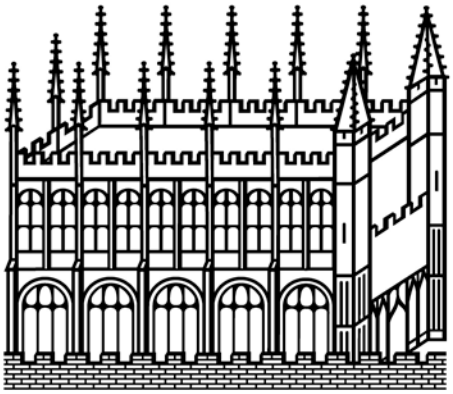

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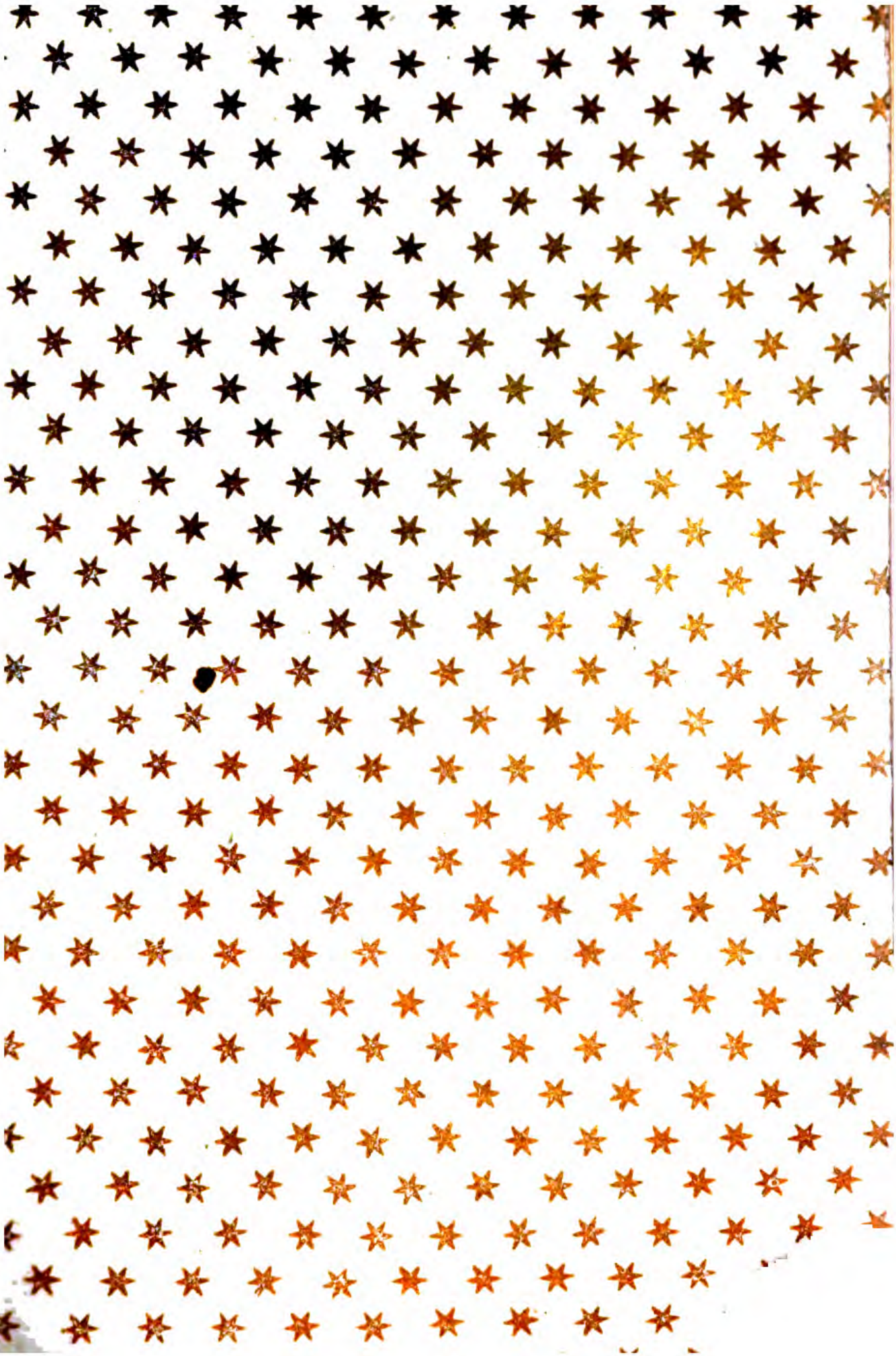

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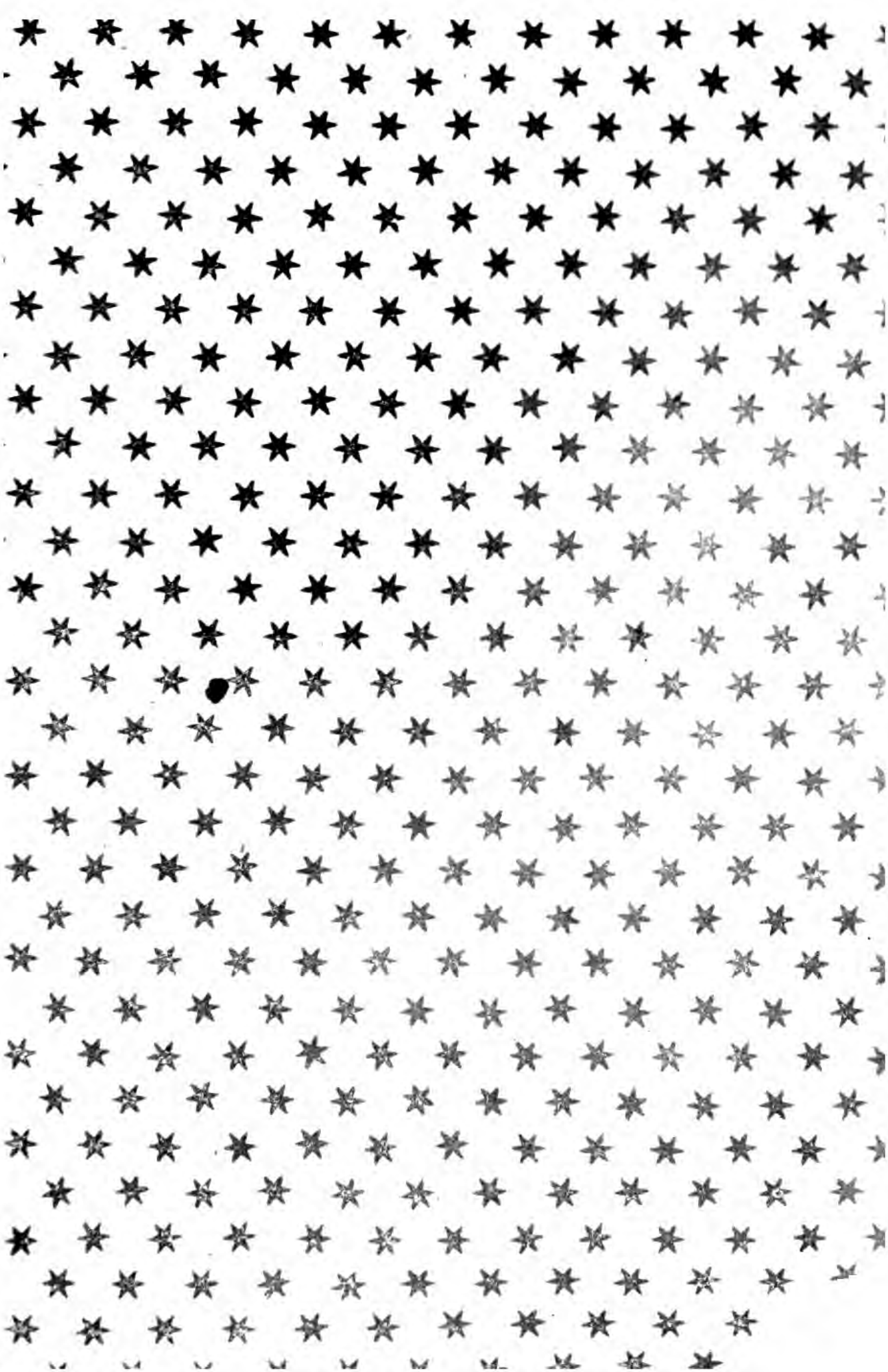

THE

NOVELS

OF

FREDERIKA BREMER.

VOL. VII.

THE HOME.

Vol. 2.

LONDON:

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

—

1844.

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THE HOME;

OR

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

AUTHORESS OF "STRIFE AND PEACE," "THE H—— FAMILY," "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

BY

E. A. FRIEDLÆNDER,

(LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN,)

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES TO THE KINGSTON COLLEGE &c. HULL. AUTHOR OF A GERMAN GRAMMAR, IMPROVED AND SIMPLIFIED, IN FIVE SYNOPTICAL TABLES, ETC., ETC.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

—

1844.

THE HOME.

ANOTHER COURTSHIP.

Early the following morning Eva received a present of a nosegay of beautiful moss-roses and a letter in it; Eva broke it open and read as follows:

"I have dreamed that I might live,—a life more lovely, more perfect than romance could ever dream. Sweetest Eva, whom I have so often carried in my arms;—charming girl, whom I could bear on my bosom throughout the whole of my life, you must listen to what I have dreamed and sometimes still dream.

"I dreamed that I was a rock, rough, ugly, repelling, useless. But a heart beat in the rock, a fettered heart. It beat against the walls of its prison until it bled, for it longed to be in the light of the sun, but was not able to burst its fetters. I could not liberate myself from myself. The heart wept that the rock was so hard that it should be a prison. A girl then appeared, a bright benignant angel, she walked through the wood and laid her warm lily-white hand upon the rock and endued with pure lips, and by a magical whisper broke the spell. The stony wall then opened, and the heart,

the poor captive heart beheld the light! The young girl penetrated into the chamber of the heart and called it her home. Then suddenly lovely roses encircled the happy heart, which shed their fragrance around the liberator, the chamber of the heart expanded itself high to become a temple for her; the naked walls clothed themselves for her with fresh foliage, and precious stones gleamed between the flowers in the sun's rays.

" I awoke from a feeling of bliss, which was too great to be borne on earth; I awoke, and alas! the roses had vanished, the lovely maid had vanished, and I was again the hard, ugly, joyless rock. But, young girl! see, it will never forsake my thoughts, that the roses which I saw in the dream, are hidden still within me, that they still continue to bloom, are still able to afford joy and happiness; it appears to me as if this narrow and fretful bosom might become enlarged by some influence of love, that precious stones might there be found, which would shine in bright lustre on the being, who would call them to light.... Young, sweet girl, would you not venture to make the trial? Would you not lay your warm hand upon the rock? Would you not gently breathe upon it? Oh, surely! would it become soft under your hand, it would produce roses for you, it would form itself into a temple for you, a temple full of praise, full of love! ....

" I know that I am old, prematurely old; that I am ugly, tiresome, perhaps ridiculous; but I do not believe that nature willed that I should so pass through the world so infinitely lovely. No father, no mother, no brothers and sisters have helped me on my road; no sun-beam has fallen on my childhood and my youth;

struggling with difficulties I have wandered alone through life. Once I attached myself to a friend—he rejected me;—then the rock inclosed my heart, then my whole demeanour became hard, ugly, and rough. Must it always remain so? Will my life never bloom upon earth? Will no dew from heaven refresh my roses?

"Are you afraid of my morose temperament? Oh, you have seen, how a look, a word from you can chase all clouds from my forehead; not, because you are fair, but because you are excellent and pure. Will you teach me to become kind? From you would I gladly receive instruction. From you would I learn to love mankind, and to perceive greater good in the world than I have hitherto done. For you would I live, if not indeed for the world. I would gladly that the world should know me not until the cross upon my grave shall tell: Here rests. . . .

"Oh! charming to live in security from its poisoning looks; poisoning, when censuring or praising! charming, not to be polluted by its favor! But still more charming, to be thoroughly known by one, to possess *one* benignant and true friend, and in this friend a wife! Charming, to be able to look into her pure mind as into a mirror, there to perceive every blemish in one's own mind, and thus to be able to prepare one's self for the day of the Great Judgment. . . .But I am speaking only of myself, of my own happiness. Ah the Egotist, the detestable Egotist! Can I make you also happy, Eva? Is it not presumption in me to desire . . . .Ah, Eva! I love you inexpressibly! I place the Egotist in your hands;——do with him what you like, he will still remain

Yours!"

This letter distressed Eva much. She would gladly indeed have returned a consenting answer, to have made so kind a man happy; but then so many voices spoke a refusal within her heart.

She had an interview with her parents and sisters. "He is so kind, so excellent," said she. "Ah, if I could love him as sincerely. But that I cannot do. And then, you know, he is so old. Besides, I have no desire to marry! I am so happy in my domestic home!"

"Do not leave it then," was the unanimous exclamation of her parents and sisters. The father was truly displeased with the offer; the mother also thought it an absurdity, that her blooming Eva and Jeremias Munter should be coupled together. No voice spoke for the Assessor, except that of little Petrea, and a silent sigh in Eva's own heart. The consequence of all these deliberations was, that Eva, with her eyes filled with tears, wrote the following reply to her sister.

"My best, my very dear kind friend! Ah, do not be angry with me, but I cannot be to you what you wish me. I shall certainly never marry. I am so happy in my domestic circle. Ah, this is no doubt selfish, but I cannot help it. Forgive me! I still feel most kindly and affectionately towards you, and I should never be happy, if you were not to love me henceforth, as you have till now. Your little Eva."

It was evening, when Eva received a pretty and costly casket, containing these lines.

"Yes, yes! I could easily believe that the rough rock must be repulsive. You would not hazard

your beautiful hand upon it, dear little Eva; you would not breathe kindly on my poor roses. They may then remain in their grave. Now I am about to depart and shall see you no more for a long time. But, zounds! As you give me a basket,* you yourself shall have a little casket. I bought it for my—bride——Eva! Now Eva shall still keep it for my sake. She can send it back to me, when I cease to be

Her true and attached friend."

"I wonder whether she really regrets it?" asked the Lagman, anxiously of his wife, as he saw Eva shed warm tears, over her little casket. "But that cannot be helped. Eva to marry? and especially Munter? She is but a child yet. But such is the way of the world: when one's daughters are well brought up, and carefully educated, then just as one should first begin to enjoy some pleasure in them, one is to part with them to go to China, perhaps, if the suitor happens to be a Chinese. It is intolerable! it is horrible! I do not wish my most bitter enemy the pain of having grown up daughters. Schwarz is already beginning to draw his nets around Sara. Good heavens! must we have another suitor?"

ANOTHER.

The Lagman had, unknown to himself, made a very striking remark. Schwarz had really been drawing dark, and closer circles round Sara; and whilst wishing to appear free from his power, her feelings grew con-

* An expression used in giving the denial to an offer of marriage.

tinually more anxious and susceptible. The mother, uneasy about her connection with Schwarz, would no longer leave her alone with him during her music-lesson, and this vigilant attention roused Sara's pride no less than the first gentle remonstrances which she received upon her conduct; the latter was received with much impatience and contempt. Before the Lagman, however, Sara did not show the dark side of her character; his look, his presence, seemed to exercise a degree of power over her; indeed she was perhaps more loved by him than by any other member of the family, Petrea excepted.

One evening Sara sat at the window of the library, leaning her beautiful head upon her hand. Petrea sat on a foot-stool at her feet; she was also silent and sometimes bent a tender look of solicitude upon Sara. Sara also sometimes looked down upon her, with a thoughtful and almost gloomy countenance.

"Petrea!" said she suddenly, "what would you say if I were to leave you very unexpectedly to enter the wide world, and never more to return?"

"What should I say?" replied Petrea, with a torrent of tears. "Ah! I should say nothing, but I would lie down and die of grief!"

"Do you love me so sincerely, Petrea?"

"Do I love you? Ah Sara! when you go take me with you, as your waiting-maid, as your servant! I will do anything for you!"

"Dear Petrea, retain your love for Sara, but do not follow her!" whispered she, whilst she threw her arms around Petrea's neck and kissed her weeping eyes.

"It feels dreadfully sultry, to me this evening!" said

Henric, impatiently. "There appears to be no possibility of getting together a little party, not a note of music, and not a word of conversation. The air seems just as if we were going to have an earthquake. I believe Africa has sent one of her tempests over to us. Petrea weeps like the rainy season. And then every body withdraws in couples, and seat themselves in corners, and whisper, and mutter, and kiss each other, from my devoted parents down to my little thoughtless sisters! The king and queen seat themselves indiscriminately, no matter where, on dead or living things, for they were positively being very nearly sitting down upon me on the sofa. But I made *tout d'un coup* an evolution. Affianced pair — dreadfully tiresome folks! Are they not — these betrothed. They neither see, nor hear, they cannot talk to any one except to each other."

At the dead of night a light was burning in Sara's room. Her diary occupied her a long time. She wrote with a quick and unsteady hand.

"To-morrow then! to-morrow everything will be disclosed, and I bound."

"I know that this is a matter of little importance, and still I cherish such a feeling of horror for it. Oh, the power of prejudice and form!"

"I know very well whom I could love!. . . . There is a purity in his looks, a power of purity which penetrates me. But how would he look upon me, were he to see. . . ."

"I must go! Besides I have no alternative! S. has me in his net, the money which I have borrowed of him has bound me so long to him! For I cannot

wish that they should know it, and despise me. I know that they would be ready to reduce themselves to poverty, to set me at liberty: but I shall not stoop so low!

"And why do I speak of liberation? This is the very object I am going to meet, a life of liberty and honour! I will bend for a moment under the yoke, only to raise myself the more proudly. There is no more time now for trembling, and hesitation; away with these tears; and thou Volney! proud, powerful thinker, stand by me! Teach me to sustain myself by my own power, when everything else is tottering!"

Sara now exchanged her pen for her book, and the bell tolled the hour of midnight before she closed it, and rose up quietly, and calmly, to seek the repose of sleep.

The earthquake, of which Henry had spoken, came in reality the day following: the signal of it was a letter from Schwarz to the Lagman, in which the latter sued for Sara's hand. His only property was his heart, but he was convinced that with it his wife would want for nothing. He was now on the point of undertaking a tour through Europe, and wished to be accompanied by Sara. Of her consent and devotedness he was sure. The Lagman was generally pleased with a degree of self-confidence in any man, but the letter from Schwarz breathed a spirit of arrogant self-security which was revolting to his very soul. He was moreover wounded by the presumptuous tone, with which Schwarz spoke of her, whom he loved as his own daughter, and the thought of her being united to a man

of Schwarz's character, was intolerable to him. He was almost convinced, that Sara did not love him, and burned with impatience to refuse his claims, and at the same time to see him banished from the house.

Elise perfectly coincided in the feelings of her husband, but was less positive than he in reference to Sara's disposition. Sara was sent for to the parents. The Lagman handed over to her the letter from Schwarz, and impatiently waited for her to speak her wishes. Sara quickly became pale at the sight of the serious and penetrating looks which were directed upon her, but declared herself satisfied in accepting Schwarz's offer. Surprise and vexation were depicted in the countenance of the Lagman. After a short pause the mother said:

"Ah Sara! Have you well considered this? Do you think that Schwarz is a man who can really make a wife happy?"

"He can make me happy, happy according to my wishes," replied Sara.

"Never, never can you expect domestic happiness with him."

"He loves me, and he can therefore give me happiness, which I do not know here.

"Father and mother were lost to me at an early age, and in the family into which I have been received out of charity, every one grows continually colder towards me!

"Ah, do not think so, Sara! But if it were so, is it not in some measure owing to yourself? Do you really wish to be loved there, do you wish to alter what renders you less loveworthy?"

"If I cannot be loved with my faults, I can also dispense with the love of others; nature has given me strong feelings and inclinations; I cannot subdue them."

"You do not wish to do so, Sara!"

"I cannot and will not! I will not submit to be subjugated and tamed, as has been the lot of my sex. Why should I? I feel strength enough within me to pursue my own path; I wish to lead a new and independent life; I will live the sunny life of art, free from the shackles and mean considerations of domestic life. I wish to be free from them, free from being, as now, watched, and suspected, free from displeasure, and censure, which now follow my steps. It is this treatment, my mother, which has hurried on my determination."

Deeply affected by Sara's tone and expression the mother replied with faltering voice:

"If I have acted in any way improperly towards you, Sara,—and I may have done so, yet I know, that I have not acted from temper, not from want of tenderness. . . . I have spoken and warned according to my best conviction; I have most sincerely studied and desired your welfare. You will yourself some day find it out better than I*— You will, perhaps find out that it would have been well for you, had you given a more willing ear to my maternal counsels;— will perhaps repent for having rewarded the love, which I cherish for you, with reproachful and bitter feelings."

"Then let me go;" said Sara, with a milder voice,—

* All mothers' talk in the same way, but not all, not many with the same right as Elise.

" we do not suit each other. I embitter your life and you make mine unhappy. Let me go with him, who loves me with all my faults, who can and will open a freer field for my powers, my talents, than has hitherto been allotted to me."

" Ah, Sara ! will your lot be happier in this field than in the domestic circle, than in the tenderness of faithful friends, than in a happy family ?". . . . . .

" Are you yourself then so happy, my mother ?" interrupted Sara with an ironic smile and a piercing look at the mother, " in this circle, in this domestic life, which you so extol, since you repeat the praises which have been bestowed on it since the beginning of the world ? These constant toils in which you have spent your days, these petty cares and thoughts for the every day wants, which are so contrary to your tastes —are they so very agreeable, so full of happiness ? Have you not been obliged to renounce many of your nobler talents, your enjoyment of literature and music, the elegancies of life, in order to bury your days in obscurity, in oblivion, and there, like the silkworm spin your grave from the thread which others will wind off ? You are perpetually bending your own will to that of another, you are daily sacrificing your innocent enjoyments to him or to others ;—are you in all these renouncements so happy, my mother ?"

The Lagman rose up violently, paced up and down the room several times, and at length placed himself immediately opposite to Sara, with his back leaning against the stove, and listened attentively to the reply of his wife :

" Yes, Sara, I am happy !" replied the latter with an

energy seldom seen in her, "yes, I am happy! If I have sacrificed anything, it has been richly compensated to me; and if there are moments in which I feel any deprivation, there are others, and those far more abundant, in which I congratulate myself on what I have gained.

"For I have indeed gained! I have become improved! by the husband whom God has given me, by my children, by my duties, by the pleasure and the sorrows which I have undergone by his side; yes, Sara, chiefly through him, by his love, his excellence, have I become improved and feel myself happier every day. Love, Sara, love changes sacrifices into enjoyments, renders self-denials sweet! I thank God for my lot, and only wish that I might be more worthy of it!"

"It may be so!" said Sara proudly, "every one has her own sphere. But the term happiness of the dove is not suited to the nature of the eagle!"

"Sara!" exclaimed the Lagman in a tone of severe indignation.

Incapable of suppressing her agitated feelings, and with a handkerchief before her face, the mother quickly left the room.

"Sara, be ashamed of yourself! This insolence is going too far," said the Lagman with severe sternness, and stood before her with a chastising look.

She trembled at this look, as she had done once before. A recollection of her childhood awoke within her; her eyelids sunk and a burning crimson covered her face.

"You have forgotten yourself!" proceeded the

Lagman with a calmer earnestness, "and shewn in your childish arrogance, how far you are distant from an excellence, a perfection which you do not understand and which you will never attain to, with such a state of mind and sentiments. Your own calmer judgment will inflict upon you the sharpest reproaches for the scene just transpired, and will—must bring you to the feet of your mother! All that I now wish, is, that you reflect upon your prospects with care. How is it possible for you not to see how inconsistent you are? You disclaim against domestic life, against the duties of matrimony, and at the same time you obstinately insist on wishing to undertake its bonds, and that with a man who will make them into real fetters!"

"He will not bind me in them; he has promised it, he has sworn it to me!" replied Sara. "I shall not be subject to him as a wife; I shall enter as an artist by his side into the fair glorious world, which he will open to me."

"Ah, stuff and nonsense! absurd, ridiculous! How can you be so foolish as to believe such deluding representations. The power of the state gives your husband authority over you, which he will not fail to abuse; this I can promise you from my knowledge of his character, and from my present acquaintance with your's! And no woman withdraws herself unpunished from a connection of this kind, especially under the circumstances in which you place yourself. Sara! you do not love the man to whom you wish to be united,—it is impossible that you can love him! No true respect, no pure devotion, binds you to him!"

"He loves me!" replied Sara with trembling lips,

"I admire his talents, his powers;—he wishes to lead me to independence and honour! It is not my fault that the lot of woman has become so circumscribed, so wretched upon earth, as to be obliged to submit to be bound, in order to become free."

"Only a means therefore? the most sacred calling upon earth a means, and for what end? For a wretched hunting after happiness, which you call honour and liberty? Poor deluded Sara! Have you been so far led astray, so far turned aside from the right way? Is it possible that a poor wretched book written by a thinker, equally weak, superficial, and presumptuous, could mislead you?" And saying this the Lagman took "Volney's Ruins" from his pocket and threw it upon the table. Sara was startled and blushed.

"Oh!" said she, "another specimen of the spying system carried on around me!"

"Not so!" replied the Lagman calmly, "I was in your room to day, you had left the book lying upon the table; I took it in order to talk to you about it, and to prevent the possibility of Petrea's young eyes losing themselves without a guide in its mazes."

"People may think of the effect of the book as they like," said Sara, "still I believe that the epithet 'weak' is least of all due to the author."

"When you have followed his advice and become like the wreck, which is here tossed about by the waves, then you will judge of the power and knowledge of the pilot. My child! do not follow him! A more mature, a more logical power of reasoning, will teach you how little acquainted he is with the channels of life, with its depths, its rocks, and the true compass."

"Ah!" said Sara, "those storms, those dangers, indeed even that shipwreck, appear more lovely to me than those calm, motionless waters, which stagnate in the so called port of domestic happiness, home. You speak of chimeras, my father! Ah, tell me, is not the extolled happiness of domestic life more a chimera than the former? When the room is put in order, we do not see the brooms and brushes which have had their sway there, not the millions of little particles of dust which have filled the room, and therefore we readily forget that they have been there. So it is, likewise, with domestic and family life. We obstinately maintain a view, only its fair moments, not noticing the disfigurements which there appear."

Half smiling at Sara's simile, the Lagman replied, "Every thing depends upon which of those moments preponderate in the family. If things are oftener left in disorder, than kept in order there; if the air is oftener filled with dust, than it is pure and fresh, then the devil may live there, but not I. I know well, that there are homes enough upon earth, which are dust-filled shells: but the inhabitants bring this on themselves. Upon them alone depends the condition of the home from every degree in the lowest of which the house may justly be called an ante-chamber to hell, to that, when in spite of its earthly imperfection, in spite of many a visit from the dust and dust-brush, it nevertheless deserves the name of a vestibule to heaven. And where, Sara, where upon earth will you find an existence free from earthly dust? What you complain of, is indeed nothing but the earthly cup, from which every mortal must drink, both man and woman; it is the

soil in which the plant must grow; it is the chrysalis in which the lava must ripen into its butterfly existence. Can you really be blind to that higher and nobler life, which never developes itself more beautifully than within a peaceful home? Can you mistake the truth of its existence in the family circle and in friendship, where man lives in the best and fullest sense as man, *i. e.*, as a citizen of an earthly and heavenly kingdom? Can you deny the dignity and nobility of the woman's efficiency in private life, whether married or unmarried, if she only tries——"

"Ah! this circle of private life is too circumscribed for me. I need a larger, in order to breathe fresh and freely!"

"In pure love, in friendship, in the practice of charity, there is great and ever fresh space for breathing; the breezes of eternity are wafted through them. In intellectual development—and the highest may be acquired in private life—the whole world opens to the view of man, and infinite riches are offered to his mind; more, far more even than he is capable of appropriating to himself!"

"But the artist? the artist's fame cannot be formed at home. He must acquire his experience upon the theatre of the world. Is his bent, his love only a chimera, my father? And these distinguished characters, who by their talents afford the highest enjoyments to the world, to whom the multitude look up with admiration and respect, round whom all the great and fair and charming assemble, are they fools, blind adventurers? Ah! what lot is indeed more glorious than their's! Oh, my father! I am young; I feel powers within me which

are of no common kind; my heart beats for a freer, a more noble life! Do not desire me to conquer my nature, do not desire me to confine my nobler powers in a sphere which is devoid of all charms to me!"

"I certainly do not deny the calling of the artist," said the Lagman, "not the value of his attainments; it is in its best sense as noble as any; but is it this pure impulse, this nobler object, which incites, which animates you? Sara, look closely into your own heart! Vanity, selfish ambition it is, which actuates you, it is the pride of your young years, and a few happy endowments, which causes you to overlook the good in your present lot, which inspires you with contempt for ripening into a noble and independent position in your domestic circle. It is a mere delusion, which would lead you to an act which is censurable in the eyes of God and of men, and which renders you blind to the darker side of your longed-for existence. If dark here, it will be worse there; nowhere are changes of fortune so sudden, nowhere is the victim more dependent on miserable contingencies. An accident may rob you of your beauty, of your voice, and with these at the same time of the favour of the world, in which you have placed your happiness. Besides, you will not be always stationary nineteen years of age, Sara! At thirty years, your lustre will already be gone, and then what will you have left for the other half of life? You will have revelled a little while, to starve afterward. For in very deed you will be ruined, with this proud and vain temper, and with the man whom you have chosen, and too late you will look with

remorse from the depth of your misery to the virtue, to the true life, which you have mistaken!"

Sara was violently moved by these remarks and the tone of the old man. She was silent.

"And how different it might be," continued the Lagman with warmth. "How charmingly, how abundantly blessed might be the course of your life, if not the development of your talent! Sara, I have loved you, and still love you as a daughter,—will you not listen to me as to your father? Answer me! Have you any reasonable wish that could be gratified? Has any attainable parts of your education, your accomplishments been neglected?"

"No!" replied Sara, "I have been treated kindly, very kindly."

"Well then!" exclaimed the Lagman with increasing warmth and cordiality, "trust to your mother and me, that you shall be always as much loved. I am not without property and influential connections; I will spare no means for the improvement of your talents, and if you continue to shew extraordinary capability for art,—when you have attained perfection in it, your powers shall not be concealed from a world capable of enjoying and appreciating it. But stay with us. Do not throw yourself upon a bewildering world. To gain apparent liberty, do not bestow your hand on your inferior, in point of education, whose moral character, you do not love, and can not respect. Search your heart, examine its deviations, while it is yet time,—before you are crushed by your own folly. Do not fly from friends deeply interested in your welfare, and from your parental home in a blind impatience of trifles,

whose removal may probably be in your power. My child, I have not taken you into my house to suffer you to expose yourself to destruction, to misery. Wait, consider! Sara, I entreat, I conjure you, do not destroy your own happiness! When I took you from the death-bed of your father, my arms protected you from the chilling winds of autumn, they would now preserve you from winds still more fatal. Sara, my child, fly not from this house . . . . !"

Sara trembled; in violent agitation, with indescribable feelings, she rested her head on him. We may not say whether they were good or bad angels who triumphed within Sara, when, after a moment's inward, but deadly contest, she thrust the paternal friend from her, and turning away her face, said, "It is in vain! I am resolved, I will become Schwarz's wife, and go wherever my fate calls me!"

The Lagman jumped up, and stamped upon the floor, and turned pale with anger. "Thou hardened one!" exclaimed he with flaming looks, "since entreaties and love have no prevailing power over thee, thou must hear a different language: I have the right of a guardian over thee, and I forbid this profane marriage, forbid thee to leave my house! Thou hearest and I expect to be obeyed!"

Sara rose up. Pale, and with defiance, she fixed her large eyes upon him; he likewise his upon her with the power of earnestness and determination. They both appeared as if to look through each other, and try each other's strength of will in this contest. Suddenly Sara threw her arms wildly round the neck of her foster-father, a kiss burned upon his lips; in the next moment she flew out of the room.

Elise was sitting in her cabinet. She was still weeping—bitter tears. It was twilight. Suddenly she felt her knees embraced, and her clothes, her hands, covered by kisses and tears. When her hands sought the object of these embraces, it had already vanished. "Sara, Sara! where art thou?" exclaimed the mother with anxiety.

Petrea was coming down from her room, when some one met her, who embraced her, pressed her lips upon her forehead, and whispered: "Forget me!"—"Sara, Sara! where are you going to?" cried Petrea, alarmed, and ran after her as far as the entrance-hall.

"Where is Sara?" inquired the Lagman, sharply, in the upper chamber of his daughters; "where is Sara?" inquired he below in the library.

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now rushed in with a flood of tears, "she is just gone out, out into the street: . . . . she almost ran; . . . . she forbid me to follow her; ah! she will, I am sure, never come back again!"

"The deuce!" said the Lagman, and ran out of the room, took his hat and walked out. In the street outside he saw a female figure, who, with a thin handkerchief only over her head and shoulders, was flying away, and, in spite of the twilight, he thought he recognized Sara. He ran after her. She looked round —and fled. Sure now of his object, the Lagman followed her, and was already near overtaking her, when she turned rapidly off to one side and ran into a house. This was the residence of Schwarz. The Lagman pursued her with the rapidity of lightning, followed her up the stairs, and was on the point of seizing her,

when she vanished through a door. As this door opened directly to the hand of the Lagman, he beheld Sara—Sara in Schwarz's arms. They both stood there embracing each other, and evidently prepared to defy him. The Lagman stood still for a few moments before them, contemplating them with an indescribable look of anger, contempt, and pain. He looked upon the pale, gasping Sara, and laid his hand for a moment over his eyes. He then appeared to collect himself.

With all the calm, commanding dignity of a father, he seized Sara's hand, and said: "You shall now go home with me. On Sunday you shall have the banns published?" Sara followed, with her head hung down, she walked on his arm. Without saying a word they arrived at home.

There all was sorrow and anxiety. But, notwithstanding the general dissatisfaction with Sara and her marriage, there was not one, however, in the family who was not sincerely concerned and busily engaged in preparing all things for the occasion. Louisa, who, of them all, censured her most, gave herself nevertheless the most trouble. Sara pretended not to notice that they were all working for her, and spent the time alone in her room. Intercourse with the members of the family appeared to have become a distress to her. The tenderness of Petrea, her constant readiness in defending and protecting her, was treated with indifference, yes, even with harshness.

PARTING.

Sara's joyless wedding was over, and the hour had arrived, when she was to leave the home, the family,

which had received her so kindly, and all were then most anxiously and tenderly concerned in making all the requisite arrangements for her new circumstances. In the hour of parting the ice-crust which had hitherto enclosed her character gave way; violently weeping she sunk down at the feet of her foster-parents. Deeply affected, but with a serious manner the Lagman lifted her up.

"You have obtained your wishes, Sara!" said he, with a firm, but melancholy voice. "May you be happy! One injunction only I give you in parting, forget it not, it is the last. If you should find yourself disappointed in the hopes, which now animate you:—if you should become unhappy—unhappy or *criminal*, then remember. . . . remember, Sara, that you have a father and mother, and sisters, who will receive you with open arms; remember that you have a family, a home here!"

He was silent, took her a few steps aside, seized her hand and pressed a bank note into it. "Take this," said he tenderly, "as a little help in the hour of need! No! you dare not refuse to take it from your foster-father! Take it for his love's sake, you will some day want it!"

It was with difficulty that the Lagman hitherto maintained his firm deportment; he now pressed Sara vehemently to his breast, kissed her forehead and lips, and his tears flowed copiously. Both mother and sisters came weeping round her, when the door opened and Schwarz entered.

"The carriage is waiting!" said he with a dark look directed on the mourning group. Sara now tore herself out of the arms which were still striving to re-

tain her, and rushed out of the room. A few seconds afterwards the travelling carriage rolled away.

"She is lost!" cried out the Lagman to his wife with bitter anguish, "I feel within me, that her doom is sealed. Her death would have been less painful to me than this marriage." For many days he remained mute and sorrowful.

PETTY SCENES.

The episode just recorded had passed like a torrent through the house. When it was over, the sky again cleared up, indeed it might be said, that a happier tranquillity succeeded than before, there was no one who did not think of Sara with sympathy, who did not sometimes bewail her sudden removal from the family; yet there was no one except the Lagman and Petrea, who had not felt a secret relief by her departure. Such is the disturbance which a restless and presumptuous mind may create in a family, such its influence in annihilating the blessing of the noblest gifts of nature. The Lagman missed a daughter in his beloved circle, missed the lovely, richly endowed girl, and could not think of her future prospects without bitter disquietude. Petrea bewailed the object of her early admiration and devotion, but comforted herself by projecting romantic scenes for her return, and her imagination always depicted herself in the character of Sara's guardian angel, either as a queen upon a desert island, or as a warrior bleeding for her, or as some disguised liberator who loosened her fetters in the depth of a dungeon, in order to put them on himself, in

short in every way in the world except only the possible.

Not long after her departure from the house," she wrote to Sara. She spoke with thankfulnes of the past, with hope of the future; a certain composure and tranquillity, a certain gravity was betrayed in her letter and diffused over the family a generous feeling of peace respecting her destiny. Elise was always inclined to hope the best, and young people are naturally optimists. The Lagman said nothing which might disturb the hopes of his family. Louisa only shook her head sighing.

