fowl do not thrive. Vegetables of all kinds are very scarce and, except at the trading-stations and the more progressive farmsteads, no attempt is made to cultivate them. Potatoes are the only vegetables raised in any abundance on the island.

‘Herra Guðbjörnson, when we informed him of the route we had projected across the country to Reykjavík, surprised us with the statement that it would be impossible to procure ponies in the sparsely peopled region about Húsavík to bear us farther on our way than Akuréryri, the leading trading station on the north coast. . . . The scarcity of ponies was accounted for by the fact that we had arrived in the midst of the haying season, when their services were in greatest demand. The hay is packed in great bundles upon the little animals, in such quantity as to hide them almost entirely, and is thus conveyed by them from the outlying meadows to the hay-yard hard by the farmhouse.

‘One Pétur Jónsson was despatched to scour the adjacent country for the means of transportation. To him we surrendered our anxiety, and turned our attention to coffee which was upon the table. It was our first introduction to the national beverage. It matters not at what hour of the day or night the traveller arrives at the bæ (farmstead), coffee is upon the table within a few minutes after his arrival, and fresh coffee is produced at every available opportunity in the waking hours. Before meals, after meals, and between meals coffee is always in order. In view of these facts it is well for the stranger that Icelandic coffee is of unexceptional quality. . . . The only indifferent coffee served to us in Iceland—and it was by no means undrinkable—was prepared by a Dane.

‘At eleven o’clock, when we separated for the night, the heavens were still ablaze with the glory of the sunset. The fiery after-glow never entirely forsakes the sky at this season of the year, but gradually subdues its fiercer lights into the first soft flush of dawn. Had we come but three weeks earlier in the summer, we would have been treated to a week of uninterrupted day-light, and even at this time the window of our room was shrouded by a white dimity curtain, designed to produce an artificial night within the chamber, which design was not crowned with success.

‘The unusual light might have induced wakefulness had it not been for the beds; they firmly refused to be trifled with. Icelandic beds are composed of two huge bags of eider-down, between which he who would sleep sandwiches his person, bestowing his nether extremities with great care, for the bags of down, although of a mighty thickness, are full short for men of average stature. When this has been satisfactorily accomplished and he is comfortably established in his bed, a man may bid defiance to insomnia and jeer at severest cold. And now, having exhibited the merits of both coffee and beds, I may add that we very soon fell into the custom of the land, and learned to combine the two with easy grace and lazy comfort, albeit the Professor did endeavour to ingulf himself in eider-down on that first morning when a fair-haired Icelandic maiden appeared at his bedside with the coffee-tray. . . .

‘The shop of the Húsavík establishment adjoined the dwelling-house. It was a low, deal-lined, dingy room, filled the live-long day with odd customers and strange odours. . . . Every purchase made at the trading-station, from the timbers out of which the dwelling-houses are constructed to the equally important coffee, must be packed across the country upon the backs of the sturdy little beasts that stand asleep before the door of the shop while their owners are bargaining within.

‘The different Icelandic products are wool, salt and dried fish, train-oil, eider-down, salt meat, lamb-skins, blue and white fox-skins, salt roe, woollen gloves and stockings, swan-skins and vaðmal. Of these, the first four are the leading articles among the exports. These various articles the customer barter for those foreign wares of which he may stand in need.

Money is very scarce, its only considerable source being a Scotch house which conducts its transactions in cash. This Scotch house buys large numbers of ponies for use in the English mines, and pays the Icelandic farmer for them in money, which the farmer in turn pays to his merchant, by whom it is as certainly despatched to Copenhagen; from whence there is no authenticated instance of its ever having been returned. This unfortunate condition of affairs occasionally results in a ludicrous deadlock in business; the Danish merchants in the early spring not being able at times to pay the harbour-tax upon cargoes consigned to them until the Scotch steamer has made its first purchases and the farmers have come in to the trading stations with the money thus obtained.

‘The next house in Húsavík, in point of size, to the buildings belonging to the trading company, was the gaol, a neat two-story frame building having a brick chimney, a feature not to be overlooked in a land where chimneys, when they exist at all, are usually fashioned of wood. Iceland had no sooner regained her liberty than, oddly enough, she immediately set about building prisons. If an increased demand for such structures was anticipated, it was certainly not realized. During the three or four years that have elapsed since its completion, no one has occupied the Húsavík prison in a professional capacity. The people admire it and approve it; but there they stop, they will not encourage it. . . .

‘With the exception of the three or four mountain-ashes at Akuréryri, the pride and marvel of the nation, there are no trees, properly so called, on the island. There are a few coppices in the land, it is true, which, in default of anything more worthy to bear the name, the Icelanders call forests, but the largest tree in these forests would scarce yield a post to swing a gate. Mention is made in the sagas of forests in Iceland which extended from the mountains to the sea, forests which, had their trees been no larger than those of the present time, would in all likelihood have been mentioned only in ridicule by the colonists, many of whom were born and reared under ‘the tall pines of Norwegian hills.’ The trees of these saga forests have disappeared long since, but their trunks are still occasionally unearthed from the peat bogs of the island.

‘Pétur Jónsson, who had been despatched to seek for horses, approved himself worthy of the trust, appearing on the second day after our arrival with the requisite number. At noon of the third day we were in readiness for the start. Three of the seven ponies that composed our little cavalcade we were to ride, two were sumpter animals, and two, unburdened at the outset, were intended to serve later on as relays. The pack-saddles were rude contrivances of wood and rope, resting upon a blanket of turf designed to protect the pony’s back—a purpose which it has been known in isolated instances to accomplish. Upon the pegs fixed in the pack-saddle the small wooden trunks containing our luggage were hung.

‘Fru Guðbjörnsdóttir insisted upon our having coffee before we set out; then a mutual good health (skál) was drunk in champagne; we mounted our ponies and, following Pétur’s lead, trotted out of the hamlet, the entire populace of Húsavík, men, women and children, watching us the while with obvious though placid interest. The two pack-animals and the two relays were fastened together, the head of one to the tail of the other, by a frail horse-hair rope which broke frequently, and which Pétur, who led the little train, repaired on each occasion with admirable patience. Three or four miles out, the animals having become acquainted with each other, the connecting ropes were removed, and Pétur dropped behind to

see that no appetizing wayside herb or enticing tuft of grass allured any one of the horses from his duty. . . .

‘From Húsavík our path led through a hummocky heath, on the edge of which the trading-station was situated, to the summit of a sandy fell, whence we had an admirable view of the valley below, the little hamlet, the mirror-like bight of the Skjálfandi beyond, and far in the background the deep blue of the snow-crowned range of Víknafjöll. Beyond the broad sandy desert which we now entered we crossed through a series of sand-banks into a great field of lava. The desolate and forbidding black masses, frozen in their writhings, among which the path wound and twisted, were here and there split into tiny clefts or half concealed grotts, where some air-bubble had burst in the molten mass before it cooled. In these shady nooks, the brighter and fresher from the grimness of their surroundings, were dainty tufts of fern-fronds, pale green moss, and delicate flowers. Ferns are found in Iceland only in such rifts and crevices, and thus they get the pretty name, rift-grass. . . .

‘On the further side of the lava we left the bridle-path and came upon a road through the moor-land which lay before us. An Icelandic road is from ten to fifteen feet in width, bordered by parallel rows of boulders. Where the road leads through marshes a causeway of turf and earth called a bridge is thrown up; bridges over streams are, with one or two minor exceptions, not to be found in the island.

‘Nine hours out from Húsavík we passed the first farm-house, and still, the guide informed us, we were a long way from our destination. It must have been after two o’clock in the morning when Pétur aroused us from the lethargic state into which we had sunk, with the information that this was the Ásbyrgi. I record a doubt as to the exact hour, for, from the day we landed until we reached Reykjavík, we were plunged in obscurity in our reckoning. It was impossible to determine the time by the movements of an erratic sun that suited his own convenience in the matter of rising and setting, coming up, reeling through the heavens and finally going down, in such distracted fashion that you might imagine the odd experience of finding himself in such far northern latitudes had turned his head. We had intended to change our Scotch time in Húsavík, but Herra Guðbjörnson’s watch varied nearly an hour from his clock, and he had no good cause for believing that either of them was within an hour or two of the true time.

‘We had ridden up to the opening of a broad gorge between two gigantic walls of rock. Through this rift, at the base of the towering wall at our left, lay the path, which followed it to its apex and came back under a similar wall on the opposite side, describing a perfect V, about the huge wedge-shaped mass or “island,” as it is called, that by some mighty convulsion was wrested from the mainland and left lying in the plain several thousand feet away. The four walls of the Ásbyrgi (i. e. the enclosure of Ás, a neighbouring farmstead) were of similar heights, not less than four hundred feet. The sides of the island lay parallel throughout their entire length, one or two miles, with the corresponding walls of the mainland. The grassy plain between these parallel cliffs was dotted in many places with low birch coppice. An old tradition relates that the sea at one time surrounded the so-called island and that there were then iron rings inward in the island to which ships’ cables might be fastened.

‘A thick fog settled down upon us as we were leaving the gorge upon the farther side, but through it we somehow found our way to the farm-house at Ás. Pétur struck the low door

thrice with the wooden stock of his whip (there is a danger of bringing the devil to the door in Iceland if you rap less than three times), and shortly thereafter the half-clad farmer appeared in the doorway. He was rubbing his eyes, to be sure, but from sleep rather than surprise. You might have imagined that he was accustomed to receive foreigners at three or four o'clock every morning in the year, if you sought in his behaviour a betrayal of his feelings. He uttered the usual greeting "Sælir verið þjer!" ("Blessed be you!") in precisely the same monotone with which, later in the day he gave us its reverse, the stereotyped farewell, "Verið þjer sælir!" ("Be you blessed!") Having thus greeted us, he ushered us through a very low, very narrow, and very dark passage into the best room of the house; a room rather larger than a large-sized packing-case, which it was not in other respects unlike, save in the matters of a window which would not open and a door which would not shut.

'Five minutes after we had entered, a woman appeared with coffee. There was no evidence of phlegmatic indifference in *her* conduct. She placed the tray upon the table, folded her arms, and stopped and watched us drink, scrutinizing us from head to foot with the utmost self-possession. When the novelty of the situation had somewhat dissipated, our hostess vanished, only to reappear a few moments later with four great bags of down (two beds) and two lesser bags of down (two pillows). The three or four pack-trunks, and the two chairs which, with the table, formed the entire furniture of the room, resolved themselves suddenly into two bedsteads, and then, though not without obvious reluctance, our hostess consented to leave us to ourselves. The Professor, with eyes turned toward my pack-trunk bedstead and the saddle which served as bolster beneath my pillow, murmured as his eyes closed in slumber "an admirable bed for a night-mare!"

'We were in the saddle again before noon, and following the path over the rolling sands, soon came to the high bank above the Jökulsá, a swift, turbid river which has its source in the great Vatnajökull, a mighty mountain of ice in the south-eastern corner of the island, whose desolate glaciers and ice-fields have been crossed but once. Of their extent and character there is no definite knowledge. Between our path and the river we passed the Ljóðaklettur, a huge basaltic crag, its entire side covered with weird and grotesque forms wrought in the rock, columns radiating from a common centre, forming a monster Catharine wheel or the star of some Titanic order, and columns ranged perpendicularly like the pipes of some supernatural organ or the transverse section of a magnified honeycomb. A few miles beyond, set upon a gay green knoll, we found the bæ *Svínadalr*, an improvement upon *Ás*, but not so decided as to make the contrast glaring.

'We had made this wide detour to *Svínadalr* through one of the most barren shires for the sake of visiting *Detifoss*, the mightiest waterfall of Iceland. It was now only a few miles away, and the impulse to hasten grew so strong upon us that we determined to press on at once.

'The *Svínadalr bóndi* (farmer) having consented to act as guide, we left behind us baggage and baggage-horses and galloped off. Late in the night we came to a little valley, where we were called upon to leave our ponies and clamber up the steep cliff which formed one of its sides, to a broad lava platform above. There was no vestige of a path, nor could we have followed it, if there had been, through the dense fog which had settled about us. The roar of falling water served as our guide, however, and we came out at length

upon a ledge beside the cataract. Great clouds of spray swept up from the river far below us, increasing the fog and throwing an impenetrable veil over the fall. Vainly we waited, hoping that the fog might lift. Once or twice as we watched, the veil parted for an instant, and through the rift great volumes of slaty-white glacier water were revealed, pouring in a vertiginous mass from the turbulent river into the clouds below. Chilled with the driving spray, wearied by the long ride, and above all sorely disappointed, we turned back over the lava to our ponies.

'The sun had already risen and the mists were dissolving from the green valley when we came again to Svínadalr. The name of this farmstead, Swine-dale, is now a misnomer, for the swine which abounded in the saga period have long since disappeared from Iceland, and sheep have now become almost the sole considerable property of the Icelandic farmer. The Swinedale bóndi, who was rather below than above the average in wealth, owned three hundred sheep, twelve horses, and three cows. He could pasture, so he told us, fifteen hundred sheep in the region about his farm during the summer, "but," he added, "I cannot get from my meadows hay in sufficient quantity to feed during the winter a greater number than I now have in my flock." No cereals are raised in Iceland, and the grass, which is so important a product, is not cultivated, but is mowed whenever it is found to have attained the height of from four to six inches.

'When we again set out from Svínadalr, the bóndi was with us to aid us in finding the way, which had no other mark than a long line of cairns stretching across the desert as far as we could see; this was not far at the outset, for it was a misty, lowering morning, and the fogs hung thick about us. As the day advanced, however, the mists lifted, slowly at first, until, a strong breeze springing up, toward noon they rolled away suddenly, discovering a broad plain of sand enclosed on the southern horizon by a chain of purple mountains. From the base of the mountains we could trace the glittering line of the glacier-river through the sands until it disappeared among a group of rocky crags abreast of us, but many miles away. From behind these crags long columns of white vapour rising in the clear air betokened Dettifoss.

"Is it impossible to reach the fall from here?" I asked the Swinedale man. "I don't know. There is no path. We might try," he replied.

'The Professor, believing himself unequal to the rough ride, Swinedale and I left him and Pétur to plod their slow way to a little lake which we could see miles away beside the path, and here they agreed to await our return. Directing our path by the vapour clouds, we sped over hill and valley until, at eight or nine miles' distance from the path, we came upon the place where we had left the ponies on the occasion of our previous visit. Swinedale having first tied our steeds, the head of each to the tail of the other, we left them by the dry haulms of a bunch of bent-grass, and took our way up the cliff, across the platform, and out upon the ledge beside the mighty fall.

'A violent convulsion of nature, which had riven the solid rock of the river-bed, had left after it an abyss in the basalt stretching the entire width of the stream, and broken only by a great fissure which reached far into the wall upon the western side. Over this precipice, a fall of between two and three hundred feet, the slaty-white water of the glacier-river thundered into its new bed below, the divided waters, rushing into the fissure on the western side, met before they reached the bottom with such force that they sent great columns of white spray

whirling into the air, so dense as utterly to conceal the falling torrents at the apex of the angular rift. The ill-hued, angry water, the dull, forbidding basaltic crags on either side, and the huge black cliffs which shut in the stream below, added desolation to a scene of awful grandeur. The only trace of life or bright colour visible was a grass-grown ledge below the fall, where the pale green moss and tender sward were bedewed eternally with the sprays which swept up from the driving waters.

‘Mr. Baring-Gould, who was the first foreigner to visit Dettifoss, says in concluding his account of the fall: “Dettifoss is not only the finest sight in Iceland, but it is quite unequalled in Europe; it amply repays the toil of a journey to its fastnesses, and I am sure that any future visitor will be of opinion that I have underrated its wonders.” To this I do not hesitate to add that, excepting only Niagara, of which it is a worthy rival, it has no peer in America, and I marvel that since the time of Mr. Baring-Gould’s visit, it has received so little attention from the omnivagant tourist.

‘A short distance above Dettifoss the river broke over a cliff in a series of picturesque cascades, which having been nameless hitherto we decided to call Vínlandsfoss, in common honour to our country and its Icelandic discoverers; and then, retracing our steps to our ponies, we mounted and galloped back to the Professor and Pétur. These we found in an abandoned hovel beside a lake, drinking tea. . . .

‘Swinedale left us here to pursue our way over the broad belts and ridges of volcanic sand to the great fields of grim, swart lava—the once fiery vomit of the infernal Krafla, a volcano which, after a terrible series of eruptions, burst asunder in impotent fury about the middle of the last century. Since that time it has preserved the same gloomy quiet under the same forbidding exterior which it presented to our eyes. Existing evidences are not wanting, however, of the fierce internal heat, for below us in the valley which we entered was a hill-side steaming with innumerable solfataras that joined their reeking vapours with those of the filthy, sputtering mud-springs at the base of the hill. A few miles to the southward of these springs the sands of the desert parted a year ago, and a molten flood poured forth through the crevasse, deluging the plain for miles around. Our path led us through a narrow mountain pass a short distance above the steaming sulphur vents, and we traversed this shadowy defile until the great lake of northern Iceland, Mývatn, appeared in the plain before us. By the shore of the lake, in a sequestered nook hemmed in at sides and back with black, fantastic lava walls, we presently discovered the farmstead of Reykjahlíð.’

