

before I started, I saw a paragraph in a Norwegian paper to the effect that Henrik Ibsen was spending the summer at the little town of Sæby, a few miles from Frederikshavn. I telegraphed for permission to call upon him, and received a cordial answer. My impressions of that visit are noted in a letter from which I make the following extracts :

Frederikshavn is a very bright-coloured, cheerful, clean little place, and the country about it is delicious—a perfectly level sea-shore, and then, about a quarter of a mile inward, a low table-land, broken by deep watercourses, very wide for the driblets of water in the bottom of them. You see a magnificent sweep of coast, with, about seven miles southward, a projecting point on which stands a large church. This is Sæby. I found at the hotel in Frederikshavn a Norwegian business-man, a very decent old fellow, who was going to drive to Sæby. I proposed to share the conveyance, the more so as I had a Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin full of roses from A—— J—— for Fru Ibsen. The old boy consented with alacrity, and away we drove at the rate of about five miles an hour, in the queerest old trap you ever saw. It was a delightful drive—a perfect summer day, the corn ripe all round, the wild flowers brilliant, and the Cattegat dancing in the sunlight. All the way we could see Sæby Church straight ahead ; and at last we rattled over a bridge, past a lovely old water-mill and into the quaint main street of Sæby—one storey houses with great high gables, all brightly painted.

The moment we were over the bridge I saw a short, broad figure ahead, in an inordinately long black frock-coat, and a tall hat made of black silk, looking far too small for the immense head. It was Ibsen, evidently on the look out for me. I stopped the trap, we greeted each other with effusion, and then he insisted that I should drive on the Hotel Harmonien, where he was staying, he following on foot. This scene proceeded to the speechless amazement of my fellow traveller, whom I had found to be a fine old stock-conservative, and had therefore not informed of my purpose in visiting Sæby. Ibsen, with his white necktie, appeared for all the world like a most respectable parson ; but I am sure my friend looked at his boots to see if they were normal, and would not have been surprised if he had produced a torpedo from his coat-tail pocket, and proceeded to place it under the ark in which we were travelling. We drove into the courtyard of Harmonien, and, by the time I had settled with my companion, Ibsen arrived.

He took me up into an enormous, barely-furnished, uncarpeted room on the first floor, with four (if not five) windows, and two bedrooms opening off it at the back. This formed his apartment ; and here we sat and talked for about an hour, until Fru Ibsen came in from a walk in Sæby Forest. I presented the flowers, which she promptly rescued from the biscuit-box, and received with enthusiasm. Indeed, they made a splendid show, and she was immensely