After the many distractions, which for some time had occupied the family, they appeared to long to be able to enjoy peace amongst themselves, and a more tranquil domestic life. Occupations, those simple, but agreeable daughters of a domestic and orderly existence, succeeded, under Louisa's judicious direction. Happy hours, sunny looks, every kind of interesting recreation were not wanting in the house. Periodicals, which the Lagman took in, and which kept the family *au courant* with passing events, afforded matter for many discussions, thoughts, and remarks, especially among the junior members. The Lagman found pleasure in hearing them thus exchange their opinions, but he seldom mixed himself up with their discussions, except sometimes by way of correcting them.

"I think things are going on well!" said he one day, pleased, to his wife. "The children are happy at home, and preparing themselves for life. Yes, if they will only open their eyes and ears, they will find objects enough to occupy them; they will be astonished

at the rich stores which life contains. It is well if home is able to afford food for the thoughts, as well as for the heart and body. I am truly delighted with our new house. Every country, every climate has its own advantages, as well as its own difficulties, and the economy of life must be prudently regulated according to these, if it is to be maintained in usefulness and honour. Our country, which obliges us to live so much at home, seems, for this very reason, to admonish us to a more concentrated and more serious reflecting life, and for this end there is especial need of comfortable dwelling-houses, where soul as well as body may prosper and advance. Thank God! I believe we have everything perfectly comfortable, and in time, I hope we shall have it still more improved. And the children look happy! Gabriele grows taller every day, and Louisa outgrows us all!"

Plans for the future engaged much the thoughts of the young people. Eva and Leonora were building together castles in the air. A spirit of great cordiality had arisen between these two sisters since their hours' retreat together during the absence of the rest at Axelholm. It might be said, that during that evening, when they feasted together over the grapes and a romance, the seed of friendship, which had long germed within their breasts, had cast forth its spring leaf; their airy castles were generally no common romances; they had for their basis the prosaic, but noble thought of making for themselves in future an independent establishment — the parents had early directed the minds of the daughters to this—and noble schemes were built on it partly for friendship, partly for the

welfare of mankind; for young girls are always great philanthropists.

Jacobi also had a number of expedients for his own and his wife's future happiness, and Louisa many plans for their realization. Between all this there was a good deal of contention going forward respecting the kissing question. Louisa wished to establish a law not to allow more than three a day; against which Jacobi protested in word and deed, on which occasions Gabriele always ran away quickly, protesting and complaining.

Petrea read English, arranged little feasts for the family, cried every evening about Sara, and raked her brain every morning about the government of the world, whilst her kind parents watched always more narrowly over her own.

No one, however, enjoyed the present state of the family so much as Henric. After having assisted his sisters to various "cheerful kinds of exercises and sports;" he devoted himself exclusively to his favourite studies, history and philosophy; often he strolled about the adjacent country for whole days with his book in his hand, but always at seven o'clock every evening he joined the family circle, and was then the happiest among the happy.

"We now live in true happiness," said he one evening whilst engaged in familiar conversation with his mother; "and I, for my part, have never enjoyed life as I do now. I now feel that I shall really get on with my studies, and fancy I may turn out something. And when during the day I have worked, and really not unprofitably; and when in the evening I join you and the sisters, and see everything here so pleasant, light

and cheerful, then life appears to me so sweet; I then feel myself so happy, and almost wish that it could always remain as at present."

"Oh, yes," replied the mother, "and sincerely do I wish that we could always retain you at home, my Henric! But I know it must not be so. Soon you will again leave us, and when once you have quite finished, you will then have your own house . . . ."

"And then, mother, you shall come and live with me." This always was and still remained Henric's favourite theme so fondly listened to by the mother.

Several little poems, which Henric composed about this period, and which appeared to display the most decided poetical talents, afforded the mother and the sisters the greatest joy, and excited a gladsome attention in the circle of the friends and the family. The Lagman alone was gloomy.

"You are spoiling him," he exclaimed one day in the presence of his wife and daughters, "if you lead him to believe that he is something extraordinary before, truly speaking, he is anything. I confess that his poetizing is revolting to my very soul. When one has arrived to the age of manhood, one ought to aim at something more solid than sighing and singing of this world and the life to come. If, indeed, he could turn out to be a Thorild,* or any other such famous poet! .... but for this I do not see at least any trace in him. And this poetastery, this literary idling, which generally transports young people beyond the clouds or be-

* *Thomas Thorild*, born 1759, died 1808, Swedish poet, aesthetic, and also political writer, one of the most ingenious and free-thinking men of his age.

neath the earth, so that they cannot see the excellent, the splendid gifts of real life for their own clouds of dust, I wish the deuce would take it! The turn which Henric now takes I am truly sorry for. I had been so delighted with the hope of his becoming a thorough engineer, of his contributing to open our pits, woods, rivers, those prominent sources of the wealth of Sweden. On this it would be worth while bestowing a good head And instead of this, he hangs his sentimentally, sits with his pen in his hand, and sighs over light and sight, over smart and heart! I dislike it from my very soul. I wish Sternhök would soon come here. Now, that is a fellow! He will some day or other turn out something superior. I wish he would come soon. Perhaps, he might have some influence over Henric, and draw him away from verse making, which at the bottom is only vanity."

Elise and the daughters were silent. For a long time past Elise had firmly adhered to the principle of being silent when the Lagman grumbled. Often, however—when necessary—she referred afterwards to the subject of this grumbling again, at a time when he was calm. She then spoke to him gently about it, and she had always succeeded well with this tactic. On that day also she made use of it, and in the evening said to her husband:

"Ernst! I am truly sorry that you are so displeased at Henric's poetic turn. Ah, it has rejoiced me, just because I believe that it is true genius, and that it might therefore become just as useful as any other, but never shall I wish to encourage him to anything to which you have an aversion."

"My dear Elise!" replied the Lagman mildly, "act in this point according to your conviction and your conscience. It is very possible that you may be right and I wrong in the matter. All that I beg of you, is to watch over yourself, that your affection for your first-born may not lead you to mistake mediocrity for excellence, and his petty attempts for master-pieces. May Henric, if he can, become a distinguished poet or literati, but let him only not fancy himself now to be one; let him above all not imagine that it is possible for any man to become a distinguished character in any branch whatever, without preparing himself for it by thorough and earnest study, and without first being a thinking man. Should he become so, I promise you, that I shall rejoice over my son, let his profession be in working out thoughts or mines. But against one thing we ought all to guard, namely, over-estimating these poetic blossoms. Should he become vain, he will never earnestly seek fame in any thing."

"Ernst, in this point you are perfectly correct!" said Elise, with all the sincerity of heartfelt conviction.

Henric also longed heartily for Sternhök's arrival. He wished to shew him his work, longed to test his fresh historical and philosophical acquirements with him; longed, in short, to be esteemed by him; for Henric's gentle and warm disposition had always felt itself powerfully attracted to the energetic nature of the other; and always since their years of boyhood, Sternhök's esteem and friendship had been an object of Henric's efforts, and his warmest, although hitherto

unattained wishes. Sternhök had hitherto always treated Henric with a sort of indifferent kindness, but never as a companion and friend.

Sternhök came. He was received by the Frank's family with great cordiality; but no one came to meet him with a warmer heart than Henric.

Even in the exterior a great disparity prevailed between the two youths. Henric had a pure, but almost feminine beauty; his figure was noble, but delicate; his look animated and enthusiastic. Sternhök, who was a few years older than Henric, was a premature man. Every thing about him was masculine, firm and energetic; his countenance was full of expression, without being handsome; and in his clear, decided look sparkled such a brilliancy as fate often prophetically causes to shine in the eye of him, over whose path lucky stars are watching.

A few days after Sternhök's arrival Henric became considerably changed, He was still, and a cloud of dejection overspread his countenance. Sternhök was now, as ever, not unfriendly toward Henric, but appeared to take little notice of him. He was zealously engaged, partly in making chemical experiments before the ladies and Jacobi, partly in letting them in the evening or even till late at night contemplate the phenomena of the starry firmament through excellent telescopes. One of the shining heavenly bodies, on which the young astronomer diligently directed his observations, was afterwards called in the family "Sternhök's Star." All collected round this highly informed, interesting young man. The Lagman found great pleasure in his conversations, and more than

once expressed to his family his joy about him, and the hopes which his country might one day see realized. The young engineer student also became a favourite of the Lagman on accout of his combining with uncommon acquirements a particular modesty in his deportment towards senior and more experienced persons.

"See, Henric!" exclaimed the Lagman, one day, after a conversation with Sternhök, "this I call poetry, *real* poetry: checking the streams and subduing their wild course, preparing comfort and riches, whilst on their banks the forests become clear, corn fields spread out, human habitations begin to blossom, and fresh activity, and happy voices animate the country! This you see, might be called a noble creation."

Henric was silent. But the little lady said smartly, "And in these occupations how will they rejoice to be able sometimes to read an interesting book, or sing a pretty song! Or else their life will become very dry in spite of all their waterfalls!"

The Lagman smiled, kissed his little girl, and in his ecstacy tears started into his eyes.

Henric, meanwhile, had gone into another room, and seated himself near one of the windows. His mother had followed him.

"How is my Henric?" enquired she affectionately, whilst she gently drew away the hand which shaded his eyes. They were full of tears. "My dear, good boy!" broke forth the mother, whilst her own overflowed, and she threw her arms around him.

"Listen," began the mother comforting him, "you ought not to take it to heart, when your father some-

times speaks a little harshly. You know very well how infinitely kind and just he is, and that when once he is convinced of the genuineness of your calling, he will be perfectly satisfied with it. At present he is afraid you might rest in mediocre attainments. He will become pleased and happy, never fear, if you do him honour in your own way!"

"Ah," said Henric, "if I only knew of a way of my own, of a calling of my own! But since Sternhök has come, and I have talked with him, every thing within and without me is altered. I comprehend myself no longer. Sternhök has brought me to see how little I know of what I fancied I know; what dabbling my work is. I now see it very clearly—and it pains me. How strong and energetic Sternhök is! I wish I could be like him. But it is impossible; by his side I feel myself a naught. And nevertheless . . . . when I am alone with my books, or abroad in the open air, with the trees, the rocks, the waters, the wind around me, and the sky above me; then thoughts rise up within me, then feelings seize me, unutterable, sweet feelings; then all human excellence and greatness is so present to me: then I have foreboding feelings in harmony with every thing, feelings of God in every thing, and then words, as it were, crowd themselves upon my lips, wherewith to sing the praises of the glory which I behold. During such moments I feel something great within me, and fancy, that my Hallelujahs would find an echo in every heart. Yes, such are sometimes my feelings. But when I see Sternhök, every thing is changed; I then feel myself little and poor, and am ready to believe that I am a dreamer and a fool."

My good boy! you are self-deceived," said the mother. "Your talents and Sternhök's are quite opposite; but if with earnestness and energy you improve your talent, it will bear its fruits in due season, never fear. I must tell you, Henric, that it was, and still is one of my most lively wishes, that one of my children should distinguish himself in the field of literature. It has afforded me my sweetest enjoyments, and in my younger years, I was not wanting in talents for it myself. In your powers I have seen mine begin to bloom in a greater degree, and I myself have blossomed in them, my Henric, and in the hope of you. Ah, should I live to see the day in which you might be honoured by your country, were I to see your father proud of his son, and were I myself permitted to warm my heart on the fruits of your mind, in your works; oh! then could I lay me down and die joyfully."

Enthusiastic fire rose in Henric's looks and crimsoned his cheeks, whilst embracing his mother, he said, "No, you shall live, mother! live to be honoured by your son. He promises you to become your joy!"

A sunny ray fell into the room and shone on Henric's light locks, which glittered in it like gold. The mother perceived it, saw in it a prophetic token, and a sun-bright smile spread over her countenance.

Petrea read the "magic-ring." Properly she was to have read it aloud in the evening to the family circle, which would considerably have diminished its dangerous charm; but Petrea read it first secretly to herself, and it drew her into the bewilderment of a magic-maze. She thought of nothing else, dreamed of

nothing else, except of wonderful events, of wonderful handsome ladies, and wonderously brave heroes. She was always one of the heroines herself, worshipped and adoring, now fighting with the crucifix against witches and dragons, now walking in the moonlight amidst the lilies in Lady Minnetrost's castle. It was as if the chaotic maze in Petrea's mind had here received form and life, and with double force she now laid hold of the world of imagination, which once at a former time had so intoxicated her childish mind under the form of the wood-god, and so led her astray. The same indeed happened now; for whilst Petrea was moving day and night in a world of fanciful dreams in which she revelled in ecstacies, amidst splendid and wonderful scenes in which she herself always filled an important part, she played a most lamentable one in the scenes of real and every-day life. Her head, in which so many splendid pictures and grand projects were revolving, generally looked like a ball of flax, she never noticed the holes and spots upon her clothes, her torn stockings, nor her shoes worn down to her heels, she forgot all her daily employments, and whatever she held in her hands, she either lost or dropped. With all this she had a passionate desire for cracking almonds, ("a *raptus*," said Louisa as expensive as noisy,) which never was stronger, than at the time that she was walking about under the influence of the magic-ring; and that constant "crack, crack," which was heard wherever she came, and the almond-shells which were constantly under one's feet, or which fastened themselves to the sleeves at the window-ledge were far from agreeable. When Petrea now received well deserved admonitions

and reproofs for such things, she dropped out of the clouds, or more correctly from her heaven down upon the earth, which then almost seemed to her like a heap of brushwood and nettles, and she would have been glad to have purchased with ten years of her life one year of the glory of the magic-ring, and together with the beauty, magical charms, power, and all such things, which Petrea did not possess—except in her dreams. Petrea's life was divided between an ideal and a real world, of which she knew neither in its true import. Torrents of tears flowed down into the separating gulf, while she now accused circumstances, now herself as the source of all she suffered.

It was about this time that, on the wish of the parents and probably also from the kindness of his own heart, Jacobi began more earnestly to occupy himself with Petrea, and he directed her attention to such employments as should exert and exercise her thinking faculties, whereby the tumult in her feelings and imaginations were somewhat calmed. This had an indescribably good effect on Petrea, and would have been still more so, if the tutor had not her much too . . . But we will not betray the secret of coming years.

One day the Lagman received a long letter from Stockholm, which he silently laid before his wife. It was from a high authority, it contained a most honouring and flattering encomium of the merits of the Lagman Frank, on which the attention of the government had long been directed, and announced that he now was offered an appointment in the highest judicial court of the king.

When Elise had left off reading, she looked up inquiringly to her husband, who stood contemplating her.

"What do you think, Ernst?" said she, with a look of surprise and disquietude.

The Lagman began to pace rapidly up and down the room, as was his custom when anything excited him. "I cannot be indifferent," said he; "I am affected by this proof of the confidence of my king. I have long thought of this possibility—you know that the offer does not come quite unexpected to me,—but I feel, I perceive, that I dare not leave my present sphere of action. My activity suits it, I know that I am of some use in it, and the confidence of the Governor-general gives me full liberty to act according to my ability and conviction. Should he even, instead of me, receive the credit for the good effected in the province—well in Heaven's name, be it so! Still I know that good and useful things are really done. But there is much only just begun, which must be completed—much, infinitely much still remaining to be done! I cannot leave a work half-finished, and I must, I will not! No! A man must complete his work, or else it is useless. And here I know that I . . . . But to be sure I am only speaking of myself! Tell me, Elise, what is your disposition, your wish about it?"

"Let us remain here!" said Elise, and held out her hand to her husband, whilst seating herself by his side. "I know, Ernst, you will have no pleasure in higher rank and greater income, if, for the sake of it, you are obliged to leave a circle, where you feel yourself in your place, and are working to your heart's satisfaction,

and where you are surrounded by people who highly esteem and love you! No, let us remain here!"

"But you, but you, Elise! speak of yourself, not of me."

"Yes, of you," replied she, with a smile of a happy heart, "that's not such an easy matter: things, you see, have become so interwoven. But I will say something about myself, that—I had been looking at myself in the glass this morning—come now, no satirical faces, my dear—and that it seemed to me, as if I looked strong and well. I thought of you, thought how excellent and kind you are, how strong I have grown in body and mind since my life has been passed by your side; how much more I ought to love you every day, and how we shall become increasingly happy with each other. I thought of your usefulness, so abundantly blessed to the public weal, and to our circle; I thought of your children, who are well in health and disposition, and happily unfold beneath our hands; . . . . of our new house, which you have fitted up and arranged so comfortably and pleasantly for us all; then came the sun and shed its rays into my favourite little cabinet, and I felt myself so happy in my lot;—I thanked God for it and for you. Gladly would I live and die in this circle, in this house. Let us remain here!"

"God bless you for these words, Elise! But the children, the children! Our determination will have an influence on their future prospects. We must hear them too. We must lay the matter before them. Not that I fear that they would have any other wish than our's, when they hear our reasons; but at all events they must have their opinion in the matter! Come,

Elise! I shall have no rest until everything has been well discussed and settled.

When the Lagman brought the matter before the family council, it produced great surprise; general silence ensued, and tempting pictures—not exactly of the highest judicial office, but of the seat of it, of the capital, began to move before the sight of the young people. Louisa almost looked like a real judge. But when the father had expressed his and his wife's wishes, he read in the tearful eyes of the children both gratitude for the confidence of the father, and perfect acquiescence in his will. But no one was able to utter a word, until "the little one"—the father would not allow it to be said to her: "Go out, little Gabriele!"—Let her hear all that is going on, said he, "she is a sensible little girl!"—yes, till Gabriele, throwing her arms round the neck of her mother, exclaimed: "Ah, let me not go away from here, for indeed we are so happy here!"

This exclamation was repeated by all the rest in chorus.

"Well, then, in God's name we will remain here!" exclaimed the Lagman, rising up and stretching out his arms to his precious little flock, and tears broke forth from his eyes. "We'll remain here, children! but that shall not prevent you seeing Stockholm, and enjoying its beauties and its pleasures. Well, thanks to heaven, my children, that you feel happy here! This makes me happy, you may believe!"

On this day, Leonora, for the first time after a long period, was present at the dinner-table. All rejoiced

at it; and Leonora, whose countenance had a brighter and more pleasant expression than was wont to be seen in her, was considered wonderfully improved. Eva, who had superintended her toilet, looked upon her with joyous heart.

"Now then, Leonora!" said she, whilst pointing to the sky, where blue streaks of light began to shine through the clouds, which had been weeping almost the whole of the day, "now, you see, it brightens up! Now we have summer; now we will walk out together, and pluck flowers and fruits!" and her blue eyes glistened with kindness and—benevolence.

"What in all the world does this mean?" inquired Henric, on seeing the shoes of his mother standing at the window in the pale reflection of the sun. "They are intended to be warmed, I believe! and the sun seems to have no desire to come forth to do its duty! No, I will take it upon myself in this case, to be a sun!"

"You are so to me, my summer child!" said the mother, affectionately smiling, when she saw Henric, putting the slippers under his waistcoat, to warm them at his breast.

"Well, I do declare, my dear Louisa!" exclaimed Jacobi, "it looks as if it were going to turn out a fine day!—shall we not take a little walk? Are you coming with us? You look most lovely! But surely not in the "Court Chaplain?"

THIRD PART.

LEONORA TO EVA.

June 19th.

"You are then coming home? You are then really coming home soon, dear Eva? Ah! I am, for that reason, so happy, so merry, and yet somewhat sorrowful .... but do not mind that; come, only come, and all will be well. If I could only look at your eyes, I feel that all would clear up. Your kind eyes! Gabriele and I always call them "our blues."—What a long time it is since I saw you. Two long years! I do not comprehend how I have been able to exist so long without you; but it is true that we have never yet been quite separated. I have accompanied you in the great world, have been with you at balls and concerts, and have participated with you in the pleasure, and the attention which they have paid to you. Ah! what a source of joy is it to me that I learned to love you! I have since that time doubly lived, and felt myself so rich in you. And now you are returning, and shall we then be as happy as before?

"Pardon, pardon this note of interrogation? But at

times a disquietude comes over me. You speak so much of the great world, of the pleasures and enjoyments which—home cannot procure you. And your fine new acquaintances—ah, Eva! they may be as agreeable and interesting, but yet they cannot love you so much as we, as I! And then this Major R. I am apprehensive about him, Eva. That he loves you, I consider quite natural; but . . . . . ah, Eva! it pains me that you are so much attached to him. My dear, kind Eva, do not bind yourself so closely to him before . . . . but I trouble you, and that I will not do. Come, O, only come to us. We have so much to say to you, so much to hear from you. I think you will find the house more comfortable than before, we have made many little improvements. You will again share with us our agreeable meals, the breakfast, my most pleasing meal; and the tea, your favourite hour when we assembled in the merry evenings, and were often so voluble. This morning I took out your large breakfast cup, and kissed the place on the rim where the gilding was worn off. We will again read books together; think and converse upon them together; we will go out together, and enjoy the freshness and the place of our shady walks. And if we could wander so quietly through life, if we endeavoured to become better, and to make ourselves and others more happy here below, if we humbly thanked God for what He gives to ourselves and others, and if we admired his works, would this sort of life not be congenial to us? Should we not then have lived and bloomed long enough upon the earth? I well know that this quiet life does not suit every one; it cannot also be adapted

to all periods of our life. Storms must come. I even have had my period of disquietude, of pain and struggling. This is now gone by, God be praised! and the feeling which disturbed my peace has become a light in my path. It has extended my world, it has made me better; and now as I no more require the greater and more existing enjoyments of life, I learn every day to esteem those treasures more which surround me in quiet every-day life. O! we can never be happy in life until we have learned to take notice of and value the crumbs. If we could do this we might be happy and thankful the whole day. But we must have peace, peace within and without; peace is the sun in which every dewdrop of life sparkles.

"If I could only call it down upon a heart which . . . . . I must prepare you for an alteration, a great chasm in the family. You will not find Petrea here. You know the correspondence which for some time since has occasioned me much disquietude. It was now impossible to allow it to continue so. For Louisa's sake, for Jacobi's sake, for her own sake, Petrea was obliged to fly, otherwise they would have all become unhappy. She perceived it herself, and as we were informed of Henric's sudden arrival, she opened her heart to her parents. It was noble and right in her to do so, and they were as kind and prudent as ever. Our father has himself brought her to the Bishop B. May God protect her, and give her peace. I lament for her, but yet hope that all will be for good. Her lively heart has within itself a fresh streaming vein of health, and her stay in the country, of which she is so fond, fresh society, fresh interests will assuredly . . . .

"I was interrupted. Jacobi's arrival. Well that Petrea now stays in the shade at Furudal. It is well for her poor heart. It is well also for the betrothed, who in her presence, would not venture to be happy. And now they are completely so. After six years of long expectation, sighing and hoping, Jacobi finds himself near the summit of his wishes—marriage and a living! And what assists him to this besides his own merits, is his amiable patron, his excellent Excellency O. This person has through his influence prevailed upon two important landed proprietors in the parish of Great T——, to give him their votes, who although yet young, have concurred in the proposal. He thus receives one of the largest and finest livings in the bishopric, and Louisa becomes the wife of a respectable clergyman, the "lady of a Provost!" says she prophetically to herself. The only "but" in this happiness is that Louisa and Jacobi are going so far away from us, their greatest wish had been to have their residence near the town. We should then have been able to live as a family, even if Louisa had left her home, but. . . . "but everything cannot be perfect here on earth," says, with sighs, our good sensible eldest sister. As the day of election falls in the beginning of spring, and Jacobi will enter upon his duties as pastor, soon after his vacation, he wishes to celebrate his marriage at Whitsuntide, in order to lead his young wife to the parsonage-house, on roads strewed with flowers, and amidst the song of larks. The Lady Gunilla asks her, jestingly not to become too much of a "nomade." It is certain that no one can take more interest in cows and calves, in sheep, and poultry, than Louisa. The future pair are beforehand arranging their whole household,

and Gabriele is heartily amused with the fragments of their conversation which reach her ear, as they, sitting in a recess of the library, are talking of love and economy. But this is not the only subject on which they converse, for Jacobi's heart is full of warm philanthropic feeling, and however this may be our father has imparted to all his children something of his love to the common weal, although Gabriele maintains that her share of it is yet very small.

"It is a pleasure to see the betrothed going out on little shopping business, and returning so perfectly satisfied with their purchases. Louisa finds something so particularly excellent in everything which she procures for herself, whether earthenware or silver. When I see these two, just like two birds going together to their nest and chirping over every straw, I must imagine that it is a greater happiness to come into a poor house, which we have ourselves quite in order, than to enter a large and sumptuous residence which others have provided for us. One is in the first case so well acquainted, so familiar, so intimate with one's own, and certainly no one in the world can be more so than Louisa. We are now actively employed for the wedding, but our father does not look with pleasure on an event, which will take away a daughter from his endeared circle. He would so much like to have us all around him. *Apropos!* We have a plan for him, which will make him happy in his old days. You yet remember the large piece of ground for building overgrown with bushes, which the people have not the sense to build upon or present to us; this we intend—but we will speak verbally upon this subject! Petrea,

and also our oldest sister have infected us all with their desire for great undertakings, and then. . . . but is it not a pleasure to be able to toil for the happiness of those, who labour so affectionately and unweariedly for us?

"Now for something about friends and acquaintances.

"All your friends and acquaintances often ask after you.

"Uncle Jeremias grumbles because you do not return while he (usually on Wednesday and Saturday morning) breakfasts with us, undervalues our biscuits, but yet takes tolerably large portions of them. For some time past, he appears to me to have become more amiable than before, his temper is more mild, in disposition he has always been so. He is the friend and physician of all the poor. He has lately purchased for himself a little villa at about a mile from the town. It is to be a comfort for him in his old age, and is to be called the old man's house. Does not that sound sweetly?

"Annette P. is unhappy with her uncouth sister-in-law; she does not complain, but her looks, her complexion, and her whole demeanor, clearly shew her deep dissatisfaction with life. We must attract her to us, Eva, and endeavour to make her more happy.

"Here comes Gabriele, and wishes me to take away my letter to make way for her scribbling. A bold request! But who says nay to her? I do not; and for that reason I must now be brief.

"If a certain young baron, Rutger L. should be introduced to you at home, do not believe he is mad, al-

though he sometimes appears so. He is the son of one of our father's friends, and is placed at our house on a pension, under my father's care, in order to be fitted for an officer. He is a kind of "*diamante brute*," and needs a polish in more than his appearance. Notwithstanding, I imagine that his wild caprices are in the way to be quieted. A word from my mother already makes an impression upon him, and he entertains a sincere respect for the angry demeanor of our little girl, less than for the moral lectures of our eldest sister. He is about nineteen years of age. Old Brigitta is afraid of him; she dare not venture to go past him, as she fears that he will leap over her. Ah, how happy will she be, with all the rest, when she sees you again. She fears that you might marry and remain in the "hole," as she styles Stockholm.

"We shall keep Henric till after Christmas. But you must come and help to cheer him up. He is not so merry as before. I think that the estrangement which has arisen between him and Sternhök harasses him. But why can these two never understand one another? Moreover Henric has at present much at stake. May God grant him a favourable issue, for his own sake and his mother's!

"We shall not see Petrea again till after Louisa's marriage. When shall we all be collected again at home? But shall *all* of us ever meet again! Sara? Ah! more than four years have now elapsed since we have heard from her, and all our enquiries and investigations have proved fruitless. She is, perhaps, no longer alive. We have shed many tears on her account. Oh, if she should return! We should be happier together

than before, that I feel. There was much that was good and noble in her, but she was led astray. I hear my mother's gentle footsteps. Methinks that she has something good for me . . . .

"Ah yes, that she had! a letter from you, my Eva, You cannot fix the day of your departure; that is indeed a pity! But you are coming soon! You like Stockholm; so also do I! Stockholm has afforded you gratification, for that reason I must embrace Stockholm. I am now at the bottom of the sheet, Gabriele has been scribbling on the other side. I now leave you in order to write to *her* who has left us with tears, but who, as I sincerely hope, will return with smiles."

FROM GABRIELE.

Morning.

"I could not write yesterday evening, and was obliged to be up before the sun, in order to tell you that nothing but your return can console me for Petrea's departure. We all of us have an intense longing after our Rose! I know well enough who yet longs for you, besides your own family. I must tell you that between uncle Jeremias and myself something like a little friendship has arisen. This has originated in the field, for in the house he is not so agreeable as in the field. But it is in taking a walk that the fine part of his character appears. Petrea and I have made such long excursions with him. He has become calm and mild, he told us of the natural families in the vegetable world, and of the wonderful history

and existence of many plants. Do you know it is quite delightful to know something of them, one feels one's self so completely '*en famille*' with these families. Ah, often with this, a feeling flows through me, how unspeakably rich and noble life is, and I think that one must live happily on earth if one only keeps his eyes and mind open there to all that is noble, and then I can chirp as a bird for the joys of life. Notwithstanding uncle Munter and myself apply ourselves passionately to cultivating flowers in the house. At Christmas we intend to set white and red lilacs; but I really feel as if I could cry because my Petrea's nose will not smell them. I must now conclude, for you must know that I have undertaken for an indefinite time to keep a watchful eye on the breakfast table, and I am now therefore going,—in order to look after it. Bergstrom takes care that I shall have nothing more to do with it. Then I will look at my moss-roses to see whether a new bud has opened, and then I will go and see after my mamma; I must send a glance through the window, at the leaves in the garden, which appear to bid me farewell before they fall from the branches; I must cast a look also, a beam from the sun of my eye, from the depth of my thankful heart, at the sun which is now rising clearly and brightly; and in order to fulfil all these important employments to the best of the commonwealth, I must say farewell to you the dear object of my sincerest affection.

PETREA TO LEONORA.

From the Hotel at D.

"It is evening; my father has gone out, in order to make arrangements for our voyage to-morrow. I am alone. The mist without stands thick before the dingy hotel windows; my eyes are also misty, my heart is full and heavy,—I must converse with you. O, Leonora, it is done then, the bitter step is taken. I am severed from my home, from my own; I shall no more gaze upon your sweet countenance, nor hear again your consoling voice; and this because I do not deserve it, because I have destroyed the peace of my home;—yes, Leonora, in vain you wish to excuse me, and reconcile me with myself; I know that I am criminal, that I have wished, that I have desired, at least for a moment . . . . O! I would now press the hem of Louisa's garment to my lips and entreat her: Pardon! pardon! I have condemned myself, I have banished myself, I fly . . . . fly to destroy no more your happiness, and his. I was a cloud in her heaven; what business had the cloud to be there? May the wind disperse it. O, Leonora, it is an inexpressibly bitter feeling with a heart burning for thankfulness, for opportunities of testifying its love, to be able to do nothing more than—to have one's self placed at a distance, to make one's self as nothing. But this is preferable, yes a million times preferable, to conceal one's self in the bosom of earth, than to give occasion for grief to him or her! Truly, if thereby I could obtain anything for them, I would be willing to moulder to dust, as a grain of corn, and then shoot up for them in full ears—it would be sweet and pleasant for me to do

so, Leonora. One esteems those who can die for love, for honour, for religion, for lofty and noble objects. Why then? It is indeed a mercy from God to be able so to die. It is life in death. I know a life which is death, a death, which lingered through long and tedious years. . . . to be one's self a burden, and a source of joy to no one . . . . O, how bitter! Why must the desire for happiness, for enjoyment, burn in the soul of man if the quenching spring tantalizing . . . . ? Leonora! My eyes burn, my head aches, and a tempest is raging within my breast. I am not good, I am not obedient. My soul is a chaos. A little earth to cover my forehead and breast would be a blessing for me."

On board the Steamer.

"Thanks, Leonora, thanks for your pillow. It has been for me a real Ohrengut (ear comfort).* Yesterday evening I believed myself in a fair way to be seriously ill; I froze, I burned, my head ached terribly. I felt as one torn in pieces. But when I laid my head on your little pillow, when my ear reposed on the fine casing which you had ornamented with tasteful needlework, O! then it was as though your spirit had whispered to me from it; repose came over me; everything evil vanished so suddenly, and so wonderfully; I slept quietly, and was quite surprised when they awoke me in the morning to find myself quite well as regards my body, and as if perfectly healed in mind.

* This in Swedish is a pun; the word "*orngott*" (pillow) being derived from "*orongoot*," a good thing or comfort for the ear.

Your pillow has been the effect of all this, Leonora. We are told in the works of the apostle, that they carried the sick in the road of the holy men, that at least their shadow might fall on them, and restore them to health. I believe in the power of such an operation. Yes, the good, the holy ones, always impart something of their life and their power to every one who belongs to them. That I have experienced last night.

"We went on board; the 'Water-witch' thundered and rode out into the sea. I now only knew that it bore me away from you; I stood leaning over the bulwark and wept. I then felt two arms encircling me softly and tenderly; they were my father's. He wrapped a mantle around me; I raised my head on his breast. The morning was clear, white flame-like clouds floated in the atmosphere chased by the morning breeze, over the deep blue sea; the waves beat foaming against the bark; green meadows and parks beautiful in their autumnal shades extended themselves on both sides, the scene widened. I stood with my face turned towards the wind and space; I allowed the spray to bedew my lips and eyelids, a gentle shivering ran through me and I felt that life was beautiful. Yes, in this morning full of streaming light, in this pure fresh breeze, I felt evil demons vanish from my side, I felt as if sultriness and mists dispersed. I inhaled the morning breeze, I opened my heart to life, I had also opened my arms to it, and at the same time to all my friends, in order to tell them the still thoughts of my heart; that my love to you will heal me, give me strength, and will, at one time, make me a source of joy to you."

The second day on board.

"I should like to know whether a deep anguish of heart could resist the influence of a long voyage! There is a something so remarkably strengthening, something renovating in this kind of life, this way of travelling amidst these fresh breezes. It blows off the dust from one's mental eyes; one sees one's self, and everything else better, and removes one's self from one's old self; one crosses the sea in order to land upon a fresh shore, amid new relations; one begins, as it were, a new course.

"We had a storm yesterday, and, with the exception of my father, I was the only passenger who weathered it bravely. I was therefore enabled to assist the sick. It certainly was not altogether comfortable; it is true I reeled and tumbled about sometimes with the glasses of water or bottle of drops in my hand, but I also discovered many a laughable scene, and many curious traits of human character. I laughed, made my observations, forgot myself, and was on friendly terms with every one. To serve as stewardess on board a steamer would certainly suit me admirably well. In the evening the storm subsided, as well within as without the steamer. I sat alone on deck till midnight. The waves yet foamed around the pleasantly rocking vessel; the wind yet whistled in the rigging; and, heralded by a little bright star, the full moon rose over the sea, and shed its mild, wondrous light over its dark expanse. It was splendid beyond measure? Feelings, thoughts rose up within me, unutterable, full of love and melancholy, and yet also full of something of a more elevated and mighty nature, of a certain desire

for which I know no name. I wished—I know not what. But I know what I do not wish, what I fear. I fear that quiet, measured life into which I am again to enter; conventionalities, forms, social life, all this cramps my soul together, and renders it inclined to excesses. Instead of sitting in select company, and taking tea in high life, I should prefer to travel at pleasure round the world, and would with great pleasure eat locusts with John the Baptist in the Wilderness, and go about in garments of camels' hair, which after all must be very convenient, in comparison with our patched up toilet. Manifold are the changing scenes of life. Mysterious magic circle of the world—how shall I find my way and my proper place in you? Leonora! pardon me for dwelling so much upon myself. You have yourself led me into it, you kind one! This afternoon we shall reach Furudal."

Furudal.

"Here we are on land; I wished I were at sea. I am now entering the drawing-room, and the drawing-room portends shipwreck. An evil spirit always leads me to some expression or breach of impropriety. This evening I have put the worsted reel of the bishop's lady out of order, and related a stupid anecdote of a near relation of hers. I wished to display my wit, and I succeeded badly, as I always do.

"They are very nice people here. The Bishop is a little, pale looking man, with something angelic in his voice and look; but . . . he will not have much time to devote to me. He lives among his books and official duties; or else he is almost always in town. His lady,

who invariably keeps at home, is of a very weak constitution. I will nurse her and read to her, from which I shall derive some pleasure to myself, if she is only able to put up with me. Both husband and wife were very amiable towards my father's daughter, but I certainly believe they found little that was amiable in me. It was also terribly hot in the detestable drawing-room, and I was tanned by exposure to the weather, and as red as a peony. Things of this kind are enough to make one a little desperate. It is so disheartening to be always displeasing, and moreover in those very things, in which one wishes to please. * * * *

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"I have unpacked the trunk, which you have all so cleverly packed up for me; partly new, partly newly mended clothes fell in my arms one after the other—O, sisters! they were all your doing, in putting my toilet in order for the whole winter! How kind you are! I recognised Louisa's hand again. O! I cannot help weeping! My beloved ones! My home!"

Several days later.

"The pine-trees rustle fresh and still. I have been out. Hills, woods, nature's solitude—how glorious.

"O, Leonora! I will begin a new life. I wish to die to my wonted self, to vanity, to aberrations, to self-love. I have destroyed every flattering memorial, of notes, keepsakes, whether coming from man or woman. I herewith enclose a little sum of money which I have received for the supply of my little wants in the way of dress, together with the produce realized by the sale of some ornaments of my own manufacture. Buy something with it, which you know will please

Louisa and Jacobi. But do not let them surmise—I earnestly entreat you—that it is a present from Petrea. Were it possible that I could sell myself for a considerable price, I should . . . .