At this point Mr. Reeves’ narrative of his Icelandic journey came to an end. But the rest of the story was told in his letters to the family at home. Here follows one written to his mother:—

‘Sunday afternoon we took a seven hours’ ride to the sulphur vents and mud volcanoes over the hill Mývatn, and then to the extinct volcano Krafla, which in the last century deluged the Mývatn valley with lava. My barometer showed the height of the volcano to be 2700 feet, and the view from its summit was grand beyond comparison. Monday morning we left Reykjahlíð for Ljósavatn. At about two o’clock we came down into the Laxádalr, forded the river and

rode up to Þverá; here we found the best bæR we have thus far seen. Everything about it was scrupulously neat and clean (by no means, alas! the rule). Our dinner was capital, the tablecloth snowy white, silver forks, &c., excellent china; and this the bill of fare:—Upon our arrival, coffee (glorious) and fancy English or Danish biscuits; then the miðdagsverður (midday meal)—rye-bread, smoked salmon cut into thin slices, hot bread and milk with raisins, cold mutton, skýr (a national dish much like junket, only thicker and better—how it is made I will know of course, before I return) with cream and sugar, then more coffee. The proprietor was an official, and both himself and wife were wonderfully bright and educated (though indeed the poorest Icelander is marvellously well-read in his own literature, and with no limited knowledge of the outside world). They would accept nothing by way of remuneration, and seemed to enjoy our short stay very much. After our two hours' rest we rode on to Ljósavatn, reaching there at about two in the morning. The bæR was soon opened at the mystic three raps, and after two tremendous bowls of milk by way of substitute for coffee we turned in. The next morning we rode down to the Góðafoss, which is a fine waterfall in the Skjálfanda fljót, which we had crossed the night before in this wise:—our luggage, saddles and selves were ferried over in a boat, and the horses, at a call from Pétur, plunged into the dashing stream and in line swam over to our side of the flood. The ponies are all and more than I had expected. They are as sensible as human beings, and much more sure-footed. After we had seen the Góðafoss, we came on here, making one stop at Háls for coffee, and fording a deep and swift stream a few miles this side of Háls.

'Night before last at eleven o'clock we reached the summit of the fell on the other side of the fjord from Akuréryri. The sun was just setting, and the snow-capped mountain-tops around us were bathed with a soft rosy flush; the sky (as is the habit with the Icelandic sky) was prodigal in its colours and tints, and the bank of clouds around the setting sun, of a deep red copper, threw a soft light over the narrow winding fjord. Right below us, on the opposite side of the fjord, Akuréryri, with five or six ships before it, seemed a seaport in miniature, and the whole scene was such a one as neither pen nor brush might hope to depict. Leaving our horses at the base of the fell, we were rowed over the fjord, and came up to the door of the hotel at half past two o'clock. Yesterday we were scarcely up when visitors began to arrive. First there was the assistant editor of the newspaper *Norðanfari*, then the agent of the Danish company, one Herra Laxdal (curious name by the way; it means Salmon valley), the priest and the librarian. We visited the library first, and saw amongst the books the collection which the Professor sent out here in 1874 at the time of the Millennial; then Herra Laxdal insisted on our going down to his house for a cup of coffee; then we called on the librarian, then on the editor of *Norðanfari*, a man seventy-seven years old. But a fine old gentleman he is; he fairly cried with joy, he was so glad to see us, and brought on (or rather his wife did) more coffee. Then we went to the apothecary's to buy something to take out a grease-spot on my trousers; he insisted on our having some beer at least, seeing we wouldn't have any coffee, so in sheer despair we submitted to beer and cigars, and then went home and vowed we wouldn't let anybody else in till we had digested some of the coffee. I have made a rough calculation of the number of coffees we shall probably have to drink before we leave here, and I think it will not be less than two hundred. We purpose remaining here until next Tuesday, then we shall go across the island on ponies to Reykjavík.

'This is one of the most northern towns in the world (lat. 65° 40'), the second largest in Iceland, and a picturesque little place, claiming a population of something over three hundred. The houses are all constructed of timber, (the bæer in the country are built of turf with board fronts). There are three or four trading-houses, a hospital, church, two newspaper-offices, an apothecary's shop, a school, &c. It is beautifully situated near the end of Eyafjörðr. We are both well; each left Húsavík with a cold, but have dispensed with that luxury, and feel ourselves equal to almost anything. Two or three o'clock in the morning seems late in America. Here there is no late, it is light always. You go to bed when you feel so disposed, and rise ditto. It is almost impossible to get off in the morning, when travelling, before eleven o'clock, and that necessarily brings the terminal hour of the day's ride late into the night. The people are intelligent and most accommodating, never sullen or disposed to be incensed at anything you say or do. The roads are bridle-paths through hummocky heaths, over sandy wastes, or through masses of distorted lava and stones. I have one fault to find—that lies in the matter of cleanliness; in the poorer bæer the beds are not what they should be, and the food is occasionally of rather a conglomerate character, but a ravenous appetite and a sleepy head stick not at such trifles.

'The language is the most difficult I have ever attempted. I can understand very well, and am getting so that I can make my wants understood, but cannot hope to have anything like a thorough knowledge of it for some time yet.

'The *Norðanfari* is out this morning, and contains a notice of us which I have marked in the copy I send you. Perhaps I had better translate it. "Travellers—The 22nd of this month came to this town from the Western World, two travellers, who are called Willard Fiske, Professor from Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, who in Iceland's millennial year of 1874, sent to the libraries in Reykjavík and Akurýri some thousands (selected) of good books, and Mr. Arthur M. Reeves, of Richmond Ind. . . . All Icelanders ought to receive such guests, and that gladly, and soften their paths, for they are both excellent men."

'REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND,

August 21, 1879.

'DEAR MOTHER:—

. . . The 30th of July, through a drizzling rain, we rode out from the little town of Akurýri. Our good friends had invited themselves to accompany us a short distance on our way, utterly regardless of the rain. The Icelander seems, from my observation, to be indifferent to the pains of fatigue, exposure and hunger, an indifference bred of the life to which he is born. In our party were the editor of the newspaper *Norðlinga*, the *syslarmaðr*, or governor of the shire in which Akurýri is situated, the surgeon-general of the northern portion of the island, the apothecary and assistant, the librarian, the three leading merchants of the town and ourselves. Our guide with the pack-train was to follow us at a more leisurely pace, and to meet us in the afternoon. We galloped out over the hills at a gait which I could see was causing the Professor inwardly to bemoan the fate which has given us such good friends, friends who were totally unacquainted with our normal pace—a leisurely walk—and who evidently thought that life out of a gallop would be a burden unbearable to the American professor. One of the party, out of the fulness of his heart, loaned me his own pony, which travelled like a whirlwind. He

was so overflowing with life, this little animal, that it was useless to attempt to hold him, so I resigned myself to the situation, and dashed away at such a rate that I rose and fell over the hills and valleys as if I had been seated in a boat rocked by the swift succeeding waves. . . .

'A short distance beyond Möðruvellir our party halted on a bright green knoll. Sauterne was produced, healths were drunk all around, a farewell speech was made by the surgeon-general, wishing us a pleasant journey and all that, a general handshaking followed, and so we separated from all our friends save the editor, they riding back to Akurýri; but he decided to bear us company to our halting-place for the night, the home of his sister-in-law. The guide had come up with the pack-train, and, at a more subdued pace, we continued our way to Baegisá. We arrived there at about eight o'clock in the evening, and found the bæR an excellent timber house. Our rooms were in the second story, rather an unusual lodgment, for very few Icelandic houses boast of more than one story. The proprietor of the bæR, Séra Arnljótr was absent in Reykjavík—a member of the Althing, the congress now sitting here. We were however, none the less hospitably received on this account, but found a warm welcome and most excellent accommodations.

'The next morning we rode on up the valley, giant mountains towering above us on either hand, lighted by a bright sun, with bits of cloud-shade chasing each other up their sides. As we came toward the head of the valley we were met by a rain-cloud which kept us in comparative darkness for some hours, but only to throw a brilliant bow of promise over the valley, and a bright light, which, playing on the reddish brown fells (lined here and there with brilliant green, wherever a rivulet of melted snow shot down the mountains) laid before us a brilliant changing panorama of colour that might seek in vain an equal on the globe. At seven o'clock we stopped at an humble bæR at the head of the valley, and had lunch from our store brought from Edinboro', and a bowl of milk, a bowl from which, according to the custom of the country, we each drank in turn. Hence we started over the Öxnadalshéiði (Oxen-river-heath), a ride which would a few years since have been most arduous, but which a recently constructed road has rendered much less tiresome. Over the heath and then around to the right, to the north again into the valley of the Norðrá (North river), and so into the broad low lands of the Hjeraðsvatn. At last, after a struggle through a marsh which threatened to mire our horses, we rode up to the bæR of Flugumýri at ten o'clock in the morning. It had been a long ride, almost twenty-four hours, from one o'clock one day to ten o'clock of the next. We went to bed at once; I having my bed made for me in the church—and so comfortable I found it that the Professor followed my lead at night, for we had two nights' sleep at Flugumýri, though one of them was taken in the daytime.

'The bóndi at Flugumýri (Fly-marsh) was the father of three buxom girls, who in their several ways assisted their parent in discharging the functions of host; one superintending the making of our beds and the preparation of our meals, the other playing the guitar, and the third flitting around and occasionally resting long enough for us to feast our eyes on her by no means homely face. . . . Where foreign influence has not obtained foothold, the women of the house never sit at meals with you, and it still remains a question in my mind whether they ever eat.

'Saturday, August 2, we rode down the valley to Hofstaðr, where, after a cup of coffee, we procured the bóndi's son to act as our assistant guide, and rode up over a slight hill into the

valley of Hjalta. In spite of the fact that we had two guides, we lost our way for some time in a marsh; but though the delay was a little vexatious, it was nothing more, and we at length reached Hólar in safety. Here is the largest church in the island outside of Reykjavík, a church built of stone and dating from Catholic times; here was one of the first printing-offices in the island, and here Bishop Guðbrand in 1584 printed his translation of the Bible. . . . In an old chest in the loft of the cathedral we were shown a mass of books worth probably hundreds of dollars, old Latin tomes, manuscripts, and early Icelandic texts—it is to be regretted that some one who knows their value and has the authority to send them to the library in Reykjavík has not discovered them before this.

‘While I was viewing the cathedral, I had been revolving a project in my mind, which was nothing more nor less than, if such a thing were possible, to go to Drangey. But where and what is Drangey? . . . Grettir was the William Tell of Iceland, a Tell about whose authenticity there can be no shadow of doubt; there is not a child in Iceland to-day who is not familiar with the name of Grettir. On the Drang island, Grettir, an outlaw, had taken refuge, and here, in the year 1031, unable to defend himself (as illness had rendered him powerless), he was basely slain. . . . In Grettir’s day Drangey was accessible only by a rope-ladder, and it was up this ladder that his foes, owing to the treachery of Grettir’s servants, were enabled to ascend when they came upon foul deed intent. The succeeding centuries however, have so worn a way in the rock that the guide informed me it was now possible to climb to the top, though the ascent was difficult. So much by way of prelude. At midnight, accompanied by the guide, I galloped down the valley to the sea and along the bluff above the fjord, to Ljótstaðr, reaching there at four o’clock in the morning. The Professor was to remain at Hólar, returning the next day to Hofstaðr, where I was to meet him. At nine o’clock in the morning of August 3, I left Ljótstaðr and rode down to Hofsa. Here I procured a boat, with four strong oarsmen, and at half past one we had reached Drangey. I won’t say how difficult the climb was to the top of the island, but it was not of the easiest. The view out over the fjord, the purple mountains, the changing lights and shades on the distant valleys, and a look at the spots made interesting by the remembrance of the stirring scenes which had occurred upon them, repaid me for the trip,—a trip never before made by an Icelandic traveller. . . .’

‘At midnight we came to Hofstaðr; the Professor had arrived some two hours before, and a good night’s rest completely recovered me from the effects of the fatigues of the previous day. August 4th we went to Glaumbær, a bæ on the opposite side of the river from Flugumýri. The priest here proved a fine old gentleman, and was much interested in our translation of a Runic inscription on a gravestone which we found in the churchyard. From Glaumbær we crossed a heath into the Svartárdalr (Swart-river-dale), and rode down this narrow valley to Holtastaðr, which lies on the right bank of the Blandá. It was an excellent bæ, but unfortunately the bóndi and his wife were absent. This did not prevent our being entertained. An Icelandic home is never closed to guests. Fancy our leaving our house open when absent, and two Icelandic travellers riding up and expecting the servants to throw open the guest chamber, prepare a meal at once, make up the beds, and all quite a matter of course! . . .’

Mr. Reeves goes on to describe in similar fashion the various places he visited, the farmsteads and their occupants, the scenes celebrated in Saga history, the

clergymen, the churches, and the strange uses to which they are put as store-houses when not occupied as places of worship. At last they cross the island from 'the waters which reach out to the pole, to those which wash the shores of far-away home.' He describes 'Smoking valley,' with its steaming springs, one of them on a rock in the middle of the river—the hot bath constructed by Snorre Sturleson (the author of *The Edda*) in the thirteenth century—the salmon fisheries—the Icelandic houses. At last the travellers reach Reykjavik.

'Although the capital was crowded with the members of the Althing, come hither for the congress from all parts of the island, still we found two good rooms, though small, ready for our reception. We had been expected daily from August 2, as that was the date we had originally thought of reaching Reykjavik when we disembarked at Húsavík; and all was in readiness, even to a dish of beautiful fresh flowers on the table, flowers which in colour and beauty rival the finest productions of our gardens. . . . The most barren tract of sand, the most desolate lava-stream is dotted with blossoms in the summer season, some of which are far finer than any flowers that grow wild with us. At Akuréryri we saw pansies growing wild, as large and perfect as the finest of our cultivated double pansies. The prettiest plant we have seen, and one which, if it is possible, I shall try to bring with me, is the lambablóm (lamb-bloom). It grows in the greatest profusion in the most arid spots.'

'August 22, 1879.

'We were invited to dinner with the rector of the University last evening, and a capital dinner it was, one which would have done justice to an American housekeeper. Sunday we are invited to a banquet with the members of the Althing, and a grand affair it will doubtless prove to be. The Professor dreads it on account of the speech which he will have to make; he is now, accompanied by several Icelandic dictionaries and grammars, preparing for the occasion in the adjoining room. . . .'

After a few days more in Reykjavik the Professor and Mr. Reeves embarked on *The Diana*, a steamer in the government postal service under the command of Captain Caroc of the Danish navy, sailing entirely around the island and stopping at the various towns and trading stations. He thus writes to his sister:—

'September 1, 1879.

' . . . We went on board *The Diana* at eleven o'clock at night. The next morning at three we started, and when we went on deck at eight o'clock we were just rounding Reykjanes, a fine mass of rock reaching away out into the sea; the little light-house on its crest is the only one in Iceland. All day we skirted the coast, and as we glided by, a brilliant panorama of green plains and snowy fells unfolded itself. We ran in between the shore and the Westmen Islands and not only had we a fine view of the islands themselves, but also of their barometer. This weather-gauge of the Westmen is Seljalandsfoss, a white ribbon-like waterfall on the cliff, which forms the base of a towering mountain. When the ribbon falls perpendicularly the islanders can

venture in their small boats to the mainland, when it waves to the one side or the other they are forewarned and remain at home. As we rounded the point here, we came in sight of another much larger fall, the finest in southern Iceland—the Skógafoss (Forest Fall). Beyond was a glacier reaching right away down to the sea, and just over the crest of the snowy range above, the mighty unknown ice-desert—the Vatnajökull (Wateralp).

‘We had had many predictions of miserable weather to bear us company on our circuminsular journey, in spite of which the sun dropped down a fiery globe behind Portland Head, and the moon took up the *rôle* which his solar majesty had resigned, and added a new glory to fell and glacier and ocean. The next afternoon we turned in from the sea toward a mountain range, with the obvious intention of running it down, but as we neared the shore the mountains divided just enough to let us into a narrow fjord, up toward the head of which we came to anchor at the little trading station of Eskifjörðr.

‘Jón Olafson, the editor of the newspaper *Skuld* (The Future) published here, had been at the Professor’s house in America. He met us on the steamer with his boat, took us on shore to his home, and he and his wife and mother and coffee entertained us until a late hour. When we rowed out to the ship, the moon was just gilding the edge of the great fell, which threw its shadow over us, gradually lighting up the picturesque little village, the winding fjord and the opposite mountains, and sparkling on the snow-capped summit over which it was slowly rising. It was a sight never to be forgotten, never to be described. The next morning at daylight we were under way, and sailing out of the fjord, ran along up the coast and so into Seyðisfjörðr. As we came up to the village of the same name at its head, we fired a salute, at which the silent mountains burst into a rolling, thundering roar, that came and went, growing fainter and fainter until it finally died away. We remained here until early this morning. There is nothing remarkable about Seyðisfjörðr except its scenery. It is a perpetual source of wonder to me how they ever put so much scenery into so small an island.’

The vessel stopped at Húsavík, and later at Akuréryri. Of the latter place he writes:—

‘Our old friends were soon on board greeting us, and we have been returning the compliment on shore to-day. We have had rather a wintry day. The snow lies low down on the mountains, and there is a chill in the air that smacks of January weather. It is clearing to-night and we are to leave at midnight. Tell the small chickens that their pictures have been shown to many Icelandic mothers and daughters (the first American bairns they had ever seen) to their great amusement and delectation. Tell them also that the little children here ride on ponies when they are no older than Bissel, and wear little skin moccasins, and they never have seen an apple or an orange or a banana or an oyster or a tree, and they have no dolls and are generally extremely old-fashioned and often rather uncleanly. Tell Bissel that the shipman on this ship is a very good shipman, and he hasn’t let the ship tip over yet—and tell Tots that little girls and boys of her age can read and write, not very much, but still pretty well, and give them both their uncle’s best love and quantities of it. I don’t know but that the children are more continually present with me in imagination than their elders, if such a thing might be possible.’

‘REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND,

September 11, 1879.

