

Liverpool  
6 September 1876

Dear Daughter Anne Pederine,

I have received your letter which I appreciated very much. It was sent after me from America. I am pleased to hear that all is well and I thank you so much for the pictures you sent me. They were perfect, both of them, and I have them now in my picture book.

We are busy unloading and we will probably finish Saturday. I have no directions where to go from here yet. Times are bad. I can tell you that Terje sailed yesterday. I was down where he lives yesterday but met only his wife. He has a very nice and charming wife but, as I have understood, he does not treat her all that nicely. He is still the same fellow as he was when he left home. I have asked him many times to go home and take it easier when he has finished this trip, as long as he can get his wife with him. I do not think she feels like going, but I shall speak to her as best I can. It would be much better for both of them. God grant that he would soon turn back to his fatherhome, the lost son. That is what I should wish.

Now, my dear daughter, it will soon be time for you as well to leave home. May God be your partner through life and save you from all sin and temptation. I think you will miss your home, and you will always be welcome there. I can say to you in advance: Give all your thoughts to your Lord and he will look after you. Yes, dear Pederine, you must promise me not to wander away from God. Do not forget your promise when you were christened. I shall pray to God for you and he will save you from all sins for the sake of Jesus Christ. It was difficult for me to realize you wanted to leave. I thought I should get you some place where you could learn something. I do not like very much the place you are going to, so take good care of yourself.

Give my regards to mother and sister Marie, Anton and Karen, Aunt Lisa and Albert.

Warmest greetings from your dear father.

K. A. Thorstensen

I have written to Lisa a couple of days ago.

Copenhagen 6 September 1766

Minne Datter Anne Sederin  
Jeg har modtaget, det meget gode  
smukke Brev som blev sendt mig fra  
Kalmuck, og det glæder mig at høre  
at Deres Løve vel Altsammen, og saa  
takker jeg for Sættens De sendte  
mig, De var godt begynde og min staa  
de min Althor, jeg holder min paa  
om at Løse og bliver Udlost tænker  
Jeg om Lørdag, jeg har ingen Sket  
om hvor jeg kommer til at Gaa her  
søndag, her er meget Sælskabet  
min Løn jeg fortælle dig at Tysdags  
i Gaar, jeg var med ham han  
i Gaar efter min løb ikke hans Hone  
Jeg har min var gram i i Nogen  
han har en meget Pen og Stigelig  
Mener, men efter vad jeg har erfaret  
at Schander han sende ikke rigtig  
han er Frandelen den samme han var



da han vilde hjemmel. Nu  
har jeg bedt mange Gange om at  
vise <sup>ham</sup> sin og give sig i Aalegne  
naar han faar gjort denne Tour  
og han har Lovet mig at han vil for  
de naa blot han kunde faa sin  
Hans. Men, men him - har vel  
ikke stor lyst til atreise, Skjænt  
jeg skal tale for ham. Saa godt jeg kan  
det vilde. Vilde meget bedre fordem  
begge to, og end giver at han maatte  
brude med sin end den forlorne. Sin  
til Faderhjemmet, det er lidt hvad jeg  
vil. Proke, —

Nu Lyve Datter skal du vel snart  
gode reis bort fra Hjemmet og Gid  
som Din Ledning i Gjemmen Livet og  
bevare dig fra Verdens Fristelser og  
lillekkelser, jeg tænker nok at du  
vil komme til at staae færdig  
for din maaske det Saa godt du vil  
det vil aldrig komme af mind færdig  
det kan jeg sige sig paa forhænde af

Erkjering, mens Last din Omhu paa  
Hvernen og paa hans skal forvorge dig, men  
den ikke vilde det at den skulde blive  
i vinkeligen, ja Lige paa Pedersen di  
maa Love dig at du vil lindre for Hver  
rens Ansigt, ja som i dei Den Daalstap  
brød di der haver Lovet, ja jeg vil  
et lit Gud for dig at maa svare dig  
Arvt for Hver Siget, det var temph  
for mig at di vilde skide, og jeg tænke  
at paa dig skal paa et Høt men di kende  
Love noget og jeg hører at der skal være  
liden Orden hvor di skal flygte til, men  
der bliver nok ikke noget Gode at Love  
Nu maa di Hilsen paa Le Moder  
og Søster Hils Maria Anton og Hver  
Hils Tante Lise og alle  
og for di Hjertelig Hils  
Fader

M. A. Tho

Jeg haver skrevet  
et Lias for et par  
Dage siden,