"I shall have a good deal of leisure time here, and know now how to employ it. I shall take a good deal of exercise abroad; I shall rove through forests and fields, in storm, snow, and all sorts of weather, till I have at least tired out my body. Perhaps then the storm may be hushed within my soul! . . . I have no longer any desire to be happy. Well, what matter, indeed, if one is not happy, as long as one possesses purity of mind and piety of heart? O that life's day of trial were only not so long. Leonora, my sweet angel, pray for me! May you all be happy! My affectionate remembrance to all, from your

PETREA."

"P.S.—My nose presents its compliments to Gabriele, and comes to pay her its respects in the accompanying picture complete in all its parts. She need not think that I am downcast. I likewise enclose a little ballad, or romance, which the forest yesterday chanted to me, and every melodious sound which life raises within my soul, must—reach home. O, how dearly I love you all!"

And now, whilst our Petrea in rural solitude appears to prepare herself for a new life, whilst the snow falls upon the ground, in order to prepare it for a fresh spring, we shall return to our well-known home in the town, and give an account of the transpiring events there.

A DIALOGUE.

Jacobi had set out on his journey; October had arrived with its storms, its long twilights, which are so dull and gloomy to those to whom they are not lighted up by bright imaginations or pleasant looks.

One evening as Henric was coming down to tea, he was uncommonly pale. On the inquiries of the sisters as to the cause, he said that he was troubled with the head-ache, and added partly in jest partly in earnest: "it will be a fine thing indeed when once we can shake off this troublesome body, it is such a clog in one's way!"

"How you talk!" said Louisa, "the best thing, I should think, is to keep it, and go about with it prudently, not sitting up at nights and to study so as to get the head-ache in the day!"

"Most humble thanks your Majesty for the moral. But if my body will not serve my mind, but wishes to bring it under subjection, then I am disposed to fight and quarrel with it."

"In the chrysalis the butterfly of course will ripen," said Gabriele with a cunning smile, whilst strewing rose-leaves upon some chrysalis which were to sleep through the winter upon her flower-stand.

"Oh, yes!" replied Henric; "but how heavily does not the shell lay upon the wings of the butterfly? The earthly aurelia oppresses me! What might not the mind effect, live and enjoy, were the former not in existence? What are we not capable of feeling and thinking in certain bright moments! What light of conception, what divinely warm feelings of heart!

One would press the whole world to one's breast, penetrate all things with one's look, with one's ardour of spirit. Oh, it is a fulness, a glory! Yes, if our heavenly father himself were to come into me, I should be able to stretch forth to him my hand and say, "Welcome, father!"

"Dear Henric!" said Louisa, somewhat angrily; "now I believe that you do not rightly know what you are talking about."

"Yes," continued Henric, without taking any notice of the interruption; "such may be a man's feeling, but only for a moment: in the next the chrysalis again closes with all its weight, its earthly dust-shell round our character, and we become stupified, fall asleep, and sink deeply under our former state. Then he sees in books only printed words, finds in his mind neither feeling nor thought, and towards mankind, for whom his heart shortly before glowed with feelings of inexpressible affection, he feels benumbed and averse. Ah, it is enough to drive a man to desperation!"

"It would be far better," said Louisa, "for him to lay himself down to sleep; then head-ache and wearisomeness would soon pass off."

"But that in my opinion, is a poor means to resort to," said Henric smiling. "It is a detestable thing to be obliged to spend so much time in sleep. What great ends can one attain in being a slug-a-bed? "*Les hommes puissants veillent et veulent*," observed Belzac justly, and since my wretched, troublesome nature requires so much sleep, there will be precious little hope of my ever attaining to anything great. Besides, the very enrapturing, the glorious feelings of such

wakeful moments of the mind cause one to feel poor on their extinction. Ah, I can easily conceive that many in order to reproduce or protract them, have resorted to outward stimulants, and endeavoured to re-excite them in the mind by the ardour of wine, etc."

"Then you conceive something very bad and stupid," said Louisa. "It is to such very excitements that we are indebted for the produce of so many drunkards and miserable people in Sweden, as scarcely to be able to venture out into the streets!"

"I do not defend the point, dear Lousia," said Henric, softly smiling at the warmth of his sister; "but I can still conceive it to be so, and excuse it in many cases. Life is often felt so troublesome; but the moments of transport give a fullness of life, are felt like lightnings from the eternal life."

"And certainly are so!" said Leonora, who had been attentively listening to her brother, and whose benignant eyes became moistened by his remarks. "Thus brightly, thus amply will life assuredly be felt, when once we shall have fully liberated ourselves from the chrysalis, not only from the bonds of the body, but also from those of the mind. Perhaps these moments are given to us here upon earth in order to drive us upwards to our father's house, and cause us to feel its atmosphere."

"A fine thought, Leonora! for if these moments of light are really revelations of our inmost true, here below still fettered life, good God, how glorious.... But ah! these long, long moments of obscuration, what are they indeed?"

"Trials of patience, periods of preparation!" replied

Leonora, tenderly smiling. "Besides, those bright moments doubtless return again and rejoice us with their light; and this so much the more frequently, the further we advance towards its consummation. But one must also have patience with one's self, Henric; one must learn to wait here in life on one's self!"

"That was a true word spoken, sister! I must kiss your hand! Ah, yes, it...."

"Now, be a little less sensible and æsthetic, and come here and take a cup of tea!" exclaimed now our eldest sister. "Here, Henric, here is a cup of strong and warm tea, which I have no fear will do you good! But this evening and to-morrow morning you must take a spoonful of my Elixir!"

"Heaven keep us from such .... *Vi ringrazia, carissima sorella!* But, but .... charming Gabriele! a drop of port wine in the tea, will make it stronger still, without making me at the same time to one of those wretched beings, of whom Louisa is so afraid. Thank you, dear little sister! *Fermez les yeu o Mahomet!*" and, with a bow to Louisa, Henric brought the cup to his lips.

Later in the evening, Henric stood at one of the windows of the library, and looked out into the bright moonshine evening. Leonora went up to him, and looked up into his face, with that sweet, meek inquiring look, to which the heart so gladly opens, and which was peculiar to Leonora. "You are so pale, Henric!" said she disquietedly.

"It is remarkable," said he, partly smiling at himself; "do you see, Leonora, how the tops of the fir-trees, yonder in the church-yard, raise themselves and nod in

the wind? I do not conceive why, but this nodding and beckoning pains me most singularly; I feel it in my heart!"

"That proceeds, perhaps, from your present state of indisposition, Henric. Don't you think we ought to take a little walk out? it is such a very fine moonshine evening! The fresh air will perhaps do you good."

"Will you go with us, Leonora? Yes, that was an excellent thought."

Gabriele, however, considered it a tolerably bad one. She called the sisters Samojeden, Laplanders, Esquimos etc., for wishing to ramble out in the middle of a winter's night. Notwithstanding, the latter walked off merrily and sportingly arm in arm.

"Is it not too windy for you," inquired Henric, whilst endeavouring to screen his sister carefully from the wind.

"The wind is not cold," replied Leonora, "and I feel quite comfortable to walk thus by your side, whilst the elements around us roar, and the whirling snow dances around us in the moonshine like goblins."

"It seems, then, you feel as I do. When I am with you, sister, I always feel calm and happy; but I don't know how it is, that for some time past, other people often plague and provoke me."

"Ah, Henric!—don't you think that is probably your own fault?"

"You are thinking of Sternhök, Leonora?"

"Yes."

"And so am I, and perhaps you are right;—yes, I readily grant, that I have often acted wrong towards him, and have been imprudently violent. But he has

provoked me to it. Why has he so often caused me painfully to feel his superiority over me? so often stripped me of my joy over my efforts, and treated me almost invariably with coldness and depreciation?"

Leonora was silent; the reflection of the moon irradiated a quiet tear in his eye. With increasing vehemence Henric proceeded:

"I could have loved him so dearly! By his uncommon character, his energy, his entire person, he has possessed great influence, great power over me. But he has abused it; he has treated me harshly at the very moment I felt the warmest attachment towards him. My devotion which I cherished for him, he has repelled from him. I will tell you the whole truth, Leonora, and how matters have come to such a pitch between us. You know, that about three years ago at the university, a sort of literary circle of young men had formed themselves around me, who probably too highly estimated my poetical talents, and led me, even myself, to believe that such was the case. I had become a favourite of the day in the circles in which my life moved. Perhaps this had been the means of my becoming arrogant; perhaps a presumptuous tone, and an erroneous partial tendency had been betrayed in the collection of poems which I published about that time. These poems nevertheless excited some notice; but shortly afterwards a criticism on them appeared, which attracted still greater attention on account of its force, its severity, and also on account of its satirical wit. Its keenness spared neither my work nor my character as a poet. It effected almost a general re-action against me. I found it cruel and partial; and cannot to this

very moment consider it in any other light, although I now feel itsjustness better than at that time. The anonymous author of the criticism against me was Sternhök, and he did not by any means deny it. He thought to have directed itless against me personally, than against the rapidly increasing tendency within the party, to whom I was a sort of chieftain. I had already previously commenced to draw back from him and his power, which I had always felt oppressive, and this fresh blow did not contribute to our re-union. His sharp criticism had drawn my attention to my errors; but still I do not know whether it had effected anything else in me but pain; had I not about that time returned to you and to my home, and by the salutary influence of my family been re-awakened to fresh energy and a purer direction. It was at that time, also, when my father in his indescribable kindness and in concurrence with you all disposed of half of his library to procure me the means for a journey on the continent.—Yes, you have called forth a new man in me, and all my thought and study is now, to shew you that I am not unworthy of you. Ah, yes! dear and warmly do I love you all! But with Sternhök all is over. That love which I cherished for him is changed into bitterness!"

"Oh, Henric, Henric! let it not be so. Sternhök is certainly a kind and noble person, although sometimes too severe. But, indeed, he loves you, as we all do; but you will not come to an understanding with each other; and Henric, the last time you were really unreasonable towards him, you appeared as if you could scarcely bear his company."

I cannot help it, Leonora! It is a feeling which is

stronger than I. I cannot tell what evil spirit has for some time past taken possession of my heart; but there it is, and does not move. And if I only get a glimpse of Sternhök, I feel as if a sharp sword was running through my heart; it shrinks together in his presence, and at a mere touch from him, it runs like boiling lead through my veins."

"Henric, dearest Henric!" said Leonora, with evident pain, "this is dreadful indeed! Ah, make another trial with yourself, conquer your feeling, and offer Sternhök your hand of reconciliation!"

"It is too late to do so now, Leonora! Yes, if he wanted it, it would, I dare say, be an easy matter. But what does he care for me? He has never loved me, and to my efforts and my abilities he has never paid any respect. And perhaps in so doing he may be right; perhaps I and a few over-partial friends have hitherto overrated them; perhaps Sternhök may be right in not thinking highly of my talents. What have I done until now? And sometimes it appears to me that I shall not be able to reach far in future, that my powers are limited, my blooming period will soon be over. That of Sternhök's on the contrary is thriving. He is of the class of those who rise slowly, but the more securely. I see more clearly than formerly how much he stands above, how much higher he will rise, and this view tortures me."

"But why these dark thoughts and feelings now, dear Henric, now, when your future prospects appear to be more than ever full of hope? Your fine poetical composition, your prize-essay, which will certainly procure you honour, the prospect to an advantageous office, a

favourite sphere of operation: all this, which a few months since yet animated your breast,—why has it lost its influence over it?"

"I cannot tell," replied Henric; but some little time past a great change has taken place in me; I have no faith in my fortune. I fancy as if my fair hopes will vanish like a dream."

"And if it were so," said Leonora, tenderly and meekly inquiring, "could you not even then find happiness, peace,—at home, in the occupation of your favourite sciences, in living with us, who love you for your own sake!"

Henric pressed Leonora's arm, against himself, but made no reply. A violent gust of wind obliged them to stand still for a moment.

"Horrible weather!" said Henric, whilst wrapping his cloak round his sister.

"But this, you know, is the sort of weather you like," she replied, jesting.

"*Was*, you ought to say; now I no longer like it. Perhaps because it answers to my feeling, which torments me within!" At these words, Henric seized Leonora's hand and laid it against his breast. His breast heaved violently and strangely; his heart beat almost audibly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Leonora, alarmed, "Henric, what is that? Are you subject to it?"

"Sometimes, of late. But do not be uneasy about it, and do not say anything of it, especially to my mother and Gabriele. I have spoken to Munter about it; he has prescribed for me a specific, and does not think it will be anything of consequence.

To-day I have had this sort of palpitation incessantly, and have therefore, perhaps, been a little hypochondriacal. Forgive me, dear Leonora, for having annoyed you with it! I am now much better and in more cheerful spirits, this little walk has done me good. I only wish you may not have taken cold, Leonora, for if so you are sure to be punished or threatened with Louisa's Elixir! But is there not a travelling carriage drawing up to our gate, just as if intended to stop there? Can it be Eva? The carriage stops,—I am sure it is Eva!"

"Eva! Eva!" exclaimed Leonora, with inmost joy, and both brother and sister now ran up quickly to the gate just in time to receive Eva in their arms as she was stepping out of the carriage.

EVA.

It certainly forms one of the more agreeable events in a happy family when one of its beloved members returns after some absence into its bosom.—Thus the bee, after having left its hive, returns to it with a rich harvest of honey gathered from the fields of the earth. —How much is there not on such occasions mutually related, to hear, to see, and to enjoy! Every cloud in the family firmament then vanishes, all is sunshine and joy, and things must be in a bad state, if this does not lead to sweeter mutual harmony and improvement; for when all things go on right, every progressive step in life is in some way or other always a step to improvement.

Bright and serene was the hour of sunshine in the Frank family on Eva's return. Mutual love, which was expressed by embraces, smiles, tears, laughing, sweet words of salutation, a thousand manifestations of joy and tenderness caused the first hour to vanish in an intoxication of merriment. And when all grew more quiet and looked at each other more closely, all looks and thoughts rapturously collected themselves upon Eva. Her beauty now appeared to be in its fullest blossom, and enchanting animation reigned in her looks, her demeanour, her movements, which had never been noticed so before. Her most modern style of dress, a sort of transformation, a charming brightness and ease,which betrayed the elegant circle of the capital, exercised their magic influence upon her friends, and enraptured especially Gabriele, who followed the fair sister with sparkling looks.

Bergström gave vent to his feelings in the kitchen and exclaimed: "Miss Eva is quite divine!" Fair Ulla had never so perfectly agreed with him.

Leonora was the only one, who contemplated Eva, not without tender, but yet with troubled looks. There was something worldly in Eva's appearance and demeanour, something, which caused Leonora to suspect that a great and not happy change had taken place in the beloved sister. And soon it was seen that Leonora's misgivings had been correct. Eva had not been many hours in the house, when it was distinctly seen that she found little interest in its concerns; that her parents, brother and sisters, and friends, were no more the same as before. Eva's mind was now filled with one single object, which claimed all her thoughts,

all her feelings, and this was—Major R. His beauty, his shining talents, his amiable disposition, his affection, the societies in which she met him, the balls at which she had danced with him, the occasions on which they had played parts together, all the romantic evolution of her circumstances—were the pictures which now lived exclusively in her heart and hovered before her imagination heated by worldly happiness. Her father's stern look, on her mentioning Major R.'s name, prevented her repeating it in his presence on the first evening of her rejoining the family. But when later she was alone with the sisters, when the sweet hour of chatting came, which between friends on such occasions, usually lasts from evening to morning, Eva gave free vent to what filled her soul. She now related to the sisters at large her romance of the last year, in which many rivals came forward, Major R. was the hero, and not without self-complacency did Eva represent herself as the respected heroine conquering all rivals. Her mind was so full of those events, her frame of mind so overstrained, that she did not notice the embarrassment of the sisters during her relation, nor their uneasiness, their forced smiles, their sometimes downcast looks. Not until with eyes beaming with joy she entrusted the sisters with the secret of Major R.'s intention of soon coming into the town, where he had some relations, with whom he purposed spending the Christmas season, and then of suing for her hand with her parents, not until then did the veil drop from Eva's eyes. Louisa spoke strongly against Major R., expressed her surprise and regret that Eva should fancy such a man; she did not expect such

a thing from her sister. Eva, very much hurt, defended with warmth the Major, and spoke of intolerance and prejudices. Louisa's displeasure was thereby considerably increased; Gabriele began to cry, Louisa kept her company; she appeared to regard Eva almost as lost. Leonora was calmer; she did not say a single word which could hurt Eva's feelings, but sighed sometimes deeply and looked with quiet sorrow upon her beloved, misguided sister. When she saw, what a tragic turn the conversation took, she said with an expression of tranquil cordiality, peculiar to her:

"Let us not talk any more about it this evening, let us not mar our joy. We may now keep Eva, you know, at home, and can think and talk enough yet together;—then I have no fear all matters will be cleared up. Don't you think it will be best for us to sleep upon the matter? Eva must be tired from the journey and our "blues" must not be crying this first evening!"

Leonora's advice was followed. With a mutual "Forgive!" Louisa, Eva, and Gabriele, embraced each other and separated for the evening. Leonora was glad of the opportunity of being alone with Eva, and now quietly listened to her narrations all the night through. Charming Leonora!

Major Victor R. was universally known to be one of those who trifle with the hearts of ladies, and the Lagman judged of this sport with a severity most unusual with his sex, especially where, as was the case here, not levity of heart but selfishness was the motive. Ten years ago the Major had married a rich young girl from the family of the

Lagman. The only fault of his partner, then sixteen years of age, was, that she loved her husband much too tenderly, even to adoration; the latter rewarded her love with such an unsparing harshness and unfaithfulness that poor Amalie sank under it and died of grief in the second year of their alliance, after having made over to her worthless husband even all her property over which she had the power of disposing. By means of this acquisition, R. now prosecuted his splendid and thoughtless course. He always pays his addresses to one of the beauties of the day; several times he was betrothed, but soon broke off his engagement again, without the least regard to the reputation and the heart of the girl whose character he thereby defamed; yes, he even privately boasted of his skilfulness in the art of making such sacrifices, and the very fact of causing hearts to bleed for him cooled the burning thirst of his self-love. The world paid due respect to his agreeable and shining gifts; but the nobler part of his own sex, as well as of the other, thought little of him, since they considered him as a man without real worth. The thought of a union between this man and his beloved daughter raised a storm in the Lagman's breast.

Such reports respecting the man, whom she loved, came to meet her on her return to her home. This feeling towards him was general. All which Eva adduced in apology for him had no effect; what she said of his profound, faithful devotion towards her, was evidently not credited, and her own love which had rendered the world so charming to her,—brought the loveliest feelings into her breast, and opened to her a heaven of bliss—was the very cause of their grief, of their

tears; this was considered a misfortune—indeed a fall! Wounded to her inmost soul, Eva kept herself reserved from the rest, and to herself accused them of selfishness and unreasonableness. Louisa probably deserved a little of this reproach, but Leonora was innocent—innocent as an angel. Leonora, however, mourned over Eva's love, and therefore Eva's heart closed against her likewise.

The estrangement which hereby arose between Eva and her family, was still stronger when Major R. not long after her arrived in town. He was a tall, handsome man, about thirty-five years of age, of a proud but wild appearance; his face cheerful and blooming, his look bright and bold; a great acquaintance with customs of the world, an inimitable lightness and security gave to his demeanour and his conversation that irresistible influence, which these qualities exercise in social life.

On his first visit in the Frank family, the Lagman and he exchanged a few looks, in which they could read that they did not like each other. But the Major did not take any notice of it whatever, was perfectly free-hearted and cheerful, addressed his conversation chiefly to Elise, scarcely spoke to Eva at all, but looked at her a good deal. After the first formal salutation, the Lagman again went into his study; the sight of that man was painful to him. Leonora was polite, indeed almost pleasant towards the Major. She very much wished to love him whom Eva loved. Assessor Munter was present at this visit, but when for a few moments he had observed the looks which the Major cast at Eva, and their magic influence upon her, when he had read her whole heart in a shy glance which she

raised towards the beloved, he silently and quickly withdrew.

The Major did not often visit Eva at home, the look of the Lagman appeared to have the power to keep him at a distance from it; for all that, he so arranged matters, that he could see her almost daily out of the house. He met her when she walked out; from church he accompanied her home; invitations came, sledge parties, balls were arranged, and Eva, who before was so happy at home, who had so often preferred the domestic evening circle to the pleasures of the world, Eva now no longer appeared to find any comfort at home, appeared only to be able to live in those circles and those amusements where Major R. was shining, and where she saw herself particularly marked by his attention. But on account of this very meeting of him, the rest of the family wished to be as little as possible in his company. But in a general way Eva's wishes were, nevertheless, gratified. Leonora followed her faithfully wherever she wished to go. The Lagman was gloomy and uneasy in his mind; the mother gentle and interposing, and as far as Eva herself is concerned, she was so irritable to every thing touching her love, that the slightest contradiction to her wishes reduced her to tears and hysteric sobbings. Her friends painfully perceived more and more, how violent and exclusive her love to Major R. was. A mere glimpse of him, the sound of his footsteps, his voice—shook her whole frame. All former dear connections had lost their power over her heart.

It sometimes happens that men, whether from physical or moral causes, suddenly become singularly

unlike themselves. Irritability, vehemence, want of discrimination, unpleasantness, suddenly steps forth from within a former gentle and amiable character, and, as if by a magic stroke, the beautiful figure has changed into a monster. Much is then required to keep even friends from growing cold and changing; much kindness, much clearsightedness is required from a person in order to a faithful continuance in the same love, in the same faith, to a patient waiting for the time, when the enchantment shall lose its power when the changed character shall return, and in the mean time draw him out himself, only by quiet entreaties, mild looks and affectionate concern. Possibly he would otherwise not have come back again at all. I say *much clearsightedness*, for the true friend does not lose sight of the heavenly picture of his friend, he sees it through all the veil of contingencies, though it should be concealed from all; yes, even from the failing person! He believes in it, he loves, he lives for it, and says: "Wait! Patience!" This will pass over, and then he (or she) comes again. And he who has such a friend, is sure to come again. Thus went the quiet Leonora by the side of her changed sister.

Henric was at this time of salutary influence to the whole family, and appeared to regain his former amiable lively spirits, in order to drive away every disturbing impression in the family. He accompanied his family more than before into the world, and had a constantly watchful eye for his sister and the Major.

It was not long before Major R. declared himself, and sued for Eva's hand. Her parents had prepared for this crisis, and determined their mode of

procedure accordingly. They did not wish to make their child unhappy by a decided denial of the wishes of her heart, but they had resolved to demand a year's probation from her and the Major, during which period they were not to keep company with each other, exchange no letters, and regard themselves as free from every mutual obligation. Not until after the expiration of this period should there be any question broached again about an alliance between them, if Eva and the Major, namely, then still wished it. Elise, who under a continually stricter, more perfect exercise of her duties, had acquired a constantly increasing influence over her husband, had prevailed upon him to take this interposing course, and endeavoured to inspire him with the hope which she herself cherished, namely, that during the period of probation, Eva would either find out the Major's worthless character, be won over by the wishes and tenderness of her own family and conquer her love, or that the Major might become ennobled by love, and in it render himself worthy of her. Indeed it is one of the most favourite axioms of the Lagman himself, that all men are capable of improvement, and gladly he conceded that to this end there was not a more powerful means then virtuous love.

With force and tenderness the Lagman now talked to his daughter, clearly explained to her the relative circumstances of the case, did not conceal from her how bitter the thought of this connection had been and still was to him, and appealed to her own feeling of propriety, whether the required period of probation was demanding too much.

Eva cried much, but deeply affected by the kindness of the parents, she consented to their wishes and promised, although with pain, to fulfil them.

To the Major, who had made his suit in writing, the Lagman wrote a candid, noble, but by no means flattering reply, in which he demanded from him as a man of honour, that he should in no wise try to induce Eva to deviate from the promises which she had given to her parents, and thereby disturb her hitherto so happy relation to her family. This letter which the father gave to his daughter to read, and which caused the latter to shed fresh tears, whilst in vain she tried to induce him to retract expressions, which she considered too severe, (but he thought rather too mild,) was dispatched the very same day, and every thing now grew more composed.

Eva would probably have conformed to the wishes of her parents, which they endeavoured to sweeten by much kindness, had not the arrival of a note the following evening from Major R., quite disconcerted and excited her. In it he violently complained of her father's unreasonableness, injustice and tyranny, spoke in the most passionate expressions of his love, his boundless suffering, his desperation. Eva in consequence of this letter, sickened, more however in mind than in body, and asked for an interview with the Assessor. The friend and physician of the family immediately came to her.

"Do you love me?" was Eva's first question when they were alone.

"Whether I love you, Eva," replied he and gazed at her with a look, which could have warmed a heart

to tenderness, which was in a different state to her's at that time.

"If you love me, if you do not wish that I should sicken in earnest," continued Eva, talking rapidly and vehemently, "then you must get this letter forwarded to Major R., and bring his reply to my hands. My father is prejudiced against him; all here are prejudiced against him; no one knows him so well as I do. I am in a situation which may drive me to despair, unless you take compassion upon me. But you must assist me secretly! . . . Won't you? If you love me, you must take this letter, and . . . ."

"Ask what you will of me, Eva, but not this one thing, I must decline complying with it, and this for the very reason, because I love you so dearly. This man is indeed not worthy of you; he does not deserve. . . ."

"Not a word about him! I know him better than you all,—I alone know him; but all of you are his enemies and enemies to my happiness. Once more I entreat you, I implore you with tears! Is it such a great thing, which I require you to do? My benefactor, my friend, will you not fulfil the petition of your Eva?"

"Let me speak to your father?"

"About this? No, no! Impossible!"

"Then, Eva, I must deny your request! My pain is greater than I can express, to be obliged to deny you anything here in the world. But in this matter I will not pollute my hand, will not be a means to your misfortune. Farewell!"

"Stay! Hear what I have to say yet! What fears have you for me?"

"Of all kinds with a man of R's character."

"You are mistaken both in him and me!"

"I know him, and I know you, Eva! and therefore I would rather go into the fire than be the bearer of letters between him and you. This is my last word!"

"You will not? You do not love me, and I have therefore no friend left me!"

"Eva, Eva! do not talk so! You sin by so doing. You do not know . . . . ask everything from me, ask for my life.—Ah, through you it has already lost all its worth for me—ask . . . ."

"Empty words!" interrupted Eva, and turned away impatiently. "I want nothing more from you, Assessor Munter! Forgive me for having troubled you!"

The Assessor looked at her silently for a few moments, then quickly laid his hand against his left side, as if he had felt a violent pain there, and walked out, more bent than usual.

Shortly afterwards an unexpected flash of light entered into the painful relation between Eva and her family. Eva became more calm. Major R. took a journey into the country to one of his acquaintances in the vicinity of the town to spend the Christmas season there. On the same day Eva came down at the usual tea-time into the library, after she had spent several days in her own apartment. She was welcomed with universal joy. The Lagman went to meet her with open arms, called her by sweet names, seated her by the side of her mother on the sofa, waited on her himself with tea—a lover could not have been more affectionate and attentive. It was evident to all, that

Eva was not indifferent toward these marks of love; she did not, however, receive them with joy. Flaming blushes interchanged with paleness on her cheeks, and sometimes it appeared as if a tear, a tear full of remorse would start into her eyes.

Nevertheless the former relation, the former peace within the family still returned in part. Major R. was not mentioned by any one, and just as, when on the approach of spring, the grass grows and the foliage puts forth, although the sky may be dark, and many a north wind rest in the air, thus lovely impressions and happy hours sprang forth in the Frank family, involuntarily called forth by the spirit of spring, which reigned there. You would have wished to have seen the mother moving about as the heart of the family, taking an interest in all, going about so graciously, so consolatory and full of joy. She had always something agreeable, something cheering to communicate in word or deed. And yet she was at present far from being happy in her own mind. Added to the cares for her daughters, was now the uneasiness respecting Henric's future prospects and happiness. With his feeling, his wishes, and thoughts she was better acquainted, and comprehended better than every one else; hence their looks so often sought each other in pleasant mutual intercourse, hence also she always grew paler on those days of the arrival of the mail from Stockholm, the nearer the hour of the delivery of letters approached; which would perhaps be the bearer of some important intelligence for Henric.

"My dear Elise!" said the Lagman, lovingly scolding, "why this disquietude, this imprudent anxiety?

I grant that it would be joy and happiness to us all, if Henric should receive the sought for appointment. But if he should not obtain it—very well! then he can procure another after awhile. And his poem,—should it not now nor ever be considered as a master-piece and gain a prize—well, in God's name, what does it signify? He will probably become so much the more a thorough and practical character, if he is less successful as a poet. I should not at all dislike it, I must confess. And I wish situation and poem as far as where the pepper grows, if on their account you are to get pale and weak with nervousness. Promise me to be sensible the next post-day, and not to look like the waning moon; or else I promise you that I shall be very angry and keep the whole post to myself."

To his children, however, the father said, "have you not as much ingenuity and inventive faculty as to divert and engage the attention of your mother during the unhappy post-days? Henric! her quiet-keeping will depend upon you. And if you do not convince her that, whatever may be your success in the world, you will bear it like a man; I must tell you that you do not at all deserve the tender care which she cherishes for you."

Henric blushed violently, and the Lagman continued: "And you, Gabriele! I shall never more call you my clever girl, if on the post-day to-morrow you are not ready with a riddle, which is to puzzle your mother, so as for her to forget every thing else.

The following day was an unexceptionably lively one. Never were more interesting subjects of conversation set on foot by Henric; never was the mother so much drawn into the discussions of youth. When

the post-hour arrived, the mother was deeply engaged in solving a riddle, which Henric and Gabriele endeavoured still more to perplex her with their witty ideas and jokes, whilst pretending to assist her in the solution. It was as follows :--

From hatred and strife
Far away I flee,
From cold and damp
I move hastily.
Near a cold heart
I sink and die,
In passion's fire
My death is nigh.
I never was seen
In a prison's gloom;
I can only exist
Where freedom blooms.
In wisdom's sky
My dawn arose,
In love's own sphere
My life's blood glows.
With the perfect above
Do I gladly stay,
In the lowly cot
W.th the infant I play.
Though I hide my face,
And seem absent,—yet
The good and the kind
I never forget.
If at early dawn
I come not near;
By the twilight's blush
I will greet thee my dear.

The riddle, which though not one of Gabriele's best,

nevertheless excited much pleasure, and elicited from Henric the drollest remarks. But the mother was not to be put out by this, but cried whilst, laughing, she tried to outcry her sportful children; the solution of the riddle is—HAPPINESS.

"Happiness!" repeated the Lagman, whilst entering with letters and newspapers in his hand. "I believe you are engaged with prophecies here. Gabriele, my child, you shall have your reward for it. Read this to your mother!" And he laid down a newspaper before her.

Gabriele began, but quickly gave up the newspaper, jumped up, clapped her hands together, and exclaimed:

"Henric's poem has gained the highest prize!"

"And here, Henric!" said the Lagman, "are letters; you are nominated—" The Lagman's voice was drowned in the exclamations of the rest. Henric threw himself into the arms of his mother, surrounded by his exulting sisters, whose eyes were bedewed with tears. The Lagman with great strides paced up and down the room; at length he stood still before the happy group and exclaimed: "Well, did any body ever see! Let me have a little share in it too! Elise, my thanks for having given him to me! And you, my boy, come here, I must tell you . . ."—But still not a word was uttered; mute from inward emotion, the father embraced his son, and returned in like manner the manifestation of love of his daughters.

Many private letters from Stockholm contained flattering remarks, expressions of joy respecting the

young poet. Henric's young friends joined in songs of triumph.

It was almost too much success at one time. During the first moments after these intelligences the joy was calm and mixed with touching emotions; afterwards it grew cheerful, and burst out like a rocket in a thousand directions. A general movement ensued for celebrating the day and its hero, and whilst the father was brewing a bowl (the whole household was to drink Henric's health) the rest were brewing plans for a journey to Stockholm. The whole family were of course to be witness of Henric's receiving the gold medal, they must necessarily be present at his festival. Eva's attractive vivacity almost entirely returned, in order to describe a similar festive scene which she had witnessed at the Swedish Academy.

Henric spoke much of Stockholm; he longed to be able to show his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. They would be delighted with the statue-gallery, with the plays, would see and hear the handsome Miss Högquist, the enchanting Jenny Lind,* and then the palace, the promenades, the views, the churches, the fine statues in the public places—one only amongst them Henric would have liked to have knocked down—oh! there were so many splendid things to see at Stockholm.

The mother smiled in high glee at—the inducement to a journey to Stockholm; the father nodded consent

* Miss *Emilie Hogquist* and Miss *Jenny Lind*, two ornaments of the Stockholm theatre, the former as an actress, the latter as a singer.

to every proposal; the countenances of the young folks beamed with joy; the bowl shed fragrance of success.

The young Baron L., who was very fond of Henric, and still more so of every active movement and every rumour, had a down right frantic desire to celebrate the day. He waltzed with everybody he could lay hold of. Louisa was not allowed to sit still; the little lady was obliged to submit to be whirled about, though it is true, that in her joy, she was not much less dancingly disposed than he was; even the Lagman was obliged to dance with him; at length he danced with the chairs and tables, and the spirit of the punch did not contribute to lower his spirits.

The Lagman felt it a difficult task to be obliged to leave his home just on this very day; but urgent business compelled him to it, and that very evening he was obliged to depart, to return in three or four days. Although he had left his own at present in the bloom of prosperity and of joy, still the short separation appeared to fall harder upon him than usual. After he had already taken leave of his family, he came—a circumstance of somewhat rare occurrence with him—in again, embraced his wife once more, wheeled about in his great coat (lined through with wolf skin) with his daughters, and walked out quickly, whilst giving the young Baron L. a tolerably severe shake, who in his wild joy attacked the wolf's pelt like a dog. When the Lagman afterwards cast up a look to the window of the library from his sledge, and motioned with his hand his farewell salutation to his wife and daughters, the latter saw with surprise that his eyes were full of tears.

But the bliss of the present and the promises of the future, filled the minds of those who had remained at home. The evening vanished amidst joy and delight; Baron L. took punch with the domestics, till they and he got quite confused in their heads, and Louisa's excellent moral lessons were uselessly wasted water-drops upon this fire. Henric was nobly cheerful. The beaming expression of his spirited, fine head, reminded one of Apollo.

"What has become of your gloomy misgivings?" whispered Leonora with tender gladness. "You seem to me as if you could even embrace Sternhök now!"

"The whole world!" said Henric whilst pressing his sister to his breast; "I am so happy!"

And notwithstanding there was some one in the house who was still happier than Henric: and this was—his mother. When she looked upon the fine, irradiated countenance of her son and thought of what he was, and what yet he might attain to; thought of the laurels, which might crown this endeared head, of the future, which awaited her favourite, her summer child—oh! then the full summer of maternal joy flourished in her breast, and it swelled with an unutterable happiness, a happiness, too great, that she almost grew afraid, for it appeared to her too great to be borne on earth.

And notwithstanding—we mention it with grateful joy—the earth can bear a great measure of supernatural happiness, can bear it long without volatilizing or destroying it. It is in quietness in secret where such a happiness flourishes most readily, hence the world knows little of it, and does not rightly believe in it. But thank heaven! it is abundantly found in all ages and

in all countries, and it is—we whisper it into the ear of the happy in order to rejoice with them—it is very rarely that in reality, as it is so often done in books for the sake of effect, a high flood of happiness is taken in with the tide.

MISFORTUNE.

After the happy evening came the night, and the members of the Franks' family lay deeply sunk in the arms of sleep, when suddenly the midnight hour roused them with the dreadful cry, "fire, fire!" The house was burning; smoke and flames met them on all sides, for the fire had spread with incredible rapidity. An unutterable confusion arose; there was a seeking, a calling of one another. Mother and children, domestics and servants. Half dressed, and without having saved the least thing, the inhabitants of the dwelling assembled in the market, where an innumerable crowd of people were flocking together, and began to work at the preparations for extinguishing the fire, whilst the bells of the church towers were ringing the alarm, and the drums dull and widely beating along the street of the town, the signal of distress. Henric dragged the young Baron L. along with him, who was speechless and seriously injured by the fire. With a frantic, searching look, the mother gazed around among her family; suddenly she cried "Gabriele!" and with a piercing cry of anguish, she rushed into the burning house. A circle of people quickly closed round the daughters to prevent them with all their might from following the mother, and two men broke forth from the crowd of people and ran

after her with the rapidity of lightning. The one was her noble—now more than ever noble son; the other resembled the figure of the cyclops, just as art represents them in their subterranean forges; but he had two eyes, and out of these darted at this moment flames, which bade defiance to those with whom he wished to contend. Both vanished in the flames. A momentary silence ensued; the alarm drums ceased; the people scarcely breathed; the daughters silently wrang their hands, and the fire-bell tolled fearfully to the fruitless rain of the engines, for the flames mounted higher and higher. All at once a shout proceeded from the crowd; all hearts beat with delight, for the mother was carried upon the arms of the son out of the flames, which stretched out their tongues after them hissing; and—another acclamation! The second cyclop, in a word, the Assessor, stood in a window on the second story, and through the columns of black smoke glimmered forth the figure in white, whom he pressed to his breast. A ladder was quickly put to, and black and scorched, but happy, Jeremias Munter laid the fainting, although uninjured Gabriele, in the arms of the mother and sisters. He then returned with Henric to the fire and they succeeded in saving the desk which contained the most important papers of the Lagman. Other unimportant trifles were also saved. But this was all. The house was built of wood, and burned down to ashes in spite of all exertions to extinguish it; but as it was standing apart, it burned down without spreading any further.