‘MY DEAR MOTHER :—

‘. . . We left Akuréryri on the morning of the fourth, and when we went on deck we were entering the beautiful Skagafjörðr; we passed close under Drangey, the scene of Grettir’s exploits, and steamed right away up the fjord to the south-western corner, where, on a narrow gravel beach overshadowed by high moraines, are the few houses which form the trading station of Sauðakrókr. The captain and I went on shore together, and took a short walk up one of the moraines, from which we had an excellent view of the fjord, looking out toward the open sea, and also, in the other direction, of the broad valley of Hjéradsvatn, of which I have written before. The physician of the village, who had walked up with us, invited us to his house for a cup of coffee, and who should be in the room talking with his wife but our old friends, the girls from Flugumýri and their mother. There was an affectionate greeting, but ah! what an affecting parting between the tallest daughter and me! When I came to leave, tears stood in our several eyes as we clasped our several hands, and with two several quivering voices we said farewell, probably for ever. It was touching; it was also rather exciting, for the stern parent stood by and superintended.

‘From Sauðakrókr we proceeded next day to Skageströnd in a little vík in the great Húnaflói. That same night we rounded North Cape, a magnificent mass of rock rising out of the sea and gleaming against a great belt of Northern light which flashed behind, while from the opposite side it was lighted by a brilliant moon. The next morning we lay alongside the only ship pier in Iceland, that of Isafjörðr town, which also boasts the best harbour in the island. You wind around into it through a channel so narrow that you can see the bottom on either side of the ship, but in the harbour there is anchorage for one hundred ships. The whole is shut in on all sides by great walls of rock.’

Mr. Reeves here describes the various fjords and hamlets on the way back to the capital. From Reykjavík they set out overland for the Geysers, Hekla, and the homes of Njal and Gunnar :—

‘REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND,

October 7, 1879.

‘DEAR MOTHER :—

‘. . . We, that is the Professor, Carpenter, and I, left here on September 13, reaching Þingvellir the same evening. Þingvellir (Thing-plains) is a spot around which cluster some of the most important events in Icelandic history. Here the old Thing, or law court, was held, the famous trials occurred, amongst them the most celebrated trial, that of the burners of Njal, which resulted in a great battle. Here all the great men in Iceland’s history had their booths at the great court, here it was that Christianity was decreed as the religion of the land, and here it was that we slept in a church, lapsing into a semi-congealed state as the bitter cold drafts swept over us (it was hailing and blowing great guns outside), only to wake at intervals that we might make unpleasant remarks upon Icelandic ecclesiastical architecture. . . .’

Of the Geysers he writes :—

‘A short ride brought us to the celebrated springs. These are perhaps twenty in number; the largest, of course, is the great Geysir, a broad basin in the centre of which the water boils up out of a subterranean tube as if over a slow fire, great clouds of steam rolling away as the water comes in contact with the cool air. The pool rests in an elevated basin which the mineral-impregnated waters have built up around themselves as they have overflowed during the ages that have elapsed since the great springs were created. Strokkr (The Churn), though much smaller (only five or six feet in diameter), boils down in its tube much more actively than Geysir.

‘We spent the night at Haukadalr, on the floor of the church, the beds less comfortable and the temperature lower than at Þingvellir. The next day we went down to the springs. The great Geysir’s basin was wet on the outer walls, as if there had been an eruption in the night, but he was steaming away quietly enough then. The water in the basin was so clear in the sunlight that we could plainly see the central tube leading to Hades. Turf was heaped into the mouth of Strokkr to stir his anger, but in vain. It seemed to have no effect upon him. We heaped another mass in, and waited. Still no symptoms of nausea. Then in our disgust we threw in great stones.

‘We had waited an hour. Suddenly the water boiled more vigorously, rose to the outlet of the tube, and as we ran back a column of muddy water shot up over a hundred feet into the air, hurling the stones and clods of turf out upon the bank. The first jet was followed instantaneously by another and then another, until it became a steady fountain of muddy water a hundred feet in height, occasional spurts shooting up much higher, and great clouds of intensely white steam filling the air. So it lasted for about four minutes; then, gradually decreasing in height, in six minutes we could see across the mouth of the tube, though an occasional puff sent up another and yet another small jet.

‘All the springs lie within the space of half an acre, and range in character from the filthy mud cauldron to the pool of wonderfully clear boiling water.

‘The Professor had decided to return to Reykjavík by the same way we had come, so he rode off with one of our guides. Later I was standing on the edge of Geysir’s basin preparing to pack up my photographic apparatus, when there came a thump! thump! directly under my feet; the water was more actively agitated. I hastily gathered together my apparatus and rushed down to the plain. The thumping became more and more frequent, the ground shook, great clouds of steam rolled away from the pool, the water boiled up and overflowed its basin—the thumping gradually diminished, ceased entirely, the water subsided in the basin, the quantity of steam decreased—it was the nearest approach to an eruption we were destined to see. . . .

‘The next day, through a ceaseless chilling storm of rain and hail, we rode to Stóru-vellir, from which we purposed making the ascent of Hekla. But the following morning, what we could see of Hekla was covered with new-fallen snow, it was raining dismally, and our host assured us it would be useless to attempt the ascent, for even if we succeeded in reaching the summit we could see nothing. . . . Next day we rode up to the left of the broad plain which stretches from the mountains right away to the sea, a plain once the richest in Iceland, now

devastated in its northern half by the encroachments of the Þvera, a great river, which has washed away the alluvial soil and left in its stead a desert of stones and sand.

‘In this plain the great events of the Njal Saga took place. We were on our way to Hlíðarendi where the brave Gunnar lived. A three hours’ ride brought us to our destination, just beyond the brooklet Þvera, which runs down into the great river of the same name; on a grassy knoll in the sloping side of the valley stands a modern turf hovel, where was Gunnar’s hall aforetime. Here he lived, and here, when his treacherous wife failed him, he died.’

Mr. Reeves describes the visit to the site of Njal’s home, the magnificent view of mountain, plain, river, sea and islands, his hospitable reception at the bæR beyond and the departure, next day in the rain.

‘We rode all day over a bed of ancient lava, and at midnight reached Krísuvík. Another night in a church—and oh! so bitter cold! Ulster and blanket and every wrap I had availed not. I spent the entire night shivering, and was glad enough when the first gray streaks of day found their way through the cracks in the windows. Taking an early start, we rode up to the sulphur mountain back of Krísuvík. . . . A ride as rapid as our tired horses would bear brought us to Reykjavík at two o’clock in the afternoon, and right pleasant it was to doff our water-soaked travelling accoutrements. . . .’

‘Since our return we have been calling and receiving calls, are invited out almost every day to teas and dinners, and so the time passes. . . .’

‘October 11, 1879.

‘We have received a formidable invitation to a banquet arranged for our benefit this afternoon, the last set affair of the kind before we leave, and I do not regret it. The Icelanders unfortunately have a taste for drink, which leads them to turn such an affair into a species of carousal before adjournment. It is their besetting sin, and has cut off many of their finest men in their prime. It comes doubtless from their manner of life, the entire lack of excitement, the humdrum monotony of an existence which offers no incentive to improvement—a fact which makes their intellectual advancement truly remarkable and without parallel. Their education is however, of an impractical kind for themselves, lying almost exclusively in the literature of their own and other countries. Their business is with the soil, but there are very few practical farmers on the island. The three great misfortunes under which they labour are, to my mind, (1) an oppressive Danish trade monopoly, (2) a lack of money, (3) the want of a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture. Measures are being taken by the people to rid themselves of the first two burdens, but I think the third, and to my mind most important of them all, is not yet realized as being worthy of consideration. It is the old theory of good enough for parent, good enough for child. Their fathers’ and their fathers’ fathers’ home meadows were fields of hummocks—it were a kind of sacrilege to their ancestors’ memory to plough them down and drain the water off. Besides, they have a theory of their own that grass will not grow on level ground; at least they never saw any grass growing on level ground. The square here in Reykjavík is the only absolutely level piece of meadow-land in Iceland. It is of a piece with the same unswerving faith in their ancestors’ knowledge of how to do things, that leads to a dreadful mortality. A large proportion

of the men of Iceland meet death by drowning ; yet the fishermen of to-day go out in the same open boats that have drowned their fathers and brothers. There is scarcely a bridge over a single river in Iceland. The Althing this summer has made an appropriation for the construction of two in the South. . . . We sail from here next Saturday by *The Phenix*, and hope to be in Edinburgh two weeks from to-day. Shall write immediately on arrival. With dearest love to all,

As always, thy devoted son,

ARTHUR.'

After his departure from Iceland, Mr. Reeves went to Berlin, where he remained until the end of the year. He improved his time in the German capital by attending lectures at the University on the History of the English, Norse, Italian and Modern French Literatures. He also secured the services of a student, who remained with him much of the time as a companion, the object being conversation and instruction in the German language. He thus writes in a letter to his mother on December 8:—

'My German attendant seems to be a very well-informed fellow, witty and full of talk, which has necessarily to find expression in German, for he doesn't know a word of English. I feel certain I have hit upon a good method of familiarizing myself with the pronunciation and the fluent use of a language better worth knowing than any, saving, of course, our own.

'Thy letter of November 23 came this morning, with its freight of good news and affection. I am so very glad to hear that Mary is steadily recovering, and that the little daughter is so well and strong. Whether thy motherly love can go on expanding over such a family, and still remain as strong for such an errant shoot as I realize myself to be, is the question that arises in my jealous mind. I content myself for the present with the feeling that it hasn't commenced waning yet.

'Oh, that I had Tots and Bissel¹ here for a few days ! Their great eyes would pop out of their two heads at the sight of the windows full of dolls and Christmas toys. Little dolls and big dolls, men dolls and women dolls, dolls with great heads of hair, and dolls with no hair at all, dolls skating, dolls sledding and dolls staying at home. And such a Christmas-tree as we would make ! My ! "Baby Tim"² would feel absolutely lost looking down on such strange sights as he would see on the branches below here, tin soldiers and wooden soldiers, and real live flesh-and-blood soldiers anxious to be killed at a few groschen a day. . . .

Thy devoted Son,

ARTHUR.'

Mr. Andrew D. White, who had been President of Cornell University, while

¹ His little nieces.

² A favourite doll.

Mr. Reeves was a student, was now American Minister at Berlin, and Mr. Reeves was a familiar in the family circle. On Christmas day he writes:—

‘MY DEAR MOTHER:—

‘I sent off my “Merry Christmas” the first thing this morning by telegraph, and it is the most natural thing in the world to follow it up with a letter, for I am very much more at home to-day than in Berlin. It seems so very odd to be surrounded by strange faces and unfamiliar scenes on the home-day of the year, that, Providence permitting, I do not propose to repeat the experience while it is possible for us to be together.

‘This evening the Professor (Fiske) and I dine together. It is a plan of my conception to let the Whites have an all-alone family dinner; and as the Professor is almost a member of my family, it will be my substitute for the home turkey and stuffing, and oh! such coffee! and by gracious, I believe I am almost homesick! We meet the Whites at the theatre later, and so end the day. . . .

Thy devoted Son,

ARTHUR.’

On New Year’s day he writes to his father:—

‘. . . I remained up last night until after midnight, and was amused, if not greatly edified, at a curious German custom. Promptly at twelve, up and down the streets, the windows fly open and heads fly out and houses and streets resound with the cry “Prosit Neujahr!” the equivalent to our “Happy New Year.” The uproar created by the hundreds of Neujahrs issuing from as many throats continues for half or three quarters of an hour, when the city once more relapses into comparative quiet.

‘I find it continually surprises me how this most musical of nations can countenance so many discordant sounds, in the same way that they are devoted alike to art and sausage. There are very many curious contradictions in their life, very many that I had never observed before. I am beginning to learn how easily one can err in judgment upon slight acquaintance, and how a closer insight may completely overturn a cherished hobby. But more of all this around the evening fire at home. . . .

Thy devoted Son,

ARTHUR.’

A week later he writes to his mother in regard to his little niece, born while he was away:—

‘In regard to the name for the baby, I thoroughly agree with Will, that it should be added to the great and glorious band of Marys, “whose morning drum-beat”—that is to say, whose sweet graces brighten so many homes in so many lands, upon whose will depend so many dinners and so much up-stairs work; a band that has furnished a queen for Scotland and a queen for the world, and (what is even more important), a band that has furnished the mother to this particular baby. It is the name I should have suggested, only I didn’t care to be saddled with any responsibility in

the matter ; in fine, to have Mistress Mary, in later life, upbraiding her long-suffering uncle for having imposed "that horrid name" upon her. The name in the abstract I have always liked. Such things however, go much by association, I fancy, and it was doubtless my early acquaintance with my sister that fostered the liking. . . .'

From Berlin he proceeded, near the middle of the month, to Copenhagen. It is thus that he writes home to his mother :—

'HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
January 15, 1880.

'DEAREST MOTHER :—

' . . . Thee will remember this capital and that it has the appearance of being always ready to float off. Ships poke their noses into the principal streets, and the pedestrian is at any time liable, upon turning a corner, suddenly to run off into a river, or lake, or bay, or ocean. As is usual in such cases, the inhabitants, having an over-supply of water, drink schnapps ; in the Sahara, where according to the geographies it never rains and there are no springs, the inhabitants drink water. . . .

' I have already made several calls this morning. My good friend Caroc, the captain of *The Diana*, in which we sailed around Iceland, is not in the city, so his pretty little wife informed me, but will be back to-morrow night, and "will be joyed to see you." Síra Eirikr Briem, with whom thee is already acquainted (he came from Iceland at the same time we did, and was our guest for two days at the hotel in Edinburgh), finds himself "mjög friskut"—very frisky—and is coming around to show me the Icelandic colony to-morrow. Another Icelandic friend was not at home. A Danish merchant from Reykjavík, whom I met in Iceland, was also "joyed" to see me. There are one or two other Danes left and then I can go sight seeing—or rather manuscript-seeing, for that is my first business here. . . .'

From Copenhagen he returned to Berlin, and thence at the beginning of February proceeded to London, from which place he writes :—

'TAVISTOCK HOTEL, LONDON,
February 4, 1880.

'DEAREST MOTHER :—

' . . . I left Berlin night before last at ten o'clock in a very comfortable Schlafwagen and forgot myself until half-past six the next morning, when I arrived at Oberhausen. Here coffee and a short nap whiled away the two hours that were to elapse before the departure of my train. At a quarter to one I arrived at Rotterdam. The ride through Holland from the frontier had been very interesting. The frozen canal and ditches had become highways, and were alive with people of all ages and conditions speeding on their skates in every direction. At frequent intervals were refreshment booths on the ice. Strips of matting, supported by two poles, screened from the wind the old women who sat by their tables filled with fluids of various colours and qualities ; a kettle boiling on a brasier beside them awaited the arrival of some thirsty skater whose taste should lead him to ask for "something reviving and hot." The ancient bar-maids, scantily clothed as they appeared to be, with their unsubstantial booths, might have led me to believe that they were bits of a summer landscape had it not been for the ice and cold.

'Half an hour before we reached Rotterdam we rushed suddenly out of a brilliant winter's

morning into a chilling, disheartening fog. From the railway station a venerable omnibus belonging, as I was informed, to the steamer company, rattled my bones over the stones for a wearying time, only to dump me bag and baggage finally into fog and mud on the quay of the Harwich steamer. There was a whole group of cold and thirsty men to be satisfied before I was free to go on board. One had "driven you, Sir," another had helped him, another had carried my bag, another my shawls, another my trunk, several others had helped. At length I reached the saloon of the steamer so cold and hungry that I was utterly indifferent when informed that the boat, although advertised to leave at half-past two in the afternoon, would not on account of the fog leave that night, and the captain cheerfully added, might not leave for a week. He "couldn't tell when it would lift and he wasn't going to take no risk," at which he thrust his hands, with the satisfaction of a man doing his duty, into the pockets of his pea-jacket, and devoted himself contentedly to the consumption of the brandy and water which the steward had brought. And the fog didn't lift until midnight. At half-past twelve or thereabouts we left the quay of the old Dutch city, and having no further interest in the situation I immediately went to sleep. At twelve to-day we reached Harwich and came up hither by a special train, which had, I presume, been waiting for us for ten hours, more or less. Half an hour out of London we ran into another fog, the foggiest fog it has ever been my fortune to behold. I look out of window and snap my fingers at the reddish brown darkness as I think of a country where there are no fogs, a country that, Providence permitting, I am to see again so soon. . . .'

He thus relates an experience in shopping:—

'TAVISTOCK HOTEL, LONDON,

February 9, 1880.

'DEAREST MOTHER:—

'I have just returned from Regent Street and feel relieved that it is all over. I have been and gone and done it, and the only fear now with me is lest it may not prove satisfactory. There was such a bewildering mass to select from that I feared for a time I should lose my reason long before I had seen the samples. I finally put my foot in it by remarking that "that one seemed to me to be a very pretty pattern"—it was one of the poorest—but I had scarcely given utterance to this opinion when a specimen was introduced that completely changed my mind. Soft rich colours, fine texture, tasteful figure, and as such things go, a beauty. Forty-five pounds! Of course, I might have expected it! The exhibitor of the article in question saw covetousness in my eye. He called a very pretty girl. He had her put it on. She fetched me. I said "I am a poor young man, but if you'll throw in the girl I won't grumble." That is, if I didn't say it, it wasn't because I didn't think it. I did tell him I would give him forty pounds for it. He said he would split the difference. I remained obdurate and won the day at forty pounds. . . .

'Why can't we Anglo-Saxons make bread and coffee? The change from the light healthy rolls of the continent to the dull, hard, indigestible, bilious-looking English bread (and American is no better) is enough to make one ill indeed, and as for coffee, I didn't in the poorest hovel in Iceland taste such coffee as makes its appearance upon my breakfast table each morning. We do have good coffee at home, that nobody can deny, but there is room for reform in the matter of bread, now isn't there? Speaking of bread, how is the salad coming on? . . .

Thy devoted Son,

ARTHUR.'