When Henric, weary with exertion, returned to his family, he found them quartered in the small dwelling

of the Assessor, which was likewise situate near the market-place, and Jeremias Munter himself appeared to have multiplied into ten persons in procuring all the requisite wants for his guests. His old housekeeper was quite bewildered in her mind by the new guests in the very simply furnished domicile of her master. But he was ready with contrivances for every thing; he boiled coffee, he made the beds, and appeared while thus employed, entirely to forget his tolerably severe injuries received from the fire. He made sport of himself and his things, whilst wiping now and then a tear from his eyes, shed over the misfortune of his friends. With extreme affection and firmness he provided for all and for every thing. Louisa and Leonora assisted him with quiet self-control.

"I'll thank you to be sensible, coffee-pot, and not boil over, because you are now obliged to boil for ladies!" querulously cried the Assessor. "Here, Miss Leonora, are some drops for mother and Eva! Sister Louisa, be so good, and take my whole store-room under hand! And you, young gentleman!" said he to Henric, whilst suddenly laying hold of his arm and looking sharply into his face, "come along with me, for I think I must take you a little under my hand!" Indeed there was not a moment to lose; a violent rush of blood to the chest placed the young man in imminent danger of life. The Assessor tore off his coat and bled him, at the same instant that he lost his consciousness.

"What a booby!" said the Assessor, as Henric was recovering. "How can any one be so silly, when one is already such—a clever fellow? Well, now the danger is over with you! Death has been playing his jokes

with us to-night. Let us now again, as polite chevaliers, pay our respects to the ladies. Stop! I must have a little water over my face, that I may not look, any more than necessary, like the *de la triste figure!*"

CONSEQUENCES.

The sun of the new morning shone brightly upon the glittering, snow-covered roofs round about the market, and coloured in the most splendid tints of purple, gold, and brimstone blue, the clouds of smoke which were slowly rising from the ruins of the consumed dwelling, and in the flaky ashes, which the snow poured out over the market and the church-yard, stirred and pecked hundreds of little sparrows amidst exulting chirpings.

The mother and daughters looked with tears towards the place whence the smoke proceeded, where their precious, dear house had stood, but no one yielded to sorrow. Eva only wept much, but on account of a pain concealed in her own breast. She knew that Major R. had spent this night in town, and notwithstanding—she had not seen him yet.

With the approach of morning, came much bustle and a number of people into the residence of the Assessor. Families came, who offered the houseless family their houses and abodes; young ladies came with their clothes; servants with theirs for the servants of the family; beautiful plate and furniture were sent; the baker sent baskets with bread, the brewer beer, others wine, etc. It was a scene of the most charming kind in social life, which showed how esteemed and beloved the Frank family was.

Madam Gunilla came, so kind and eagerly, and ready to quarrel with all who would contest the point with her of running away with her old friends into her carriage, and bringing them into the residence which she had caused to be arranged for them in haste. The Assessor did not contend with her at present, but silently saw his guests withdrawing, and, with a tear in his eye, he looked after the carriage which carried away Eva from his house. Everything now seemed to him so gloomy and desolate.

On the evening of this day the father was again in the circle of his family, and pressed them all to his breast amidst tears of joy. Yes, with tears of joy, for they were all indeed spared to him. A few days afterwards he wrote to one of his friends:

" Previous to this occurrence, I knew not the extent of the treasure I possessed in my wife and children, knew not, that I had so many kind friends and neighbours. I thank God, who has given me such a wife, such children, such friends. Through the latter all the wants of my family are already fulfilled, yea more than filled! In the spring I shall begin to rebuild my house upon the same old ground. How the fire originated I know not, nor do I trouble myself any further to find it out. The mischief is done and may in future serve as a warning; that is quite sufficient. My household have not grown poorer in love, though in temporal possession! The former endures and heals all things. 'The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' "

The Lagman really would hear no conjectures respecting the origin of the conflagration. We venture nevertheless of expressing ours here. It was, namely,

most probable that it had taken its commencement in the apartment of young Baron L., and that he himself in his half-intoxicated state had been the cause of it. Most likely he regarded the matter himself in that light; certain it is, that this event, in connection with the conduct of the Frank family towards him, produced a great change in the mind and character of the young man. His father fetched him away a short time afterwards and travelled with him—for his eyes had suffered dangerously from the consequence of the fire—to Stockholm, in order to consult the skilful oculists of the place. Our eyes will not see him again until a much later period of our history.

The daughters of the family were now earnestly engaged with projects, already previously deliberated upon, of seeking an independent competency, and under the present circumstances of their parents, of lightening their care, without falling a burden to any other person. Eva wished in the first place to accept an invitation which she had received to an estate near the place where Major R. was staying. At Axelholm, hearts, arms, wings, whole buildings, opened to the Frank family. There were no want of openings for colonization; but the Lagman begged his children so heartily to discontinue all this for the present and not to leave their home. "In a few months," said he, "perhaps in spring, you may do what you please; but at present—let us keep together! I must have you all about me now that I may be sure that I really have you all together yet in my possession. I cannot bear the thought of now losing one of you!"

And notwithstanding this thought seemed soon as it

were forcing itself upon the father. Henric had not enjoyed one moment of health since the night of the conflagration; an incessant palpitation of the heart was left since that night, and to this pain was added dangerous choking paroxysms, which in spite of all counteracting remedies seemed rather to increase than diminish. This disquieted the Lagman so much the more, since he now loved and prized his son more than ever. It might be said that, not until after the fire that the relation between father and son was of a warm nature.

Well says the Mahometan, that when the angel of death draws nigh to man, his wings already beforehand cast a shadow upon him. Already before the commencement of his illness Henric's mind appeared to be darkened by an unfriendly shade, and in the first period of the serious outbreaking of the disease the power of the shade increased. Oh, it was not such an easy matter for the young man, who was so richly endowed with all things, whereby the life of earth becomes beautified, and now stood at the opening of a career, where fresh laurels and the roses of love hailed him, it was no such an easy matter, to turn away his eyes from this future and to listen to those words, which his throbbing heart seemed to whisper to him day and night: "Thou art going down into thy grave. It shall not cease to throb until its gates are opening." But to a mind like Henric's the step from darkness to light is not great. There was a something in his mind which causes man to say to the Lord of life and death:

Thine hand has writ the judgment doom of all,
We bow submissive, kiss, and prostrate fall.

Henric had one day a long conversation with Assessor Munter, his skilful and attentive physician. When the latter left him, tears stood in his eyes; Henric on the other hand was, on returning to his family, paler than usual, but a peculiar mild and solemn composure diffused itself through his whole being. And from that moment his temper of mind was changed. He was now mild and calm, even more happy and amiable than ever. His eyes received an indescribable brightness and beauty. The shade had quite left his mind.

But deeper and deeper lay the shade over one person, who since the commencement of Henric's illness was no longer like herself! and this was—Henric's mother. It is true she spoke and acted as before, but a consuming anxiety lived within her; she appeared to be absent to the present, and every contact with matters, not in some way or other immediately concerning her son, proved either a thing of indifference or a source of pain to her. Carefully the daughters therefore kept every thing far from her which might be disturbing to her mind. The mother was allowed to devote herself almost exclusively to her son, and many an hour of rich enjoyment were spent yet between them, who soon perhaps—were to separate for a long time.

Every strong mental exertion was prohibited to Henric, and his very illness would not admit of it. He was obliged to give up his favourite studies; but his active mind, which could not slumber, derived refreshment from the youthful sources of art. He was much occupied with the works of a poet, who during

his short life had suffered and sung much, who had caused the finest "lilies of Sharon" to blossom out of his crown of thorns. Stagnelius* was Henric's favourite reading; he himself composed many of his songs and his mother sang them to him during the long winter evenings—his mother always sang more to his mind than his sisters—and he heartily rejoiced at the pure power, which by this poet rises triumphantly from the anguish and fever of life.

About this time it was observed that he often turned the conversation in the presence of his mother to the bright side of death. It seemed as if he wished to prepare her gradually for a possible early separation and to take from her beforehand its bitterness. Elise prior to this had taken great interest in conversations of this kind, had loved every thing which diffused light over the dark scenes of life; but now she always turned pale whenever this subject was adverted to; disquietude depicted itself in her eyes, and she endeavoured to put it from her with a sort of inward dread.

One evening as the family were assembled in the confidential hour of twilight, and the Assessor also amongst them, the conversation happened to fall on dreams, and from this to the state of death. Henric referred to the most ancient comparison between sleep

* *Eric Stagnelius*, born 1793, died 1823, would in all probability, had a longer life, and therewith a greater improvement of his abundant poetic talents, been allotted to him, have become one of the most eminent poets of his age. His poems, partly of epic, partly dramatic, partly lyric contents, have appeared after his death in a collection of three volumes. "Lilies of Sharon" (Liljor i Saron) is the general title of a division of lyric poems.

and death; he considered it less striking with regard to the state whilst under the influence of the stupor itself, than with regard to the resemblance in the awaking.

"And in what do you especially consider this resemblance to consist?" enquired Leonora.

"In the most perfect retention and re-animation of consciousness, of memory, of the entire condition of the soul," replied he, "which is experienced in the morning after the dark night."

"Very good," said the Assessor, "and possible, but what can we *know* about it?"

"All that revelation has made known to us," replied Henric, with an animated look. "Is there any need of a stronger light on this subject than that given to us by one of our own race, having died and risen again from his grave, and who after his sleep had exhibited himself in the dark tabernacle of mankind as identically the same, with precisely the same disposition, the same friendship, bearing in his faithful memory the smallest as well as the greatest events of his earthly existence? What a clear, what a cheering light has not this kindled around the dark gates of the tomb! It has united the two worlds; it has thrown a bridge over the dark abyss; it enables the otherwise timorous pilgrim to approach it without horror, and friends to say "good night" to each other with the same composure, on the evening of life, as on the evening of a day."

Saying this, an arm was convulsively thrown round Henric, and the voice of his mother whispered with a tone of despair into his ear, "you must not leave us,

Henric! you must not! . . . . " and unconsciously she sunk on his breast.

From this time forth Henric never again alluded to topics of this kind in the presence of his mother, convinced from this how painfully they affected her feelings. He studied rather to soothe and cheer them, and his sisters faithfully co-operated with him in this his purpose. They now had less desire than ever to be from home and to mix with society; sometimes, however, they did so, on the express wish of their brother, and for the purpose of being thereby enabled to bring home interesting news, to entertain both him and his mother. Henric's room was mostly the meeting-place for these reports; and how heartily did they laugh over and enjoy them there. Ah! in a cordially united family how hard for care to take footing there; and if indeed it enters in for one moment, it is banished again in the very next. Eva appeared during this period to forget her own trouble, in the desire of also being a flower in the garland of comfort and tenderness formed around the favourite of the family, and the Lagman now tore himself away more frequently than heretofore from his occupations and united himself to the family circle. A more attractive sick chamber than Henric's, can scarcely be conceived, in so much that he himself was sensible of it. Enfeebled by the influence of the disease, his lovely eyes easily filled with tears, and he would often ejaculate, " I am happy, more than happy! what beatic bliss to be capable of loving! This is happiness indeed! This is the meridian of the soul. Even now, though in the furnace of affliction, I can

feel myself as rich, as if possessing all things, so happy through you!" and then he would stretch forth his hand to those of his mother or his sisters and press them to his lips and to his bosom.

A favourable change now took place in Henric's disease with a decrease of the painful symptoms. A sensation of joy pervaded the whole family, and Henric himself appeared at times to entertain hopes of life. He was now again enabled to walk out and inhale the fresh winter air—his favourite season. The Lagman often accompanied him; it was a lovely sight to behold the energetic, vigorous father throwing his arms round his pale, noble looking son, whenever his tottering steps seemed to require support, and thus retarding his own usual quick pace, whilst slowly reconducting him home again; it was a lovely sight to behold the expression in both father and son.

There is a great deal said about the beauty of maternal love,—paternal love presents perhaps a picture of greater beauty, and one far more touching; and it is my opinion that he who has shared the happiness of experiencing the fostering care of an affectionate and no less conscientious father can lift up his heart with more fervent feelings, with more heartfelt comprehension than every other, in that universal prayer of mankind; "Our Father!"

A few weeks passed over. A lady, a particular friend of the family intending about this time to take a journey with her daughter to the town in which Petrea was at present staying, was particularly desirous to take with her Gabriele, the best friend of the young Amalie. Gabriele would gladly have embraced this opportunity of paying a visit to her beloved sister,

and at the same time of seeing something of the world, but under the present circumstances of Henric's illness, she could not think of any thing of the kind, nor could she by any means be prevailed upon to leave him. But Henric himself warmly insisted upon Gabriele's accepting the offer of a journey, which he thought might prove so extremely agreeable to her.

"Don't you see," said he, "that Gabriele is sitting here and looking at me till she turns quite pale in the face? and besides how perfectly unnecessary, especially at present, being as I am much better and very likely to be quite restored in a short time. Go, go, dear Gabriele, I entreat you, you will oblige me by so doing! You can gladden our hearts, you know, with your letters in the mean time, and when at Easter you return with Petrea, why then—then you will no longer have a sick and afflicted brother; I shall manage to be quite well by that time." The influence of persuasion was exerted also from other quarters, especially by the young, sprightly Amalie—and at length Gabriele yielded. Convinced that for the present all danger for her brother was over, she took her departure with a jest on her lips, but with tears in her eyes. It was the first excursion of our "little lady" from home.

Major R. all the while observed the most perfect silence, and although Eva maintained a reserve towards her own family, she nevertheless appeared to be more tranquil than formerly, and the family began to be easy respecting her future welfare. The Lagman, who in consequence of her deportment manifested towards her a tender attention, bordering on gratefulness, studied to anticipate her most distant wishes,

and even consented for her to go at the very commencement of spring to M——s. He hoped that by that time the Major would be at the most remote part of the country. But soon he had to experience the rising of a painful light.

On a dark evening in the early part of March two persons were standing under a tree in St. Mary's church-yard holding mutual converse with each other in an under tone of voice.

"How childish you are, Eva," said the one, "with your doubts and fears! And how pusillanimous is your love! Would you learn sweet angel how true love speaks; then listen to me:

"Pour quoi fit on l'amour, si son pouvoir n'affronte,
Et la vie et la mort, et la haine et la honte!
Je ne demande, je ne veux pas savoir
Si rien a de ton cœur terni le pur miroir:
Je t'aime! tu le sais! Que l'importe tout le reste?"

"O Victor!" replied Eva's trembling voice, "the fault of having too little love for you can never be imputed to me. Far from it. Ah, do I not feel, indeed, do I not prove it by my conduct, that you are more to me than father and mother and sisters—yes, more than all the world? And yet I know that it is wrong; my heart rises against myself,—but I cannot resist your power!"

"That's the very reason why I am called Victor, my angel! Heaven itself has sanctioned my power. And tell me, am I not *your* Victor also, my sweet Eva?"

"Ah! too much so, I am sorry to say," sighed Eva. "But now, Victor, spare my weakness; do not ask to

see me again till the Spring, in a month's time I go to M—s. Do not demand——"

"Do not demand any such promises from Victor, Eva! He is not to be bound in such a way:—but you,—you must do, what your Victor wills—or else he cannot believe that you love him. What? you refuse to take a few steps to gladden his eyes, to rejoice his heart—to see him, to hear him—no, forsooth, you do not love him!"

"Ah! I love, I adore you! I could suffer all things, even the very pangs of my own conscience for your sake;—but my parents, my brother and sisters!—They are so kind, so excellent; and I—the love I cherish for them, and that which I bear you, still at times struggle violently together. Do not string the bow too tightly, Victor! And now dearest, farewell! In a month's time you will see your Eva again at M—s."

"Stop! Do you think I shall suffer you to leave me in this way? What have you done with my ring?"

"Against my heart! day and night it rests there. Farewell! Ah, let me go!"

"Once more tell me that you love me above everything else in the world! That you will be mine and mine only!"

"Yours only! Farewell!" and with these words Eva quickly disengaged herself from his embraces, and ran as if affrighted, quickly across the church yard. The Major followed her slowly. A dark figure, as if arisen from one of the graves, now hurriedly stepped forward, and walked up close to the Major. The latter startled, he felt as if a chilling draught had run through

his heart; for such a figure, tall and silent, at this dark hour, and, moreover, in the church yard, had, it must be confessed, something awe-inspiring, ghost-like about it; and as it evidently continued walking by the side of the Major with design, he suddenly stood still, and sharply asked: "Who are you?"

"Eva's father!" replied a suppressed, but powerful voice, and by the reflection of the light of a lamp which the wind drove towards them, the Major saw the eyes of the Lagman fixed on him with a wrathful and threatening expression. His heart for a moment sank within him; but in the next he said with all his wonted arrogant levity:

"Well, there is no further occasion now for me to be on the watch for her," and saying this, he quickly turned aside and vanished in the dark.

The Lagman followed his daughter, keeping at the same time at a certain distance from her. On coming home a deep and painful feeling was depicted in his countenance, such as had never been observed on him before. For the first time in his life the mighty head of the Lagman appeared to be actually bowed.

About this time Sternhök unexpectedly came into the town. He had heard of the misfortune which had befallen the Franks, as well as of the part which Henric had acted on the occasion, and of the illness which was a consequence of it, and he was now come to see him once more before setting out on his travels to the continent. This visit, for the express purpose of which Sternhök had undertaken a journey of upwards of twenty miles,* surprised and deeply affected Henric,

* A Swedish mile is about six English.

who on his friend's entrance into his room, met him with the most open expression of cordial devotion. Sternhök seized his outstretched hand, and a sudden paleness overspread his manly countenance, on his perceiving the change which a few week's illness had wrought in Henric's appearance.

"It is very kind of you to come and see me! Accept my thanks for it, Sternhök!" said Henric, with an expression of cordiality," for had you not done so, I should in all probability never have seen you again in this world; and yet I felt so anxious to have said a word to you, before our final separation on earth." A pause of some minutes ensued.

"What was it you wished to say to me, Henric? Sternhök at length inquired, with deep emotion depicted in his countenance.

"I wished to express my thanks to you!" replied Henric cordially, "my thanks for your severity towards me; and to assure you how sincerely I now acknowledge the justice and salutary effect of it upon my mind. I wished to thank you for the act of real friendship thereby rendered to me, being now perfectly convinced of your honest and kind intention towards me. This impression, this remembrance of you, is the only token of our friendship which I shall carry with me into the grave. You were not able to love me, but the fault was exclusively my own. It has been a source of grief to me; but even in this matter I am now perfectly resigned. Happy however I should be to know that my faults, my late conduct towards you, had not left a seriously unfavourable impression behind them; happy should I be to believe, that I may be still

held in friendly remembrance by you, when I am no more!"

A deep blush flamed on Sternhök's cheeks, and his eyes sparkled whilst he replied: "Henric! more than ever do I at this instant feel how far from justly I have acted towards you. Several subsequent occurrences have opened my eyes, and now, Henric, may I still hope for the continuance of your friendship? Of mine be assured for ever!"

"O glorious moment!" said Henric, with emotion swelling his breast, "for which I have longed throughout the whole course of my life, and which has not been allotted to me till now, now when . . . .

"But why," said Sternhök, warmly, "speak in such terms of certainty respecting your death? Let me still hope and believe that your physical state is not in such imminent danger. Let me consult the most eminent physicians on the continent on your case; or, better still, come with me and put yourself under the treatment of Doctor K—! He is famous for his success in the cure of diseases of the heart; let me conduct you to him, for certain I am you may and will recover."

Henric shook his head with a melancholy expression. "There is his treatise!" said he, pointing to a book laying open on the table, "and from this I have obtained every possible information respecting my own state. Look there Nils Gabriel," continued he, with a sweet smile, whilst throwing his arms round the shoulder of his friend, and pointing with the other towards heaven, gazing on him the while with his large, then still more enlarged brilliant eyes, (a usual effect

on the approach of death,) "look there, there, you see, wanders your star! It rises! Doubtless it prognosticates a bright career awaiting you. But when shining with lustre on your path of renown, it will at the same time cast a reflection on my grave;—I have no further doubt about it, some time ago this was a painful, bitter thought to me—not so however now. When oppressed by the thought of having been enabled to perform so infinitely little upon earth, I shall endeavour to console myself with the reflection of the hope of your accomplishing so much the more, and whether here or in another world of rejoicing over your usefulness and your happiness!"

Sternhök made no reply, but tears rolled down his cheeks, and he warmly pressed Henric to his breast.

In consideration of Henric's feebleness he endeavoured to give the conversation a less exciting turn, but Henric's heart heaved and swelled; it was now too full of life and feeling to be hushed to repose by any other subjects of communication. The relative position of these two young men appeared now to have assumed a different aspect from that it had hitherto borne. It was Henric who now led the conversation, and Sternhök who followed him, who listened to him with marked attention and the most evident interest, whilst the young poet gave such full vent to his thoughts and forebodings, as he had never before ventured in the presence of his severe critic.

But there is indeed a peculiar impress, a peculiar dignity stamped upon the dweller on the borders of the dominion of death, in so much as to lead one to fancy as if the whispering of the spirits of that myste-

rious region reaches the ear inclining towards it; hence the wise and the mighty upon earth hearken silently like learners, and with the innocency of children, to the suggestions breathing forth from the lips of the dying.

The entrance of the Lagman gave another turn to the conversation. Sternhök soon directed it to Henric's last work. He spoke of it, whilst chiefly addressing himself to the Lagman, with the facility of a perfect judge, and with such complete and cordial commendation as no less to surprise than delight Henric.

It is a matter of very great satisfaction to hear one's self praised, and moreover well praised, by a person whom one highly esteems, and one who is especially very shy in dispensing his praise. Henric at present experienced this feeling in the highest degree, and to his satisfaction was now added that still greater pleasure of seeing himself on terms of such clear understanding with Sternhök as to reflect additional light upon himself. He seemed at this moment as if he had now only attained a clear knowledge of his proper work in life, the object of his desires, and the extent of his capabilities. The fountain of life streamed forth mightily within his breast. "You are restoring me to health, Nils Gabriel!" exclaimed he, "you are renewing my life! O, I would be well again, well, only to live once more, to labour in a more extensive and brighter sphere of usefulness than I have hitherto done. As yet I have done nothing! But now, now I could .... I feel as if living in a new state of existence; never yet have I felt myself so well! I am sure I shall now recover, or it may be—the best wine has been reserved for me to the last!"

The evening passed over agreeably and cheerfully in the family circle. The happy seraphs of heaven could not be more lovely and felicitous than Henric now was. He sportfully played with his mother and his sisters, even with Sternhök himself, in the most charming manner, and formed one of the liveliest partakers of the lemon-*soufle*, which Louisa introduced at the supper table, being in part prepared by herself, and of which she was not a little proud. Indeed she was almost ready to take the credit to herself, fancying that this and nothing else had given new life to Henric, and to consider its efficacy capable of working miracles. But alas!—

Just at the moment when Henric was most gaily jesting with Louisa on this very subject, he was suddenly seized with a paroxysm of the most violent pain.

In this state of suffering and consequent deprivation of consciousness, he continued uninterruptedly for three days, whilst they rapidly seemed to lead him to those bounds, which the hand of mercy has set to bodily sufferings. On the second day after this attack, Henric was seized with that desire of a change of position, which is a usual indication of the soul's preparation for its great and final change. The Lagman himself bore his son in his arms from room to room, from bed to bed. During these painful days, no slumber ever closed the eyelids of his family. Whilst his mother, with her eyes full of tears and in anguish immovably fixed upon her son, followed him from room to room, from bed to bed, at one time inclining over his pillow, at another sitting at the foot of his bed, casting a tender smile towards him, whenever a

gleam of returning consciousness permitted him to recognise her presence, and softly but almost incessantly calling him by his name.

On the evening of the third day Henric regained his consciousness. He recognized his family again and held sweet converse with them. He saw that they were pale and weary, and entreated them with earnestness to betake themselves to rest. The Assessor, who happened to be present, joined with him earnestly in the request, and assured them that, according to all appearances, Henric would now enjoy a sleep free from all pain. Besides it was his wish to sit up with him through the night. With these satisfactory assurances both the father and the daughters retired; but when the mother in her turn was tried to be prevailed upon she only motioned with her hand whilst a painful smile upon her countenance seemed to say: "It's quite a waste of words for you to attempt to persuade me!"—

"I hope you will let me stay with you, Henric?" said she beseechingly.

He smiled, seized her hand and laid it on his breast; in the same moment his eyes closed, and a calm soothing sleep stole over him. The Assessor sat silently by them and contemplated them both; but soon he was obliged to leave them, his immediate attendance on some person who had been suddenly taken dangerously ill, having been called into requisition. He purposed however returning in the course of the night. Assessor Munter was called in the town "the night doctor," for there was not one to be found who, like him, was as ready with his assistance at night as by day, whenever the sufferings of his fellow creatures demanded it.

The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She clasped her hands and lifted up her eyes to heaven with an expression no longer resembling that which she had manifested during the previous days. It was no longer that restless almost murmuring anxiety; it was a painful, but profound, perfect, indeed almost happy resignation. She then reclined over her son, and from the depth of her affectionate heart she softly spoke:

"Go my sweet boy, go! I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee. May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee. May he come and put an end to thy sufferings; I—shall then be contented! Go then, my first-born, my summer-child; go! and should no summer ever again greet thy mother, then—still go, sweet dove, wing thy flight and be at rest. Did I sweeten thy cradle with tender caresses, my child, oh, then I would not embitter thy death-bed by mournful lamentations. Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me, and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some day, my son, I shall come to thee. Go then beforehand, my child!—Thou art weary, so weary—Thy last journeying was troublesome;—now thou wilt be at rest. Come then, gracious deliverer, come sweet death and touch his heart, but oh, let it be lightly, softly; gently loosing his life's chords. May his tortures be no more increased by it, may his sufferings be at an end!—Never has he given to his parents one moments care!—"

At this instant Henric opened his eyes, and fixed them on his mother with an expression of composure and serenity.

"Thank God! I no longer feel any pain," said he.

"God be thanked and praised, my child!" said she. Both mother and son looked at each other with deep and cheerful love; they now seemed fully to understand each other's sentiments.

"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then—cautiously convey the intelligence to Gabriele. She is so affectionately sensitive, and by no means strong.—Do not tell it to her on a cold and chilling day;—but—on a warm sun shining day—when every thing looks bright and pleasant;—then, then tell her, that—I am gone away. And assure her of my loving remembrance of her, and—tell her from me, that it is no hard matter—to die!—That there is a sun beyond——" He was silent, but a sweet smile played upon his lips, and his eyes closed as if exhausted. Presently afterwards he softly spoke again: "Sing something to me, mother! I shall then be more calmly lulled asleep. "The warning strikes—"

These words were the beginning of a song which Henric had composed a few days ago during a sleepless and painful night, and even himself set to music. His poetical genius had deserted him during the latter part of his illness, and proved a source of painfulness to his mind, without however, affecting his equanimity, whilst the spirit of his temper still fully breathed in the song, which the mother, at the request of the son, now raised with trembling voice:

The warning strikes; thy summons I obey
Angel of death! yet ere my steps pursue
Thy lone and silent path—grant me one lay
One last, to breathe, to thank, to bid adieu.

All-gracious Father! from thy throne on high,
For life's rich gift my praises deign to hear,
To Thee 'mid every earthly grief and joy,
I still have turned in love and holy fear.

For life I thank Thee, and that best relief
Death yields to all that suffer and that mourn;
What sweetness hath the bitterest cup of grief
When aching hearts to thee in meekness turn.

How doth Thy Hand in trials' pathway strew
The fragrant lily,—flower of comfort still,
And givest, best of all,—the grace to know
That every trial works Thy righteous will.

Farewell, fair Earth! in whose still lap at last
I sink to rest, and ye loved of my heart
Farewell! and pitying view those errors past,
That cloud alone the peace in which I now depart.

"It burns!" repeated Henric with evident intensity of suffering. "It is awful! Mother, mother!" said he, looking around him with perplexity.

"Your mother is here," said she, bending over him.

"Ah! all is well then!" said he again, composed. Sing, my mother!" added he quietly again, closing his eyes. "I am so languid."

The mother sang:

We part, but soon in peace to meet again
In realms where union shall remain unbroken,
And every trace be lost of tears and pain,
And words of sad farewell be ever spoken.

Loved ones adieu! altho' your forms no more
May bless these failing eyes in dimness shrouded;
Night and these deepening shadows sweeping o'er
I see the glorious day-beams rise unclouded.

"Oh! did you but know what a transformation of views and feelings is now passing within me, how bright, how glorious the prospects opening before me.

Truly it is divine!" said now the dying one, whilst stretching forth his arms, which quickly dropped again. The countenance of the young man changed; the cold hands of death had gently touched his heart, and its pulsation ceased. But a singular influence animated the mother, her eyes beamed brightly, and never yet had her voice uttered such charming, such melodious sounds as when she continued to sing:

Father, thou callest! joyful I obey;
Loved ones, farewell—to those bright realms ascending,
His face beholding, pain hath passed away;—
Praise, praise, to Him, and glory never-ending.

Lagman Frank was roused from his restless sleep by a song, whose sounds seemed almost supernatural to him. A few minutes passed before he could convince himself that the voice, which he heard, was really that of his wife. With indescribably painful misgivings he then hastened into the sick-chamber. On entering, Elise had been singing the last verse, and at the sight which here met his view, he exclaimed, "O, my God!" and violently clasped his hands together.

The song ceased; a consciousness of terror entered like a sword into the heart of the mother. She saw before her the corpse of her son, and with a faint shriek of horror she sank, as if lifeless, upon the bed of the deceased.

ELISE TO CECILIA.

Two months later.

"When I last wrote to you, my Cecilia, it was winter. Winter, a severe, icy winter had set in about my breast;—the joys of my life were shrouded in the

hue of death, and it appeared to me as though spring would bloom no more; as if existence were gone, and that I should never again have the heart to write a cheerful, or hope inspiring word. And now—now it is spring! The lark again pours forth its soaring melody over the earth; the May sun pierces with its enlivening beams into my little chamber, and the grass is already flourishing over the grave of my first-born, my darling. And I . . . . O Lord, who afflictest, O Lord, who healest, I will praise thee! For every affliction which thou sendest is for good, if it is only endured with resignation. And though thou hidest thyself for a season—apparently so to our weak vision, —thou soon revealest thyself again, yet more graciously, more gloriously than ever. 'Yet a little while and we see thee not, and again a little while and we see thee,' and our hearts rejoice and drink strength and enjoyment from the cup, which thou in the fulness of thy bounty art eternally filling. Yes, everything in life would be well, if only spent with God.

"But in those dark hours of winter, I was often gloomy and rebellious within myself. Ah, Cecilia! I was not willing that he should die. He was my only son, my first-born child. I had suffered most at his birth; I had sung most by his cradle; with his motions my heart leaped first and highest with maternal joy. He was my summer-child, born on the midsummer day of nature of my life and my strength; and then—he was so animated, so handsome, and so good! No, I was not willing that my fair son should be laid in the dark earth. And as the time drew nearer and nearer, when I found that it must be so—then I was melancholy.

But the last night—O! it was a remarkable night—then it was otherwise. Do you know, Cecilia, that I have sang at the death-bed of my first-born, cheerfully and even triumphantly? I cannot now comprehend it. But that night—he had suffered much for some days before, and his agonies had reconciled me to his death. These too abated as death approached; he asked me, as formerly in his early years, to lull him to sleep by singing. And I sang; I could sing. He received delight from the song, and gradually acquired more strength. With a heavenly smile, he said, whilst heavenly scenes appeared to pass before his view: 'Ah! it is divine!' And I then sang the more sweetly and clearly; I saw his eyes change, his breathing cease, and knew that it was the moment of separation between soul and body, between me and him; but I did not then feel it; I continued singing; it appeared to me as though the melody bore away his spirit, and raised it to the skies. I was happy at that moment, I also, as well as he, was elevated above every earthly woe. A call of my name awoke me from my happy reverie, and I beheld the corpse of my son;—after this I saw no more.

"It was a long and profound stupor. When I returned to recollection I felt a heart beating against my temples; I raised my eyes, and beheld my husband. My head rested on his breast. With the most endearing accents he recalled me to life. My daughters stood around me; they wept and kissed my hands and clothes. Then I also wept, and it was better with me. It was just morning, and day was dawning in the room. I laid my arms around my husband's neck.

'Ernst, love me,' said I. 'I will endeavour . . . .' More I could not say; but he understood me, said within himself, 'Thanks!' and pressed me to his breast.

'And I did try to be resigned, and with God's help the affliction passed over. For several hours of the day I rested quietly on my bed. Eva read aloud to me;—her voice is truly lovely. I came down to tea, and endeavoured to resume my wonted appearance. My husband and daughters supported me. All was peace and love.

"When the day was ended, and I and Ernst were alone in our chamber, there then seized me a fear of the night, of the bed, and the sleepless pillow. I sat down on the sofa, I asked Ernst to read to me; I thirsted for the consolations of the Scriptures. He sat down near me, and read; but the words, although delivered by his firm and manly voice, passed over at this moment without any impression on my inward sense. I understood nothing, and all within me was gloomy and chaotic. All at once some one gently knocked at the door. With some surprise Ernst said, "Come in!" when the door was opened, and who should enter, but Eva. She was very pale and appeared excited, but yet at the same time firm and resolute. She softly drew near to us, sunk down upon her knees between us, and took our hands between her's. I wished to raise her, but Ernst held me back, and said mildly, but gravely: "Let her alone!"

"My father! my mother!" said Eva now, with tremulous voice, "I have given you uneasiness! forgive me! I have grieved you;—I will never do so

again. Ah! I will not lay another weight upon your otherwise heavy burden. See how disobedient I have been. This ring, these letters I have received contrary to my wishes, contrary to my promise, from Major R. It is now my intention to send them back. Look here! read what I have written to him. Our connection is broken off for ever. Pardon me for having selected the present hour in occupying your attention to me; but I was afraid of my own weakness, unless I embraced the strength of this moment. Oh, my parents! I feel, I know he is not worthy of becoming your son! but I have been as it were, bewitched;—I have loved him beyond measure; ah, I love him still! Nay do not weep, mother! Never again shall you shed a tear over me; you have wept enough already. Since Henric's death a thorough change has taken place in me. Have no more fears on my account; I shall conquer this and become your obedient, your happy child. Only require not from me that I should give my hand to another. Never will I marry, never belong to another. But for you will I live, I will love you, and with you be happy! Here, my father! take this, and send it back to him, whose face I do not wish to see again! And . . . . Oh, love me! love me!"

"Tears bedewed the face, which she bowed down to her father's knees. Never had she been so lovely, so attractive. Ernst was deeply affected. He laid his hand, as if in blessing, upon her head, and raising it, he said:

"When you were born, Eva, you lay for a long time without any symptoms of life;—in my arms you first

opened your eyes to the light, and I thanked God. But far more do I thank him for you at this moment, in which I behold in you the joy and blessing of our old age, in which you are enabled to combat with your own heart in doing what is right. God bless, the Lord reward you for it!"

"For a long time he held her pressed to his breast, and his tears dropped upon her forehead. I also clasped her in my arms, and gave her to feel my love, my thankfulness. With a look sparkling with tears, she withdrew. We then called her "our blessed child," for she had blessed us with a great consolation. She had revived our drooping hearts.

"Ernst went to the window and silently contemplated the star-light night. I followed him and watched his looks, which at this moment were so lovely and clear. He laid his arm around me, whilst he spoke, as if to himself:

"It is well so! Such a state of mind—that's the most essential thing. He is gone! Well, and what then? We must all; all sooner or later! He could not finish his work, but he stood ready in will and ability, when suddenly called away to a higher sphere of labour. Lord and Master! Thou hast taken the youth to thyself. Happy he, for he was *prepared* to meet thee. That is the important consideration for us all."

"Ernst's words and state of mind made a deep impression upon me. My peace of mind returned. During the stillness of the night I did not sleep, but reposed on his breast. It was calm around and calm within me. And from my heart I wished that it might ever remain so, that no day might ever more dawn

upon me, no sun any more shine upon my weary, painful eyes!

"How slowly the days are passing away! During heavily mournful seasons we generally fancy as if time were standing still. Every thing bears the aspect of a perfect stagnation, or at least of a slow painful revolution within dark circles. But it is not so. Hours and days succeed each other in an interminable chain; they rise and sink as the waves of the sea, carrying along with them our life's bark from the shores of the islands of joy—true—but no less so from the rocky banks of grief. I was yet visited by hours in which no oil of consolation would mollify my wounded heart, in which I in vain contended with myself and said: 'Now I will read, and then pray, and then sleep!' Still anguish would not leave me, but haunted me in reading, disturbed me in praying, and drove sleep far from me; yes, many were the hours of such sad experience, but they too have passed away; some such may perhaps still be in reserve for me, but I also know that they too will pass away. The tenderness of my husband, of my children, the peace of home, the many pleasures within it, the relief of tears, the infinite consolation of the eternal word,—all these have refreshed and strengthened my soul. Our state of mind is at present much, much better. And besides—he died pure and spotless, that sweet youth with his radiant looks and warm heart! He stood—according to the expression of his father—ready for entering into a higher world! Oh! more than once have I acknowledged in the midst of my affliction that there are more bitter sorrows in the world, and many a living son is a greater grief to his

mother than mine—that blessed boy there beneath the shaded tomb!