When Mr. Reeves came home in March, 1880, he found many things to interrupt his Icelandic studies. His father owned a tract of some 5000 acres, mostly wild land, in the northern part of Indiana, about sixty miles from Chicago. He conveyed this land to Arthur and desired him to undertake the improvement of it, believing that this would be of benefit to his son, whose health was by no means robust, and who would find in this out-of-door activity a counterpoise to the student life toward which the young man's inclinations led him. Arthur was not greatly attracted to this project, but out of deference to the wishes of a father for whom he entertained the deepest affection, he undertook the task. For a long time the construction of drains, fences, bridges, houses, barns, and cattle-sheds, and the purchase of farm implements and live stock, engrossed his attention. He had the good fortune to secure as superintendent of *Grasmere* (for thus he called his farm) a man whose ability and fidelity won first his esteem and then his affection, and Lee G. Howell soon became one of his warmest and most trusted friends.

Still his literary work was not forgotten, and it was during this period that he translated *Lad and Lass*, Thoroddsen's characteristic sketch of life in Iceland, though he did not then publish it.

The summers of 1881 and 1882 were spent in the Isles of Shoals, and the rest of his time was divided between his home at Richmond and *The Range* at Grasmere.

But now a great sorrow fell upon him. His father, for whom his devotion had acquired the intensity of an absorbing passion, after several months of failing health, died in May, 1883. Arthur was crushed by the blow. In addition to this sorrow, extensive and complicated business responsibilities had been cast upon him. Notwithstanding his inexperience, he managed his trust with skill and fidelity. His business ability was exceptional. For the time, however, the double burden was greater than he could bear. His health gave way, and in the summer of 1883 he sought relaxation in a short journey to Europe. He was accompanied by his cousin, Wm. P. Reeves. His letters now are few and brief. He sometimes assumes an air of cheerfulness, yet the merriment of his former correspondence is absent.

He thus writes from Grasmere, England, to Mr. Howell:—

'MY DEAR LEE:—

'August 17, 1883.

'The suggestiveness of this place is such that, although tired from a long day's ride through a penetrating Scotch mist, I cannot feel content until I have given you a note from Grasmere. . . .

'In that there is an abundance of water here in the lake and the marshes at either end, and an abundance of moisture in the atmosphere, I can testify that Grasmere in Westmoreland

is much like Grasmere in Porter County, but beyond this, the resemblance is not striking. There is one satisfaction, however, from a utilitarian stand-point, since it is evident that with or without drainage the prairies of the Kankakee are capable of sustaining a greater number of cattle to the acre than the rugged sides of the mountains about Grasmere here.

'As I write, the clouds that have hung over the crests of the hills all day have partially lifted, and the moon shining through the rifts makes a very fairy-land of the Mere and its surroundings. I wish most heartily I might enclose the scene in my envelope, and send it you.

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR M. REEVES.'

He visits his old friend Professor Fiske at Florence, and from thence he thus writes to his aunt, Mrs. Isaac Stephens:—

'VILLA FORINI, FLORENCE,

September 14, 1883.

'MY DEAR AUNT LYDIA:—

' . . . It has been a very unusual exertion for me to write this summer. . . . The first month we passed at London, Brighton, in that bit of earthly Paradise, the Isle of Wight, and after, in the beautiful English lake country. English scenery is of a kind that never palls upon one; it is not grand, it is not especially striking—but look when or where you will in England, you have always before you a finished picture, a commingling of nature and art, so happy in the combination that the scene, however extended, has all the delicacy of finish that the most expert miniature painter ever succeeded in giving to the image of his innamorata. . . .

'We have been for a week with Professor Fiske in his Florentine palace, I enjoying to the full his charming society, his library, occasional glimpses of the beautiful city of the Medici, and drives through the picturesque hills of Tuscany that encircle this jewel box of artistic treasures. . . .

'The Professor and I drove for a few moments to Ball's studio this morning. *Il Penseroso*¹, the thoughtful little face, re-called its little sister over the water. Thee knows it has always been a favourite with me. I think I like it now better than ever—it seems to me to gain by contrast with the sculptor's other and even more famous work. . . .

ARTHUR.'

And again upon his return to London:—

'September 21, 1883.

'DEAR AUNT LYDIA:—

'I cannot let the day come to an end without making a written acknowledgement of thy kindness in writing the letter which came to-day. You are both so very near and dear to me that the awful void which seems to grow day by day—and which had seemed this morning

¹ An early copy of this bust by Mr. Ball, purchased some years before at his studio in Florence, was in Mrs. Stephens' residence at Trenton, New Jersey.

almost unbearable, was measurably veiled by thy kind words—always so acceptable, but never more so than they were to-day. I am no great believer in giving way to impulsive feeling, but I shall not feel quite comfortable to-night until I have told thee of my gratefulness and my more than ever sincere appreciation. . . .’

To Mr. Howell he writes from Liverpool in the same sad strain:—

‘September 28, 1883.

‘MY DEAR LEE:—

‘. . . You do not know how much I appreciate your kind letters, and the feeling of which they are so good a token. I fear I have not gained much, if any, by my trip thus far, but I dare say it would have been no better elsewhere, very likely not so well with me. I am hoping that the voyage home may cure me of the long, weary, wakeful nights that have fallen to me so constantly this summer. I am looking forward to a good long stay at *Grasmere*. Even the thoughts of duck shooting are tempting me with the chief hope that the wandering about in the marshes may be a panacea for insomnia. . . .’

To his little niece he writes in lighter vein:—

‘LIVERPOOL,
September 29, 1883.

‘MY DEAR TOTS:—

‘. . . This city is called Liverpool—not Liver-pad—if it were called Liver-pad and Mamma were here I dare say she would want to try it on Bissel. It is not a very pretty name, is it, Liverpool?—but does thee know what it means? Liver is a kind of bird, and pool is an old word meaning bay—and Bird-bay isn’t such a bad name after all, is it? The birds in the bay now have four big sticks sticking out of them and a machine in their stomachs that makes a wheel near their tails go round, and they carry people and letters to New York, and one of them has consented to carry this letter over to thee. . . .’

‘London, where I came from to-day, is a bigger town than Richmond, and older—several years older—but it hasn’t a single Vandy Brown’s grocery in it, and the people don’t seem to mind it either. Florence is another town I have been in. . . . The little boys and girls there all speak Italian and don’t know any better—when they grow up they sell something and buy a hand-organ and go to the United States and play it with a monkey on top—they go to the United States because they don’t dare play their organs at home. They may not know any better than to speak Italian, but they do know better than to play their hand-organs at home. I don’t know where they get their monkeys, perhaps somebody that doesn’t need his monkey any more gives it away to the Italian with the hand-organ to get him to go to New York. . . .’

‘Give my love to Mamma and Bissel and Papa, and Mamie and the Baby—and Grandmamma and thysel, and anybody else that may happen to be standing around feeling neglected.

Thy loving uncle,
ARTHUR.’

Upon his return in the fall of 1883, business cares for a long time occupied his attention, to the exclusion of other things. In the summer he sought relaxation with his mother, his sister and her family at Watch Hill, and after a year or two his letters resume their accustomed cheerfulness. Thus he writes to his cousin, Mr. J. F. Reeves:—

‘WATCH HILL HOUSE, WATCH HILL, R. I.,

August 12, 1885.

‘MY DEAR FRANK :—

‘. . . This sea air would make you bound, or if the air would not, the sea water would. . . . We are both enjoying it greatly here and improving hour by hour. His Superiority the Secretary of the Treasury is of our number, and holds down chairs on the verandah with a firmness indicative of a heavy reserve. He is a good man and weighs 200 lbs. He and Mr. D—— of the Grand Pacific tilt the house over when they both get on the same side at once. . . .’

In the following winter he writes to a former college friend, Mr. Forbes Heermans, who is now living in Denver.

‘RICHMOND, IND.,

February 6, 1886.

‘MY DEAR FORBES :—

‘I wonder if it has been as blessed cold out Denver way as in Chicago or hereabouts the past week? If it has, I pity you. What did you freeze? What part of your anatomy, I mean? I froze an ear. I was taking in some cold frozen facts at the time, borne to me on the wings of the west wind over the boundless prairies. . . .’

In March, 1886, he went with his mother and his sister and her family to Cuba, a journey which he much enjoyed and which he thus describes in a letter to his uncle, Mr. Stephens:—

‘HOTEL TELEGRAFO, HAVANA, CUBA,

March 21, 1886.

‘MY DEAR UNCLE ISAAC :—

‘Havana is Paradise with smells. If the smells were extracted, the saints only would deserve to live in such a heaven; with the smells and the garlic, perhaps it is proper that the saints haven’t arrived.

‘The days are hot, the nights cool, the air soft and balmy, the sky blue, and always, day and night, a sea breeze, blowing from some direction. The houses are all built with a view to keeping cool within doors; ceilings eighteen or twenty feet high, marble or tile floors without other covering than the little rugs which lie by the sides of the beds.

'At first I thought I liked most everything Cuban except the smells and the beds; the smells no longer annoy me, and I am gradually becoming attached to the beds. They are small iron affairs with a canopy of mosquito-bar over all, woven wire mattresses, a sheet above and a sheet below, a light counterpane and two small pillows stuffed with lead—the fibre of the beautiful ceiba or silk-cotton tree they tell us, but I don't believe it, it is lead or ground iron ore. The beds are just large enough for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a man—my feet stick through the grating at the lower end, and patient and persevering mosquitoes, that have slipped under the bar during the day and bided their time refresh themselves on my toes during the night. These mosquitoes have striped legs and sing in a minor key. They sing low, but they are masters of their art and can give their relatives of Jersey with which you are familiar, points in the trade. . . .

'This evening we have been to church, Catholic of course, the congregation principally negroes and the performance good of the kind; a good many candles, a good many coloured people, a good many Virgins, and priests, and that supremely bad smell they make with the censer. I have more or less patience with the religion of Rome until they light their incense and start that unsavory smell going, and then I want to get back to Quakerism and clean smells.'

This summer he visits England again with his college friend, Mr. J. H. Peirce. He thus writes to Mr. Howell of his visit to Fountain's Abbey.

'TAVISTOCK HOTEL,

July 7, 1886.

'MY DEAR LEE :—

' . . . Arriving at the station in the evening twilight and walking through the Yorkshire village, we had soon the good fortune to arrive at the inviting entrance of *The Unicorn*, whose plump little rosy-faced hostess made us welcome, gave us her best room with two notable old canopied beds almost as big as your garden patch and soft and sleep-inviting as the first breath of summer. Before we surrendered to this charm, however, we felt called upon to discuss the merits of four "chops" as big as beef-steaks.

'Meanwhile I had made enquiry in regard to visiting the ruins of Fountain's Abbey and the grounds of Studley Royal, which we had come to see. Fancy our feelings when we learned that neither could be seen on Sunday! However, the steward of the property was discussing his Saturday evening "Cold Scotch" in the "Private Bar." I braved the sacred precincts and in our pleasant American phrase "tackled" the worthy Captain. "Oh! indeed he could not hear of such a thing, the grounds of the worthy Marquis of Grey and Ripon were not open to visitors on Sunday, and if we wanted to enter we could wait till Monday." I left the presence forthwith, but after giving the matter profounder thought and studying up further blandishments to lavish on the Captain, I returned into the "Private Bar" and we had another round, the Captain finally saying that he would speak to the lodge-keeper and if we drove out the following day we could have a look at the Abbey exterior. We drove out and not only saw the Abbey inside and out, but walked through the grounds from one end to the other, and were nobly repaid for our perseverance. The Abbey ruin is the finest in England. . . .'

Later he writes to his brother-in-law, Mr. Foulke:—

‘ILFRACOMBE,
July 10, 1886.

‘MY DEAR WILL:—

‘. . . It is a wonderfully picturesque spot, this Ilfracombe, looking out on the ocean from its little nook between the huge crags that stand with their feet in the water wrapped in contemplative absentmindedness regarding the “multitudinous laughter” of the sea, and the other things. . . . Eating sole is like the quail problem—a single sole is somewhat like a single quail, excellent in its way—but thirty soles in thirty days are fatiguing and set the American stomach in revolt. Moreover the English laundried vegetables make life a burden, the everlasting boiled potato and the semi-annual boiled pea, boiled until the only taste left is that of super-heated steam or Monday morning or both combined.’

And thus to his little niece:—

‘ILFRACOMBE,
7-11, 1886.

‘MY DEAR TOTS:—

‘. . . I went to the Dog Show in London—my! how Valor¹ would have enjoyed it! Only think of it! 1696 dogs and some puppies all talking at once! They had the dogs in the Aquarium, why, I don’t know, I’m sure, for I always supposed that only fish and water and “No Smoking” were allowed in an aquarium. . . .

‘The Salvation army is just now going by in a shower—the Salvation army is a company of people that wears red Jerseys and Hallelujah bonnets, and makes bad music on harmonicons, and tries to sing to it. It is very prevalent here in England, but nobody seems to take anything for it, though it is quite painful. There are numbers of people about me writing with quill pens, and coming so soon after the Salvation music, it sends cold creeps down my back, so that I must stop and find a warm place to put my back against.

Thy devoted uncle
ARTHUR.’

And thus to Mr. Heermans:—

‘ILFRACOMBE,
July 11, 1886.

‘MY DEAR FORBES:—

‘We landed in Ireland, did Harvey and I, and after a look at Killarney proceeded by way of Dublin to Glasgow and Oban and through the Caledonian Canal, a beautiful bit of scenery that I had never compassed before.

‘The Judge wanted to see Stratford, Warwick and Kenilworth, and I wanted a glimpse of Devonshire, so we agreed to an amicable separation without alimony, and I came down to Exeter Friday, stopping by the way at Salisbury—as noble a cathedral it has as Exeter, and of itself enough to repay the excursion. From Exeter I came on here, and find it a pretty spot nestling between the rugged hills, all the houses sliding down but just stopping short of the sea, and pretty as only English villages know how to be pretty. I am going up to London to-

¹ Mr. Reeves’ Icelandic dog.

morrow. After a day of rest, and a combined trip to Oxford and one or two other excursions, we think to go to Liverpool Friday—sailing Saturday by *The Umbria*. It has been a pleasant excursion, though rather hydrostatically compressed; the ocean too near at both ends. . . .

Thine,
ARTHUR.'

Upon his return, the balance of the summer was passed with his mother and Mr. and Mrs. Foulke and family at Watch Hill.

Later in the year he writes to Mr. Heermans:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,
November 13, 1886.

'MY DEAR FORBES:—

' . . . Why don't you come and talk, instead of writing letters? Not that the letters are not acceptable, if you cannot come in person, but talking is vastly more satisfactory. Fetch up your manuscript, I should like nothing better than to hear it. I would come to you to hear it if it were possible, but it isn't now, wherefore come thyself!

'I have a very choice bottle of Ben Nevis whiskey, that I will save for you if you will come out and bring your manuscript. It is waiting for something of this kind. The Judge and I formed its acquaintance one night this summer at Oban, and knuckled under promptly to its charms. I am pining to knuckle again. The Judge and friends have already knuckled on the bottle he bought, and he and friends may come down at any time and demolish my flagon, so look sharp!

'What is your book about, the land question, progressive socialism, lady's suffrage, Tristram and Iseult, or the Revised Version?

'I have been reading "Marta y Maria" by Valdés. If the translation, which I see advertised, is as good as the original, I do not think you will mind wasting an hour over it. It is a rather clever realistic tale of modern Spanish life. A young woman side-tracks her first love and becomes the bride of heaven. The first love consoles himself with her sister, who seems to have more sense than the rest of her family, and can make Spanish omelette and pudding. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you the plot, it will take away so much of the pleasure when you come to read it; or, do you always look at the back to see how it is going to turn out? I always want to so much I can hardly wait; some girls I know, always do.

'I see by the paper that a young woman of your town has run away. Could she have known you were writing a book, do you think? A young Englishman, whom I met on the train one night this week, said a cow-boy on his ranche leaped his horse over a bluff seventy-five feet high. It killed the horse but did not hurt the boy. If the situation had been reversed and you were writing a work of fiction you might have inserted the item. If your conscience will allow, you may still reverse and insert, but let it be understood, I won't vouch for it reversed. I may want to run for the Presidency sometime and I do not want any dead cow-boys sprung on me at some critical juncture in the campaign. Did you ever think of running for President? I believe it is an enterprise that will bear looking into. There seem to be very few young men in the trade, and they might command a share of the custom. . . . Pray come and knuckle!

Your own,
ARTHUR.'

It was not long after this that he met with another severe bereavement in the loss of his sister's youngest children, a boy of five, and a little girl of three, to whom he was much attached. Then followed the dangerous illness of his sister. He was constantly with her, and his own anxiety and suffering were very great. Her convalescence was slow. The family went to Fort Monroe about the end of February, but it was April before he resumed his correspondence with Mr. Heermans.

'HYGEIA HOTEL, OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.,
April 17, 1887.

'MY DEAR FORBES:—

'My long silence finds me halting for words, as who should grow dumb by lack of opportunity to speak.

'I will not dwell upon the trouble we have had, knowledge of which has doubtless come to you ere this. My sister is still only very slightly improved, after over seven weeks' stay here. . . .

'Now I rely upon you to take up the thread for me again. Tell me pray, how comes on the book? . . .

'Fred H . . . you know Fred of course—was here last week. Then Professor F . . . the sage. But F . . . , fancy F . . . with a full beard and no hair to speak of elsewhere! And he of our time, our era, our geological stratum! I pray you do not feel the fossil I do as I give rein to my thoughts

'I have not had opportunity to think wholesomely I fear, for some time, and that is one of my reasons for the silence. Give me token of forgiveness, and I will try to deal better by you. . . .

Ever thine,

ARTHUR M. R.'

After a summer at Watch Hill, he spent much time, during the fall and winter, arranging the materials for his work *Wineland the Good*. He had already collected an excellent Icelandic library, to which he was making constant additions through agents in Berlin, Leipsic, London and Copenhagen. The continual interruptions of business and farm, however, retarded his progress.

His correspondence with Mr. Heermans continues:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,
Christmas, 1887.

'MY DEAR FORBES:—

'The day is well-waned, but I must send you a greeting and what-of-cheer with you before "me and Morfuse" wrap arms. It isn't that you are not very often in my thoughts and on my tongue that the most of my poor scrawls must bend back beneath a big burden of excuses. If you do not know this yet, why alack! I fear it is not like to be within my power to give you better knowledge this side the dropping of the clods upon the lid that lies above my mortal remnants; if so be *that* is to be the finish, and I am not to be let behind the veil

in some less usual fashion. Perhaps on the other side it may be my fate to send the answering message at once it hangs ripe upon the lips; to intone it then ever with the fullness of the friendliness it tries to bear now, with such fair success that it may always come aright and welcome.

'So much of friendship and of sympathy here seem to waste themselves giving assurance that they mean themselves; that they are all that they pretend to be. If I ever had ambition to add to the number of those I would call friends, I have long ago abandoned the effort; finding it none too light a thing to hold the faith of them I already counted won.

Thine,

ARTHUR.'

He thus writes to his sister, who is visiting her uncle in New Jersey:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,
January 17, 1888.

'MY DEAR MARY:—

'I enclose herewith a deed, which I should be glad if thee would sign and acknowledge before a notary. . . . They may call their notaries in New Jersey, "Chancellors and Custodians of the Privy Seal," I am not positive, but rather think they do. If Uncle Isaac doesn't seem to know them by the other name, try this, at a venture. The form of acknowledgement on the deed is all right. Do not allow them to impose any spurious and German-silver New Jersey form on thee, it will not go in the West. . . . It is perhaps needless to say, that I am very sorry that I didn't get a good deal more money for the land, but I didn't. I thought I had asked more money than the man had, or was likely to have for several years, but it seems I "guessed him off too low," as we farmers say. It is said that you learn wisdom by experience, but what is the use of that kind of wisdom? All the experience this side of kingdom-come will not enable me to get a higher price for that particular piece of land. . . . This style of letter I am prepared to furnish in quantities to suit, at a reduced figure (that ought to fetch thee). Perhaps, as this is a letter to a lady, I should explain that "a reduced figure" is, in commercial parlance, the same as "marked down." I take it, it is not necessary to explain the meaning of "marked down." . . .'

And again:—

'Forgive me for not having answered thy numerous letters before, I really have been very busy, although Mrs. . . . says she envies me my leisure. This envying other people things miscarries ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The envy is never applied in the right place—a mustard plaster on the palm of your hand for tooth-ache.'

Replying to Mr. Heermans' suggestion that they go to New York together, he writes:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,
February 24, 1888.

'MY DEAR BBBB:—

'I wish to gracious I could! . . . You desired that I should write, even if I did not tell you anything; this isn't anything, with the sting extracted from its tail to make it perfectly

harmless. If, as you say, you have been "doing a lot of work, and it seems to be worthless," I take it you have been wasting your time, which is highly reprehensible, seeing you only have one time. Now I haven't been doing anything to speak of, and so you might say have also been wasting my time, but then I haven't been putting any *frills* on the waste as you have, by doing anything. This you will find is, after all, the most sensible course, and if you will but settle quietly down to doing nothing, and give the execution your entire attention, you will wonder why you never applied your mind and energies in that direction before. . . .

'For the last month I have been immersed to the eyes in what Fred's father calls the Spirit of Mercantilism. The previous month I was in Iceland, and am just now getting my traps together preparatory to going back to Thule. This I might do almost as well for a time at least, in New York as here, but am not quite ready to leave the "Spirit" yet.

'Where is Ned? The last time I heard from him, he invited me in rather hysterical fashion to join his bridal party, the same being about to sail the following morning, or thereby, as I recollect.

Ever of thee,

A. M. R.'

The next month he spent some time in Florida with his mother, his sister, and his nieces. From St. Augustine he again writes to Mr. Heermans on March 23:—

'The Saint is mostly Hotel. The gentleman who has done this Hotel business has chronic dyspepsia and chronic wealth. He has not found anybody, from his appearance, to relieve him of his dyspepsia, but the gentlemanly highway architect has let him of his plethora of wealth in a fashion known so well to that profession. The expenditure must have trespassed on the third million and the end not yet. The work is really very effective. We think to leave on Monday. A few days at the Hygeia, Fort Monroe—a few days in New York perhaps—home.

'I have met three professional beauties here; first, Miss A . . . second, Miss B . . . third, Miss C . . . This beauty business is not what Wales cracks it up to be. You can do it. Tie up your eyebrows, glue the corners of your mouth down, get a coloured Spring distemper artist to give you a coat of pink wash, take a dose of cod liver oil to give your countenance the proper air of wrapt absorption on your own innate attractions and there you are! Clothes to the taste of the gentleman milliner. Try it; if it does not work out you will draw as the freak at a museum—an thou lovest me, try it. I will come to see the result.

How does the climate of Syracuse compare with that of Greenland? Don't you ever run out of blubber under the snow?

Ever of thee,

ARTHUR.'

On his return to Richmond his letters breathe a spirit of contentment inspired by cheerful surroundings. He writes to his uncle, Isaac Stephens, on May 3:—

'We are comfortably established at home again, all in good health and enjoying this the most beautiful season of the year, which, together with the recipe for beef pickle is much

appreciated by mother, who travels from blossom to pickle and from pickle to blossom at her own sweet will. . . .’

The summer he spent (as usual) at Watch Hill, Rhode Island.

It was about this time that he learned that Mr. J. H. Peirce, who had been his intimate friend both in college and afterwards, was ill in Washington with typhoid fever. He was on the point of starting at once for that city when he received a telegram from the attending physician, that his presence would be useless if not detrimental to the patient. So he remained in New England and about a month afterwards learned that his friend’s convalescence had so far progressed that he might write to him.

‘STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,
September 9, 1888.

‘MY DEAR HARVEY :—

‘You can hardly know how my heart leaped at Dr. D.’s letter and its information of to-day. I am so rejoiced that the long siege is nearing the end. Just as soon as you are strong enough to bear the journey, we want to take you home, and the family separately and collectively wish to devote themselves to building you back to health and strength. If after the foundations are laid, you think you would want other air, it shall be my pleasure to bear you company. H . . . has been here throughout the summer; he desires to be most heartily remembered to you. Do not tax yourself to write. I only want to know that you are making good progress, and am ready to come to you, as I have been any time these weary weeks, whenever you want me. My mother, sister, and the children join me in deepest love, and in the hope that you will soon be strong enough to bear me company home,

Always faithfully,

ARTHUR.’

And again on the following day :—

‘MY DEAR FELLOW :—

‘You do not know how it rejoices me to see your own hand again, and to know by it that my period of inactivity may be near an end. It has been very hard to realize my helplessness when it seemed that I ought to be with you and aiding in some wise to enlighten the weary hours of your illness. We all think that we can now be of some service, and look forward to rendering it. . . . You must have, in any event, some weeks of quiet and careful nursing at Richmond before you think of getting back to work. This last is imperative. Mother has had experience with typhoid convalescence, and she and Mrs. Foulke are eager to aid me in helping you back to strength. There must be no thought of work until this is assured beyond a peradventure. We think to go to New York probably next Monday, remain there two or three days, and then the family will continue homeward and I will join you if you like, or can come sooner if you are ready for me. With a heart full of gratitude and love,

I am your devoted,

ARTHUR.’

In accordance with this invitation Mr. Peirce spent some time in Richmond before resuming work.

‘RICHMOND, IND.,

December 30, 1888.

‘MY DEAR FORBES :—

‘I trust that nature smiles. That the plum-pudding sat. And that the New Year may be chock-full of joy, and comfort, prosperity, and health for thee and thine. Would that I could sanctify the wish in presence with the blood of the grape or the grain as should best meet the witness. A stupid paper on a fragment of my hobby, which I read before a company of martyrs last night, has left me, as well as the audience, a little bruised, but I thank the gods I am still able to give voice to my greeting, and so God speed to you.

‘As always at the beginning, middle, and end, thy firm and faithful friend,

ARTHUR.’

A month later he writes again :—

‘RICHMOND, IND.,

February 5, 1889.

‘MY DEAR FORBES :—

‘I know four good stories. I want to tell them. I am thinking of taking my family to New York the latter end of the month; the former end is no time to go to New York. I shall hope to see you there and swap lies and hot Scotch with you. . . .’

But during all this time his Icelandic work had been by no means neglected. He had translated two of the shorter sagas, the *Hen-Thori Saga* and the *Saga of the Men of the Fens*, as well as a considerable portion of the *Eyrbyggja Saga*. None of these have yet appeared in print. He determined that the first work published by him should be a book embracing the original texts, with translations and notes of all the Icelandic sagas and documents, relating to the discovery of America, and he had been for some time engaged upon this.

The work had now reached a stage where he found it necessary to consult the original manuscripts in the Arna-Magnaean Library at Copenhagen. It was determined that the family should go to Europe. He would start in April and proceed direct to Denmark, and thence perhaps make an excursion to North Cape. His mother and Mr. and Mrs. Foulke and family would follow near the end of June and they would all spend the summer together in Switzerland.

Business arrangements before setting out on this protracted journey engrossed his attention.

He thus writes to Mr. Heermans a short time before his departure :—

‘RICHMOND, IND.,
March 30, 1889.

‘MY DEAR FORBES:—

‘I have been so very busy for many days past, that I have not found the moment I wanted to send you a letter, and now do not think that I am like to find it before I set sail, or start the machinery, or see the steward, or do whatever it is I have in mind to do on the roth prox. . . .

‘Aren’t you coming down to New York to see the distinguished gentleman from the Wild and Woolly West go down to the ship in seas? If there is anything you want from the yon side of the sea, do but name it—from a pair of kings to a false front it shall be thine. I trust you found N . . . well. I am bound to say that I have found him as agreeable and sociable and communicative the past eighteen months as a Siberian crab-apple. Matrimony is a corker! . . .

Ever of thee,

ARTHUR.’

Upon his arrival in London he thus writes to his friend Mr. Peirce from the *Tavistock*, a gentleman’s hotel opposite Covent Garden market, at which he was accustomed to stay, and where he was well known:—

‘April 19, 1889.

‘MY DEAR HARVEY:—

‘. . . I came up from Southampton yesterday and found the same jam of vegetable vans in the street before the hotel, the same hall and porter, the same steaks and joints in the window at the head of the stairs. I occupied the same old table in the dining-room, and diluted my soup to think I was taking it alone and must for some time to come. William added a pang, as if another were needed, by his affectionate and solicitous enquiries after you. I missed him at breakfast this morning and have an impression he has taken a day off to mourn your absence in private, and I, alas! have my mourning to do in public, ay, in “a public.” Why didn’t you come? This is Good Friday—a warmed-over Sunday—everything closed, even the “American Bar and Wiener Bier-Saal” at the Criterion. This is especially designed, of course, to raise my mental barometer, and make your absence peculiarly easy to bear. To-morrow is to be a kind of continuation of to-day, then comes Sunday and this is followed by Easter Monday, the same thing over again. If I survive till Tuesday morning I vow I never will come to London again at the Easter-tide, be the presiding deity of the *Tavistock* my witness.’

From London he proceeded to Copenhagen, from which place he thus writes to Mr. Howell, his superintendent at *Grasmere*.

‘HOTEL D’ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK,
May 10, 1889.

‘MY DEAR LEE:—

‘. . . I left London on Wednesday of last week and went thence to Harwich, where I took the night boat which brought me to Rotterdam the following morning, and as I sailed

up the placid waters of the Maas and saw the lowland country, I thought of old Tom, and this of course brought all of Grasmere vividly to my mind, for Tom is so much a part of Grasmere that it would be next to impossible to dissociate him from it.

'I had no thought of tarrying in Holland, but the Dutch custom-house officer looked with suspicion upon my typewriter¹ which he seemed to regard as some kind of infernal machine and insisted that I should pay duty upon it. I objected, but without avail, and enriched the Dutch exchequer to the extent of \$1.25, and was then allowed to depart in peace to the railway station. At ten o'clock I took train for Hamburg, and two hours later was at Emmerich, on the German frontier. Here again the custom-house authorities had a chance at me, for Hamburg, to which my baggage was labelled, ("checked" as we should say,) is no longer a free city. . . .

'Here the typewriter met a happier fate however, the examining officer was much interested in it, and called all his fellow-officers to see the "beautiful American invention." He asked me simply whether I intended it for sale, and when I replied in the negative, promptly chalked it as passed without duty.'

'HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
May 4, 1889.

'DEAR MOTHER:—

'At ten last night I was here at the hotel. I had written on from London expressing a desire for a pair of rooms, a study and bed-room, and I found the most gorgeous apartments awaiting my reception, ablaze with light and with glowing fires in the stoves. I cocked my eye at this glory and came to the conclusion that it was perhaps a little too rich for my blood! I felt as if I were travelling "en prince," and concluded to enjoy the feeling for about one night; to-day I have moved into more modest quarters and having saved three dollars a day by the change, feel well entitled to spend the difference during my stay for additional books. . . . I had a gorgeous night's sleep in my warm room under a notable down quilt which was very homelike and comfortable. The matutinal coffee served in my room was also very agreeable, after the English slops which masquerade under the same name, and I felt altogether as if this that I have been looking forward to so long was indeed worth "the tall candle."'

He writes thus to his brother-in-law, Mr. Foulke:—

'HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
May 8, 1889.

'MY DEAR WILL:—

' . . . There are not enough hours in the day here. I have been out with Caroc this afternoon to see the Icelandic local representative. My Icelander particular comes this evening, and we shall read until midnight. In the morning I have a Danish student talk and read with me for an hour or two, but this only for a few days until the pronunciation, which is very

¹ Mr. Reeves had caused this typewriter to be provided with a special appliance for the transcription of Icelandic texts, and he did most of his literary work upon this instrument.

difficult, shall become familiar, then I shall buckle down to Icelandic pure and simple, save as I am with Caroc or his Danish friends. I do not know that I have been so entirely content in my life. If Mother and Mary and you and the chicks were here, I should have my cup of happiness full to the brim. . . .’

‘HOTEL D’ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
May 10, 1889.

‘MY DEAR MOTHER:—

‘. . . Sunday morning my Icelandic friend Valtyr Guðmundsson called, and I arranged with him that he should come to me every day and read such of the Sagas as I have not yet read. He is especially well informed in that phase of the Saga literature which is to me most interesting, namely, what the Germans call the *kulturgeschichtliche*, so that we get on most capitally together. We read two hours in the afternoon and three or four hours in the evening, when it does not interfere with his work or my pleasure. We went together to the theatre Tuesday night and talked Icelandic all the evening, and next evening we worked until eleven o’clock at the *Edda*. Last evening I went, with Captain and Mrs. Caroc, to the theatre to see the famous Meininger company in *Wallensteins Tod*. It was, of course, in German, and very well rendered. Our conversation was for the most part conducted in Danish, although Caroc speaks English perfectly and Mrs. Caroc also speaks very well, but she is rather timid and prefers her mother tongue. I felt like a small-sized Tower of Babel when bed-time came, what with Guðmundsson and Icelandic in the afternoon, the Meininger and German, the Carocs and Danish, the *New York Herald* and English.’

And thus he writes to his sister, Mrs. Foulke:—

‘HOTEL D’ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
May 13, 1889.

‘MY DEAR MARY:—

‘I would like immensely to have a long talk, but every moment is so precious to me here that it is almost like pulling teeth to take a minute away from the work in Icelandic and Danish. How I wish I might count the time here by months, or even years rather than by hours and days. At least I am not losing any of the time I have, for I am busy from eight in the morning until twelve at night. At eight I have my coffee and roll in my room and read the Danish morning paper, and have not a soul by to tell me that it is extremely impolite to read at the table. The morning, from eight to twelve, I have thus far employed in searching the catalogues of the principal antiquarian booksellers here, for the enrichment of my Icelandic library. This would seem to be a very simple thing to do, but it is really very tedious work; each title has to be gone over, the book or pamphlet critically examined to impress its general scope upon my memory, and then entered in my catalogue, that is, if it has not already found a place there. I have five large packages awaiting my attention this morning. I have found a few very rare and valuable books, and a small fragment of an Icelandic parchment manuscript, which I have not had time to read yet, but which, although it is but a couple of pages of the *Tristram Saga*, I prize most highly, for parchment fragments are almost unknown outside of the great libraries. This was found in the back of a bound book, where it had been stitched by the vandal

book-binder two or three hundred years ago, to help stiffen his binding. At twelve o'clock I have my breakfast, and usually make it a point to forage for this, in new *Frþkost Stuer* (breakfast rooms), in strange quarters of the town, although for two days past, for economy of time, I have had my breakfast here in the hotel, for I can then take my work to table with me conveniently, *and still without fear of criticism*. At one or two o'clock, depending on the day, Valtyr Guðmundsson comes to me, and we read and talk Icelandic together until half after four, which is the hour for *table d'hôte*. Then at seven o'clock he comes again, should there be nothing else on the carpet, and we read until eleven, and then adjourn to a *café* for a *Smþrrebrød* and a glass of beer and Icelandic gossip of the lighter kind, as "what has become of Matthias and the bishop's daughter?" (my old friend and erstwhile correspondent). She, by the way, is married to Thorvaldur Thoroddsen, a talented young Natural History Professor in the Latin School in Reykjavík, who was a student in the University when I was last here, and who is the worthy son of a worthy father, for the father was the author of *Piltur og Stulka*, "Lad and Lass," of more or less local renown in our own family circle. I shall be very glad to send my congratulations to the lovely Thora Bishop's-daughter, by Valtyr, who has it in his mind to go out to Iceland in July. *Smþrrebrød* I should perhaps explain before I leave it entirely, is a National dish. Literally it signifies Butter-bread, as we should say bread and butter, but it is something more than this in practice. It is half a roll, buttered and spread with a bit of smoked salmon, or cheese, or caviar, or goosebreast, or veal with jelly and pickle (meat jelly of course). Its superstructure indeed, is in variety boundless. The genuine native line of attack, I observe, is to skirmish with a liqueur glass of *Kummen-Aquavit*, a white brandy flavoured with caraway seed, before opening full upon the sandwich, or rather demi-sandwich. The enemy is then routed and destroyed by the accompaniment of heavy artillery in the shape of a so-called *Halv-baiersk*, which looks formidable on paper, but is in the life only a half-bottle of beer—in the vernacular, a "half Bavarian." So much for the pleasures of the table. I take to the new *menu* with the greatest "stomach-satisfaction." . . .