"We have planted fir-trees and poplars around his grave, and often it is decorated with fresh flowers. No gloomy mourning dwells near the grave of the sweet youth. Henric's sisters mourn over him with deep inward grief—Gabriele perhaps most of them all. During the day she gives no indications of it; for then she is mostly gay and cheerful as formerly; a little song, a playful jest, fresh little house ornaments, all follows its wonted course to refresh the spirits of her parents. But in the evening when all rest in their beds, then she is heard weeping, often so painfully—it is the dew of love dropped upon the grave of her brother;—but on the return of morning her eyes are again bright and smiling.

"On the first tidings of our loss reaching Jacobi, he delayed not a moment in coming to us. He relieved Ernst and me during this season of severe affliction from the burden of all cares, and acted to us the part of the tenderest of sons. But alas! he was soon obliged to leave us again; yet the cause which occasioned it was one of joy. Jacobi is on the eve of being nominated to the living of T——; and this promotion, which places him in a condition of soon marrying, and affords him, besides a respectable income, also a sphere of action agreeable to his wishes and accordant with his abilities, renders him indescribably happy. Louisa also looks forward to this union and position in life with inward satisfaction; and this I believe on account of her family as well as for her own sake. The spirit of affection pervading the family appears to have increased in

fresh ardour by the late misfortune. My daughters are more amiable than ever in their quiet studious care and attention of sweetening their parents cup of life. Madam Gunilla has acted the part of a mother to me and mine throughout the whole of this period, and many precious proofs of sympathy from several of the best and noblest families in Sweden have been given to Henric's parents; the pure fame of the young poet has shed a brightness over their house of mourning. 'How enviable it is to die as he has done!' said our kind Assessor, who in a general way is not so much in love with the world as readily to envy any thing in it.

"And I, Cecilia, should I shut my heart against so many occasions of joy and gratitude, and sit sorrowing in darkness? O, no! I also will do my part in gladdening the circle of society in which I move, will open my heart to the gospel of life and of nature; I will lay hold on its moments, and the good they bring with them. No look of pleasantness, no spring breeze, shall pass by me unenjoyed or unacknowledged. From every flower will I suck a drop of honey; from every hour of time a drop of eternal life.

"And then—I am well aware—whether my life's day be of longer or shorter duration, whether assuming the hue of joy or of sadness——

> "The day, indeed, will ne'er be so long
> But that still the evening will come."

the evening in which I may be permitted to go home —home to my son, my summer child. And then—O, then near him shall I, perhaps, acknowledge the truth of those prophetic words, which have so frequently animated my soul:

"'I will create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create.'

"I have shed many tears whilst writing this; but my heart enjoys peace. It is now getting late; I will softly steal in to my Ernst, and I feel that by his side I shall have the comfort of a sweet repose. Good night, my dear Cecilia!"

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It was afternoon. The sisters were diligently occupied in embroidering Louisa's bridal counterpane, for her wedding was to take place at the end of May, as determined by the family council. The quilt was of green silk with a border of oak-leaves. The pattern had been devised with great care and deliberation; but even now, what expressions of joy, what continued admiration at the taste, the effect, the perfection of the work—especially when taking a side view of it! Gabriele, it is true, pointed out several trifling defects with regard to the relative position of the leaves; but Louisa did not consider them to be of any material consideration. "The border," she observed, "is altogether charming!" Gabriele had placed a full-blown monthly rose in the light locks of the bride, and with peculiar gracefulness arranged its green leaves in the form of a wreath round the plaited hair at the back of her head: it presented a lovely appearance, for the sun now irradiated her head, and her countenance had a more than ordinary charm, her cheeks a higher flush, her eyes a clearer blue whilst they were often raised

from the green oak-leaved border and directed towards the window. Jacobi, the new pastor was expected that evening. Gabriele went up to her mother and begged her to notice how well Louisa looked, and how becoming the rose was to her! The mother kissed her, but forgot the request in looking at the sweet face of "the little lady." The industrious plying of the needle, accompanied the sisters' cheerful conversation. Already they were talking about the management of the living, the schools and the dairy, then about the arrangements of household matters, such as meals, meal-times and so forth. In many things Louisa intended to regulate her establishment according to the model of her parental home; and in some points the arrangements should differ. "It was necessary to keep pace with the progress of the age in which one lives." There should be great hospitality in which Jacobi so delighted in the parsonage house; some one of her own family she hoped always to have with her; an especial apartment should be devoted exclusively to favourite guests. Every Sunday she would go to church and hear her husband preach or attend the sacrament. Should old women come to the parsonage with eggs or other little presents, they should be well entertained and encouraged to return soon. All the sick should be regaled with Louisa's Elixir, and all misdoers more or less sharply reproved by her. Every possible encouragement should be given to reading, industry, regular and devout attendance at church, and horticulture. Every Sunday several worthy peasants should be invited with their wives to dine at the parsonage. Should the ladies of the Captain and the Sheriff come to pay

her a visit, the coffee-pot should be immediately set on, and other refreshments prepared, whilst interesting conversations should enliven and give zest to the entertainment. Every young peasant girl prior to her being married should spend one year in service at the parsonage, in order to learn how to work and how to conduct herself.—N.B. This would be sufficient wages for her. At all weddings the pastor and his wife would of course always be in attendance; the same at christenings, when they should lay their hands upon the young, reminding them of their vow to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At midsummer and in harvest-time there should be a feast and merry-making at the parsonage for the people,—but without any spirituous liquors—excepting which nothing should be wanting:—

"No one forgets the mistress of the feast."

For beggars there should be found at the parsonage first, suitable employment, and then food; for idle vagabonds a suitable lecture, and then—march! Such should be the gradual preparation for the Golden Age.

Ah, alas! the golden plans, and the golden age to be planned by them! Two letters, which were delivered to Louisa, suddenly put an end to all. One of the letters was from Jacobi; it was very brief, and simply stated that the living had slipped through his hands, but that Louisa would not blame him on that account as soon as she fully ascertained all the particulars.

"I long to see you with unutterable feelings," continued Jacobi, "but have been obliged to delay my

arrival in X., in order to pay my respects to his Excellency O. in P., who has been detained there by an attack of gout on his journey from Copenhagen to Stockholm. On the 6th of May, however, I hope to be with you to a certainty. I have fresh prospects, and long to confide all my feelings and thoughts to you, my Louisa! I will no longer wait and seek. Since fortune is ever evading me, I will now grasp it at one leap, whilst confidently trusting in the Lord, in you; and lastly, also—in myself. But you must give me your helping hand. If you will do so, dearest, I shall soon be your's with more happiness, and remain for ever your affectionately devoted

J. JACOBI."

The other letter was from an unknown hand, evidently written by a lady, and was as follows:

"Do not hate me, although I have stood in the way of your fortune. Do not hate me, for I bless you and the noble-minded man to whom you have united your fate. He is my benefactor, and no less that of my husband and children. Oh, these children, for whose future welfare he has laid the sure foundation, they will now call upon heaven to award to him and you, a double measure of that fortune, which he has so nobly renounced! My object in writing this, is to ask your forgiveness, and pour out the feelings of a grateful heart to her, who is best able to reward my benefactor. Be pleased for his sake to listen to the brief, but uninteresting description of a situation, as common as it is melancholy.

"Perhaps Herr Jacobi may at some time or other have mentioned my husband to you. He was for several

years Jacobi's teacher, and both were sincerely attached to each other. For twenty years my husband filled the situation of schoolmaster in W. with credit to himself, and earned in it respect. His small salary, adverse circumstances, a rapidly increasing family, rendered our situation more embarrassing from year to year, and increased the debt, which we were necessarily obliged to incur at the time of our first establishment. My husband was looking out for a curacy, but he would not avail himself of any of those means which are now almost generally made use of, and which oftener lead the fortune-hunter than the deserving, to the goal of their wishes; he was too simple-minded, too modest, perhaps also too proud. During a long course of years he had seen himself deceived in his just hopes, and from year to year the condition of his family assumed an increasingly gloomy aspect. Sickness had weakened my power of working, and the canker worm, the fear of not being able to maintain his character as an honest man, of not being able to pay his debts, preyed upon his health, and the sight—of his nine unprovided children! I know I should deeply affect your heart, were I to portray to you the picture of this family in their struggle with distress;—but I cannot, for my tears would deface my writing. Jacobi may do it; he has seen it, he has understood it; for this picture, which I have hitherto so carefully concealed from every other eye—this ghastly family's misery—I exposed to him, for I was in despair!

"The name of my husband stood on the list of candidates for the living of T. His legal qualifications and claims were threefold to those of Jacobi; and he

was, moreover, well known and beloved by the people of the parish, and all the voters among the peasants openly declared their intention of electing him. Two great landed proprietors, however, had the casting votes. Count D. and Squire B., the proprietors of the mines; they alone had it in their power, if agreeing together, to instal a pastor to the living of T. They also expressed the respect in which they held my husband, and their readiness to join with the rest of the parishioners in electing him.

"For the first time during many years we ventured to look forward to the dawn of a brighter day. But soon these prospects were overclouded on learning that an influential patron of Herr Jacobi had employed his interest in this matter on his behalf, and soon afterwards it was decided; the two great proprietors promised to give their votes to him, and our situation became more hopeless than ever.

"The day of nomination was drawing nigh. I did not venture to speak with my strictly conscientious husband of my private design. But I had heard much said of the excellence of Jacobi's character; I was a distracted wife and mother; I sought, and found Jacobi; I spoke to him from the depths of my heart, I addressed his sense of justice,—appealed to his honour; I explained to him the position of our cause before he caused its subversion by means which could not be justly called honourable. I fear that my words were spoken with bitterness; but all the more angel-like was it in Jacobi that he listened to them so calmly. I pictured to him our present situation, told him how he might rescue us from misery, and—entreated him to do so.

"My request was at first almost absurd, preposterous, and in the beginning Jacobi indeed seemed to consider it as such. But he heard patiently what I had to say; he let me conduct him to the house of his former teacher; saw the consuming anxiety depicted upon his pale, emaciated countenance; saw that I exaggerated nothing;—he wept, pressed my hand, with a consolatory remark, and went away hastily.

"The day of nomination came. Jacobi gave up all his claims. My husband was appointed to the living in T. Good Heavens! What a sound to our ears, to our heart! For a long time we could not believe it to be possible. After fifteen years of disappointments we hardly dared venture to believe in such good fortune. I longed to embrace the knees of my benefactor, but he was already far distant from us. A few friendly lines we received from him which reconciled my husband to his good fortune, and Jacobi's renunciation, and filled up the measure of his generous conduct. I have not even had it in my power to thank him; but you, his amiable bride, tell him . . . ."

We will pass over the outpourings of a warm, noble heart, overflowing with happiness and gratitude, which closed this letter. The needles dropped from the hands of the sisters, whilst the mother, at Louisa's request, read this letter aloud, and astonishment, sympathy, and a kind of admiring pleasure manifested itself in their countenances. They all gazed at one another with silent and tearful eyes. Gabriele was the first who interrupted the silence.

"Well then, it seems we shall be able to keep our Louisa a little longer with us," said she joyfully, whilst

falling on the neck of her sister, to which the rest responded. "But," said Leonora, sighing, after all, what a pity to lose our wedding and the parsonage-house; we had it all so nicely arranged."

Louisa shed a few quiet tears, but evidently not merely over the disappointment of her expectation. Later in the evening the mother talked with her, and endeavoured to ascertain her feelings under these adverse circumstances.

With her wonted candour Louisa replied that at first it had pressed very heavily upon her. "I had now," continued she, "so bound up my thoughts with the approaching union with Jacobi;—I saw so much in my new situation which might have been well and joyful for us all. But although all this is now and perhaps for ever at an end, yet, after all, I do not exactly know if I should wish it to be otherwise. Jacobi has acted so well, so nobly, that I feel I esteem him more highly, and love him more than ever!"

The Lagman could not resist being somewhat more cheerful than usual this evening. He manifested indescribable kindness towards his eldest daughter; he was enraptured with the way in which she bore her trials, and she had risen considerably in his estimation.

The day following they quietly resumed their embroidering of the counterpane, whilst Gabriele read aloud, and "the childhood of Eric Meaved" with magic power transported all thoughts from the living and its lost paradise to Denmark's rich middle age and its "young King Eric."

NEW PROSPECTS AND FRESH EXPEDIENTS.

Jacobi had arrived. "The brother-in-law," Gabriele jestingly complained to her mother, "had almost ran down the little sister-in-law in flying to his Louisa!"

Louisa welcomed Jacobi with more than wonted cordiality, and the whole family did the same. That which Jacobi had lost in worldly wealth he had won in the esteem and love of his friends; and it was the secret desire of all to indemnify him, as it were, for the loss of the parsonage. He had his own peculiar private sentiments on the subject, and after he had partaken of some refreshment of earthly food and "heavenly manna," which Louisa served up to him beautifully, and after he had had a conference with her for upwards of three hours in length, the result of it was laid before the parents, who, not without surprise and anxiety, contemplated the new prospect thus opening to them.

It was Jacobi's wish and intention now immediately to celebrate his marriage with Louisa and afterwards to go to Stockholm, where he purposed establishing an institution for the education of young gentlemen. To those who were aware that Jacobi's total savings amounted only to a very inconsiderable sum, that his annual income was only exactly 50 dollars, that he had lately drawn upon himself the displeasure of his only influential patron, that he had received no dowry with his bride, and that he had consequently nothing to calculate upon, excepting his own exertions—to those acquainted with these circumstances, this sudden

intended establishment had some resemblance to one of those romances with their "*diner de mon coeur, et souper de mon ame,*" which in our days are considered to be so infinitely insipid. But Jacobi laid, with firmness and cheerful candour, his already well-matured plan before her parents, and asked their consent to be allowed to call Louisa his wife as soon as possible. Elise panted for breath; the Lagman made some objections, but for these Jacobi was well prepared with prudent and well-founded refutations.

"Are Jacobi's views also your's, Louisa?" inquired the Lagman, after a momentary pause. "Are you both agreed?"

Louisa and Jacobi extended hands to each other, looked first at each other, then on the father, with tearful eyes and an expression of serenity and assurance on their countenance.

"Remember, you are no more children," continued the father, "you ought to know what you are doing. But have you well considered the matter, think you?"

Both assured him that they had. For this plan had already engaged their thoughts before the subject of the parsonage at all came into question.

"It is a troublesome life which you are about to enter upon," continued the Lagman seriously, "and not the least so for you, Louisa. On you will for the most part depend the issue of your husband's undertaking. Will you joyfully and without repining bear the duties of it; will you heartily share his day of labour?"

"Yes, that I will!" replied Louisa, with full and hearty confidence.

"And you, Jacobi," continued the father with un-

steady voice, "will you act the part of a father, mother, and sisters, to her? Will you promise me that —as far as in you lies—she shall never, either at the present or any future time, feel the want of her parental home?"

"God help me, I will exert myself for her happiness," replied Jacobi affected, and held out his hand to the Lagman.

"Go then, children," exclaimed the father bursting into tears, "go and ask the blessing of your mother! mine you have already!" Deeply affected he clasped them in his arms.

Elise followed the example of her husband. She now felt that Jacobi's and Louisa's firm devotion to each other, their willingness to labour, and their characters so excellent, and moreover so well suited to each other, were surer pledges for their happiness than the greatest temporal possessions. But with respect to the time of the marriage she made serious objections. The only portion that the parents were able to give to their daughter was a tolerably respectable outfit, and this could not, by any possibility, be prepared in so short a time. Louisa went over to her mother's view of the matter, and Jacobi, although reluctantly, saw himself obliged to consent that the wedding should remain as previously fixed, namely, for the second day in Whitsuntide, which this year fell at the end of May.

After this the affianced pair hastened to communicate to the sisters their fresh prospects and expedients, which called forth many an Oh! and Ah! of surprise, many a hearty embrace, and then (as a matter of

course) what diligent working at the counterpane with its oak-leaves and blossoms!

But when the mother came in at the usual time in the evening she plainly saw the "little young lady" was rather displeased with her brother-in-law, and but little edified by his plans.

By that kind of sympathy which exists between minds, even though not a single word be expressed, especially between mutually affectionate persons, the dissatisfaction of Gabriele soon communicated itself to the mother, who began to find out more and more of the thoughtlessness and danger of Jacobi's plans. So that when Jacobi, shortly afterwards, sought to have a *tete a tete* with her, in order to talk about Louisa and his prospects, she could not help telling him that the more she thought of the undertaking, the more did it appear to her bordering on—folly. Jacobi however replied readily:

"Our heavenly father is indeed the guardian and protector of all fools!"

Elise was at that moment reminded of one of her acquaintances, who in the hope of this self-same guardianship, had engaged in a scheme which in most respects resembled that of Jacobi; but this did not prevent the affairs from taking a wrong turn and at length ending in bankruptcy and ruin. This anecdote Elise related to Jacobi, who replied:

"Mother, have you not yet read that wise observation recorded at the end of a certain medical work?"

"No, what observation is that?"

"That which cures the shoemaker kills the tailor."

Elise could not help laughing and called Jacobi a

conceited shoemaker! Jacobi laughed too, kissed Elise's hand, and then hastened to mingle in the group of young people who were assembling round the tea-table to inspect and to pass their opinion on an extraordinary kind of tea-cake with which Louisa intended to welcome her bridegroom, and which, in her opinion, besides the freshest novelty, was possessed of many wonderful qualities.

Whilst sitting at the table the mother whispered slyly into Louisa's ear, as Jacobi was putting sugar into his cup:

"My dear girl! there will be a pretty consumption of sugar in your house, your husband will not be very sparing of it."

Louisa whispered again in the same humour "But he will never grumble about the great consumption of sugar in the house!" "Well, then let him take, let him take it!" And both laughed.

Later in the evening when the mother saw Jacobi dance the gallopade with Louisa and Gabriele, whilst he communicated his happy temper to all around him, and his eyes beamed with admiration and goodness, she thought to herself: "Even virtue itself is not without its imperfections, nor the sun without its spot." And thus she became quite satisfied with him and with all his plans.

One day Jacobi related the particulars of his audience with his Excellency O——, at P., to the mother and Louisa; they were as follows:

"On my coming up into the entrance hall, Bishop N. just happened to come out of the apartment of his

Excellency, walking backwards and profoundly bowing all the while.

A powerful voice was heard politely joking from within, and immediately afterwards his Excellency himself appeared, who with his feet wrapped up in woollen accompanied the Bishop to the door. The tall figure, dressed in a long dark-green dressing-gown, appeared to me more imposing than usual. He held a stick in his hand, upon which sat a grey parrot, which whilst endeavouring to maintain its balance, screamed with all its might after the Bishop: "Good bye to you! Good bye to you!"

"The sunshine which was resplendent in the expressive countenance of his Excellency on his coming out of the room, vanished the very instant he got sight of me. (I had already informed him by letter of the use I had made of his kindness.) A severe repulsive look was the only salutation which I received. When the Bishop at length, followed by the shrill farewells of the parrot, had taken his departure, his Excellency motioned to the servants to leave the room, and fixed his sharp light-grey eyes with a look which disconcerted me, whilst he inquired very briefly and sharply:

"Well, what do you wish sir?"

"Such a manner towards me I had never seen in him before, and whilst endeavouring to conquer an almost stifling feeling, I replied:

"I wish to thank you for the kindness, which. . ."

"Which you have thrown away, as if it were a mere nothing," interrupted his Excellency. "You must have endless livings at your command I should think, since you can bestow them on all sides."

"These words were uttered in a tone of severe sarcasm and irony. I conjured him to grant me a full hearing, and laid before him briefly and most explicitly the reasons which had constrained me to give up the good fortune which his kind favour had procured for me. I concluded by saying: that the only consolation which I derived from my loss and the risk of incurring the displeasure of my benefactor, was the feeling of having done my duty and observed the dictates of my own conscience.

"You have acted like a fool!" interrupted his Excellency sharply, "you have conducted yourself like a regular Bedlamite! These things may do very well in romances, but in real life all they are good for is, to reduce to beggary all such enthusiasts and all belonging to them! In short you have unpardonably compromised me! Why, in the name of heaven, did you not think of all these things, and consider your feelings before you applied for my aid in the matter? Can I help all petitioners with poverty, merit, and nine children? Expressly for your sake I have written many letters, invited interested parties to dinner, advocated the cause by fine speeches, spoken in high terms of my proposed Candidate, and taken endless trouble in the matter. I have thus put you in possession of a living, one of the best in the whole bishoprick, and now you give it away as if it were a mere.... It really is too bad! Never come to me again, and never trouble me again with any of your concerns, this much I can tell you! I shall never concern myself more about matters of this kind. Henceforth ask no more favours of me."

I was cut to the quick, but more grieved than wounded, and said; the only favour I have yet to ask and shall entreat till I have it granted—is your Excellency's forgiveness! For my error in this affair has been great indeed; but after I was convinced of it, I had nothing else to do but to retrieve it as far as was in my power, and then to bear the consequences, however bitter those may be! Never more shall any claims be made by me on your kindness, which has already superabounded towards me. My intention at present is, to try to maintain myself by my own exertions as a schoolmaster. I purpose opening an establishment for young gentlemen in Stockholm, whither I am going as quickly as. . .

"Try it, go, and do whatever you please!" interrupted his Excellency, "it does not concern me in the least. For the last time have I interested myself in your behalf. For were I to get you ten livings, you would give them every one away the very next moment to the first poor devil that came in your way with his claims of a wife and ten children."

"Lundholm! Bring me a clean glass! I never drink out of a glass touched by the lips of a Bishop!"

His Excellency had already turned his back upon me and went again into his room pronouncing anathemas on his gout without saying a parting word to me. The parrot on the other hand turned itself about on the stick and screamed with all its might: "Good bye to you! Good bye!"

"With this complimentary salutation—perhaps the last from the house of his Excellency—I departed. But I confess that I felt constrained to stop a few mo-

ments upon the steps whilst my tears fell upon the stones. It was not the loss of a powerful patron which so much pained me; but—I had so admired this man, I had loved him with such sincere devotion. I looked up to him; it was a real gratification to me to look up to him as to one of the noblest and most excellent of men. He also seemed really to like me—I fancied so, at least; and now he was all at once so changed, so harsh towards me; and, as it seemed to me then, so unreasonable. It really was painful to me to find him less generous, less just towards me! Such were my feelings during those first, bitter moments. After reflecting more calmly on all the circumstances, it seemed to me not unlikely, that the matter had been previously misrepresented to him, and that he was labouring under a false impression when I presented myself to him. Besides, he certainly had every reason to be dissatisfied with the whole proceeding;—and, in addition to this, he had a painful attack of the gout just then. I have written to him from hence, and I cannot yet give up the hope of seeing his displeasure against me moderated.

"Louisa, however, had no such opinion of his character. She thought Jacobi much too charitable in his judgment, and was altogether exceedingly provoked with his Excellency.

"The best thing is, not to think any more about him," said she.

"Jacobi smiled. Pitiable Excellency!" said he.

A RELAPSE.

Whilst May was composing her romance with foliage and life, and Jacobi and Louisa theirs in kisses and many sweet chapters; whilst all the family were in active preparation for the wedding, and joy and mirth sprang to life like butterflies in the spring sun; there was one, however, whose countenance was seen growing continually more gloomy, and her cheeks ever paler; and that was—Eva.

It is a common saying: love is a pastime to a man, but the business of life to a woman. If this be truly the general rule, it may very probably arise from the cause, that practical life generally engrosses the thoughts and attention of the man, as to leave little time to devote to the subject of love; whilst the woman on the other hand, has to think of nothing but herself, and has nothing forcibly to abstract her thoughts from the torments of love. (We hope Madame Gunilla will pardon our somewhat copious remarks "on husbands and wives." It has not become our lot in the world to scour a room or a saucepan, although, candidly speaking, we do not consider ourselves quite incapable of so doing.) Eva found nothing in her peaceful home powerful enough to abstract her mind from those thoughts and feelings which had so long been most precious to her heart. The warm breezes of spring now fanned the still glowing fire to the full blaze of love, now fanned the life of the affianced in all its innocence into the fullness of affection and bliss, and wafted—a still more poisonous wind.—The commencement of Major R—'s bethrothal with one of the *belles* of the

capital, one of Eva's former rivals, was one of those spring breezes which wafted to the ear of poor Eva, inflicted a deep wound on her heart. She wished to conceal it, wished to conceal the remains of a love disapproved of by all, and over which she herself was now obliged to blush; she had determined never again to grieve and trouble her family with her weakness; she would not disturb the peace, the spirit of cheerfulness which, after the misfortunes, which had shaken it, now again began to reign in the family; but whilst thus endeavouring to bear the burden of her sorrows alone, her weak spirit sank beneath them. She gradually withdrew herself more and more from the family circle; became more and more silent and reserved; sought for retirement, and was not pleased even to find herself disturbed in it. Even towards Leonora she evinced the same disposition, although she attended her steps like a beneficent angel. Her benignant look rested on Eva with tender anxiety; she studied to remove from her every annoying impression; she took upon herself to do everything which was in any way irksome to Eva, and manifested towards her that anxious care which a mother generally bestows on a sick child. Eva was acquiescent, but scarcely seemed to notice the love which thus followed her; she daily sank deeper into her mute state of mental suffering. The bustle which about this time pervaded the house, prevented most of the family from paying any attention to Eva's state of mind, and hence she had very frequently been left to herself.

For several evenings past Eva had retired below to her room the instant tea was over—for in their present

dwelling some of the daughters had temporarily occupied the ground floor—and did not return for the whole evening, but sent a message of excuse with the plea of a violent head ache. It was a standing principle with the parents, that from the time the children were grown up, never to employ any other constraining means, whether in great or little matters, than those of love. Great, however, was its influence in the family; and the joy of the father in seeing his daughters collected around him in the evening, was a sufficient motive to them, not to absent themselves for a whim or other unnecessary cause. And as Eva had, now for the third evening been missing, the father became uneasy, and the mother went down to her, whilst the rest of the family, and some of their friends were performing a little concert together. Strange to say, however, Eva was not in her room, and the mother in her restless anxiety was running up the stairs again, when she was met by Ulla, who was going to make the beds.

"Where is Eva?" inquired Elise, with apparent composure.

Ulla started, turned first red and then pale again, and replied hesitatingly: "She is gone out . . . . I believe."

"Where is she gone to?" asked Elise, growing suddenly uneasy.

"I fancy—to the grave of the young master," returned Ulla.

"To the grave?—so late as this? Has she done so several evenings before?"

"This is now the third evening! Ah! dearest lady, I assure you it goes to my very heart. There is a something strange about it."

"What do you mean by strange, Ulla?"

"Why I mean, Mamselle, Eva's going so late to the grave, and not coming back before the clock is gone ten—and besides her wanting to be so much alone! Yesterday, Mamselle Leonora even cried and I entreated her not to go, or at least to allow her to go with her. But she would not let her, but promised she would not go if Mamselle Leonora should only go up stairs and let her alone. But as soon as Mamselle Leonora had left her, she went out for all that, with only a thin handkerchief over her head. And this evening she is gone there too. Ah! it must be some serious trouble which she so takes to heart; for she is getting paler every day!"

With alarming anxiety about what she had now heard, Elise hastened to seek her husband. She found him busily engaged with his books and papers; but he left them all the moment he saw the anxious countenance of his wife. She related to him what she had heard from Ulla, and intimated her intention to him of going to the church-yard immediately herself.

"I'll go with you!" said the Lagman! "only tell Louisa that she must defer the supper till we come back. I believe nobody will miss us, for they are so taken up with their music!"

No sooner said than done. The anxious pair went out. It was half-past nine o'clock, in the night of the middle of May, but the air was cold, and a damp mist was falling.

"Good Heavens!" said the Lagman in a whispering tone, "she will get her death of cold by exposure to such air as this and remaining at this time of night in the church-yard."

On approaching the church-yard they saw the figure of a female hastily passing through the gate. It was not Eva, for she was sitting upon the grave of her brother; yes, there she sat motionless upon the cold earth, bearing all the resemblance of a ghost. The church-yard, with this exception, was perfectly desolate. The person who entered before them softly approached the grave and stood still at the distance of a few paces from it.

"Eva!" said an entreating, mournful voice;—it was Leonora's. The parents took their stand behind some thick-leaved fir-trees; the very same spot on which the father once before stood and listened to a conversation of a different kind.

"Eva!" once more repeated Leonora, with an expression of the most heartfelt tenderness.

"What do you want with me, Leonora?" asked Eva, impatiently, but without stirring. "Have I not begged you to leave me alone?"

"Ah, I cannot leave you, dear Eva!" replied Leonora. "Why are you sitting thus on the ground on such a cold, wet night? Oh, come home, come home with me!"

"Go you home, Leonora! This air is bad for you. Go to the happy, and be happy with them!"

"Do you not remember, Eva, how ill I once was, many years ago, both in body and mind? do you still recollect, who it was who then left the company of the gay in order to comfort me? I begged her then to leave me, but she would not; neither will I now leave you!"

"Ah, go! leave me alone! I am now alone in the world!"

"Eva, you grieve me sadly! You know very well, that I have never loved any one so sincerely, so ardently as you. I sorrowed so much when you left us, and the whole house during your absence seemed to me so deserted; one thing however consoled me, it was the thought: Eva will soon return! You came, and I was so glad, I thought we should be so happy together. But since then I saw plainly, that I was of but little consequence to you; but I loved as much as ever, and if you think that I have not sympathized with your sufferings, that I have not wept with you and for you, you do me sad injustice! Ah, Eva! many and many a night, when you perhaps believed that I lay in the arms of sweet sleep, have I sat at your door, have I heard the plaintive sounds of the overflowings of your distressed heart, and have mingled my tears with your's in earnest prayer for you; but I did not venture to come to you because I imagined your heart to be closed against me!" Leonora wept bitterly.

"You are right, Leonora!" replied Eva: "there has been much closed in me, which formerly was open. This feeling, this love for him—, oh, it has swallowed up my whole soul! For a time I believed I should be able to conquer it; but now I no longer think so! . ."

"Do you repent of your renunciation? It was so noble of you! Have you still any wish to be united to him?"

"No, no! Impossible! Never in this world! Instant death would be far more welcome to me. But you see, Leonora, I have loved him so sincerely! I have tasted the happiness of love! It has made me feel how rapturous, how divine life might be!—O,

Leonora! the bright warm summer-day is not more unlike this misty evening hour, than the life which I enjoyed for a season is unlike the future which now lies before me!"

"So it seems to you at present Eva, such is your present opinion; but let a little time pass over and then you will see that things will bear a very different aspect; that those painful feelings will subside, and life will brighten up before you, Do you still remember, what pleasure it afforded you to contemplate the heavens when the clouds dispersed, and you said: "See, how it is brightening up! How lovely the sky is!" And your blue eyes glistened all the while with joy and peace. Believe me, Eva, that happy times will come again, when you will again thus look up to heaven, and feel yourself thus joyful and happy! . . "

"Never!" said Eva, bursting into tears, "Oh, never will that time return! For then I was innocent;—and therefore I saw heaven brightening up above me. But now so much error, so much impurity has polluted my soul!—pollutes it still! . . . O, Leonora, if you only knew all that I have felt for some time past, you would never love me again! Would you believe that Louisa's innocent happiness has excited my mind to envy; that the spirit of cheerfulness which again begins to revive in the family has infused into my mind feelings of bitterness?— bitterness towards my own kindred, those nearest and dearest to me! Oh, I could even abhor myself! I have reproached myself with the severest words, I have prayed with bitter tears, and still. . . ."

"Dear Eva, you must have patience with yourself, you will not. . . ."

"Ah! I am already weary of myself, and of life. I feel as one who has already travelled far, who is already tired, but has still to go far, ere he can reach his journey's end. It seemed to me as if I should become a burden to all belonging to me; and when I have seen you all so happy, so joyful together, and I felt my breast and my head burning with bitterness, I have been obliged to go out, out into the cool evening dew; then I have longed to rest in the earth on which it falls;—I have longed to be able to bury myself from all deeply, deeply below the grave!"

"But from me you will not be able to bury yourself, from me you cannot go. For wherever you go, I will follow you. Oh, what would life be to me, were you to leave it in despair? You will not go alone to the grave, Eva; for I shall follow you, and if you do not wish that I should sit by your side, I will sit myself against the church wall that the same evening dampness which penetrates you, may also penetrate me; the same night wind, which chills your breast, may also chill mine; that in the very same grave in which they lay you, I also may be laid by your side. And gladly will I die for you, if—you do not wish to live for me! O, Eva, would you not do so? Would you not live for me, for the many who love you so sincerely. We would try every thing in our power to render you more happy! God will help us, and the time will come, when all the bitter things of this period will appear like a dream, when all the noble and delightful feelings, all the charming expressions of life will again revive in you.

You will again become innocent—nay, more than that, for virtue is a more exalted, a glorified innocence. O, Eva! if he whose dust still rests beneath our feet, whose invisible spirit perhaps hovers around us at this moment; if he who was better and purer than all of us, could cause his voice to be heard by us at this present instant, I am sure he would join with me in the prayer: "O, Eva! live, live for those who love you! For soon our life on earth, with all its joys and anxieties, will be over, and then how glorious the reflection of having by our life contributed to the happiness of others;—it is a source of joy enduring throughout eternity, and in which the very angels in heaven participate. The great Comforter of all the afflicted will not desert you; O, then do not you deny *Him!* Wait patiently, endure unto the end! Peace will come, will certainly come. . . . ."

Silence ensued; both sisters fell in each other's embraces, and mingled their tears. Eva's head reposed on Leonora's shoulder, when, after a long pause, she spoke with a faint voice:

"Say no more, Leonora! I will do whatever you wish me! Take me with you, do whatever you please; —I am too weak to sustain myself at this moment! . . . . support me!—I will follow you. You are my kind my beneficent angel!"

Other protecting angels now approached and inclosed the sisters in tender embraces. Conducted by them, Eva returned home. She was perfectly submissive and overflowing with love, and earnestly and repeatedly solicited forgiveness from them all. She was greatly excited by the scene of the evening and gladly accepted

from the mother a soothing draught; Leonora then sat down by her bed-side and read to her something calculated to compose her mind, until she fell asleep.

The Lagman in a state of extreme uneasiness was pacing up and down in his bed-room that night, whilst to his wife, who was resting in bed, he spoke:

"A journey to some watering-place,—and that in company with you, would be the best thing, I should say, for her! But I don't know how I can dispense with you at present; and besides—how are we to raise the means? We have had great losses and have great expenses to look forward to;—in the first place, Louisa's wedding—and then, without a little dowry in cash, we cannot possibly let our girls quit their home!—and the rebuilding of our house! . . . . But we must raise a fresh loan—this seems to me the only thing we can do in this emergency. Eva must be saved, her mind must be enlivened, and her body strengthened, let it cost what it may. I must try to get a loan . . . ."

"It is not necessary, Ernst!" said Elise; he suddenly stood still and gazed at his wife with astonishment, who, partly sitting up in bed, looked at him with a countenance beaming with joy. "Come!" continued she, "sit yourself down here, and I will endeavour to bring to your recollection something which occurred fifteen years ago."

"What sort of stories are you going to tell me now?" said he, with a cheerful smile on his countenance, whilst seating himself on the bed-side and taking Elise's extended hand.

"Five-and-twenty years ago . . . ."

"Five-and-twenty years ago? Heaven keep us! you promised to go no further back than fifteen."

"Patience, my dear! this is the first part of my story. Do you still remember, when, five-and-twenty years ago, at the commencement of our marriage, you were making plans for a journey into the beautiful native land of your mother?—Ernst, I now see that you still remember it—and how we there were to ramble about and enjoy our liberty and all the beauties of nature! Oh, how happy and delighted you were in the prospect of this! But these prospects were soon clouded by adverse circumstances, and cares, and children, and incessant labour which poured in upon you, so that our journey to Norway seemed to retreat from year to year further and further into the back-ground. For a long time, however, it still remained a ray of hope for your prospect into the future;—but now you seem latterly to have quite forgotten it, for you have forgotten yourself and your own enjoyments in labouring for your family. Yes, all your pleasures, your plans in the duties of your avocation and your home. But I have not forgotten the intended journey, —and during fifteen years have provided means for its accomplishment."

"In fifteen years! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have now arrived at the second part of my story. Do you still remember, Ernst, that fifteen years ago we were not so happy as we are at present?—You have forgotten all about it! Well, so much the better! I scarcely remember it myself;—for the India-rubber of love has rubbed off all the black marks. This much however I do remember, that at that time I did not feel myself truly at home in real life, nor in all the enjoyments which it offered me,

and that therefore I had recourse to the writing of a novel, to comfort myself in some measure by fiction. But whilst thus occupied in strikingly representing the characters of my novel, it so happened several times that I neglected my attendance on my lord and master,—for gentlemen are decidedly awkward in attending on themselves.—"

"How very flattering!"

"So it is! Well, one evening his tea and my novel fell into collision—and a dreadful affair was the consequence. But I made a vow in my heart, some day or other to reconcile these two rivals. See now—this manuscript of mine—you were so generous as to call it trash—I sent it to a very enlightened man, to a man of remarkable taste and judgment, which is already evident from the mere fact of his admiring the trash—and, what say you to this?—he paid me a pretty little sum for the copyright and the permission of launching it out into the world. Don't frown so, Ernst; never have I taken up the pen again to write romances; I have had enough to do with my own, nor could I ever again cherish even the most distant wish of doing anything which was not agreeable to you. You have displaced all rivals you see! But this first one I determined in my own mind should be the means of enabling us to perform our journey to Norway. The little sum of 200 dollars which it procured for me I have placed in the savings' bank for this very purpose, and so greatly has the interest augmented the capital, during these fifteen years, as amply to answer that object at present; and if ever there should be a season for its proper employment, it certainly is the present. I have lost

however all my inclination for travelling, my only desire at present is to be at rest and peace. But you and—"

"And do you think that I should wish to take your—"

"O, Ernst, why should you not wish to do so, when I tell you what a source of gratification the thought of this has proved to me? The money, which has accumulated from year to year in order to gratify you some day has been like a hidden treasure of bliss to me, which has many a time strengthened and animated my soul. Do not, therefore, scruple to render my happiness perfectly complete by appropriating it to your own gratification! Take it, dear Ernst, and enjoy yourself with it this summer; do so, I entreat you, were it only for the sake of our children. Take Eva with you, and, if possible, Leonora also. There is nothing more calculated to refresh Eva's mind than such a journey with you and Leonora in the magnificent and charming scenes of nature. The money may be drawn in a month's time; and a few months exemption from duty cannot possibly be denied to one who has spent more than thirty years in incessant service of the state; and when Louisa and her husband have left us, when spring and nature are in their height of loveliness, then you shall set out on your tour of recreation, after so many years of constant toil and labour, and heal the wounded heart of our afflicted child.

PLANS AND COUNTER-PLANS.

The following morning Eva came into her father's

study. He immediately left his work, received her with the utmost tenderness, drew her to his side on the sofa, and with one arm round her waist and her hand in his, he gazed on her with a kind and anxious look, and said:

"Do you wish me to do anything for you, my child? Is there anything I can do for you? If so, tell me."

Encouraged by this expression of kindness, Eva disclosed the state of her mind to her father; to overcome which, and to regain peace and strength, she wished to begin a new and more active life. There being at present a vacancy for a teacher in a ladies' boarding school in the town, Eva wished to accept it immediately, though for the summer only, during which time she and Leonora intended to prepare themselves for the opening of a seminary in the autumn;—a plan which they long had in contemplation, and which would enable them to maintain a life of usefulness and independence. Eva now asked for the consent of her father to this proposition.

"Leonora and I," continued Eva, "have had a long conversation on the subject; and we hope that with the counsel and assistance of Him in whom we confide, we shall be able to carry it out. Oh, father! I have become quite alarmed at my own weakness. I must therefore speedily resort to external means to overcome it. I wish to be actively employed, I wish to work diligently, and in the midst of my engagements to forget the past and myself, and live solely to the happiness of those who love me, and to whom I have occasioned so much sorrow!"

Deeply affected the father clasped his daughter in his

arms, and said: "My child! my dear child! You are right, and so are your intentions! Your wish shall be granted, and I will do everything in my power to promote your designs. What a number of institutions of this kind will spring up from our family. But, no matter; there are none more useful in the world. One point, bowever, I must restrict you to in your determination, which is, that you may devote both the autumn and the winter to your institution; but the summer—to your father, Madame B. may then get a teacher wherever she can find one, but not one from my house. At present I am not in a condition to supply her."

"Ah! father, every idle hour is a burden to me!...."

"We will bear the burden together, my child! Leonora, you, and I, during our journeying to the west. In a few weeks I purpose undertaking a journey for which I have longed for many years past. I wish to visit the charming country, the residence of my mother. Will you join me, Eva, in breathing its fresh mountain air? I should have little or no pleasure in performing the journey alone; but in company with you and Leonora, it will renew and invigorate me. Our heads have been bowed, my child; but in God's lovely scenes of nature we will lift them up again! You will go with me, won't you? That's right! Now, come with me to your mother; for it is by her aid that we are enabled to engage in this undertaking!" And with his arm round the waist of his daughter, the Lagman now went to his wife's apartment. Leonora was with her. A quartet of Mozart could not have been more harmonious than that which was there performed.

Eva was more than usually animated during the whole of the day, but in the evening she fell into a state of high fever. A feeling of alarm pervaded the whole family. They fancied a new grave was ready to open, and restless anxiety was depicted in the countenances of all. With an eagerness, not devoid of feverish excitement, Eva requested that they would send for the Assessor, which was instantly attended to, and promptly responded to by him.

As soon as he entered, Eva immediately extended her hand to him, exclaiming: "Forgive me! I have been so ungrateful to you! But this conduct arose from a perversion of my heart, which altered my general feelings and disposition. But I am now in good hopes of recovering from it, for Leonora has effected a decided change. I am now very ill; my hands are burning with heat, my head is aching with pain! Give me something to hold in my hands and to rest my head upon, or else I shall be no better! You, my friend, I know, will restore me again to health, and to the joy of my family!"

The Assessor dried his tears, whilst Eva, leaning her head on a little box handed to her, warmly, but not altogether incoherently, entered into the details of her plans for the future.

"Excellent! very excellent!" said the Assessor, interrupting her; "and I shall take a part in it too; I shall give lessons in botany to the whole tribe of girls, and now and then we will drive them out into the wood, and into the fields that they may see all the loveliness of this world. But at present, Eva, you must not talk any more, but take this draught like a good girl."

Eva readily drank off the composing draught and soon experienced its soothing effect. She was the most obedient and amiable of patients, and manifested such confidence in her old friend as to penetrate his heart. Day and night could he have spent sitting by her bedside.

Eva's complaint was a violent fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly three weeks, and placed her family in a state of fearful anxiety about her. For herself, and her state of mind, these trials were salutary; but still more beneficial was the influence of that boundless love with which she saw herself encompassed on all sides. One day at the commencement of her convalescence, as she sat up and saw herself surrounded by all the comforts which love and home could collect around the sufferer, she reclined her head on Leonora and said: "Ah, who would not wish to live who is so abundantly blessed with tokens of affection from you all as I am?"

Meanwhile Louisa's wedding-day was gradually approaching.

AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

Three days previous to the wedding a splendid travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses, rolled through the streets of the town of X., and by its tremendous noise attracted all the wondering inhabitants to their windows.

"Did you see, dear sister," shouted Madam Sour, the wife of a wholesale dealer, to Madam Bask, the

wife of the postmaster, "that splendid travelling-carriage which rolled by just now? Did you see that sweet youth who sat on the left side and looked so grand, with his snow-white neck and open shirt-collar? Lawk! how he stared at me, with such a sweet face—he looked for all the world like a real prince."

"Dear sister," replied Madam B., "I suppose you did not see the gentleman on the right side of the carriage? Well, that was a splendid gentleman upon my word! He was sitting in such a grand reclining position, and so wrapped up in his elegant fur cloak, that there was scarcely a particle of his face to be seen. Well that must have been some grandee or other!"

"I just got a glimpse of the youth," said Annette, with her tanned hands and face, whilst raising her head from her plain needlework, with a glance not unlike that of a prisoner when looking out from his prison into a life of greater liberty and charms; "he was casting up such a placid look out of his carriage window, with his large blue eyes, as pure and calm as an angel from heaven!"

"Yes, I dare say we know a great deal about the looks of the angels!" said Madam B., shrugging up her shoulders and with a darting glance at Annette; "but that's a matter of perfect indifference. I should only like to know what sort of grand personages they are. I should not be at all surprised but it may be his royal highness, our gracious crown-prince himself, who, with his eldest son, is making a tour through the country."

"Dear sister, I think you must be correct. Yes it must be so! for he looked like a regular prince, the

dear boy, as he sat there and stared at me through the window, nay, and actually smiled at me."

"Well, ladies, we are going to have grand visitors in the town!" exclaimed Counsellor Nyberg, on entering into the room almost out of breath.

"Have they been putting up here?" exclaimed the two ladies.

"My wife saw the carriage draw up and . . . . "

"Well, to be sure Counsellor, what are you thinking about that you don't make a stir in the town, and prepare to get up a deputation to wait upon them? For heaven's sake call a meeting of the burghers!"

"How? What? Who?" asked the Counsellor, opening his eyes widely like some one just awaking out of sleep. "Do you really think it is . . . . "

"Yes, I should not wonder at all if it is not his royal highness himself, in his own very person, and very possibly his Majesty! . . . . "

"Gracious heavens!" said the Counsellor, with an expression as if the town-hall had tumbled down.

"But why in the name of all the world don't you make haste and run and look about you, and don't stand here gaping like a statue!" shouted Madam Bask, hoarse and out of breath, whilst shaking the creaking sofa with her great lusty person. I think, good sister, you might also stir yourself a little, and Annette too, instead of sitting there humdrumming with her patch-work, which when done will be worth as much as comes to nothing. Annette, run, be sharp, and see what's the matter there, but don't be a minute in coming back, and let me—poor afflicted creature—know what it's all about—come now, be off with you, you dumpling!"

The Councillor ran: dear sister Sour ran; Mamselle Annette ran; we are running too, dear reader, to see a tall somewhat elderly gentleman and a youth eleven years old of delicate, frame and noble look, stepping out of the carriage. It was his Excellency O, and his youngest son.

They alighted at the door of the residence of the Franks, and walked into the house. His Excellency entered the drawing-room without any formal announcement, and introduced himself to Elise, who although taken by surprise, received the unexpected stranger with her wonted graceful self-possession, lamenting the absence of her husband, and thinking within herself that Jacobi's favourable description of the person of his Excellency was not in the least exaggerated. His Excellency happened to be in his very best humour, and, as if by a sudden revelation, he discovered that he and Elise were near relatives, called her "my cousin" all the time, made some pleasing remarks about her family whom he had heard so highly spoken of, especially of a certain young man, for whose talents he had the greatest respect. Further he said, that great as must have been the pleasure in having now at length made the personal acquaintance of his cousin, he must nevertheless confess that his present visit was chiefly intended for the young man just alluded to, and so saying he enquired after Jacobi.

Jacobi was sent for and came with all the speed imaginable, though not without inward emotion expressed in his countenance. His Excellency went forward to meet him, extended his hand to him cheerfully and said: "I am very glad to see you! My

horrid gout has not quite left me; but I could not pass so near the town without going a little out of my way to congratulate you on your approaching wedding-day, and to speak to you about——But first of all you must introduce me to your bride!"

With eyes sparkling with joy he replied by introducing Louisa. His Excellency instantly took hold of her hand, whilst he said: I congratulate you on your happiness in obtaining one of the best and worthiest of men for your husband. I am happy to have the opportunity of being able to express these my sentiments personally to Jacobi's bride! At the same time he fixed his eyes upon her with a kind and penetrating look and kissed her hand. Louisa blushed deeply and looked more pleased than might have been expected from her expressed resolution of not troubling herself any more about his Excellency.

His sharp eyes, which seemed to look into the soul, were directed with no less kind notice to the other daughters of the family, whilst they rested with evident satisfaction on the lovely blushing Gabriele.

"I also have once been blessed with a daughter," said he slowly, "an only one—but she was taken from me!" A melancholy feeling seemed suddenly to have come over him; but he shook it off quickly, rose up and went to Jacobi, whom he addressed in a firm kindly tone of voice:

"My dearest Jacobi! During our last interview you mentioned to me your intention of opening an establishment for the education of young gentlemen in Stockholm. I am very much pleased with the plan, for I have proved that your ability as an instructor

and guide of youth is of no ordinary grade. I wish to have the pleasure to introduce to you a pupil—my little boy. You would confer on me a particular favour, if in two months time you could take him under your care; about that time I shall be obliged to undertake a journey to the continent, where I may probably be detained some time, and I am therefore anxious to have him confided to good hands. It is my desire that he should remain under your care at least two or three years. You may easily imagine, that I should not entrust you with the greatest treasure I possess on earth, did I not repose the most perfect confidence in you, and therefore I shall not give you any precise directions concerning him.—And if entreaties can obtain maternal care and atttention," continued he, turning himself to Louisa, "then I hope mine may prevail with you! Pay particular attention to my boy! carefully watch over—the motherless child!"

With a quick movement Louisa drew the boy to her, embraced and kissed him with heartfelt kindness. A smile, like the sun in meridian splendour diffused itself over the countenance of the father, and certainly no words proceeding from the lips of Louisa could have satisfied him so fully, as this silent but intelligible reply of the heart. Jacobi stood there with tears in his eyes, he was incapable of uttering many words, but his Excellency clearly understood the meaning of his heart, and cordially shook him by the hand.

"Will your Excellency not permit us the pleasure of ordering the horses to be taken off? Will your Excellency not do us the honour of staying to dine with us?" were the soliciting inquiries repeated around him.

But, glad as his Excellency would have been to comply, it was "impossible" under existing circumstances. He had promised to dine at Strö, with Count Y—, three miles from the town.

"But breakfast?—a little breakfast, at least?" It should be served up in a moment! "The little Count Axel will, I am sure, feel disposed to take something for breakfast!" said Louisa, with friendly confidence, who seemed already to have taken under her protection the future pupil of her husband. The little Count apparently made no objection, and the father, whose demeanour was increasingly kind and cheerful, said, that a little breakfast in such company would be very agreeable.

With rapture and zeal Bergström prepared the table for the distinguished guest, chatting all the while with evident delight to Elise and Jacobi, and often directing his conversation to Louisa apparently with the intention of insensibly trying her; but greatly did both mother and bridegroom rejoice to find her stand the test well with self-possession and good sense.

Whilst sitting at the window the young Count Axel entertained Gabriele by allowing her to strike his gold repeater, which set the grave and naturally quiet boy at liberty to give the conversation a different turn; and Gabriele who entered into all his ideas, expressed her great surprise at the remarkable properties of the watch, at the same time making it repeat again and again, whilst her sweet and lively smiles, and her playful remarks, gradually increased the confidence of young Axel.

Breakfast was ready, was served up by the happy

Bergström, was enjoyed and highly commended by his Excellency, who was observed to be no bad judge of such matters, and requested from Louisa the full receipt for the pickling of such excellent anchovies, drinking at the same time, in Madeira, her health and that of her bridegroom.

Just when breakfast was over the Lagman came home. The dash of independence, bordering on pride, which sometimes, and probably now also, manifested itself in Lagman Frank's demeanour during his respectful, but simple salutation of his Excellency, called forth in the latter also a momentary appearance of dignity. But the pride soon vanished on both sides. These two men knew and esteemed each other mutually, and soon they were so deeply engaged in conversation, that his Excellency forgot the time of his intended departure above an hour, and almost two.

We pity the good folks at Strö and their dinner; what a state of suspense they must have been in there! But we cannot possibly help them!

After his Excellency had departed he left behind him a bright impression on the Frank family, not one of whom but felt agreeably animated by his general demeanour and expression. Jacobi in his glee was cutting grand capers, embracing Louisa and saying:

"Now, Louisa, what do you say to the man after this? We have gotten a pupil who will at least draw twenty after him!"

Louisa was perfectly reconciled to his Excellency.

Bergström began from this day forth to compute all future family events from the memorable era of his Excellency's visit.

"Well, to be sure! Who would have thought that this would be his Excellency O.!" said dear sister Bask to dear sister Sour.

"Yes, only imagine for a moment! that he should come to town wholly and solely to pay a visit to the Franks, to breakfast there, and to spend a few hours with the family! . . . . They say he is a cousin of the Lagman's lady!"

"A cousin of her's? Bah! He is no more her cousin than I am the King's cousin; that I am positive!"

"Yes, yes, you may depend upon it; for they say he was calling her all the time, "my gracious cousin." And one must confess that there is something about her that bespeaks rank and gentility; for, I declare, she has such fine, delicate hands as I have never seen any one have."

"Hem! There is no art in a fine lady-like appearance, and having pretty hands, when one goes about the house, like a silly thing, for ever washing her hands in rose-water, and not doing one sensible piece of work all the day long! I know this to be a fact!"

"Yes, yes! A person who wishes to be of any use to her family, cannot keep such hands and sit all day long reading novels. I should like to know what would have become of the baking business of my poor husband (God rest his soul) which eventually enabled him to open a general shop, if I had made pretensions to be a grand Madam! Not because I had not the means to do so—why, you, dear sister, you know very well that, I once had my chance of good matches; yes, and a turn for scribbling and writing;

and upon my word, if my little morsel of common sense had not betimes taken the precedence of this madness, I might have become a regular learned lady, nothing short of a second—what do you call her—Madam de Stael! But after I married Sour I determined to give up all such nonsense, and be a credit to my station; and since then I have quite neglected the improvement of my little talents, so that they are as good as buried. But that, I suppose, must be a sufficient reason why I am no suitable companion for the Franks —only think!—and of which there will be less and less probability, the higher they climb up in the world."

"Let them climb on as much as they like, for all that I don't intend to stoop and cringe to them a bit; that much I can promise them—no, indeed I shall not. I am vexed enough that Annette is always hankering after them. Before one is aware of it, I'll be bound to say, they'll be taking her away from me—that'll be my thanks for all I have lavished upon her. But I mean to tell the fine folks—yes, I don't intend to make any fuss and ceremony with them or their Excellency—that one person is as good as another. I'll tell them so, plump and plain!"

THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

God bless the little ones! But when one considers how plentiful children are in this world, one cannot but stare with astonishment to find people capable of making so much fuss and ado about their little ones. Dear, bless me! people may call them angels as much as they please, I for my part would gladly be excused from holding them long upon my knees. The worst of

all, however, I think, is the first child in a family. Then what exclamations of "Oh, what a treasure, what a prodigy!" And there is no end of all the caresses and presents which come pouring in upon it from father and mother, aunts and cousins, and all the world. When it cries and screams,—then it is a dawning genius; when it is silent—then it is a philosopher from its very cradle; scarcely eight days old and it already understands Swedish, and almost German too. And—it is biting, the sweet angel!—it has got a tooth! It is biting famously! Oh, what a darling it is! When the second child makes its appearance in the world and the family, then of course, the wonder has already, in a great measure, lost its power of exciting astonishment; its cries and its teeth are not found half so extraordinary. If these be increased to a third, then all is over with the miracle; the aunts begin to shake their heads and say, "No lack of heirs in the family! Well, well, it's all right, as long as there is enough to keep them all!" If a fourth, a fifth, a sixth comes,—why then people are out of their wits. The parents resign themselves, but the friends keep aloof. My dear creatures, what is to be the end of all this? A house full of children! There will be a full dozen in a precious little time! Poor Madam so and so! this is enough to destroy both body and soul. Yes, yes, my friends, these things are not put down in romances, but such is the course of things in real life, truly.

It was Madam Gunilla who, in her enthusiasm, delivered this short lecture to the young couple, who on the following day were to become man and wife. She joined the Franks that evening at supper, in par-

taking with them the usual Whitsuntide cheer, which she endeavoured to season with salutary hints and lessons for their future guidance.

Jacobi laughed heartily at her description of a rising generation, and tried to catch Louisa's eyes, but these steadily fixed on a track, of which she was giving an interpretation with an air of the greatest importance and gravity. The Lagman and Elise looked smilingly on each other, and extended to each other their hands. The state of feeling in the circle that evening was general contentment. Letters from Petrea had given much satisfaction to her friends; and in the family circle sat Eva, with returning, although yet pale roses on her cheeks. The Lagman sat between Eva and Leonora, laying out on the map the route of his summer journey. They would visit Thisted al Ringereget, and Thellemak, and go through Trondhiem to Norland, where they intended to hail the northern sun.

Gabriele looked after her flowers and watered the myrtle-tree, from which she intended the following morning to pluck a garland and bouquet for Louisa. Jacobi sat near the mother, and seemed to be engaged in deep conversation with her; what it was nobody could hear, but he often conveyed her hand to his lips, and looked as if thereby expressing the gratitude of his heart for the happiness which awaited his future existence on earth. He appeared serene and happy. Everything was already prepared for the coming day, so that they were able to spend this evening in quietness and peace.

The ceremony was to be performed, according to Jacobi's expressed wish, in the church, and after it

they agreed to dine *en famille* at home. In the evening, however, a large company was to assemble in a spacious apartment expressly hired for the purpose, in addition to which the use of a garden pertaining to the same dwelling was conceded to the family. This was an arrangement of the Lagman, who wished that, for the last time, probably for many years to come, his daughter should assemble all her friends and acquaintances, and thereby at the same time show them welcome tokens of courtesy. He himself, with the help of Jacobi and Leonora (who was the help of all), had taken upon himself the entire management of that evening's festival, so that Elise might not be harrassed and discomposed by it.

During supper the betrothed pair sat next each other, and Jacobi sometimes pretended as if he had made a mistake in taking his bride's plate instead of his own, which gave rise to many dignified looks, admonitions, and a great deal of mirth.

When by-and-bye they were about retiring to rest, Louisa found her toilet-table covered with presents from the bridegroom, parents, sisters and friends, among which were a number of articles of embroidery from Petrea. These gifts awakened in Louisa mingled feelings both of joy and pain, and as she hastened once more to embrace her dear family, from whom she was about so soon to separate, many mutual tears were shed. But the evening dew is generally a prophetic indication of a bright morrow; so, indeed, was the case here.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

The sun shone brightly and warmly on that Whitsuntide morning. Flowers and foliage glistened in the morning dew; the birds sang; the bells of the town rang joyfully and merrily. The myrtle wreath was entwined early, and the mother and Leonora were present at the toilet of the bride. It was expected that Jacobi would appear extremely elegant, and it was not wished that his appearance should obscure that of the bride. Louisa's sisters were more concerned about this than she herself. Gabriele dressed her hair—she possessed real talent in this art—half-blown rosebuds were placed in the myrtle wreath; and by the various innocent arts of the toilet, a most successful effect was produced. Louisa looked particularly well in her simple but tasteful bridal robe—for the most part the work of her own skilful hands—and the contentment and sweet composure, which was shed over her countenance, shed a radiant light over the whole.

"You look so pale to day in that white dress, my little Eva!" said Leonora, whilst assisting her to dress. "You must put something of pink round your neck, to give you a little colour; or else our bride will be uneasy when she sees you."

"As you please, Leonora. Should I tie this handkerchief round my neck? I can also put some rouge on my cheeks. I would no longer willingly be the cause of uneasiness."

When the festively adorned family assembled at breakfast, they presented a beautiful sight. But the

Father looked rather low than cheerful. When Jacobi came in, it was seen with astonishment, that his toilet was still neglected. He had been out, and was warm, his hair lay in disorder, and he was evidently much excited, but he was handsome for all that. He kissed his bride tenderly upon her hand and mouth, gave her a beautiful nosegay of wild flowers fresh plucked, and several splendidly bound books—Sermons of Frauz and Wallin—which gift was graciously received and highly treasured by our sensible Louisa, who was partial to religious works of that kind.

After breakfast Jacobi hastened to arrange his toilet, and then they all went to church. The weather was lovely, crowds of people dressed in festive garb flocked thither, partly on account of the Provost, who was to preach that day, but more for the sake of seeing the bridal pair. It was an agreeable surprise for the family when, on their way to the church, many young girls strewed flowers before the young couple; the church also was decorated with flowers and evergreens.

When the Lagman took hold of the hand of his daughter, she felt that his was cold and trembling, and when she looked at him she perceived the anxiety depicted in his countenance, with which his mind was oppressed.

"My father," said she, cheerfully to him, "I feel myself so contented, so happy."

"Then I am so too," said he, pressing her hand, and from that moment his deportment was calm and cheerful as formerly.

Jacobi was in a state of high excitement, both be-

fore and during the ceremony; he wept much. Louisa on the contrary, was, to all appearance, quite composed. She appeared to be somewhat pale, but her eye was bright, and almost happy;—an unusual distinction between a bridal pair.

On the return from the church, a circumstance happened which increased the pleasure of all, especially the Lagman. When passing by the ruins of the burnt house, a great swarm of bees were suddenly seen upon a tree in the garden; sometimes they flew around the market place as if in search of some settlement; at length returned and settled amidst the ruins, on the very spot which the kitchen hearth had formerly occupied. It appeared that they had selected the hearth for their home. This was considered a happy omen; and as soon as the Lagman had conducted his daughter into the house, he himself repaired to the spot in order to provide a suitable place for the bees, and Gabriele followed him with a treatise on the management of bees in her hand. When Louisa was again enclosed in the arms of her mother (the latter had remained with Eva in the house) she was seized by a slight trembling, perceptible to no one except her mother, which lasted several hours. She appeared somewhat more serious than usual the whole of that day. Jacobi on the other hand after he had finished weeping, embraced every body, and kissed his bride upon her lips, ringlets, hand, and foot, and was seized with a hearty desire to dance with them all round. He was so unconstrainedly merry and happy, and with all so amiable as to impart a portion of his disposition to all around him.

At half-past five in the afternoon they assembled in the garden, where they passed the time very agreeably with music, walking, conversation, and partaking of ices and fruits, to which Providence added the brightest sky and the most serene atmosphere. Late in the evening there was dancing in the great saloon. No lady was allowed to sit, no gentleman to stand still. All were obliged to dance. We have nothing further to remark about the ball, but we cannot pass over in silence what happened after it. As the company had to pass through the garden on their way from the dancing room to the dining room, it was ascertained that it had rained very heavy, and that it was still drizzling. A great confusion then arose among the ladies, for all their walking clothes were on the other side; they had quite forgotten them, it being such fine weather. Now it was according to the belief of the people of Sweden, quite a happy and much-wished for omen, if rain-drops should fall upon the bride's wreath, but that her shoes should get wet agreed neither with prudence nor economy. And then all the other ladies !—they must have their wraps from the other side.

"I will see it attended to," exclaimed Jacobi, and seizing his bride suddenly in his arms, he carried her across the gardens. What he whispered in her ear during this feat we cannot say; we may, however state that this action raised him in great favor with the ladies.

Shortly after their marriage, the new-married couple passed a few days in their parents' house; and merry days they were; only too dissipated, for all the friends

and acquaintances would receive and congratulate the young couple at their own houses. Madam Gunilla gave them an invitation to dinner, at which she informed them that business of great importance called her to Stockholm, where she would be detained a long time. Deeply as Elise regretted to lose this excellent and almost motherly friend, as greatly was she rejoiced at the advantage this promised Jacobi and Louisa; Louisa and Madam Gunilla had never agreed well together, on account of the pedantic disposition which both possessed in an equal degree; but Jacobi and Madam Gunilla harmonized so much the better, and already she had given the new-married pair a general invitation to dinner at Stockholm. When parting, she said, with tears in her eyes, to Elise and her husband:

"Who knows when we shall meet again? The old lady is getting into years, and is not good for much more in this world—well, well! our heavenly Father I dare say will take care of her as before—and listen," added she with a cunning, arch countenance, "do not be uneasy about the young people, I will see that they conduct themselves with propriety. To the first child I will offer myself as godmother! Perhaps we may then meet again! Yes, yes, I fancy we shall see each other again in Stockholm. Now farewell, dearest Elise! God bless you, my friends, and may He crown your days with prosperity and happiness! Remember the old lady sometimes! Adieu!

After the trouble of packing—all Louisa's things of course!—and the silent grief at separation, tranquillity

again returned into the family, which was agreeably interrupted by the preparation for the journey to the west. The Lagman appeared to regain his former youthful vigour, and an increasing affection grew between him and his wife. Thus the finest summer days sometimes rise after the autumn had already made its entrance into the year. From what cause? Heaven knows.

The invisible genius of our story leads us at this moment far from the peaceful home to a far country in order to allow us to take a peep into

A SICK CHAMBER.

When the sun shines upon the head of the crucified, when the bird raises its happy song in the face of a broken heart, such appearances seem cruel by us. But lovely is the unconscious irony of nature in comparison with that which agitates human circumstances. An example of this we have here before us. Behold these glittering false diamonds, these red gauze trumpery, these ruins of theatrical finery! They seem to mock the misery of the room where they lay scattered about; in that wretched abode there is a want of light, a want, not only of the comforts of life, but also of its most necessary conveniences. And yet—where could they be more wanting than here?

Destitute and forsaken, upon a couch of straw, lay a poor woman who had evidently seen better days; for she herself still bore all the traces of former beauty, although passion and suffering appeared prematurely to have marred and wasted her yet youthful face. Fever burned on her fallen cheeks, and her black eyes shone, and her lips moved with wild agitation—but no one

was there, who, with a friendly hand, would moisten the parched lips, and cool the heated brow; no refreshing balm stood beside her bed. Two new-born babes lay weeping near the mother. Uneasy, wandering imaginations appeared to agitate the poor unfortunate woman. Sometimes she raised herself on her couch with frantic gestures, but soon sunk powerlessly back again, and her pale convulsed lips, uttered from the bitterness of a heart, rent with sorrow, the following incoherent words:

"It is a bitter, bitter path! But I must . . . . must supplicate . . . . for help! My power is broken . . . . I cannot bear . . . . to hear the children wailing, hungry, half-naked! Parents! Sisters! Help!

* * * * *

"It is night! The wind is cold! I am starved—the billows swell and swell . . . . they are driving a wreck ashore;—to dash it to pieces against the rocks! . . . .

"Ah! . . . . why did it not go down at once in the storm on the wide ocean? And thou, who art the cause of all, thou sittest there looking on with coldness and indifference.—Wretched Egotist! Hast thou a heart living in thy breast? The temple is destroyed, and thou, who hast laid it in ruins, hast thyself trampled upon them!"

"Hush! Is it she? Is it my foster-mother, who is coming here softly and gently! It is growing light. She will lay her warm hands round my little children, and wrap them up in the warm quilt, their kind hands once wrought for me—

There gently broods a dove so white
Upon the foaming wave.

"Is it she? No, it is the moon which is peeping forth palely out of black clouds. How coldly she looks at me and my misery. Away! away!"

"Sisters, I thirst! Will no one give me a drop of water? Have you all, all forsaken me. My head is strangely affected. I shall perhaps go mad, if I thirst much longer. It is dark! I am frightened .... frightened at that dark bird .... If it comes again it will peck my heart to pieces .... But if ever I should get well and strong again, I will kill it! Day and night I have a flame burning in the lamp of my heart; its name is hatred, and its oil—bitterness! ....

"When shall I be strong again? Do you see how he has ill-treated me, has fettered me to the bed of sickness? Do you hear the woeful cries and wailings of the children; children, who, through the maltreatment of the father, came prematurely into the world, and are now dying? Give the children some food, for mercy's sake, sisters! Let me die, but help the children!

* * * *

"Help me up! I must dress myself. Quick, bring me here my splendid wardrobe! Run, be quick; I have to appear again to-night before the public and be admired; to hear the tremendous clapping of hands, and acclamations of Bravos! and to see myself overshowered with flowers! This is a splendid sight, sister! a real intoxication of joy! Look at me how I glitter, shine with brightness! Do you hear the thunder of applause? But why does it cease again? Why is it so still once more?—still and dark as the grave? .... It was a momentary joy!"

"Do not look at me so sternly, foster-father! Your

stern look pierces me! Give me your hand, that I may lay it on my burning brow! . . . . You turn away from me! You are going! Oh!

* * * * * *

I will not die! I am so young yet, my soul is still in the full vigour of life!

* * * * * *

Who will save me? Foaming waves come rushing along yonder threatening to overwhelm me! . . . . Or is it your white arms, sisters, which I see stretched out towards me? Is it you whom I see like grey misty ghosts wandering along the coast of death? Do you hear that noise? It is death . . . . it is that dark bird which is coming. Now, I must fly . . . . fly for my life . . . or die!"

With violent exertion the poor raving woman had succeeded in raising herself from her couch; she attempted to take a step or two but fell lifeless to the ground. Her head struck against the edge of the bedstead, and a stream of blood gushed forth from the crown of her head.

At this moment a tall man dressed in black entered the room softly. Light locks surrounded the noble but somewhat aged head; the mild, serious expression of his countenance, the affectionate look of his blue eyes shewed still more than his dress, whose servant he was. His steps were followed by a lady, who though not beautiful, nevertheless bore the impress of the same internal loveliness as the man. With a look of the most profound pity this pair surveyed the room, and approached the sick bed. "Merciful Heaven!" they exclaimed, whispering, "we have *come too late.* The children are dead—and so is the *mother!*"

Let us now turn away our eyes from this gloomy picture, and direct them to a brighter one; it shews us

A LANDSCAPE.

On one of the heights of the Dovrefjell mountains we see three travellers,—an elderly man and two young ladies. He does not seem to shrink from any trouble, either for himself or for them; he seems as if he wished to excite them to make light of it. But he does it in such an affectionately playful way; he leads the way before them in such a pleasant and kind manner, reaching out his hand and encouraging them to make one more effort, and they would soon enjoy the most splendid view; they would then be able to rest, and the hut at the top of the mountain would furnish them with necessary refreshment. The daughters follow him smiling, and for his sake gladly overcome all weakness and weariness.—Now they are on the summit of the mountain—and well did it repay them for the trouble of climbing up to it. The earth beneath them lies so richly abounding with its hills and valleys, dark thick forests and fruitful plains; and there, in the far distance, sea and heaven unite in majestic serenity. With an exclamation of rapture the father spread forth his arms towards the glorious prospect, and the mountain wind (not sharp here, but rendered mild by the breath of spring), agreeably cools the cheeks of the wanderers.

The father goes into the hut to ask for milk for himself and his daughters, and in the meantime one of them rests upon a moss-grown stone, leaning with her back against the cliff. Almond-fragrant linnea entwine

a garland around their feet, whilst the sweet melody of birds ascends from the valley beneath. The sister who stands near her, (on whom she reclines her fair head, whilst the wind plays in her brown locks), looks down upon the peaceful dwellings glimmering forth from amidst green trees and clear streams; and her love abounding, unimpassioned heart, rejoices at the scene which seemed to say: "Here may one live peacefully and happy!" Whilst thus musing, she suddenly hears her name pronounced by a sweet voice, and behold it was Eva's, who, with uplifted eyes and hands towards heaven, where the clouds begin to divide, and blue streaks of light peep forth like pleasant gazing eyes, tenderly smiling, says: "Leonora, now you see, it is getting bright!"

"Is it indeed? Well, thank God!" whispered Leonora in return, with eyes bathed in joyful tears, as she quietly rests her cheek on her sister's forehead.

IN AND OUT; UP AND DOWN.

When a new swarm of bees in a hive has become sufficiently mature to try its own wings, then monitory voices are generally heard during still evenings in the little state, crying: "Out! out!"

It has generally been interpreted to be the old queen-bee, which thus instructs her young ones to go out into the world to establish their own empire. For my own part, I should rather fancy it to be the young ones who thus express their longing. Be this as it may, this much is certain, that in the human hive—

Home—similar voices are sometimes heard; for there too, when the young swarm has grown strong by the honey and wax of home, it finds "its dwelling too small," and longs to be out of it. This is common to all homes; but peculiar, it is only to the good and happy home, that the same voices which cry: "Out! out!" cry afterwards more intensely: "In! in!" Such was the case in the home of the Franks.

The period to which we will now turn our attention, leads us several years beyond that in which we beheld father and daughters upon the heights of the Dovrefjell mountains, and shews us our Petrea returned home after a long absence.

The mother, Petrea, and Gabriele, are engaged in a conversation, which appears to interest all the three deeply; and the gentle voice of the mother is heard saying: "You know very well you are perfectly at liberty to decide for yourself, my good child. But from the manner in which you describe Herr M., and from the feeling, or more properly speaking the want of feeling, with which you seem to regard him, I never can believe that you will be happy with him, and I cannot therefore recommend this marriage.—Look here, my dear girl, here are some almonds for you to crack! We don't so easily forget your little fancies. Here, I'll put the basket before you."

"And so the Countess Sunstrahl," said the lively Gabriele, archly, "has herself spoken for her nephew, and offered you her house! Very polite and handsome of her!"

"And you, Petrea, have no longer any desire for such an exaltation?"

"Ah, no, Gabriele!" replied Petrea, "this childish desire is gone long since. It is another kind of exaltation, after which I longingly aspire."

"And that is?" inquired Gabriele, with a ray of light bursting from her lovely eyes, indicating that she very well knew what she was still anxious now to hear expressed in words.

"Well, I do not know exactly what, but a longing desire, difficult to describe, is *here* actively alive," said Petrea, placing her hand upon her breast, and her eyes filling with tears. "Oh, if I could mount up to the light, to a more exalted life of liberty!"

"You must not think of death yet!" said Gabriele, warmly. "Not that I have still any dread of death! No, for since Henric has trodden the path, I feel so very different from what I did formerly. Heaven has come quite near to the grave. Death is to me the mere passage to it, and to its happy Home. But still I am so happy in living here with my own, and you my Petrea, ought to feel so too. Ah! our life on earth, with those whom we love, may indeed be spent so charmingly!"

"Such are my sentiments, such my feelings too, Gabriele, and more so than ever, when I am at home and with my own family; I would therefore gladly live upon earth, at least until I have attained to greater perfection. But I must become sensible in a certain degree of the active influence of this very life, by which I may arrive at the consciousness of its existence within me,—there is a still fettered spirit striving within me, which longs for liberty!"

"Extraordinary!" said Gabriele, partly displeased;

"how people differ from each other! I, for my part, have not the least inclination for activity. I, unworthy creature, feel most disposed—to do nothing!" and, so saying, she reclined her pretty little head, with half-closed eyes, against her mother, who looked at her with an expression which seemed to say: "Live only! and you do enough."