'I was walking with Captain Caroc the other afternoon when we descried the King walking toward us on the opposite side of the street. I wished for my Kodak, and thought of rushing to the hotel for it, when Caroc said: "As an officer in the Navy I am expected to face toward the King and salute, and it is expected that my companion will do the same. May I ask you to take the trouble?" So when his Majesty was pretty nearly opposite us, we halted, faced the gutter, and held our right arms at full length, firmly grasping our hats in the same. King Christian returned the obeisance of the Dane and the American with a pleasant smile, bowed to us, and passing on, released us from our wax-works attitude. I hope the old gentleman got as much comfort from the performance as I have had quiet enjoyment over it in retrospect. . . .'

And again to his sister:—

'HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,

May 22, 1889.

'MY DEAR MARY:—

'Thy letter of May 8, I found in my shoe, outside my room door, yesterday morning, when I first arose. I enjoyed it a few moments later, over my coffee, as well as the papers of like date which Mother had sent. I am getting desperate. I see the work still looming mountain-high above me, and yet I have planned to leave here a week from to-day, and I cannot

well postpone my departure, else I shall miss seeing Professor Storm in Christiania. I certainly have improved each shining hour, and not a few of those which do not shine, save as candles may be said to make a sheen. Yesterday morning I began at ten o'clock in the Royal Library, with Valtyr, the examination of the famous *Flateyjarbók* MSS., and especially of certain passages which I wished to lay careful heed to. This accomplished, we adjourned direct to the University Library and resumed the previous day's work of comparing, line by line and precept by precept, the elder parchment MSS., of the so called *Hauksbók*, and No. 557 of the Arna-Magnaean collection. These are, in my judgment, the most important manuscripts relating to the Norse discovery of the American mainland, and I am accordingly going over them with the closest scrutiny. I am very happy to find that the knack of reading these ancient manuscripts is coming to me most promptly, so I can each day make a little more rapid progress. I worked with Valtyr until the library closed, and then came back, and after dinner we started in again on some by-work relating to a dark passage in the *Eiríkr Saga*, and did not adjourn until midnight. This morning Mr. Anderson, the American Minister, came in just as I was finishing reading the article in the morning paper about Nansen's report concerning his Greenland expedition, and together we set out to call on the explorer. We found him holding a levee, although it was not yet ten o'clock, and we were received very cordially. He is a fine looking man of splendid physique, and reminds me somehow of our friend Dr. Jordan. He expects to go to Christiania next Wednesday, so that we shall probably be fellow-voyagers that far. He is being fêted here in great shape, and I fancy the coming week will be little less trying than his experience in the Greenland deserts. . . .'

To his uncle, Mr. Stephens:—

' May 23, 1889.

' DEAR UNCLE ISAAC:—

' . . . I have had the good fortune to meet, and to form close friendship with one Captain Holm, who was for three years on the previously unexplored East coast of Greenland; and fancy that the results of his work are as valuable as those of Nansen are likely to prove. I am especially interested in the folk-lore which he succeeded in collecting during his stay, an account of which has but just now been published in the official report of the expedition. We discussed many of the stories at length last evening, and thee may be as interested as I was to learn, that they point to an undoubted, close connexion between the Eskimos of Greenland's East coast and the Indians of Alaska, at some pre-historic period. . . .'

To Mr. Foulke:—

' HOTEL VICTORIA, CHRISTIANIA,
May 31, 1889.

' MY DEAR WILL:—

' I am having the Icelandic MSS., relating to the discovery of the American mainland photo-typed, and think to print with them a summary statement of matters thereunto relating. I must know at what time the sun would set in Rhode Island, say Newport, in the eleventh

century on the shortest day of winter. Again, the history of the old stone tower in Newport—there is something relating to this, I believe, in Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I, p. 55. It is impossible for me to refer to it here, but this I dare say you can do, and it may give references to other material on the same subject of which I should have definite knowledge. Please have all the passages in Palfrey quoted in full for my use. I should also very much like to have a photograph of the Dighton Picture Rock at Taunton, Mass., but this I do not suppose it will be possible to obtain. . . . It was a most interesting experience, the trip hither from Copenhagen, both by reason of the speeding of Dr. Nansen from that city, and further, because of the reception extended to him yesterday here and all the way down the fjord indeed. I have formed a high regard for him, and am inclined to think, that if it be for man to reach the North Pole, he is wonderfully equipped, and he at least has great confidence that it can be done and that he will do it. . . . I called on Professor Storm again this morning, and found him in, and most cordial in his greeting; we meet again to-morrow for consideration at length of our common fad.'

To his sister:—

'HOTEL VICTORIA, CHRISTIANIA,
June 5, 1889.

'MY DEAR MARY:—

' . . . I have been devoting the day to "more books" mostly, interspersed with calls, first upon Professor Unger, who had called upon me when I was out. He is a dear old man, seventy, I should say, and has published more Icelandic texts I believe, than any man living. He wanted to give me his *Heiligramanna Sögur* (Saints Sagas), but I told him I had it, both because it was the fact and because this particular text happens to be the most expensive one he has made. I find with him, as with every one of the Dano-Norse scholars whom I have met, with one exception, that he does not speak Icelandic. It reconciles me somewhat to the fact that I cannot get the swing of the Danish pronunciation. It bores me terribly, but the fact remains the same, that I find it next to impossible to speak understandably, save in the simplest phrases. Norwegian pronunciation, I think I should soon learn, but Danish floors me. Perhaps if I had devoted my time in Copenhagen exclusively to Danish I might have accomplished something, but it did not seem to me worth while to take time from Icelandic for that purpose—hence these tears. . . .

'After Professor Unger, I called on Dr. Rink, or tried to, but found he was in Copenhagen. Professor Rink lived for many years in Greenland, is a good Eskimo scholar, possibly the first, and I very much wanted to see him about some Eskimo words in the Saga of Erik the Red, and also about certain Eskimo folk-tales which Captain Holm collected, supplementary to Rink's own collection which has been published in English, and a copy of which is in the walnut book-case against the west wall of my study. I finished my series of interviews with Professor Storm yesterday. He is great—my ideal scholar—and very kind he has been to me. Friday I have planned to take train for Thronhjelm. This should bring me thither the next morning in season to catch the steamer *Kong Carl* sailing the same day for North Cape. . . . I only wish that you could all be with me on this expedition, for if the weather holds as now, and we have no other drawback, I feel certain it must be a most enjoyable voyage.

'There are other worlds to conquer, however, and to the conquest of which we may look forward, linked arms and solid phalanx; and much joy of the anticipation I am getting. Saying nothing of the older folk, I am, as we Icelanders say, quite "mind-sick" for the chicks; to them, to Mother, Will, Carrie and all the rest my boundless love.

Alway thy devoted brother,

ARTHUR.'

To Mr. Heermans :—

'ON BOARD THE S. S. *Kong Carl*, OFF SELSOVIG, NORWAY,
June 17, 1889.

'MY DEAR FORBES :—

'I left Thronhjøm a week ago Saturday, and since that time have slept by actual count two hours and three quarters; my eyelids are propped open now with match-sticks, and I have a bit of the notable Svartisen glacier, which we passed this morning, resting against my spinal column at this juncture to keep me from falling off the campstool with sheer drunkenness of sleep. You never know when to go to bed, at least I never do, for since last Monday, although it has spent a good deal of the time behind the clouds, the sun has never set. We had a notable case of midnight sun last night, and a weird sight it is. Despite the fact that it is the same old Sol whom we have been accustomed to worship in days gone by, he has a strange blood-shotten look about him in the midnight hours, that is very suggestive of his being engaged in making a night of it. To-day at noon we should cross the Arctic Circle, and so come again to a land where he settles back into his normal habit, that is to say, sets at ten or eleven o'clock instead of staying out all night, and compelling the wayfaring man to stay up likewise and see him do it, with somewhat of the fascination that you feel when you see a drunken man waiting for his house to come round.

'I had anticipated no end of pleasure from the scenery along this "chill Norwegian coast," and it has more, much more than realized the anticipation. A constantly unfolding panorama of towering rugged peaks, snow-capped and cloud-veiled, bold ragged rock two-thirds of the way down from the summit, and with the lower third thick-grown with birch or fir, and, washing about the base, the ever-changing sea. I do not know whether you can feel the sensation, but the Captain has just stepped in to inform us that we are now in the very act of crossing the Arctic Circle. I always take a "B. and S." when I cross the Arctic Circle, but if I stop to do that now, I shall certainly fall asleep on the way back to the Captain's cabin. It is a most interesting voyage, this to North Cape, and you ought by all means to do it. The course lies through a maze of islands almost from the time you leave Thronhjøm until you reach Hammerfest, a weather-beaten town of two thousand people, with a smell of train oil that comes out into the harbour in layers, each layer fishier than its predecessor. Where the train oil isn't going on you have a forest of poles and beams loaded down with *klip-fisk* or stock-fish as the case may be. There are now hanging in the frames around Hammerfest fourteen billion of drying cod. I know this, for I had the curiosity to count them. Then the odour you enjoy at the same time that you are drinking in this coddan landscape, is of the fourteen billion codlings' respective livers frying out, in anticipation of prospective Scott's Emulsions, till you can't rest.

'The finest scenery of the trip is, I think, the approach to and departure from the Lofodden Islands, a long wall of needle-like peaks, which although they are on many different islands, so overlap each other and wind in and about each other, that they seem one continuous mountain range, rising abruptly from the sea; the sailing-vessels of the fishermen seem the most pigmy of craft, as they pass along in the shadow of the mighty rocks.

'This steamer, the mail steamer, is a very comfortable one, and much pleasanter for the trip than the so called tourist steamers. As it is still early in the season the saloon is not crowded, and being a mail steamer it stops at every little hamlet along the coast and among the islands, so that you have a capital opportunity to see everything that is to be seen, both scenic and populistic. Then too we have six different kinds of cheese for breakfast, which is an item not to be passed over in silence; next to the cheese in point of numerousness comes the salmon, salt salmon, smoked raw salmon, boiled salmon, broiled salmon, salmon fricassee and salmon with the jacket on. The Captain displayed to me yesterday a salmon which he had bought in Hammerfest weighing twenty pounds, and which cost twenty-five ore, say seven cents, the pound. In Thronhjelm and Bergen the same fish would fetch eighteen cents a pound. Then we have *Kummen-Aquavit*, commonly called *Schnapps* which is flavoured with caraway seed and makes the hair curl at a single application. Last night we feasted upon reindeer tongue, which might be worse, but isn't. I really can't keep my eyes open any longer, and I dare say you will thank a merciful Providence that such is the fact. I have only had a desire to talk in my sleep, having you very much upon my mind. Pray keep me advised of what you are doing, how the publication of the new book comes on, and the like. I am expecting to continue on past Thronhjelm to Bergen with the *Kong Carl*, and to sail thence next Saturday for Newcastle; and if nothing prevents, should be in London a week from to-day, when I hope to be once more awake and kicking.

Till then or later, ever of thee,

ARTHUR.'

To Mr. Howell:—

'ON BOARD THE S. S. *Kong Carl*, OFF SELSOVIG, NORWAY.

June 17, 1889.

'MY DEAR LEE:—

' . . . We have had a good deal of cloudy weather since we came within the region of the midnight sun a week ago, but we have been favoured after all with three nights when his majesty, the orb of day and here likewise the orb of night, has consented to appear at the midnight hour for our benefit. . . .

'On the way from Hammertest one of the rocky headlands was filled with birds, lining every ledge and filling every nook and cranny; as we passed, the ship's cannons were fired, and at the report a cloud of birds rose circling about our heads and filling the air with their cries so that it was as one mighty wail, and the sweeping cloud of gulls and eider ducks and loons and auks and puffins looked like a snow-squall. At half past three in the morning we came to anchor in a little bay beyond North Cape and then rowed ashore in the steamer's boat and commenced the ascent. A steep climb of a thousand feet and then a walk of a mile

along the rolling plateau at the summit, brought us to the top of the sheer wall of this far northern cliff which looks out upon the solemn dreary waste of the Arctic Ocean. The fog and mist and clouds swept across the height and seemed to add a deeper majesty to the strange scene. As I crossed the top of the Cape to the extreme outer edge, I roused three reindeer feeding on the scant moss of the height, and they trotted away past me with their awkward gait and disappeared over the crest of a neighbouring hill where, a moment before, I had seen quite a little herd of their fellows. It was very strange to see these big animals in this desolate spot which seemed alone a home for cloud and storm and shrieking birds. . . .

'In the streets of Tromso I saw a number of Lapps, who are just now beginning to come down from their Lapland home to spend the summer near the sea in a valley hard by Tromso. Their reindeer were not yet come or I should have prevailed upon the Captain to hold the steamer an hour or two while I sought out the Lapp settlement. Queer specimens of humanity these members of the advance guard were; little withered-looking beings with pipe-stem legs swathed in reindeer skin, and with enormous shirt-frocks of coarse, gaudily-decorated, white woollen-stuff about the upper parts of their bodies. The children looked just as old as their parents, if not a little older, not having become used to it apparently, and being more wrinkled in consequence; their chief source of subsistence is of course their herds of reindeer. . . .

ARTHUR M. REEVES.'

He met the family at Southampton early in July, and they proceeded to Switzerland. He writes the following to Miss Alice Kimball, who had been his friend since he was a student at Cornell:—

'VILLA KÖHLER, WEGGIS, LAKE LUCERNE,
July 29, 1889.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—

'Before leaving London I sent you a note to the Windsor Hotel, but whether this has balanced the account or not, I cannot miss the opportunity to extend a word of greeting to you on your arrival, which, if your voyage has been a prosperous one, as I sincerely trust it has, should now be very soon.

'We came to Lucerne from London direct, remaining at the Schweizerhof only until such time as we were able to find a desirable spot in which to establish ourselves. This we think we have found at Weggis, where we are half an hour from Lucerne by the lake steamer and similarly removed from the tourist and ways touristical. We are half hidden in the bosage of a pretty park, with a noble view of towering mountains and smiling lake and (strict conformity to the truth compels me to add) weeping skies. . . .

Your very sincere friend,

ARTHUR M. REEVES.'

While he was at Weggis he completed the translation of the Sagas for his *Wineland*, and prepared much of the matter contained in the notes. This work,

with some mountain climbing and several short excursions, filled the summer. He describes these episodes in various letters, among others, in one to his cousin, Mr. J. F. Reeves:—

‘PENSION BELVÉDÈRE AND VILLA KÖHLER, WEGGIS,
August 8, 1889.

‘MY DEAR FRANK:—

‘. . . When I last wrote we contemplated operating on Mount Pilatus. We operated. Beginning the operation by steamer around a mountain on the opposite side of the lake, and so into one of the transeptual arms of the *Vierwaldstättersee*, as we natives call it (Lucerne, as it is known to the outer barbarians), pursuing this arm to its origin, we “fetched up” at the village of Alpnach. It was a perfect day, and Pilatus is a popular mountain on perfect days, so we gathered our garments about us, and when the boat touched the landing we galloped across the intervening road to the railway station.

‘They break the Pilatus railway to you abruptly, as it is appropriate they should, for an abrupter railway does not exist than this. The car holds thirty-two persons when it goes up, and the thirty-two persons hold their breath. It stands on its head in the little station at the foot of the mountain, the head being, again appropriately, the business end. To build the car, I presume, they operated from the ground as high as they could reach, and finished up from the top of a ladder; this theory would adequately account for their putting the most complicated or machinery portion on the ground, where they could get at it more conveniently. The railway has a double cogged rail in its middle. Into this a corresponding number of cogged wheels grind on either side, and by this movement elevate or depress the car in a manner that at once becomes apparent, and leaves you in a kind of hash approximating a jelly at the conclusion of the ascent.

‘The performance lasts about an hour and a half, and starting from the bottom, you become elevated to the extent of about seven thousand feet and traverse about three miles of cog. There are no policemen to speak of on top, so that you have no especial fear of having your elevation discovered. I saw no flies ascending the track, from which I conclude that it is a little too giddy for them. On top there is an hotel and a view. The hotel is not bad and the view better than anything in Wayne County. The snow-covered peaks of the Bernese Oberland seemed so near to us in the brilliant sunlight that we felt almost as if we could hug them to our bosoms. You have to be a good deal elevated before you feel like that.

ARTHUR.’

To the same:—

‘PENSION BELVÉDÈRE AND VILLA KÖHLER, WEGGIS,
September 21, 1889.

‘MY DEAR FRANK:—

‘We have about decided to tear ourselves away from Weggis permanently. We have been breaking the decision to ourselves gently for the last three weeks by various short excursions and we have found it so pleasant to get back here afterward, that we have come to the conclusion it is like severing the dog’s caudal adornment on the instalment plan. The

drastic remedy of "quitting sharp off" seems to promise the most effectual cure for Weggis-sickness, and so we think to go to Geneva next Wednesday. We have planned to be there or thereabouts for a week and then to go to Paris; further than this nothing definite has been planned, but that is a good deal of planning for us simple-minded Weggisers. . . .

'To-day the mountains all about us, big and little, are powdered with snow well down to their waists, and we no longer have to climb the hill behind the house to see snow mountains. We are looking at them hard, and shall be sorry to turn our backs upon them, even though they have displayed cold shoulders to us.

Faithfully,

A. M. R.'

To Mr. J. H. Peirce:—

'AIX-LES-BAINS,
October 5, 1889.