Petrea continued: "When I have read or heard of men who have had the courage to live and labour for some great object, for the moral improvement and advancement of the human race, who could devote all their thoughts and energies to this ultimate end, and even suffer and die for it,—oh! then I have shed tears of ardent longing, that I also might be permitted thus to spend and sacrifice my life. I have looked around me, have watched for an opportunity, I have waited and invited it: but alas! the world has passed on and overlooked me in its course. Not a soul, not a creature, nothing has had any need of me!"

Petrea both wept and laughed as she uttered these words, and with smiles and tears in their eyes, both the mother and Gabriele listened to her. She continued:

"An opportunity having now presented itself for my marrying, I thought that this would be a sphere of active usefulness; but ah! I am clearly sensible it is not the right one for me after all, nor is it even the one for which I am suitable,—especially with a man whose taste and feelings are so different to mine."

"But my good girl," said the mother anxiously concerned, "how came it then, that he could believe in the existence of a strong mutual sympathy between

you, so as to lead him to sue for your hand? From his letters it appears that he makes himself quite sure of your attachment."

"Ah!" replied Petrea, blushing, and not without embarrassment; "that may no doubt be very easily accounted for, and is partly his fault and partly mine. In the country, where I met him, he was quite left to himself; nobody troubled themselves about him; his time hung heavy on him, and therefore I began to amuse him myself."

"Very noble of you, I must confess!" said Gabriele smiling.

"Not quite so much so as you think!" replied Petrea, again blushing; "for—by so doing, my object was at first of course to amuse *him*, but myself a little besides. Yes, the truth of the matter is, that I had nothing to do, and whilst thus engaged with Herr M., I did not think it so very much amiss to occupy a little of his attention to me. Hence I entered into his amusements, which turned upon all sorts of petty social gossip: hence I preserved apricots for him; hence I also read and sang to him in the evening twilight; "Welcome, O Moon!" and let him believe, if he thought proper, that he himself was the moon—Mother, Gabriele, forgive me! I know how little interesting and edifying all such topics are, they are much too—but you cannot imagine how dangerous it is to be sitting doing nothing, with a naturally active spirit within, and an object before one; that . . . . You laugh! Well, you are treating the matter as it deserves, for it is anything but tragic—though it might become so, if as a just condemnation for my sins I were

to marry Herr M. I should of course be of no worth to him, excepting as a housekeeper and a plaything; and this would never do in the end. Generally speaking I do not see that he loves me, nor can he do so sincerely, and would not, I am quite sure, take very seriously to heart my giving him a refusal."

"Then resign him to his own consolatory feelings and do not think any more about the matter!" exclaimed Gabriele vivaciously.

"I am of Gabriele's opinion," said the mother; "for to marry merely for the sake of being married; merely to be provided for, merely to be settled in the world, or whatever else it may be called, is wrong, and moreover in your circumstances the most needless thing in the world. You know, my dear child, that we have an ample competency for ourselves and for you, and a sphere of action suitable for you will no doubt also be found for you in the course of time. Your father will soon come home and then we can talk with him on the subject. He will set us to rights, I have no fear."

Petrea sighed and said: "I had certainly some forebodings, some hopes—perhaps some dreams—of a way, of an active sphere, which would make me useful to the utmost and happy. My claims on life however, are now of a much humbler kind than before, I have a much lower opinion of myself—but oh! if I, as the least atom of light, might be permitted to attach myself to one of those rays which penetrates the human race with its quickening influences on the soul of man, I would bless God and esteem myself happy! I have made an attempt—you know, mother, and Gabriele—to express

in a book something of those sentiments and feelings which once pervaded my breast and which are still alive there; well—this manuscript I have sent to an intelligent printer and publisher for his judgment, and —should his judgment turn out favourable—then to publish it to the world. Should this prove successful, should in this way a sphere of operation open to me, oh! then I may some day or other become a useful and happy being, imparting joy to my family and friends, and. . . ."

Petrea was here interrupted by a large parcel being handed to her directed to herself. A shuddering apprehension ran through Petrea; her heart beat violently whilst in the act of breaking the seal, and—she recognised her own manuscript. It was the highly intelligent and scientific publisher, who sent it back to her accompanied by a little note, containing the disagreeable tidings that he could not offer the smallest trifle for the book, nor undertake the printing of it at his own risk.

"It is evident then that this course also is closed against me!" said Petrea, leaning her head on her hand to avoid betraying the intensity of her feelings on the subject. Thus she had deceived herself in her talents and her abilities. But now that this course also had closed—what should she take to next? The marriage subject with Herr M. began again to haunt Petrea's imaginations. She groped about in the darkness.

But Gabriele would not give up the point of the literary course being closed against her; she was highly exasperated at the publisher. "I am sure he must have been a man devoid of all taste!"

"Ah!" said Petrea, half smiling; "I would gladly indeed also flatter myself with that construction, and that, if the book could only be printed, there would be no fear of—but that's out of the question."

Gabriele however thought it quite worth while to consider the subject, and had no doubt whatever, that means of some kind or other might be found to make the gentleman printer change his views.

The mother agreed, spoke of the return of her husband, who would set every thing right. "Only remain quietly with us at present," added she tenderly comforting her, "and let us calmly consider the matter together. And do not be uneasy as to the means of publishing your book; there will be no difficulty in finding these, if we only get a little more time."

"And," interrupted Gabriele, "you shall have as much quietness here as you wish to have. If you wish to employ the whole time in reading and writing, I'll take care that nobody shall disturb you; I will engage to fight your battles with all your friends and acquaintances, if necessary, so as to protect you from interruption of your quiet studies. I shall only come in to let you know when breakfast and when dinner is ready; and on post-days, I shall come at post-time, knock at your door and take and dispatch your letters. And in the evening, then—why then I suppose we may have the pleasure of your company amongst us! You cannot imagine how welcome you will be. Ah! I am sure you will feel happy among those who love you so sincerely! And your book! why that we shall send into the world, and it too shall succeed some of these days!"

Sweet voices! ye homely voices in happy families, what adversity, what suffering are ye not capable of comforting, what storms of affliction of hushing into repose!

Petrea felt their healing balm. She shed tears of gratitude and love. An hour afterwards she stood more calmly at the window and contemplated the scene without. Christmas was drawing nigh, and all the people were in active motion, happily to celebrate the charming festive season. The shops were all tastefully set out, and the people making their purchases.

A little bird came and seated itself on the window, looked up to Petrea, chirped merrily, and—flew away. A fresh feeling inspired the breast of Petrea.

"Thou art happy, little bird!" thought she, "so many beings are happy! My fate grieves no one, injures no one. Why then should it depress me? The world is large, and its Creator rich and gracious. If this course is unproductive of good for me,—well, then I will try to find out another!"

She spent this evening cheerfully in the circle of her family. But when night came on and Petrea was alone, when the world from without no longer presented its changing pictures, when sweet loving voices no longer allured her out of herself, then torment and disquietude again returned to her breast.

Incapable of sleeping and impelled by an irresistible desire, she sat down sighing to look over her unlucky manuscript. She discovered many pencil-marks, queries, and thumb-marks, on the margin, which clearly proved that some critics had run through the manuscript with a censorious hand, and passed their judgment upon it as being "good for nothing!"

Ah! on its merits Petrea had reared many a plan for herself and her family, many a hope for her advancement and rising reputation. Should the result of all this be entirely fruitless?

Petrea now began to read; she acknowledged the justice of many marginal remarks, but found more and more that the greater part of them alluded to individual expressions and other trivial points. Petrea continued to read and was involuntarily quite captivated by what she read. Her heart swelled, her eyes sparkled, and suddenly animated by that feeling which inspired Correggio with courage and Galileo with comfort, she rose up and struck with her hand upon the manuscript exclaiming, "It is good for something after all!"

Full of inward lively emotions, she ran to Gabriele and embraced her, laughing, with those words; "You shall see that some day or other I shall yet rise."

FOURTH PART.

PETREA TO IDA.

From my Hermitage—the Garret.

"Illusions! Illusions!" is your exclamatory conclusion to me respecting all joy, all faith, all love in life, which powerfully re-echoes in my breast: "Illusions! Illusions!" Every thing depends upon the object of our faith and love. Are we to consider the beauty and worth of life to be over for woman when her first spring fades, her bloom of love, her moments of romance are past? No, do not believe that, Ida! Nothing in the world is so great an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, for it derives its nourishment from immortal fountains. It shoots forth varied flowers, differing in colour and splendour, but all equal in beauty; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of bearing fruit of eternal life.

"Youthful love!—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who would deny its enchanting beauty; who would not bless the Creator for its boon to the children of earth? But ah! I will call to all those who drink of its nectar, and to those who are deprived of it;

'There are flowers which are as precious and in less danger of being nipped by the frost of the earth, flowers, from whose cups you may drink no less abundantly of the life from the eternal fountain.'

"Oh, that we only rightly understood how near to our reach gracious Providence has placed the sources of our happiness; that we rightly understood from the days of our childhood to follow after them, and how to raise them!—our life would then seldom have to pass through dry deserts. Happy the children, whose eyes are early opened by their parents and home for the abundant sources of real life! They shall indeed experience what sweetness and joy, what peace may flow from a happily constituted family, from a hearty attachment between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; they shall feel how these relative circumstances, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings in our years of maturity."

10th July.

"You request me to give some details of my home, my family. But when I once begin upon them, Ida, who can say whether I shall know where to stop? This is such a prolific subject to me, one so dear to my heart, and yet—how faint will not my description of it be, how lifeless in comparison with the reality!

"Our family residence—which bears the same relation to the spirit within as the body does to the soul—stands now again, arisen out of its ashes, on the same spot, where twelve years since it was burned to the ground. I wish you had been with me yesterday at breakfast in the library. It was Leonora's birth-day, and the family had agreed to surprise her on the occa-

sion by a little present quite after her taste: and that is: "ornament and comfort combined." It was an insignificant gift;—but why did it notwithstanding cause us all so much pleasure? Why were sweet tears trembling in her affectionate eyes as well as in our's? We were all so still, and yet we felt that we were very happy—happy, because we loved each other, and studied mutually to please. The sun at that moment shed its rays into the room,—see, Ida! this sunbeam which day after day reflects its radiant light into the house is the just tableaux of its internal state. This it is which chases away all darkness, and every shadow only seems to increase the lustre of its light * *

"I will now say something about the daughters of the house, so that you, lively Ida, may not find my picture too sentimental. I will introduce to you first—"Honour to whom honour is due!"—

"OUR ELDEST,"

"Known for her industry, morality, moral lectures, church-like solemnity, and many good properties. She married eleven years ago with a much smaller fortune of worldly wealth than is commonly commenced with; but both she and her husband knew how to use and improve their talents, and thus by degrees their house became what is called "a substantial house." Eight wild Jacobins have sprung up in it during this period, without effecting a revolution;—so excellent were the morals imbibed with their mother's milk. I call them the "Berserkers," because when I last saw them, they were perfect little monsters of strength and quickness, and because we shall now rely upon their prowess for

the overthrow of a certain plank—of which more hereafter;—on which account I wish to inspire them and their mother before hand with a sort of old Gothic ambition.—Well, then. After the Jacobin couple had kept school eleven years, *he* instructing the boys in history, Latin, etc., and *she* washing, combing, and lecturing them, and, in fact, performing the part of a mother to many a motherless boy, it has pleased gracious Providence to call them—not directly to heaven, but by his angel, the Consistory—to the pastoral care of one of the extensive parishes of this town, the highest aim of their wishes since the time they began to unite their hopes. Their approaching arrival here creates a good deal of pleasurable excitement in both our families; and it is difficult to say in which the greatest. So, then, Louisa will become a pastor's lady; perhaps ere long also a provost's, and thus she arrives at the desired situation for imparting with considerable effect moral lectures, of which sister Petrea might share the benefit of a good part, and receive it with advantage. But the moral lectures of "our eldest," it must be confessed, are at present of a far milder character than formerly—a consequence of Jacobi's influence; for the result of their union has been like that of every happy married couple; mutual improvement; and it is a common saying in our family, that without him she would not have become what she now is, nor would he without her have become what he now is.

"The rose of the family, daughter Eva, had once in her life experienced a great trial, a hard struggle; but she came forth victorious. True it is that an angel stood by her and succoured her.—Since then she has

devoted herself exclusively to the happiness and comfort of her family and friends, charming, amiable and happy, she has from time to time refused various suitors, but will probably soon lose the privilege of so employing herself.

"I said that in her severe trial an angel stood by her side. There was a time when this angel was a plain unattractive girl, irksome to herself, and sincerely loved by none. But now there is no one in the family better liked and more loved than she. Never through the providence of God has a greater change been wrought. Now one feels a real pleasure to look at her, and to be in her company. That curve which her nose assumed still remains, it is true, nor can her complexion boast a delicate red and white; but she is, nevertheless, lovely, lovely from her expression of love and intelligence, lovely from the calm, unassuming sweetness of her general demeanour. Her only pretension consists in her desire of serving and relieving every body, and thus she has gradually attracted the warm affection of all, and become the very heart and soul, the peace and comfort of the family—and she herself has become attached to her home, and happy in all these endearments. She has formed the closest attachment to her sister Eva, and they cannot now exist out of each other's presence.

"You know the undertaking which these two sisters commenced together in their early youth; you also know its happy success in acquiring general confidence and stability, and in procuring for its conductors universal respect, and after a course of ten years, it has furnished means also for a moderate independency; so

that they can now retire from it whenever they please, and the institution may still continue to prosper under the superintendence of Annette P——, whom they had taken as an assistant from the beginning, and who in respect of character and ability, has proved herself a person of rare worth. The name of the sisters' Frank stood at the head of this useful establishment; but the question is whether it would have so prospered, whether it would have developed itself so charmingly, and so excellently, without the assistance of a person, who however, has carefully concealed his active co-operation from the eye of the public, and whose name never received any commendation for it. Without Assessor Munter's unwearied care and assistance, the undertaking—according to the sisters' own confession—would never have gone forward. What a wonderful loving constancy lies in the soul of this man! He was, and still is the benefactor of our family; but speak to him about it, and you will see how exasperated he will be, positively quarrelling with people for the offence of expressing their thanks! The whole town seems now to be in a state of mourning on account of his present intention of leaving it for the purpose of retiring to his country seat; but it was not possible for him to hold out longer in the way he has been toiling, day and night. His health has for some time evidently declined, and we are glad that he should take a little repose, whereby he may regain fresh strength. We all love him dearly; but one of us has laid a plot against him, to compel another among us to—unite herself to him, and therefore our good Assessor is now exposed to a secret prosecution, which . . . . But

I forget that I intended to write about the daughters of the family.

"Our home is a little world of itself, a world into which nothing that is evil dare to enter; here are flowers, birds, music, and Gabriele. The morning would lose all its sweetest charms if Gabriele's birds and flowers did not play their part, and the evening twilight would be darker if it were not enlivened by Gabriele's guitar and voice. Her flower-stand has gradually expanded into an orangery, which, though not large, is nevertheless large enough to give shelter to a fine vine—now in full bearing—and to many other lovely and rare plants besides, which present to the family a little Italy at home, where they may enjoy all the charms of the south in the midst of the northern winter. A glass-covered walk leads from the dwelling-house down into the orangery, where the family generally take their afternoon coffee. The aviary has been removed thither, and there upon a green table lie books on botany, together with the publications of the Swedish Horticultural Society, which frequently contain very interesting articles. There stand two easy arm-chairs, ornamented with splendid birds and flowers in embroidery,—I suppose I need not tell you for whom. There the mother delights to sit and read, or look at her "little lady" (a title which she will never outgrow,) as she tends her flowers in the sun, or plays with her tame birds. It may be truly said that she bestrews the evening of the mother's life with flowers.

"A man, dear to the heart of every Swede, has said: "The natural feature of northern life is—a conquered winter;" and this applies equally to life in particular,

to domestic life and to that of each individual. There is so great a tendency to freeze and to chill, so great a tendency for snow to fall upon the heart, and winter makes its power felt as much within as without the house. In order to keep it warm within, that life may thrive and flourish, it is necessary to keep the sacred fire constantly burning. Love must not consume to ashes or die away; for if so, then everything becomes a trouble and a task, and there is no power left but to sleep! But this will not be the case if it borrows fire from heaven; for then it warms both house and heart, and life flows perpetually amidst the abundant fruition of a thousand joys. And if it be so within,—then let it snow without—then snow on, winter!

"But I return to Gabriele, whose ready wit and cheerful temper, joined to her affectionate and innocent heart, deservedly makes her the favourite of her parents and the joy of all. She constantly asserts her own want of general ability, her uselessness, and incorrigible love for a *dolce far niente;* but nobody agrees with her on this subject, for nobody can do without her, and it is evident that, if requisite, she can be as active and clever as any one. Gabriele has for some time past given up composing charades, on account, I believe, of a certain Baron L., who for a considerable period had been suspected of having set fire to a house, and is now suspected of some intention of setting fire to a heart, putting as he does, by certain words and gestures, all sorts of whims into—I will not say her heart, but into —her head.

"And thus we have still "that Petrea" with us, as a friend of the family still calls her, but now no longer reproachfully. That Petrea has had all sorts of annoy-

ances in the world; in the first place with her own nose, with which she could not agree at all, then with various other things within and without, and for a long time it seemed as if her own world would never emerge from its chaos.

"It has however! With a tear of gratitude in my eye I ventured to say so, and some day I shall perhaps more fully explain how it has been brought about. And blessed be the home which has led her feet from the path of error, which has healed the wounds of her heart, offering to her a peaceful haven, a bulwark of love, a tower of defence, into which she may retreat and rest from the storm, enabling her to compose herself, and to retire into self-reflection. Had it not been for this home and its influence Petrea would undoubtedly have become—a witch, and not as now, an agreeable rational being.

"You know my present active course of life, which, in my increasing experience, discovers to me there is more beauty, more poetic charm than I ever anticipated in the fancies of my youth! Not merely by this, but much, however, by its influence has a spring opened for me in all its freshness after my thirtieth year, which never can entirely fail, unless it be by my own neglect. And although a painful tear may still often flow on account of past errors and present faults,—although anxious desires, after a hitherto yet unattained better, purer, and brighter state of things, may cause many a feeling of anguish—well, and what then? What matters if the remedy burn, so long as the eye grows brighter by it; if heaven lay us low, so long as we are eventually exalted?

"One of Petrea's sources of happiness is to want but little of the good things of earth. She considers such as closely allied to the family of delusions, and will therefore have as little as possible to do with them. This also furnishes her with means of enjoying many a heartfelt and satisfying pleasure. I do not however venture to vouch for her not very soon being seized with the whim of giving a feast up aloft in her garret and of producing at the same time all sorts of illusions as for instance: chickens—the favourite illusions of my mother—and Citron-*soufle*—the almost heavenly delight of "our eldest," in which she would propose to her sister to partake of a conciliatory Skal with her "Raptus."

"If you now wish to have the sum and substance of Petrea's state, it is as follows: what once was a source of uneasiness to her, has become to her one of peace. She believes in the truth of life. She does not suffer her tranquillity to be disturbed by casual interruptions, whether external or internal; she calls them mists, vapours, passing storms, soon to be succeeded by the smiling sun. And should some day or other her little garret-chamber become a heap of ruins, she would even look upon such an event as a passing accident, and hold herself humbly prepared—to mount up a little higher still.

"But enough of Petrea and her aspiring course.

"There was another daughter yet, an inmate of the house, whose lovely image still lives in the memory of all the family, but over whom a veil of mourning hangs; for she left the house—not in peace. She did not become happy, and her life has, for many years past,

been shrouded in obscurity. It is supposed that she is dead; her friends have long thought so and mourned for her; but there is one who does not believe the report. Nor do I believe that she is dead, for I have strong presentiments that she will yet return and that I shall still have the satisfaction of convincing her of my warm affection for her. I have laid plans on the hope of her return and am in constant expectation of meeting her, or at least of discovering some clue to where I might find her; and whether it be in Greenland or in the waste and howling desert of Arabia, for whereever her voice may call, I shall find my way to her!

"Gladly would I have now pictured to you the aged pair, to whom every one in the house look up with love and reveerntial respect, whose happy union will soon have reached its fortieth anniversary, and who cannot now apparently live out of each other's presence;—but to such a task I feel too weak, incompetent. I shall only venture upon a delineation of some rapid outlines.

"My father is nearly seventy years of age; but do you suppose that he indulges in a moment's respite from his daily arduous labours? He would be extremely displeased if at any morning he were to oversleep his usual time of rising, which is six o'clock, the hour at which he has given strict charge to his servant to wake him; so scrupulous is he in losing as little as possible of his period of existence here below. It is a source of discomfort to him that his failing sight hinders him in his wonted activity. He is pleased when any one of us reads to him aloud in the evening, and particularly novels. My mother looks with a smile of

self-complacency on her success in seducing him to this kind of reading; he acknowledges that it is really useful for old people, in as much as it tends to preserve the youthfulness of the heart. Generally speaking he maintains his equanimity of character being, if anything, more kind, more noble-hearted than ever, and hence he is to us at the same time so dear, whilst he inspires our most profound respect. O, Ida! It is a happy feeling to be able heartily to love those to whom we owe our life!

"And now it becomes my heart-bleeding task to throw a melancholy shade over the bright picture of the home, though coming as it does from a beautiful image—from my mother! I fear, I fear, she is about to leave us! For two years past her strength has been declining. She does not suffer from a definite disease, but grows apparently weaker and feebler, and no medical aid has hitherto proved effectual to her. They are now talking of the coming spring air, of Seltzer-water, and a summer excursion:—my father would travel to the world's end with her—it is hoped with confidence that she will recover; which hopes she herself is greatly inclined to cherish by her smiling reception of all such remarks, of Selzer-water and the excursion, and in short of every thing we propose; she says that she would gladly live with us, that she is happy among us,——and still there is a something about her, even in her very smiles, which tells me, that she herself does not place implicit reliance on the hope which she expresses. Ah! when I look at her face growing paler every day, that unearthly expression in her delicate features, when I notice her ever

slower movements, as she walks about, quietly superintending her household and preparing trifling gratifications for her family, — then I find it sometimes difficult to suppress my tears at the thought that she will soon perhaps leave us. But why should I thus despair? Why should I not hope like all the rest? Ah, I will hope, and chiefly for his sake, who, without her, would no longer be happy on earth. At present she is stronger and livelier than she has been for some time past. The arrival of Louisa and her family contributes its share to this, and also another approaching festive day, intended for my father. She now goes about so heartily delighted with the almanac in her hand, and is making every possible preparation and contrivance for the merry festive occasion. My father has long been desirous to gain possession of a particular piece of ground adjoining our little garden, in order to lay it out to greater public advantage; but so great has been the sacrifice of his means for his children, that he has nothing left for carrying out his favourite scheme. His children however, have for upwards of twelve years partly put together their savings, and latterly borrowed the remainder for the purchase of the site. On the seventieth anniversary of the father's birthday with the co-operation of the "Berserkers" the partition wall will fall, and the genius of the new place, represented by the graceful figure of Gabriele, will hand to him the contract of sale made out in his name.

"How happy he will be! Oh, it makes us all happy only to think of it! How busy he will be clearing away, digging and planting, and what a means this

will be of rejoicing and invigorating his old age. May he live to see the trees of his planting shaking their abundantly fruitful branches over his hoary head, and may their rustling melody predict to him the blessings which his posterity to the third and fourth generation will pronounce upon him.

" I ought to have given some details of the circle of friends who have become more and more kindly attached to our family; of the new Governor-General Sternhök and his lady, whom we all love, and whose removal to this place has been hailed with particular pleasure by my father, who looks upon him almost as his own son; I ought to have mentioned something about the domestics of the house, who are much more friends than servants; but I fear to extend my letter to too great a length.

" Perhaps you blame me privately for having overwrought my picture with too high colours; perhaps you will ask:

" Are there no little discomforts then in this house, no vexations, disturbances, jarrings, hasty tempers, blunderings, neglects, losses, and whatever other names those mental mosquitoes may have, which by their stings occasion irritation and annoyance, and from whose visits the very happiest families are not exempted?

" Yes, to be sure. They come, but vanish as fast as they come, and leave no poison in their sting behind; for a general antidote is ready for them, which is called forgiveness, oblivion of the evil, and amendment. This being applied, and quickly, the unseemly visits are less and less frequently repeated, for generally speaking they never multiply in a pure and mild atmosphere.

"And would you, dearest Ida, be convinced of the accuracy of this picture, then come and see for yourself! Come! We should all like it so much! Come, and let our home afford you that change, perhaps also that peace, which your heart so greatly needs! Come, and believe me, Ida, when one takes a survey of the world from a point of elevation; for instance, from a garret, one sees illusions, like vapours, passing over the earth, but above them heaven vaulting itself in eternal brightness."

A MORNING HOUR.

"Good morning!" said Jeremias Munter, as with his pockets full of books he entered Petrea's garret, which was distinguished from all the other rooms merely by its extreme simplicity, and the absence of all ornament. A glass with beautiful fresh flowers was the only luxury found in it.

"Oh, you are heartily welcome!" exclaimed Petrea, whilst with beaming eyes she looked at the person entering, and his costly attire.

"Yes, to-day I imagine I am welcome," said the Assessor. "Here is a treat for Miss Petrea. Here, and here, and here!"

Saying this, the Assessor laid one book after another upon the table, whilst he repeated their titles. They were of that class which unfold new worlds to the thinking mind, and Petrea took them with raptures, which only those can understand who have thirsted after, sought, and found those sources of joy. The Assessor rejoiced in silence over her delight, whilst he took up the books one by one, and remarked upon them.

"How good, how very kind of you," said Petrea, "to think of me! But you must see that I have expected you to-day," and with eyes beaming with the most sincere satisfaction, she took from a cupboard two porcelain plates; upon one she laid a wheaten loaf, upon the other a beautiful bunch of grapes, reposing upon a garland of its own leaves, which were tastefully arranged in various shades upon the golden border of a plate. This was placed on a little table near the window, so that the sun shone upon it. The Assessor viewed it with the eye of a Dutch fruit painter, and appeared to enjoy the picture.

"You shall not only admire your breakfast, you must also eat it," said the lively Petrea. "The bread is baked in the house, and—Eva has arranged the grapes upon the plate, and brought them up."

"Eva!" said the Assessor. "Now she surely did not think that I should come?"

"It was exactly because we both thought so, that she insisted on herself preparing your breakfast." Petrea with this looked archly and inquiringly at the Assessor, who did not conceal a joyful sensation, he sat down, then broke off a little grape, and—said nothing.

Petrea again turned towards her books. "Ah! why is life so short when there is such an infinite deal to learn. Yet, truly it is wrong, and shews our ignorance to think that the time for learning is limited; even that remark about the shortness of time, and the duration of art, proceeds only from the heathen Hippocrates. But let us praise God for the hope, for the certainty, that we shall be allowed to be yet learners through all

eternity! Ah! uncle Munter, I rejoice heartily over the industrious spirit of our age. It will help the mass of mankind to obtain food and raiment, and then the mass will begin to make provisions for their mental improvement. For true is that word repeated for upwards of two thousand years, 'When the necessary wants are satisfied, man turns to those of a more general and more exalted kind.' Hence, when the great week day work of the earth is done with, then the Sabbath will begin, in which a generation of tranquil worshippers will spread over the earth, no longer striving after perishable treasures, but seeking those which are eternal, a people whose sole life will be devoted to contemplation, to the improvement of their mental powers, and to the worship of their Creator in spirit and in truth. Then the day will arrive on which the angels sing: "Peace upon earth.'"

"Peace upon Earth?" repeated Jeremias, slowly, and melancholy; "when will that come? It must first enter into the hearts of men; and there, there dwells many a demon, many an anxious and painful longing . . . But what? What is the matter then?"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Petrea, beside herself: "she lives, she lives!"

"What she? Who lives? No! Surely, Petrea, you are not altogether in your right mind!" said the Assessor, rising."

"See! See!" exclaimed Petrea, trembling with agitation, whilst she showed the Assessor a torn piece of paper; "look, I found this lying here in a book!

"Well, what then? It is torn from a Sepia painting to be sure. . . .a hand strewing roses upon a grave, I believe."

" Have I not seen this somewhere before? "

" Yes, certainly! yes, certainly! It is " the maiden at the rose-bush," which I, when a child, presented to Sara, Sara is alive! Look! here is some of her own writing. The other side appears to be scribbled over by a child's hand; but on a clean corner, stands in Sara's own singularly beautiful hand-writing:

" Not a rose on Sara's grave!
O, Petrea, if you knew. . . ."

The verse was not finished; some spots appeared to indicate that a tear had interrupted it.

" Singular! " said the Assessor, " these books which I got yesterday, were bought in U. Can she be there, I wonder? But. . . ."

" I am sure, I am sure she is there." exclaimed Petrea, " Look at that book where the marks lay; look, in the first page stands the name of Sara Schwarz, although it is crossed out. Oh! she is certainly in U., or we can at all events gain some information there. O, Sara, my poor Sara! She is alive, but perhaps in misery and in distress! This very day will I be with her if she is to be found in U! "

" Miss Petrea I should think will do nothing of the kind, unless she has wings to fly with," said the Assessor, " It is seventeen miles from hence to U."

" Ah, what a pity that it so happens that my father is obliged to be far away at this time, and has taken the carriage with him; or else he would have gone with me. But he has an old chaise, which I shall take. . ."

" A very pretty thing, indeed, for a lady to be travelling alone in an old chaise, especially upon these

roads all broken up with the rain—and look what a mass of clouds is rising there with the south wind—you will have a regular soaking rain all the way in the chaise—"

"And if it were to rain pitchforks," interrupted Petrea vehemently, "I must get there! O heavens! was she not my sister? is she not so still?—is she to call on me in vain? This instant I'll away down to my mother, and—" Petrea took her bonnet and cloak.

"Compose yourself a little, Miss Petrea; I tell you that you cannot travel in this way. The chaise won't hold together; I myself, alas, know it too well from sad experience, you never can manage to travel in it."

"Well, then, I mean to walk; and if I cannot walk, I shall crawl; but get there in some way or other I must!" exclaimed Petrea resolutely.

"Is this your fixed determination?"

"Fixed and final!"

"Well, if that be the case, I shall be obliged, I suppose, to crawl along with you!" said the Assessor smiling, "if it were only to see in what way we should manage it. I shall now go home, but come back in an hour's time; only promise me to wait patiently till then, and not to set off—crawl off, I meant to say!" The Assessor vanished and Petrea ran down to her mother and her sisters.

But before her communications and the general consultations were ended, a light travelling carriage drew up before the door. The Assessor alighted from it, walked up, and offered Petrea his arm. Soon he was again seated in the carriage with Petrea at his side,

warmly protesting against the provision basket and wine bottle, which Leonora, in spite of all, was stuffing into it, and so away they went on a trip of

ADVENTURES.

It was now the second time in their lives that the Assessor and Petrea were out thus together, and now, as before, no favourable stars seemed disposed to shine upon their journey; for scarcely had they commenced their journey, when it began to rain, and a sky heavy and dark as lead drew its gloomy curtain over their heads. There is something depressing, when, on casting an inquiring look on high, which one feels so readily disposed to do when setting out on an important journey, we meet with such a sky. In addition to this came other still less lucky omens. The horses began to rear, as if reluctant to go any further, and an owl took it into its head to follow the carriage, seating itself first on some branches of trees, then on some hedge-posts, then again in the middle of the road, and flying up anew on the approach of the carriage only to await its arrival again at a little distance beyond.

As the travellers entered into a wood, where on account of the steep road they were obliged to drive slowly, they observed on the right hand a black little old woman stepping forth, as ugly, and as much in appearance like a witch and a goblin, as any old woman possibly can be; she stared at the travellers for a moment and then suddenly vanished among the thickets. The Assessor involuntarily shuddered at the sight of her, and said: "What a difference there is between one woman and another! An object of the greatest

charm, and at the same time of the greatest horror upon earth is—woman." He almost grew a little gloomy after his vision of the old witch. With her, however, the owl vanished, perhaps because "birds of a feather flock together." But perhaps I am here shamefully railing against a little old mother, who, for all I know, may be the best and most good-natured old woman in the world.

Petrea in the meantime sat silently; for however enlightened and free from prejudice a person may be, yet they can never perfectly divest themselves from the impressions of certain events, which, like owls, with soundless flight, traverse the world under the names of presentiments, superstitions, apparitions, precursors, shouting as they fly their awfully portentous "hu! hu!" from the days of our first ancestor Adam, to the present time. We all know that Hobbes, who most zealously denied the resurrection of the dead, never could sleep near a room once containing a corpse. Petrea, who had not the least resemblance to Hobbes, was not inclined to gainsay anything within the range of probability. Her mind was in some degree naturally inclined to superstition, and, like most people who sit still a good deal, she always felt a degree of uneasiness at the outset of a journey, as to its final issue. But on this day, under lead-heavy sky, under the influence of uncomfortable precursors, this uneasy feeling rose to an actual presentiment of evil. Whether this had reference to Sara, or to herself, she could not tell, but she was inclined to believe the latter, and asked herself, as she often had done, whether she was prepared for an event, which might separate her from all

she loved on earth. Petrea was now vividly impressed with the feeling of the powerful fetters which now bound her to her earthly existence, and how dear life had become to her, and shuddered at her own thoughts.

All human souls have their heights, and also their morasses, their pits, leaving abysses out of the question (for many souls are too shallow to have any such). A more frequent ascent, or a more constant abode upon those heights is the stipulated condition of man's proximity to heaven. Petrea's soul was an uneven soil, as is the case with most people; but there was as we have before seen, a decided tendency in her nature "to mount upwards," and at this time in which she felt her affection to be too strong for earthly things, she earnestly aimed in her own mind to ascend to one of those heights, from which every transient charm vanishes before more extended prospects, and where every fettered affection obtains its liberty, and revives in a purer element. She also succeeded in this, succeeded in feeling the close connection of what is most precious in this life with that which only first begins when this is ended. Her lively imagination conjured up successively a number of scenes of calamity and death, and she felt that the very moment her life here below would cease, her heart would be able to raise itself with the ejaculation "God be blessed for ever and ever!"

With this feeling, and convinced that her present mission was a good one and a duty, whatever its consequences might prove, Petrea's heart grew light and free. With cheerful countenance and expression, she now turned to her travelling companion and pre-

vailed by degrees to draw him into a conversation, which became so interesting to them both, as altogether to make them forget weather and roads, and evil omens. The journey also in spite of weather, roads, and prognostications, evil forebodings, and preparation for death, succeeded as well and as peacefully, as any autumnal journey ever can. Not a trace of any danger met them on the way. The wind lay dormant in the woods, and in the inns a sleepy boor or two only was heard opening his mouth for the exclamation: "The deuce take!"

The following morning our travellers happily arrived at U. Petrea scarcely allowed herself time to take some refreshment before she commenced her enquiries; of the result of her and the Assessor's exertions, we will now give a brief statement.

That Sara with her little daughter had been in the town and lodged at the same inn where Petrea and the Assessor had now halted, soon became a matter beyond all doubt, although she was travelling under a disguised name. She was described as extremely weak and ill, and the low state of her circumstances was evident from the fact of her having requested the landlord to sell some of her books for her, which he had done. It was one of these books containing the mark forgotten to be erased, which had fallen into Petrea's hands. Sara had been obliged on account of her extreme debility to remain several days in the place, but had left it about a week ago, and on looking over the Day-book* they

* A common practice in Sweden for every innkeeper to have a book so called, for registering all particulars relative to travellers, which, in case of any emergency, may easily lead to the discovery of any pursued party.

perceived that she intended to proceed to an inn situated on the road to Petrea's native place, although a different one from that by which they had come, and a shorter but much worse road.

Sara was therefore on her way home, yes, perhaps she was there already! This thought was an indescribable source of comfort to Petrea's heart, which had been overwhelmed during the description of Sara's condition. But when she considered the long time which had elapsed since Sara's departure from the town, she was again filled with anxiety, and feared that Sara might have been taken ill on the road. Gladly would Petrea have turned back the very same evening to seek out traces of Sara, but her concern for her old friend prevented her from even speaking of it The Assessor was actually unwell and wanted rest. The raw wet weather had a prejudicial effect both on his body and mind. It was a settled point that they would not proceed any further until the following morning.

The Assessor had told Petrea that this was his birthday, and perhaps it was the thought of this which put him in such an unusually melancholy mood the whole day. Petrea, who was sincerely anxious to cheer him, hastened, whilst he was gone out seeking some acquaintance, to prepare a little surprise for his return.

With flowers and foliage, which Petrea procured—Heaven knows how! (but where there is a will there is a way)—with lights, a good fire, with a table covered with Jeremias' favourite dishes, etc., although in a somewhat disagreeable traveller's room, a picture of comfort and pleasure was produced, such as the Assessor truly liked and enjoyed.

Fathers and mothers, and all members of happy families, are accustomed to birth-day festivals, garlands, and well-covered tables; but nobody had celebrated the birth-day of the Assessor during his solitary wandering; he had not yet been indulged with those little blooming surprises of life (if we may be allowed the expression); and this indeed accounts for his entrance from the dark, wet street, into the festive room, with an exclamation of surprise and vivid joy.

Petrea on her part was indescribably kind, and was quite happy when she saw the success attending her unsparing efforts to cheer her old friend. They spent a most agreeable evening together, partly in conversing on the evil omens of their journey, and in mutual confession of the impressions which they had occasioned, bantering each other a little about it, but they came to the final conclusion that such presages mostly mean nothing.