'MY DEAR HARVEY:—

' . . . We left our summer home at Weggis last Wednesday, going through by rail direct to Geneva, and there we remained until last Sunday, when we came hither. Between ourselves I am not especially enamoured of Aix, but as the rest of the party are content here, I take my bath and idle away my time and think of Berlin and Copenhagen. My books have gone on to Berlin, so that I am left free to idle and bathe and bathe and idle.

'I try a new kind of bath every day and thus far do not see that I have pressed close upon the resources of the *Établissement des Bains*. The *Établissement* indeed came near bowling me out of my resources the day before yesterday with the most powerful wash it has ever been my fate to experience. I had informed the ticket-dealer that I wanted the most pronounced and elegant bath of the establishment. "Does the gentleman desire the '*Douche des Princes à deux hommes?*'" A two-man princes' douche was exactly my limit, and I placed my money on that card. I was ushered into a cell filled with mysterious and murderous apparatus and the door was fastened behind me, but not before I had been ordered to disrobe. I disrobed. Two muscular men, charged with the administration of the torture, commanded me to a wooden seat in the centre of the cell—I could hear the dynamos in my stomach. Each of the executioners unscrewed a fire-plug. To each of the plugs was fixed a short fire-hose with adequate nozzle attachment. The pressure was in the neighbourhood of 500 *kilos per centimètre carré*; one ejected iced, the other, boiling water. The gentleman with the iced-water nozzle played on my spine; the pressure would have upset me doubtless, but the fireman with the boiling-water main applied his stream simultaneously to the pit of my stomach, and my viscera between the combined pressures paused in a condition of unstable equilibrium. In some fashion the executioners managed to fix the nozzles so that no pause should be given to the squirting while one of them seized an arm, the other a leg. Blessings upon the toughening effects of Alpine climbing—they couldn't break them—they gave up trying after a time, and standing me in a corner of the cell, increased the water-pressure and tried to drown me. Now if I had been an ordinary effete Prince they must have gotten away with me promptly, but finding that it was vain to try to kill a free-born American voter in blocks of one, they consented at last to take a bribe and let me go.

'This is sulphur water, and after you have been through an experience like that, you feel like the old-time "hell-fire match" of our college days—a little phosphorus on the head would complete the resemblance and make you want to join the "trust" at once, but the proprietors of the baths don't give any phosphorus with the sulphur for fear, I suppose, that you will go off, and that isn't their idea. Gradual preparation for the hereafter is their idea, except in the case of Princes—and you know how the French Republicans feel about Princes.

'The Grande Chartreuse is only a few hours away from here, and the wine of the country is excellent, which probably accounts for the manner in which they use the water. Out in Iowa, I take it, they would make you drink it by law, kill the Carthusians, and feed the grapes to their swine, which is well enough, no doubt, for those who prefer pig to Burgundy, and Blue Lick to liquor of God's faithful servants. I wish you were on the other side of this table; it wouldn't take many applications to make you forget the existence of a Prohibition State. Thus near to the monastery of the Holy Fathers, you would understand why the Church of Rome was invented, and over a small glass of the green liqueur, "the veritable," begin to hope that your native land would sooner or later be dominated by the professors of a faith that made that brand.

Thine,

ARTHUR.'

From Aix, the party proceeded by way of Dijon to Paris. It was the time of the World's Fair, and the two weeks spent at the French capital were devoted to sight-seeing, an occupation of which Mr. Reeves was not at all fond. From Paris, they proceeded to Berlin to spend the winter. Here Mr. Reeves resumed his Icelandic work.

A few weeks after his arrival he writes to Mr. Howell:—

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,

November 20, 1889.

'MY DEAR LEE:—

' . . . The truth is I am so swallowed up in my task and growing so desirous of seeing it completed before I get to be an old man, that I am devoting every minute of the day and a good many minutes of the night to the work, which is, after all, a great pleasure, but has perhaps been enjoyed long enough. I am very anxious to get as much of it finished as I can here by the middle of March, and then to go to Copenhagen to revise it by the aid of the original manuscripts there, so as to be in England by May 1. . . .

'To-day the election for member of Parliament is holding and there is a polling booth in the street through which the troops have just passed. Who knows but that this may be a delicate reminder to the voter to vote right, and not allow himself to become entangled with the Social Democracy? Meanwhile a dozen more mounted batteries have passed, making in all probably more than we could turn out in all our broad land at a moment's notice, and still I persist in the opinion that we have quite enough, and still the field batteries go by; there

have been forty or fifty already, eight horses and ten men to each gun, but if I stop to count soldiers I shall have made no letter and have wasted my time quite as seriously as the men who are accompanying these guns. . . .

A. M. R.'

And again :—

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN, PRUSSIA,
December 1, 1889.

'MY DEAR LEE :—

' . . . We are pleasantly situated here ; the two elder girls are at a German girls' school, where they live during the week, having all their studies in German of course. Mamie, the youngest, remains here with us and has a teacher come to her. Carrie and Lillie come home for Sundays and we enjoy this little glimpse of them. I am hammering away at my manuscript, not making quite as rapid progress as I could wish, but still accomplishing something every day. On Thursdays and Fridays, from four to six in the afternoon, I go to the University for a lecture on "Icelandic Grammar in comparison with Anglo-Saxon" ; on Saturdays, from eleven to twelve, I attend a lecture on Universal Phonetics, and from twelve to half-past one I spend with a special bevy of workers in Icelandic mythological work, which one of the Professors conducts, and which, as it is only attended by specialists, I find peculiarly instructive and entertaining. . . .'

A little later the influenza paid a visit to the family. Mr. Reeves thus describes it in a letter to his cousin Mr. J. F. Reeves :—

' December 16, 1889.

'It has been a veritable epidemic in Berlin, and indeed pretty generally over the Continent, and is now opening a holiday trade in London. I never went in very strong for the Russian, and I think his style of cold not calculated to win him favour anywhere. I do not know whether it will cross the Atlantic, but if it does, I trust you will get more comfort out of it than we have. The first symptoms, that you may be able to diagnose it if you think you are getting it, are chills in the feet and legs, followed by chills all over, then the opposite condition supervenes, and you don't sleep any that night. You rise with an abominable headache, mostly across the front of the head, and with extremely sore and sensitive eye-balls. You cough more or less, and don't find this particularly pleasant. The ordinary handkerchief symptoms of a cold don't appear for two or three days, but all this time you feel as weak as if you had been ill for weeks, and utterly helpless. Then you begin to wish you could see a Russian, and you may know that you are getting better. . . .'

A little later he writes :—

' December 23, 1889.

'MY DEAR FRANK :—

' . . . Your account of the Grasmere buck-wheat cakes brings water in the mouth, which may not be dried by sausages and smoked goose-breasts. I sigh for my native fodder ; where e'er o'er

land or sea I roam, I think of buck-wheat cakes and home ; sadly I mop my weeping eyes and think of mince and pumpkin pies, and then I smile, for I rejoice ter think I may live to eat an oyster, oyster? ay, I mean a peck ! and eke the clam of Little Neck (Where, oh where, are breasts of geoses like Little Neck in his own juices ?) ; nor should to hang my Christmas sock fail, if it could catch a whiskey cocktail ; nor would my yearning maw deride 'r brimming glass of Jersey cider ; and sighs must come, and tears will thicken at thought of Mary T's fried chicken ; and as a desert lion brave he, who can think dry-eyed of her cream gravy ; alas ! alas ! I dare not risk it, to speak a word of soda-biscuit ; for sure as Poland-Chines like clover my brimming eyes would both slop over. The Christmas skies are sad and murky, they weep with me that not a turkey, in all this German Fatherland, is bigger than a chicken and devoid of flavour with no more savour than Deutschland's beloved *marzipan*, which, as compared with Maple candy, is a delusion and a snare, and e-nough of itself to make a man home-sick if he hadn't anything whatever to eat at home.

'The Christmas trees, which have filled the square in front of the hotel for a week past, have all been sold ; the little booths which line the side-walks of the broader streets and open squares (this year in Berlin for the last time) have sold the bulk of their wooden windmills and honey cakes and gingerbread and wooden horses, and Christmas is upon us. These banished booths are almost the last remnant of the old-time local colour of the German capital. I am more and more impressed with the great change which has come over the city since I was last here. I am very glad to have known it in the olden time, and not simply as the great metropolis it now is. . . .

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR.'

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,

December 29, 1889.

'MY DEAR HARVEY :—

' . . . The easy fashion in which you can lay your conscience away to sleep, and then open out on me because I do not possess one so lethargic, is worthy of the town you inhabit. And speaking of the town reminds me that it has been my privilege to see an ode to Chicago, fulminated in connexion with the unveiling of the Auditorium. It has seemed to me, on a cursory reading, that there was some more ode to Chicago which had failed to get in. Far be it from me to have even the appearance of sitting in criticism, but it fell upon me as I read, that down toward the end of the operation a few words of the proper brand might have been inserted, which, while giving a suggestion of realism, would have added a touch of local colour and have met the views of the stranger within your gates, and still would not have broken down the facts. . . . Something like the following— it might be worked up and varnished, with an elegant gilt frame :—

'Ah, Windy City ! where the various blow
Of men and prairie-gusts, incessant, roar ;
Whose winds, dust-laden, bluster to and fro ;
Gorger of foreign nickles, which no more,
Once they have passed thy slot, their owner sees !
Strange smells spread out on every passing breeze.

Do bulbuls sing? Do black-eyed houris teem,
 By limpid waters, in a land remote?
 The tom-cat slumbers in thy sluggish stream,
 And toward thy Crib departed puppies float.
 On to the Crib, where a remorseless suck
 Sends back their remnants to a thirsty city
 Along with every style of weary muck—
 Pure drink? Pure winds? Pure rot! Purity!
 Out of thy bounds an eagle to the sun
 Still speeds! Hurrah! Thank God! The trains still run.'

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,

December 29, 1889.

'MY DEAR FORBES:—

'I cannot let the old year go out with my grievous sin of omission still resting heavily upon my brow, or whatever other portion of the anatomy sins of omission do most frequent and rest upon. Therefore I take my pen in hand, to tell you how I am, and hope that you are better. I trust that the epidemic influenza may dodge Syracuse and you. If you see it coming, avoid it. Tarry not in its path, for its ways are evil and its yoke is not light. It is Russian, and throws bombs that play the mischief with him who comes in the way. I have tried and I know whereof I speak. . . .'

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,

January 5, 1890.

'MY DEAR FRANK:—

' . . . The influenza has so upset the Professor who dissects the ancient Icelandic tongue, that he is not to perform any more this semester, and I am, in consequence, cast up on the edge of the Potsdamer Platz with nothing to cling to but a few books, my Copenhagen correspondents, and the anticipation of another visit to the Danish capital. . . .

'Out in the Thiergarten, the great Berlin park, which the modern city pretty well surrounds, they have ponds and such, which are allowed to freeze up, and when it is esteemed that they are probably accurately congealed, the municipal authorities sort out a heavy-weight, moderately valuable policeman, and send him out on the ice to see whether he will fall through. If he falls through they wait till they think it has frozen some more, when they send out another policeman, and so on until the policeman fails to fall through. When he comes ashore the "Slide-shoe-runners," as skaters are accustomed to call themselves in these parts, gird up their soles, and go on in his place. The adoption of some such method as this in our large cities would enable us to determine with relative accuracy at a given time, where to look for a policeman with reasonable prospect of finding him, which, as is well known, cannot now be done.'

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,

January 12, 1890.

'MY DEAR LEE :—

'Your letter of December 16 was received last week, and this morning comes the very welcome Christmas letter. Despite the fact that there seem to be slight indications that you may have lingered a little too long over the turkey, which I gather from the combined gloomy view you take of hay and Harrison, I am rejoiced to know that you are all well, and too much turkey is not a serious indisposition, as I can myself testify, and as I should like to prove this very day if I were in the land of turkey and too cheap farm products. Turkeys they have here, but they are scraggy birds, not much bigger than good-sized chickens and decidedly inferior; they do have very superior chickens, and they can give us no end of points in the matter of geese and ducks, but the glorious gobbler of the great Republic does not flourish under imperial rule.

'Before dismissing your slight attack of indigestion, and disaffection, which I have concluded to attribute to the same, I should tell you that, although I haven't eaten too much turkey, or have not thus far to-day partaken of anything more substantial than rolls and coffee, I do in the main agree with you in the matter of the Harrison administration, and in a measure would criticize his message for the same reasons you give. I do not, however, attribute the low price of hay to Mr. Harrison's neglect to say anything about grass in his message, a view in which I am sure you will concur when the effects of the Christmas turkey have faded away.

'I have been sadly disappointed in the administration, or should rather say, my worst anticipations have in large measure been confirmed; firstly, in the matter of the failure to carry out the Civil Service pledges of the platform and of Harrison's own letter of acceptance; secondly (and here we come together), I think the drift toward profligate expenditure, for the sake of removing the surplus, instead of the complete remodelling of our revenue system (which shall not only remove the cause of the surplus but at the same time reduce the burden of taxation, and this especially upon the farmer), a very serious matter, which however, we had no real right to expect of the Republican party.

'I do not believe that what the farmer needs is additional legislation, aimed to bolster up his industry; it seems to me that all that can be done, all that should be done under an ideal government, is to put him on an equal footing with every other man in the community, and this in our present case by reducing taxation, by cutting down our expenditure if need be, by making our revenue conform to our reasonable needs, in short, by reducing the tariff, and in this wise, not perhaps increasing the farmer's income, but reducing the price of those articles which he has to buy. This change cannot be accomplished by any combination, by lobbies or the like accepted forms of influencing legislation; it can only be accomplished by the education in this direction of each individual farmer. This is a painfully slow process, but that the change will come is, I believe, certain. It seems a little hard that special legislation cannot be made to conjure money into the farmer's pockets, as such legislation now fillips gold into the ironmaster's pocket, but you will see with me, I am sure, that a goodly and lasting state cannot be builded upon a substructure honey-combed by class legislation. And after all, since the ironmaster's harvest is reaped at the expense of some one else, this some one will rouse to the

fact that he has been paying Paul all these years, and when he does wake up and put his hands on his pocket, he will insist that the government shall exercise its legitimate police function and call Paul off, and give Peter a chance to spend his own money where he likes, and not in paying Paul's bills. It is not, however, a legitimate function of government to reverse the process, for according to my arithmetic, two wrongs cannot be made to so combine as to yield a right as a result.

'The net result of all this talk is that it seems to me the price of hay and of other farm products is due, not to the failure of the administration to put more butter in the soup of its message, but to the working out of certain natural laws, and the only thing government can do or, as I think, ought to do, is to give the farmer, and likewise every one of its citizens, the privilege, no, not the privilege, but rather secure him in the natural right, to buy what he wants in the cheapest, and sell what he has to sell in the dearest market of the world. . . .'

In the early spring he went again to Copenhagen to revise the text of *Wineland* by another comparison with original manuscripts. In May the work was completed, and he proceeded to London to make arrangements for its publication. While there he met Miss Kimball, who, with three friends, had spent the winter in Berlin where Mr. Reeves and the family had seen much of them. They were now on their way back to the United States. Mr. Reeves accompanied them to Southampton, and bade them good-bye when they sailed. On his return to London he writes to Miss Kimball:—

'HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON,
May 14, 1890.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—

'I was very much touched when in the grey morning light I found the little packet on my dressing-table at Radley's. I dare say if I had been one of your sex I should have had, what the sex calls "a good cry," for I was rather shaky even before I discovered the pretty token and read the note. Not being of the sex and being sleepy, I compromised and shut my eyes, but not before I had wished the air above Southampton-Water so full of good wishes that some of them must surely have found their way in through your port if it was open, or happily, if it wasn't, down the companionway and under the door and so have reached their goal before you left the river, for they were meant for you and so despatched. . . .

'I have found time in intervals between my bouts with printers and publishers to have a look at the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. . . . There was nothing worthy of mention at the Grosvenor. The work there, like that at the Academy, with a few exceptions, was apparently painted to meet the public demand for sham. It is my belief, attributable no doubt to a royal curry for luncheon, that a considerable portion of this world's people worships sham for its own sake and through having no more important occupation; a still larger portion bows the head lower and burns more incense in the hope that it may deceive others of its kind into the belief that it worships sham for its own beautiful sake and never, no never, imitatively; and the remainder of the population of this very earthly sphere eats with its knife

and doesn't know the difference between caviare and Fra-Angelico ; and the greatest of these is the knife-eater, for his life is spent in providing the necessary means of enabling the worshippers of sham, and the worshippers of the worshippers of sham, to pay their homage at the shrine of their deity and wear powder on their footman's hair. . . .'

After his return to Berlin he writes again:—

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,
May 20, 1890.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—

'Have no fear! It isn't my intention to annoy you with letters at the rate of two a week, but I must tell you how very glad I have been to hear of the safe arrival of the 'Saale,' and presumably its precious freight with it, although for knowledge of your safe home-coming it seems very strange to have to wait so long, when so very recently a message had only to journey from sofa to chair unhelped of tongue and leagues away from leaning on crutch of pen. . . .

'I walked through the Hedemann-strasse past your house the day before yesterday to see what the effect would be, and the effect was something like lingering in boiling oil. The Hedemann-strasse shall know me no more. I know other and more agreeable methods of suicide ; and my sensitive nature shrinks from the thought of Fräulein Wille as a deputy Charlotte eyeing over this latter-day sacrifice. . . .

'But these are no days for encouragement of low spirits. You would scarcely know the town. The street at the side of the hotel is a bouquet of blossom and the dense foliage of the blooming trees completely hides the street from the window, what time a nightingale, heedless of the bustle and taking no thought of passports or Social Democracy has builded a nest in a horse-chestnut by my window, and sings the praise of the Buckeye in a language that needs no dictionary, and which I, even I, could understand if I could wake in season to hear it. At present I take the fact on the testimony of the family, who by the way, wish you their very hearty love, being no less loyal to their new-found friend than is their relative, although not knowing through so long an experience as the relative how worthy the lady is of all fealty.

'With the trust that we may soon have good news of the voyage and the home-coming, I am as always,

Your most faithful friend,
A. M. R.'

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,
June 16, 1890.

'MY DEAR HARVEY:—

'No small part of the pleasure of my home-coming last week was afforded by your very welcome and very undeserved letter, which was awaiting my arrival. I had been down Ober-Ammergauing it with Professor Fiske, and a rare good time we did have together at the Crucifixion and other entertainments, where we talked Icelandic till the people threatened to have us put out, and being in such happy frame, of course we could not be put out, which made a desperate

case for the un-Icelandic audiences, and may in a measure account for Pontius Pilate's very shrill voice. . . .

'How bald . . . is! He sent me his photograph some days ago and there isn't any hair in it at all worth mentioning, except the little that lodged on his chin when it fell off his crown. I think seriously of sending him a bottle of the highly-renowned *Professor Megargee's Barterzeuger*, concerning which I see many favourable letters in the press hereaway. If he is indifferent to his head, he can apply it to the collar of his summer overcoat as the cold weather approaches, and as I shall send him the seal-brown brand, no one will ever know that his overcoat collar didn't come from Alaska. . . .'

To Miss Kimball:—

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,
June 17, 1890.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—

' . . . I had a rarely enjoyable ten days in Munich with Professor Fiske, and was very sorry to leave him a week ago. . . . We went to Oberammergau together, and despite the indifferent rooms and fare, and eight hours of play, rather enjoyed the experience.

'The best part of the entertainment we found to be the tableaux; many of these are very effective, the grouping well studied and the colouring artistic, what time the participants, in more or less trying attitudes, keep a marvellous stillness for long periods. One of these tableaux, upon which we had especially counted, was, for some reason omitted. This was the tableau typical of the Resurrection, and was to have limned that interesting historical episode wherein a party of the name of Jonah fails to rest well on the stomach of a leviathan of the deep. Whether the whale had refused to tackle the tough but holy man again, or whether the servant of the Lord had discovered that his indigestibility might be regarded as a reflection on his personal character, and had struck for higher wages—as servants of the Lord will when their consciences are especially troubled—I do not know, but the fact was that neither the whale, the fit of indigestion, nor Jonah were to be seen, and we had to content ourselves with a portrayal of Abraham in the act of being restrained from the sacrifice of his son by the opportune appearance of a cotton-batting sheep in the middle distance. Having thus accomplished our duty to the Passion Play we returned to Munich, and last Wednesday evening I parted with the Professor, (who, by the way, sails next Saturday for New York) and took the night train for Berlin. . . .'

To Miss McGregor, who had been for many years his friend, he thus writes in answer to a letter making inquiries in regard to Watch Hill:—

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, BERLIN,
July 13, 1890.

'MY GOOD FRIEND:—

' . . . To the new-comer, Watch Hill is rather a "stary" looking place, there are too many white board hotels and the like, but over on the other side from the landing-place there be rocks with many shady and inviting nooks and a broad reach of smooth, sandy shore, where you can lie all day and watch the big rollers chase the little ones, and tumble merrily over

each other on the beach, for no other purpose in the world save your amusement. I don't know any bit of country in this universe that could have more of charm than such a fringe of ocean—if your room is comfortable, and you have a good waiter, and the food is not too bad. Mountains are not half bad, and I am really homesick for Weggis! but one may tire of the mountains—this one may—but he never tires of lying on the sands at Watch Hill, watching the waves and thinking things. It seems almost a career. . . .'

In the latter part of July he left Berlin with his mother and two of his nieces for Southern Germany and Switzerland and thence to Paris. He thus sets forth the reasons for the journey and its incidents in a letter to Mr. Howell, his superintendent at *Grasmere*.

'HOTEL BELLEVUE, PARIS,
August 15, 1890.

'My DEAR LEE :—

'My sister is the proud possessor of another little daughter, who, despite the fact that she came into the world under the wings of the Prussian eagle, seems thus far to be a remarkably well-conducted American baby. Mother and I parted with the two elder Foulkes and the two younger Foulkes in Berlin three weeks ago, being desirous of giving Carrie and Lillie a more extended glimpse of the continent than they might hope to have if they remained with their parents, who, of necessity, had to make their way hither by easy stages. . . .

'We proceeded first to Nuremberg, a wonderfully picturesque old town, the most so I think of any in Germany, with narrow, winding streets, flanked by quaint gable-fronted houses leaning over to gossip with their companions across the way, and tell tales of the ancient glories of the town when the Meistersingers sang and cobbled shoes, when the bronze-smiths and the iron-smiths and the silver-smiths wrought such monuments as shall make the town famous while the metals they worked survive.

'The great painting of the master of this era, Albert Dürer, which graced the Museum when I was last in Nuremberg, is no longer there, and I missed it from its wonted place and still feel that it is not half as happily placed in the Museum at Berlin as in the old home where it left the artist's hand. It is a simple little portrait of an ancient worthy of the town of the Meistersingers, Holzschuer he was called, but it is to my mind the finest portrait I have ever seen, and the guardians of the Berlin Museum seem to have appreciated this fact for they paid the heirs of the old Nuremberger 450,000 marks for it a few years ago. \$112,500 is a tidy figure for a portrait of an else unknown and long, long dead old gentleman. It would be interesting to know what the simple-minded artist would have thought if he could have known that a single one of his paintings would one day bring such a price. But if I linger over a single picture, which isn't even now in Nuremberg, I shall never get you out of the town, and while you would surely wish to linger, it might be that the reality is all that would tie you and not my talk.

'From Nuremberg we continued to Munich, and although I had not anticipated a second visit to Oberammergau, Mother and the children were very eager to go, and there was no other to pilot them. I am glad to have had the experience after all, for I think I appreciated the merit of the spectacle even more this second seeing than the first. . . .'

He speaks of this second visit to Oberammergau in a letter to Miss Kimball:—

‘EUROPAISCHERHOF, SALZBURG,

July 29, 1890.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND:—

‘ . . . I had failed to secure the rooms I had expected, and would have been at my wits’ end (no great distance you will say) if I had not bethought me to send up a special messenger from Munich. The courier gave it out, I think, that I was an American king or potentate of some description; and the grandees were in waiting for us at the villa Hillern, the most magnificent residence in these parts, where the Baroness von Hillern greeted us with distinguished consideration. Of course, she wasn’t wont to let rooms, and knew nothing about such plebeian matters as meals and things, but the servants would endeavour, under her direction, to make us comfortable, and she trusted we would pardon any short-comings because of her total lack of familiarity, &c. &c. I began to think there was a mistake about the “American Prince” phase of the matter, and promptly arrived at the conclusion that she thought I was Vanderbilt himself. I have seen no reason since to modify this conclusion. However, the rooms were capital, and the last night over the meditative cigar on the verandah of my room was perfect; the brilliant moonlight in the early evening filling the valley and playing on the wandering Ammer—then, as the cigar and the evening waned, the shadow of the towering Kofel over against me, creeping toward me as the moon drew toward it, finally making a Japanese painting of itself behind a cluster of fir-trees on the mountain side, and then suddenly vanishing behind the peak, leaving me in eclipse, but still flooding the valley on the other hand with light. This astronomical phenomenon will doubtless appear to you a trifle mixed, but my pen and my brain are both in too bad a condition for a diagram at this stage of the evening. . . . ’

‘From Oberammergau’ (as he writes to Mr. Howell)—

‘We drove to Innsbruck, a long day but a very enjoyable drive, especially the descent into the valley of the Inn; a beautiful panorama of snow-capped mountains walling in the peaceful valley, with the swift-flowing river shining between the dark green fields, fields which proved to be, when we had come down among them, corn; the first we had seen this year, and the most extensive I have ever seen in Europe, but after all, corn for fodder. There was scarcely a hint of ears among the stalks. . . . ’

From Innsbruck they proceeded to the Königsee and Salzburg, where they descended into the mines. Of this he says:—

‘We rowed across the lake perhaps a quarter of a mile and then came upon the famous “slide.” This is simply a pair of wooden rails, polished as they should be, upon which you seat yourselves, and resting your hand on the shoulder of a miner in front, slide from top to bottom. I had neglected to remove a box of matches from my coat-tail pocket, and being in some fear that I would go off on the way down, did not, perhaps, get such pure delight out of the descent as did Carrie and Lillie.’

On his arrival in Paris he writes:—

‘The other wing of the party came soon after ours, and the daughters we had with us have been getting, I think, rather more enjoyment out of looking at their small sister pretty constantly ever since, than out of any mountain or picture we saw during our separation.’

From Paris, after a short stay, the family proceeded to England, whence Mr. and Mrs. Foulke and their daughters returned to America, while Mr. Reeves with his mother visited the English Lake country and the Scotch Highlands.

He writes to Mr. Peirce,—

‘TARBET, LOCH LOMOND,
September 21, 1890.

‘ME DEAR JEEMES:—

‘I have it in my mind to polish you off in the fragment of time that remains before dinner. I don’t know whether it can be done, but of one thing I am well satisfied, and that is that my stomach is not going to permit me to operate on you after the first stroke of the gong. . . . Happily I had a perfect day for the trip, day before yesterday, to Iona and Staffa and around Mull. Ah, but it was glorious! How I wished for you I leave you to imagine, for didn’t we get our first impressions of Oban together? . . .

‘I read my last proofs ten days ago in London, and I am half-way promised that the sheets shall be in the binder’s hands by the first of October. The worst feature about the thing is the price at which the book will have to be sold, it doesn’t begin to be worth it, but I have got it down below cost as it is and this much against the publisher’s advice. . . . The plates, of course, are the expensive part of the baby, and as the plates are the very vitals of the infant to my mind, I daren’t allow it to come into the world with hollow insides and no blood in its circulatory system. The plates and the index have made me old before my time. The rest of it was better sport than a second glass of Scotch whiskey. . . .’

To Mr. Heermans:—

‘TARBET, LOCH LOMOND,
September 21, 1890.

‘MY DEAR FORBES:—

‘I have been meaning to write to you ever since I received your letter in Munich, but “proof” and “index” and travel have combined to keep the intention unfulfilled. Now happily there is nothing to prevent my sending you a line to-day from the shadow of Ben Lomond, if a Scotch or any other Ben could cast a shadow in such a day as this—which is, after all, the kind of day in which Scotch Bens do mostly have their being, wrapping cloud turbans round their heads and soaking their old grey-green sides in ooze of mist and their feet in the cool deeps of the black lochs. . . .

‘We came first by rail to Crianlarich, and at Crianlarich the mist had developed into a cold steady downpour which seemed uncommonly moist as we stepped out into it from the railway carriage at the little road-side station. We were to drive to the head of Loch Lomond. . . . There wasn’t anything especially enjoyable about the drive, for if you know a “Charry-o-Bang”

you will realize that there isn't much of anything to it but horses and wheels and outside and marvellous facilities on a rainy day for wetting down the outsiders. To add to the general wetness, my vis-a-vis, a very red-faced Englishman, had a way of letting the end of the ribs of his umbrella hang over my umbrella, arms and sleeves, until I discovered that he wore low shoes and that one of his feet was accessible. Whereupon I was seized with an idea pointing the road to swift and satisfactory revenge. I closed my umbrella and, holding it at a certain angle, succeeded in pouring about a quarter of a pint of cool fresh Scotch rain-water into the red-faced Englishman's off shoe. This was very satisfactory and I scarcely ever enjoyed the remainder of a drive so much as I did the remainder of that one, and the red-faced Englishman being stupid, as red-faced Englishmen generally are, never suspected that the work was not one of nature, but of art. . . .

'Please keep your eye on the date—October 10, from Southampton—and believe me as ever,

Most faithfully yours,

ARTHUR.'

On October 10, 1890, he sailed with his mother in the *Normannia* and arrived at Richmond in the latter part of the month.

Shortly after his return, he writes to Mr. Heermans:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,

November 4, 1890.

'MY DEAR BBBB:—

' . . . What are you doing to make you so busy in this land of lotus eaters, of *dolce far niente* between meals and pie for breakfast? Do you take thought for the morrow where all your neighbours take thought only for to-day? Are you laying up treasures in heaven and do you think you can float 'em on the English market? Nay, not so! They have tried that security over there, and a plain, old-fashioned brewery, or pork syndicate, is still good enough for English gold. I have caught somewhat of the fever from your letters, and already have scarcely time to sit up nights, and barely time enough to get to breakfast before luncheon time, and all this in a single fortnight. . . .

'I will send you a copy of my book. Pray do not refuse it. I am hoping to secure a limited circulation in this way, and I have really counted upon your consideration from the start. . . .

'Aren't you married yet?

ARTHUR.'

A few days later he sends a copy of *Wineland* to Miss Kimball, with the following:—

'RICHMOND, IND.,

November 10, 1890.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—

' . . . I had the good fortune to meet Professor Fiske in Southampton, just arrived when we were sailing. It was only a month ago; it seems fourteen years and eight months. I haven't been exactly blue in the interval, but oh! I do wish we could learn to pave our streets and roads, have our voices filed, suppress the abominable noises which nearly drive me mad, the

whistles and the bells and the politics and the interminable talk of money and money getting. Did you ever discover how much easier it is to be patriotic in Berlin than in Chicago? . . .

‘My mother would join me in a message of affectionate regard if she had not gone to bed hours ago, and I am, as always, most faithfully your friend,

A. M. R.’

He receives from his cousin, Mr. Stephens, a flask of whiskey. He acknowledges the gift as follows, sending at the same time a silver cork-screw:—

‘RICHMOND, IND.,
December 22, 1890.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND:—

‘Your kindness has been pretty constantly upon my mind, and more or less upon my stomach—not that I have swallowed the flask—for that, as well as the scent of the rye in its fair flower, and especially the fragrant memory of your kindness, abide with me and give me joy, at this wassail-tide of the year. I should have told you of my appreciation before more particularly, but that I have been so busily occupied in the endeavour to catch up with myself since last we met. In this pursuit I have been oft sustained and lifted up by the generous aid vouchsafed me by your ingenious sustainer and lifter up. Another friend in need conferred upon me, some years ago, an apparatus which has proven of good and obedient service in more than one emergency in the interval, and it has seemed to me that you also might find a similar contrivance somewhat of a guide, philosopher and friend, enabling you upon occasion to pull yourself together by the simple process involved in pulling other objects apart. Moreover the baby may, if he hasn’t already passed the first jug-and-bottle stage of his existence, find it handy in an extremity. With renewed thanks and with heartiest wishes for a joyful Christmas and glad New Year to you all—I am as alway,

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR M. REEVES.’

As soon as the claims of a great volume of business, accumulated during his absence, had been attended to, Mr. Reeves began, conjointly with Dr. Valtyr Guðmundsson of Copenhagen, a translation of the *Laxdaela Saga* with copious historical notes. He thus speaks of it in a letter to Miss McGregor:—

‘January 15, 1891.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND:—

‘. . . There is a gentleman in Copenhagen, whom you once thought a relative of Marjorie Daw’s—or said as much—and this real being and I have joined hands for the making over into English of one of the stories of his countrymen. He is a professor in the University of Copenhagen, and is lecturing this winter upon the *Kulturgeschichte* of this same saga. It was the lodestone, this common interest in the *Kulturgeschichte*, which originally drew us together, and thus to make common cause with him in the working out of this particular phase of the old life, promises no end of pleasure to one of the partners. Indeed, I am already like the school-boy who has reached at last his long anticipated vacation. Last week, the first free week

since we landed in the autumn, I thought I saw the open sea before me, but I fear this is not to be, and I may only steer as clear a course as may be and bide my time. There is some comfort, a very little, in growling at the petty cares and duties, there is vastly more in the real work.'

But the translation of the *Laxdaela Saga* was not to be finished by his hand. Some eighteen chapters only were completed. In the latter part of February he went to *Grasmere*, to look after his farm, and was there busied with the settlement of accounts, contracts, &c., until the 25th of the month. On the morning of that day he started for home. As the train passed Hagerstown, a village some sixteen miles from Richmond, it was thrown from the track while moving around a curve at a very high rate of speed. Mr. Reeves was in the rear end of the last car, talking with two or three acquaintances. The car was dashed against the abutment of a bridge which spanned a small stream near the town, and he, as well as those who were with him, were instantly killed.

A Runic gravestone, brought from the island he loved, marks his last resting-place by his father's side in the cemetery of Spring Grove at Cincinnati.

Many traits of his character appear not only in his letters but in his literary work, to which (as well as to all the duties of life) he applied himself with conscientious fidelity. His industry was unflagging and he worked rapidly, though amid many interruptions.

His ideals were the highest possible. While entirely destitute of cant, he conformed to the strictest canons of integrity, and exacted the like conformity from others as the price of his esteem.

His artistic sense was fine. Whether in music, poetry, painting or sculpture his taste was unerring.

He was extremely sensitive to his surroundings. Every false chord in the scenes and events about him distressed him greatly, though he seldom showed it by outward sign. He was self-reliant, yet modest, and avoided publicity and show.

Although courteous and affable in his intercourse with others he cared little for general society. To a few friends, he was bound by the firmest ties of affection. The best side of his character was revealed only to these and to his immediate family.

His grief at his father's death was inexpressible, and his father's example was the model to which, in all important particulars, he conformed the conduct of his life.

His devotion to his mother at all times and especially during the years when he lived alone with her after her husband's death, was manifested by daily acts of

thoughtfulness and constant efforts to supply the place which had become vacant. No labour was wearisome, no sacrifice too great, if it would promote her comfort and happiness.

His love for his sister was unique. The sympathy and intimacy between them, instead of diminishing, grew constantly closer. Her sorrows were as fully his own, and care for her welfare and that of her children was his constant thought.

Apart from the irreparable loss to this family and the friends who cherished his companionship beyond all reckoning, literature and scholarship have suffered greatly by the premature death of one whose talents were so well approved by the work he had already done, and whose life was so full of promise for the future.

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