On separating for the night, the Assessor pressed Petrea's hand, with the reamark: "Seldom had a day yet afforded him such a pleasant evening!" Grateful for this remark, grateful for the hope of soon finding again the lost and deplored friend of her youth, Petrea retired to rest. The Assessor however remained up a long time yet, writing beyond the midnight hour.

Man and woman!—There is much said, especially in romances, of man and woman, as of separate beings. However this may be—still they are species of mankind, and as such, as morally feeling and thinking creatures, they have a particular influence on each other, and on life generally. Their manners and ways, their means are different, and it is this very difference,

which, by mutual kindly disposition, by mutual endeavours to sweeten each other's cup of life, produces a picture so charming, and so perfect.

The following morning was hailed by the radiance of the brightest sun; but the Assessor's eyes were dull, as if they had enjoyed but little repose. Whilst he and Petrea were sitting at breakfast, he was called out to inspect something about his carriage. Now, whether it be the hereditary sin of mother Eve, or whatever other cause it might be, which prompted Petrea now quickly approaching the table on which the Assessor's money and papers were lying ready to be put into his writing case,—enough, she did it—she did, what I am sure no honest reader will forgive—quickly glanced over one of the papers, on which the pen had so lately expressed his thoughts, and took possession of it! Immediately afterwards the Assessor came in, and as it was growing late he hastened to pack up his papers, and—they set off.

The weather was splendid, and Petrea rejoiced like a—nay, much more than a child at the objects which met her view, and which shone after the rain in the bright sunshine, as if in festive splendour. The world had to her as much, indeed more than ever its magic spell, no longer, however, the deceiving, half-heathenish enchantment, but the genuine Christian one, in which every thing has constantly its particular design, just as every dew-drop becomes a radiant point of light from the splendour of the sun. Autumn was Petrea's favourite season, and its fullness now also filled her soul with sentiments of joy. It is the time in which the earth affords a banquet to all her children, and gay

and changing scenes were on the way presented to their admiration. Here the corn fields raised golden sheaves towards the azure sky, and the harvesters sung. There flocks of chirping silk-tails hovered around the purple berries of the service tree; near the solitary hut the flowers of the potatoe fields betokened their fast ripening fruit, and barefooted little children skipped merrily into the wood to gather their harvest of bilberries. Petrea thanked heaven in her heart for all the innocent joys of earth. She thought of her home, of her parents and sisters, of Sara, who would soon be again in their circle; and how she herself would nurse her and attend to all her wants, and reconcile her to life and to happiness. During this blissful, charming morning, all her thoughts became robed in light. Petrea felt quite happy, and the joke which she thought of playing on her friend, the Assessor, with the stolen paper, contributed not a little to raise her lively spirits to greater vivacity. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh!" and Petrea involuntarily influenced her travelling companion with the same lively spirits, so as both to join in the sport of pelting little children on the road side with apples and pears, who—were not at all daunted by it.

They had now taken the same road which Sara was reported to have travelled, and in the first inn their hopes were confirmed; for Sara had been there, and taken from thence post horses to the next stage; all, however, in a homeward direction. Such was the case at the three following stages; but at the fifth they suddenly lost all traces of her. They had seen no traveller there answering to the description, and her name was

not in the Day-book. This report excited fresh and great uneasiness in Petrea's mind. After a short deliberation, she and the Assessor determined to return to the inn they had just left, in order to find out what direction Sara had taken.

Meanwhile evening had come on, and the sun was declining, when our friends were passing through one of the most gloomy and notorious woods in Sweden, of which the following opinion was recently expressed: "The forest remains on the memory as dark as it is itself, and monuments of assassinations stand by the way side. The mountain is not, perhaps, wrapped in so dark a mantle as formerly; but there are valleys where the stroke of an axe has never yet been heard, and rocky mountains never penetrated by the rays of the sun."

"Here two men once murdered each other," said the post boy, with the most cheerful air in the world, whilst the carriage was stopping to give the horses a moment's respite to breathe, for the road was very rough and heavy; and with the whip he pointed at a heap of twigs and logs of wood, which were lying on the left side of the road, and presented a repulsive aspect. It is a common practice for every by-passing traveller to throw a stone, or a piece of wood, upon such blood-marked spots, and thus the monument of murder grows amidst the progressive execration of society. Thus it now stood, loathsome and repulsive amidst the noble fir trees; and it seemed as if the soil was destined to yield the ugliest part of its mis-shaped branches and twisted tree-roots to form the heap. But in the very centre of this abomination a wild rose bush had sprung

up, and extended forth its fresh twigs from between the dry brush wood, and its berries shone like blood-drops upon the heap in the reflection of the sun, which was now declining, and casting a path of light across the wide high way.

"When this bush stands in full blossom," said Jeremias, whilst contemplating it with his expressive look, "it must awaken the thought, that what men condemn with justice, a Higher Power may cover with the roses of its love."

The sun withdrew its rays. The carriage was again put in motion; but just when the horses were to pass the heap, they shied so violently, that the carriage was precipitated into a ditch and upset.

"Farewell life!" called a voice in Petrea's breast, but before she herself knew how, she was out of the carriage, and found herself standing perfectly uninjured upon the soft heather. The Assessor, however, did not fare so well. A severe blow against the right leg rendered it impossible for him to support himself upon it without great pain. A few paces from him lay his old servant, who undertook the part of attendant on the journey, in a fainting-fit, and bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, and beside him stood the little post-boy, crying. Both the time and situation were not the most agreeable in the world. But Petrea felt, after the first momentary alarm had passed over, perfectly composed and resolute. By means of a little sprinkling and application of rain-water, of which there was an abundance at hand, she succeeded in restoring the fainting one to life again, and bound up the wound in his head with her pocket hand-

kerchief. She then assisted him to sit up, for to walk he was unable, without turning giddy. Soon master and servant were seated near to each other with their backs leaning against a thick fir-tree, and looking sad and troubled: For although the Assessor was far more concerned about his servant than about himself, and declared that his own accident was only a trifle, he was yet quite pale from the pain which it caused him. What was to be done? If they could only have got the carriage dragged out of the ditch and the two wounded men into it, then Petrea would have taken her seat on the box and driven as well as any man; nothing indeed seemed such an easy task to her; but the fulfilment of the two first conditions was the point of difficulty, and in her present situation, of impossibility, for the arms and hands of our poor Petrea were by no means equal to her good will and courage. The post-boy said that about half-a-quarter of a mile further, there was a peasant's hut in the wood, situated near the road-side; but it was not possible to induce him to run there, or under any condition to leave his horses.

"Let us wait!" said the Assessor, patiently and calmly; "most probably somebody will soon come by, whom we can ask to assist us."

They waited, but nobody came, and every moment the shades grew darker; it seemed as if people shunned this horrible wood at this hour. Petrea felt extremely concerned about her old friend, if he had to remain much longer upon the damp ground, and in the increasing coolness of the evening, she quietly resolved within her own mind how to act. She made up a sort of bed for the Assessor and his servant with all the clothes

she could get hold of, among which was her own cloak, delighted that she could do so without the notice of her friend, wrapped them carefully up, and then said to him in a resolute tone of voice: "I shall now go myself, to look for some help; I shall soon be back again!" And without taking any notice of prohibitions, entreaties, and threats, with which he endeavoured to recall her, she quickly ran away in the direction of the hut, of which the post-boy had just been speaking, was described to be situated. With a rapid pace she hastened forward endeavouring the while to banish all thoughts of personal danger, and only to cling to the hope of procuring speedy relief to her friend.

The hasty pace at which she walked, compelled her after a while to stand still to recover breath. The violent motion which set her blood in rapid circulation, the freshness of the air, the beauty and the majestic serenity of the wood, inspired her almost, in opposition to her will and heart, with an irresistable feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, which, however, quickly left her on hearing something crackling in the wood. It could not be the moon; what then could it be? perhaps an animal? Petrea held her still panting breath. It crackled, it whispered;—there were—some people in the wood! Courageous, or more correctly speaking fool-hardy as Petrea was at certain moments, her heart now nevertheless shrank together at the thought of her solitary, defenceless situation, and of the scenes of horror for which this wood was so peculiarly notorious. Besides this she was now no longer as in her flighty years, thoughtless and presumptuous; she had taken a firm footing in life, had her own quiet room, her peace-

ful active sphere, which she now preferred to all the splendid adventures in the world; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that she now recoiled with trembling from those unsightly and horrible ones which have their abode on the high-way. With a violently throbbing heart Petrea continued to listen. The rattling advanced nearer and nearer. For a moment Petrea thought to hide herself on the opposite side of the road, but in the next she boldly demanded. "Who is there?" All remained still. Petrea strained her eyes to see if she could discover anybody on the side whence the noise proceeded, but in vain: the wood was thick and it had grown perfectly dark. Once more Petrea shouted: "If any human being is there, then let him come to the help of unfortunate travellers." For even the hearts of robbers, thought she, have been known to become softened by confidence; and entreaties for help have been capable of changing their murderous intentions into acts of magnanimity! The rustling in the wood began a fresh, and now voices were heard, the voices of children. An indescribable feeling of joy went through Petrea's heart. A whole army, with Napoleon at their head, could not have inspired her with that feeling of security and protection, as did now these children's voices. Soon two little barefooted creatures, a boy and a girl, came forth out of the wood staring at Petrea with all the amazement in the world. She soon, however, made herself familiar with them, and they promised her to conduct her to the hut, which was situate at a short distance. On the way they gave Petrea some bilberries out of their full baskets and told her that the reason of their being so long from

home was, that they had to drive home the cow which had strayed so far that though they had been seeking it all the time, they had not been able to find it: which made the little girl, ten years old, so unhappy, for the sick lady was to have some milk for supper.

Whilst Petrea, guided by her little protecting-angels, is wandering through the wood, we will transpose ourselves to a period three days previous, and relate what then took place.

A few days before, a travelling-car drove along this road in which sat a lady and a little girl. On their coming within sight of a small hut, which with its flowering potatoe-field, caused a pleasant opening in the wood, the lady said to the peasant who drove the vehicle; "I can go no further! Stop here; I must rest a little!" She alighted and crawled with the help of the peasant to the hut, and begged the old woman whom she met there for a glass of water, and permission to lay herself down on her bed for a moment. The voice which uttered the request was scarcely audible, and the countenance pale as death. The little girl sobbed and wept bitterly. Scarcely had the poor sick lady been lying upon the wretched and far from clean bed, when she fell into a profound stupor from which she did not recover until three hour after. She then found that the peasant had carried her things into the hut, taken his horse out of the car and driven off. For three days the lady made several fruitless attempts to leave the bed; but scarcely had she taken a few steps when she again sank back upon it, whilst her lips quivered, a few bitter tears rolled down over her pale cheeks. The fourth day she lay quite still; br

in the afternoon she begged the old woman to procure her an honest and trusty person who for an adequate remuneration would conduct the little girl to a place, the full direction to which he should receive from a letter which would be given with her. The old woman proposed her brother's son as an excellent man, trustworthy in every respect, and promised on the request of the invalid lady to send for him that very day, and to talk with him on the subject; but as he lived at a considerable distance she feared that she would not be able to return until late in the evening. After she was gone, the poor weak woman took out some paper and a pencil, and wrote with weak and trembling hand as follows:

"I cannot reach you,—judging from my feelings! I shall sink ere I reach the haven. O foster-parents, kind sisters! Have compassion on my little one, my child, who will knock at your door and hand you my humble, my last request! Shelter her with a warm home, when I shall rest in my cold one! See, how good she looks! See in her young countenance how too well she is acquainted with want, with distress!—she is not like her mother—I believe her gentle disposition resembles her whose name she bears, and whose angelic image has never left my mind.

"Foster-mother, foster-father! kind sisters!—I could have said much, but am incapable of more than a little. Forgive me! Forgive me for all the grief which I have occasioned you! Great have been my errors, but no less so my sufferings. I have been a wanderer on the earth, and have had no settled home from the time I left your blessed roof. My way has lead me through the desert; . . . . a burning simoom has scorched, has wasted my cheek . . . .

"About to leave the world in which I have so greatly erred and so greatly suffered, I now supplicate your blessing! Oh, let me tell you, that that Sara, whom ye once called your daughter and sister, is yet not wholly unworthy of it. Great has been her fall, but she has endeavoured to raise herself from the depth of it; and your images have encompassed her path of amendment like beneficent angels.

"It will do your noble hearts good to hear that she is now dying repentant, but full of hope . . . . in the father of mercy, to whom she has humbly committed her soul.

"The hand of mercy has bountifully provided for my days of childhood on earth; later, it has raised my dying head and poured into my heart a new and better life; it has led me to hope in the merciful Redeemer at God's right hand in heaven. Foster-father! Thou, who wast His image to me on earth—gentle foster-mother! whose voice might yet perhaps call forth life into this benumbed breast—have pity on my child—call her your child!

"It never was my intention to come into your house, throwing myself as a burden upon you. No! I only wished to conduct my child to your door, to see it open for her, and then to depart—quietly to depart, and die. But Providence would have it otherwise—I was not to come so far! May he who is the father of the fatherless, and the God of the orphan, safely guide the fatherless, and now motherless, to you.

"And now farewell! I can write no more; everything before me seems to grow dark. On my knees do I now write these words. Parents, sisters! have pity

on my child! May it one day cause you to forget the errors of its mother . . . . Forgive! It is all my fault, and mine alone! . . . . I have none to upbraid but myself. God reward you, and be merciful to me! . . .

SARA."

With great haste Sara folded the letter; sealed and directed it; then, wearied by the exertion, she sank down by the side of her sleeping child, kissed her softly, whispering: "for the last time!" Her feet and hands were like ice; she felt this icy coldness running as it were through all her veins, and extend over her whole body; her limbs grew stiff, and she fancied as if a cold wind was blowing into her face.

"It is death!" thought Sara; "lonesome and wretched is my death-bed; but—not more than I have deserved!" Her consciousness became more and more clouded, but in the depth of her soul still struggled the last, perhaps the noblest, powers of life—power to suffer and to pray. At length these powers too became benumbed, but not for long, for new impressions suddenly roused the slumbering life.

It appeared to Sara as if angel voices had called and repeated her name; tender hands passed with electric fire over her stiffened limbs, her feet were pressed to a bosom in which life beat strongly, warm drops fell upon them and thawed the icy coldness. She then felt a heart beating against her heart, and the coldness of death upon her face fled from before the warm summer-breath, kisses, tears . . . . Oh! was it a dream? —But the dream gradually became more and more vivid, and distinct. Life, vivid, loving, warm life struggled with death and gained the victory. "Sara!

Sara!" called a voice full of love and anguish, and Sara opened her eyes and said: "O, Petrea, can it be you?"

Yes, indeed it was our poor Petrea, whose distress at the sight of Sara's situation, and whose joy on beholding her restored to life, cannot be described. Sara took Petrea's hand and conveyed it to her lips, and the deep humility expressed by this action, so unlike the former Sara, penetrated Petrea's heart. "Give me something to drink!" entreated Sara, with a faint voice. Petrea looked round for some refreshing beverage, but there was nothing to be found in the hut except a pitcher containing a little muddy water; not a drop of milk, and the cow lost in the wood! Petrea would have given her heart's-blood for a few drops of wine, for she saw that Sara was ready to sink from utter exhaustion of strength. And now with feelings exceeding all description, she saw herself obliged to offer Sara a draught of the thick water, into which, to render it a little more palatable, she had squeezed some bilberries.

"Is there any place, any farm, near at hand here, where one may find people and obtain some food?" inquired Petrea of her little guides. They knew of none excepting in the village; but in the public-house they could get everything they wanted, said the children. It is a good way off, it was true; but the girl knew a footpath through the wood by which they might soon get there. Petrea lost not a moment in consideration, and after she had inspired Sara with courage and hope, she set out in the utmost haste with her little nimble guide on the way to the village.

The girl led the way, and her white hood over her head served Petrea as a light through the darkness of the wood. But the footpath on which the child of the wood walked so lightly and securely, was to Petrea, a real path of trial. Now her clothes became entangled among the thick bushes, now a projecting branch caught her bonnet and pushed it to one side, now she fell over some roots of trees, and stones, which on account of the darkness, and the rapidity of her progress, she could not avoid: and then again bats flew into her face. In vain the forest now raised its head more majestically than ever around her; in vain the stars kindled their light in the clouds and sent their rays into the heart of the wood; in vain the voice of the waterfalls sounded melodiously in the stillness of the evening, falling from the rocks;—Petrea had no thought now for the beauties of nature, and the lights which twinkled from the village were a far more welcome sight to her than all the suns and stars in the firmament.

And light, more than usual, streamed in pale rays through the cloudy windows of the public-house, as Petrea came up to it. Within there was a buzzing as in a beehive. Violins were playing, the Polska was being danced; women's gowns were swinging round, sweeping the walls with them; iron-heeled shoes struck into the floor, and the dust rose up to the ceiling. After she had sought in vain for people outside, she was compelled to go in, and soon perceived that it was the celebration of a wedding. The silver-gilt crown on the head of the bride waved and trembled amidst the attacks and defences of contending parties;

for it happened to be the moment, when according to the custom in the wedding of Swedish peasants, the crown is, as it is called,—danced off the head of the bride. It was the married women who were now trying to vanquish and take captive the bride, who was most warmly defended and held back by the unmarried. In the other half of the spacious room there were, however, far more noisy and violent doings; for there the married men tried to dance the bridegroom from the unmarried ones, and there they pulled and tore and pushed each other about unmercifully, amidst shouts and laughter, whilst the Polska went on its whirling measure.—For a lady to venture into such a tumult would be almost at the peril of her life; but Petrea feared at this moment no other danger than that of not being able to make herself heard in this wild uproar. She called out and asked to speak to the landlord. But her voice was perfectly drowned by the universal din. She made her way quickly through the contending and whirling groups to the two musicians, who, with a sort of frenzy, were scraping on their fiddles and beating time with their feet. Petrea seized one of them by the arm and begged him for heaven's sake to leave off for a moment, as the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. But they never took the least notice of her, they never heard what she was talking about; they played, and the rest danced on with a sort of fury.

"This is too mad," thought Petrea, "but I will be madder still!" and no sooner thought than done; she threw over a table covered with bottles and glasses upon the musicians. With this crash the music suddenly ceased, while the dancers were struck with the

pause of the music and looked round. Petrea took advantage of this moment, went into the midst of the crowd, and called the landlord. The landlord, who was just celebrating his daughter's wedding, came forward; he was a corpulent man, who evidently had taken a glass too much. Petrea briefly related what had happened, begged for aid to drag out the carriage, and for a little wine and bread for a sick person. She spoke with warmth and decision; nevertheless the landlord and the general company, somewhat intoxicated with drinking and dancing, demurred, whilst they glanced at her with a suspicious look' and Petrea heard them whisper around her, "It's a mad woman! That's the mad woman!—Don't you know her?—No, no, it's not her!—Yes, it is she!"—And it cannot be denied that Petrea's agitated appearance and the state of her toilet after the toils of her wanderings gave some occasion for supposing her to be a little crazy; this, together with the circumstance of her being mistaken for another person, may account for the disinclination to afford her assistance, a trait of character otherwise foreign to the Swedish peasantry.—Again Petrea exhorted the landlord and the peasants to grant her help, and promised a handsome reward.

The landlord now put himself in a commanding attitude, cleared his throat, and spoke with an air of self-complacency: "Yes, yes, that's all very good and very fine, but I must say that I should first like to see something of this handsome reward, before I put myself out of the way about overturned carriages. It may all be humbug, for what I know, and I may probably find neither the one nor the other; who can believe all people say?"

Petrea recollected with great uneasiness that she had no money about her; she endeavoured, however, not to be disconcerted by it, or allow them to suspect anything of the kind, but answered in a tone of composure and decision: "You shall have your pay as soon as you get to the carriage. But for heaven's sake follow me now immediately. Every moment's delay may cost a life!"

The men looked doubtfully at one another, but not one stirred from the place; a buzzing muttering ran through the crowd. Almost in despair Petrea clasped her hands together, and tears gushed from her eyes, whilst she exclaimed: "Are you Christians, and can you hear of your fellow-creatures in danger, without hastening to help them!" She then told them her name and her father's office, and from entreaties she passed to threats.

Whilst all this was going on in the house something took place before the door of the public-house which we will cursorily glance at. A travelling-calash drew up before the inn, accompanied by a little Holstein carriage, in which were four boys, the eldest of whom probably was about ten years of age, and who evidently was not a little pleased at the thought of having with his own hands managed to drive a pair of ill-conditioned horses. From the coachman's box of the calash jumped nimbly a somewhat corpulent, jovial-looking gentleman, and out of the carriage jumped four little boys one after another, and so many packages and bundles it was quite surprising, all which were handed out by a somewhat thin lady with a kind and cheerful expression of countenance, and received by a maid-

servant and the four eldest boys; the youngest sat upon the arms of his father.

"Can you hold something more, Jacob?" asked the lady of one of the boys who stood there loaded with packages up to the very chin. "Yes, by my nose!" answered he cheerfully. "Nay, nay, dear mother, not the whole provision basket; that's more than possible!"

The mother laughed, and instead of the provision basket two or three books were put under the protection of the little nose. "Take care of the bottles, boys," continued the mother, exhorting, "and count them properly; there should be ten of them. Adam, don't stand there with your mouth wide open, my boy, but take hold and think of what you have to do, and have your wits about you. Be very careful what you do with mother's elixir. What's all that noise about in the room there? Are they coming out? Come here, my boys. Adam, take care of David. Jonathan, come this way. Jacob! Solomon! where are you? Shem and Seth keep still!"

This was the moment, when, on opening the door of the dancing room, the arrival of the travellers was first discovered, and the landlord hastened out to receive them. Many followed him, and among the rest Petrea, who quickly broke off her address to the peasants, in order to solicit the interposition of the travellers for speedier relief than she otherwise could have hoped.

"O pardon me!" cried she with a voice which betrayed her agitated state of mind; "I do not know, it is true, who you are (and the darkness prevented her from seeing it), but I hope you are Christians, and implore you for heaven's sake . . . ."

"Whose voice is that?" interrupted quickly a pleasing, manly voice.

"Who speaks there?" exclaimed Petrea, struck with amazement.

A few more words were exchanged, and suddenly the names of "Petrea, Jacobi, Louisa!" flew exultingly from the lips of these three dear relatives, and they enclosed each other in the most heartfelt tender embraces.

"Aunt Petrea! Aunt Petrea!" shouted the eight boys in the highest glee, and skipped around her.

And Petrea wept for joy at the thought of not only having met with good Christians, but with her most Christian brother-in-law and court-chaplain, and with him "our eldest," who, with her hopeful offspring "the Berserkers" were on their way to the parental house and the parsonage.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage rolled off with Petrea, Louisa, and Jacobi, accompanied by peasants on horseback, in full gallop into the wood, over which the young moon now rose pouring into its recesses, and into Petrea's prayerful eyes its consolatory light.

We will leave Petrea with her relatives, who on their journey home had arrived at such a seasonable juncture to extricate her from her most painful and distressing situation. We are now perfectly sure that the Assessor will receive speedy relief, that Sara will be supplied with wine, and Louisa's elixir; that Petrea's heart will be comforted, and her toilet put in order; and as a warrant of our conviction, we will quote the fragment of a letter from Louisa, which was dispatched home the following day:

"I am firmly convinced that Sara with careful, proper diet, and above all, with friendly comforters, may yet be restored to life and health; but at present she is so weak, that we cannot possibly think of removing her home until the expiration of a few days. And even then I perfectly despair of inducing her to come with us unless my father himself should come and fetch her. She says; she never could think of becoming a burden to our family! Ah! now it is a pleasure to open home and hearts to her! She is so changed. And her little girl is—a darling angel! As to the Assessor it would be highly advisable for him to go to town on accout of his leg; but he seems determined not to leave Sara, who so greatly needs his help. (His servant is out of all danger.) Petrea, in spite of all her toilsome exertions and adventure, is in the best ot spirits. She and Jacobi keep us alive. As matters now stand we cannot fix the time of our arrival. But should Sara continue to improve, as according to all appearance she most likely will, Jacobi will set out tomorrow with the boys on his journey home. We find it is getting so expensive with them all here in the Inn. Heaven grant that we may soon meet again in our dear home;"

An hour after the receipt of this letter the Lagman set off with as much haste as if his life were endangered by a moment's delay. He directed his course to the Inn, we, on the other hand, will betake ourselves from the Inn towards

HOME.

Lilies were blossoming in the house on the fine

morning of the twentieth of September. They seemed to shoot up under Gabriel's feet. The mother, herself white as a lily, moved about softly in her delicate morning-dress with a cloth in her hand wiping the smallest particle of dust from mirrors and tables. A more particular expression of joy than usual animated her countenance; her otherwise pale cheeks seemed delicately flushed, and her lips moved involuntarily as if anxious to give utterance to affectionate and gladdening words.

Bergström decorated the ante-room and steps with evergreens and splendid flowers, so as to form a connected chain of garlands along the white wall; and not a little delighted was he with his own taste, which Gabriele, moreover, did not forget to praise. But although the people in the house seemed to be busy this morning, still everything was unusually quiet; all communications were made as it were in a whisper and on the occasioning of the least noise the mother said "hush! hush!" arising from her watchful anxiety over her child who was lost and is found again, and who was now asleep in the house of her parents.

She had arrived there the evening before, and we have passed over that scene, which Sara's great change and her present condition rendered deeply affecting; nevertheless we could wish that the feeling reader had seen the manly tears which rolled down the cheeks of the Lagman as he laid the recovered daughter on the bosom of her mother. We could have liked to have shewn him the unfortunate-one, as she laid with her hands crossed on her breast, reposing on the snow-white couch, over which the mother herself had spread

out the fine sheets; as she looked now upon the child, whose bed stood near her own, now upon the dear ones, who surrounded her with all the sympathy of unbounded affection, and then gazing upwards to heaven with feelings incapable of utterance—We could have wished all the world to have seen the Jacobi pair this evening in the house of their parents, and how there crowded around them, Adam and Jacob, the twin-brothers, Jonathan and David, Shem and Seth, together with Solomon and Alfred the Little. They were well brought up children, and looked particularly well in their uniform costume, consisting of a blouse of dark stuff, with an overhanging white shirt collar, leaving the neck with its fresh hue of bloom perfectly free and exposed, whilst their slender waists were girded about with a narrow belt of bright leather. So much for the little flock of "the Berserkers."

But we return to our bright morning hour. Eva and Leonora were in the garden, and plucked with their own hands a few choice apples and pears which were to grace the desert-table. They were still glistening with the dew, and for the last time the sun bathed them with purple amidst the melody of the bullfinches. The sisters had been speaking of Sara, of little Elise, whom they intended to educate, of Jacobi, —and their converse was gay and cheerful; they then passed over to other subjects.

"And to day," said Leonora, "your final reply, your final negative, I suppose will be forwarded to Colonel R.? And do you feel quite contented about it?"

"Yes, perfectly so? Ah, Leonora, it is surprising how the heart alters! It seems incomprehensible to me now how it was that I ever loved him."

"It is singular after all that he should again sue for your hand, and moreover after so long a separation. There is no doubt that he must have loved you more than all the others to whom he paid his addresses."

"I do not think so; but . . . Ah, Leonora! Do you see that fine apple? It is quite bright. Can you reach it? No? Yes, if you'll climb on this bough!"

"Am I to give myself all this trouble? Dreadful, to be sure! Well, I suppose I must! But mind and catch me if I should fall."

Whilst in the act, the sisters were interrupted by Petrea, whose looks announced some interesting communication.

"Look here, Eva," said she, on handing her a written sheet of paper, "here is something for your morning studies. Now you must convince yourself of what you have hitherto refused to believe. And I shall call you a stone, a stock, an automaton without heart or soul, if after all this you do not . . . . Yes, you may laugh! You'll not laugh when you have read it. Leonora! Come, dear Leonora, you too must read it; you will say that I am right. Read, sisters, read!"

The sisters read the following remarks in the handwriting of the Assessor:

"'Happy the lonely and the lowly! He may ripen and quicken in undisturbed repose.'* Beautiful, and what is more—true words!

* A quotation from "The book of the rose" *(Tornrosens Bok,)* the general title of a series of romances, novels, dramatic poems, etc., by *Almquist*, one of the most ingenious and prolific Swedish writers of the present day

"The foundling has confirmed them. He was sick in heart and mind, but he was one of the lowly, and unnoticed, and therefore he could be much alone; alone in thefresh, still forest; alone with the Great Physician, who alone can heal the wounds of the heart—he has experiencced a change for the better.

"I now begin to understand the arch Physician and the diet which he has prescribed for me. I feared the cancer of selfishness, and wished to rid myself from it by drinking of the nectar of love; but he said: 'Jeremias, not of this cup but of that of self-denial, which is more purifying!

"I have drunk of it; I have loved her for twenty years without expression and without hope.

"I have to-day passed my three-and-sixtieth year; the increasing pain in my side commands me to abandon the steps of my patients, and at the same time tells me that I have not many steps to count till I reach my grave. May it be granted to me to devote the remainder of my days exclusively to her.

"As the 'rose of the aged' will I devote my life to her, for in my will it is settled that the 'rose of the aged' belongs to her, to her, Eva Frank.

"I intend to embellish this country seat for her; I will there plant lovely flowers and trees for her; I will rear vines and roses there. Old age will sometime or other also overtake her, and cause her to fade and die away. But then the 'rose of the aged' will blossom for her, and the fragrance of my love bless her, when the ugly old man will no longer walk upon earth. She will take her sisters to her there, there hear the melody of birds, and see the splendour of the sun shining upon the most lovely objects of nature.

"I will refresh myself with these thoughts during the solitary months and years which I shall pass there. It is true, I shall spend many a tedious day, I shall find the solitary evenings long, and it would be very sweet to have a dear and kind companion about one, to whom one could say every morning: 'Good morning! What a lovely sun!' or in whose eyes (when it does not shine) one might behold a better sun;—a companion, with whom one could enjoy books, nature —all the bounties of Providence,—whose hand one may press in the last painful hour of dissolution; to whom one could say, Good night! we shall meet again—in the morning of the resurrection—with Him who is the fountain of love—with God!

"But . . . . but . . . . the foundling was not ordained to find a home on earth!

"Well, no doubt he will soon find another home, and say to the master of the house there: 'Father, have mercy on my roses!' And to the habitation of men he will say: 'Thou hast been wearisome to me, O world but still receive my thanks for all thy benefits!'"

When the sisters had left off reading, some bright tears which had dropped upon the paper, were seen glittering in the light of the sun. Leonora dried her eyes, and turning herself to Petrea, enquired, "but Petrea, how has this paper come into your hands?"

"Well, if I did not think you would ask me!" said Petrea, "you should never ask such difficult questions, Leonora! Well, upon my word, here are Eva's eyes, enquiring too—and so gravely! Do you suppose that

the Assessor has been sliding it into my hand? No, I must have him cleared from such a suspicion, though it be at my own expense. You wish to know how I came by this paper? Well, then, I stole it—stole it on our journey, on the very morning after it was written."

"But, Petrea!—But, Petrea!"

"Yes, you innocent creatures, it is too late to cry now, "but, Petrea!"—now you know the Assessor's secret, and you may act as your consciences bid you. Mine is hardened; you may start at my deed, and shrink with horror.—I care nothing about it; let the whole world excommunicate me—its of little consequence to me! Eva! Leonora! sisters!" Petrea laid her arms round the neck of each sister, drew them to her, kissed them, smiling, with a tear in her eye, and vanished.

A little later in the morning we find Eva and Gabriele on a visit at the pretty parsonage situate in the outskirts of the town, where Madam Louisa is in full bustle with all her things, whilst the Jacobins were rioting with father and grandfather over fields and meadows. Little Alfred, four years old, an uncommon sprightly and amiable child, is the only one who is left behind with his mother; he pays his addresses to Gabriele most gallantly, and fancies that upon him is imposed the pleasing duty of amusing her; accordingly he brings out his Noah's Ark, and introduces to her with his little, clear, child-like voice—Ham and Hamina, Shem and Shemina, Japhet and Japhetina.

After all the introductory enquiries of the sisters had been answered, Gabriele took the paper from a

basket which Ulla had just brought, and begged Louisa to partake of a little roast veal and patties. "We thought," said she, "that you would require something fresh after the journey, before you get your own larder and store room in order. Just taste a patty! They are filled with mince meat, and I can assure you they were made after the Flood."

"Really!" replied Louisa, laughing; "well I must say they are delicious! Here my little man, here's one for you! but another time don't come so near the table when you see any body eating, and look so greedily at them. Thank you, thank you, dear sister! Ah! how charming that we are coming into your neighbourhood again! How healthful and happy you all look! And Petrea! what a change for the better; she has got to be a little more steady and sensible; she has outgrown her nose, and dresses neatly; she is just like other people now. And look what I have got for her here—a warm wadded morning-gown, which will keep her warm up in her garret; is it not a superb one? And what do you think I gave for it? Only ten dollars current."

"Most extraordinary! most excellent! most unaccountable! now isn't it? A dress that'll last a person's life out!"

"What a pretty collar that is that Eva has on! I do really believe she is grown handsomer. You are still the flower, the rose of the family. Eva, you look quite young, and are grown stout, which I cannot boast of. But that's a matter of impossibility when one has eight children to work for. Would you believe, sisters, that the week before I left Stockholm, I had about 16

shirts to cut out? I hope I shall be able to get some help here at home. Look at this finger, how hard it has grown with sewing. God bless the boys! one has one's trouble with them. But tell me, how is our mother? They have always been writing to me that she was better, and after all I find her dreadfully altered; it really pains me to look at her. What does the Assessor say?"

"Oh," replied Gabriele, warmly, "he says that she will recover. There is no danger, I am sure; she is improving every day."

Eva did not look so hopeful as Gabriele, and her eyes filled with tears, whilst she said: "If only we get over the autumn and winter, I am in good hopes that in the spring——"

"And do you know," interrupted Louisa, "what I have been thinking of? In the spring she shall come and live with us, and try the milk diet; she shall occupy this room with the beautiful prospect towards the birch-grove, and enjoy the fresh country air and its verdure, and the milk, and all the good things the country affords, and which it is in my power to procure for her. —I am certain that this will do her good. Don't you then think that she will recover? Don't you think it a bright idea of mine?" The sisters thought it bright, indeed, and Louisa continued: "Now I must shew you what I have brought for her. Look here, those two damask breakfast cloths, and those six breakfast napkins—all home spun; I have merely had to pay for the weaving. Well, how do you like them?"

"Oh, very much, indeed! Excellently!"

"Oh, very pretty, very handsome! What a treat that will be!"

"And you shall see what I have brought for my father .... By-the-bye, Jacobi has it packed up in his portmanteau, together with some other little things;—you shall see it, you shall see all!"

"What a flood of things," said Gabriele, laughing. "One may easily tell that there is no want of cash here."

"Thank Heaven, at present we have no reason to complain, although you may believe that we had a hard struggle the first year or two; but then we immediately began to cut our coat according to our cloth. Since the day of our marriage I had the management of the money; I am my husband's treasurer, he gives over to me whatever he gets, and asks me for every thing he wants; and we have got on very well in this way. Wherever the married love each other sincerely, there is no fear of all things going on well. I am happier than I deserve to be with so kind and excellent a husband, and such nice children. If my little girl, our little Louisa, had only lived! Ah, how joyfully she was welcomed on her birth after eight boys; and then she was for two years our dearest delight. Jacobi almost worshipped her; he could sit for whole hours beside her cradle and look at her, and felt happy when he had her upon his knee. But then she was indescribably lovely—so sweet, so sensible, so still; in short, a real little angel. Ah! it was hard to part with her. Jacobi mourned and fretted as I have never seen a man do; but his happy disposition and his piety have enabled him to conquer his feelings. She has now been dead above a-year. Ah! never, never shall I forget her, my darling little girl!"

Louisa's tears flowed fast; the sisters also wept in

sympathy. Louisa, however, soon regained her composure, and said, drying her eyes: "At present we are concerned about our little David's leg; but there is no perfect happiness in this world, nor are we entitled to expect it.—Forgive me for having made you sad with talking of my troubles;—and now let us talk of something else whilst I unpack my things. Tell me something about our acquaintances;—aunt Evelina, I hope, is alive yet?"

"Yes, and is grandmother of five boys at Axelholm, enjoying the love and esteem of all. She is surrounded by a very sweet family, and spends the happiest old age."

"I am rejoiced to hear of it. But she really deserves to be heartily loved and respected. Is her Carina married too?"

"Ah, no; Carina is dead! and this has been a source of great affliction to her; they were so happy together."

"Oh, heaven! is she dead;—oh, yes, to be sure, I now remember that you wrote to me about it. . . . . Look at this dress, sisters! . . . . a present from my dear husband; is it not pretty? besides, it's of the last fashion, let me tell you! Yes, yes, my dear Gabriele! You need not make such a doubtful face about it; it is very handsome, and in the first style, that I can assure you.

"But *a propos*, how is the "Court Chaplain?" Is there a new edition of him still in existence? Well, I am glad of that. I'll put it on this morning, in order to frighten Jacobi; I shall tell him that I intend to wear it in future, in honour of his own nomination of "Court Chaplain."

They all laughed.

"But tell me," continued Louisa, "in what way is our great surprise to be effected? Have you thought about it? and how have you settled that important event in your own minds?"

"Yes, in this way: we shall have our grand coffee party that afternoon in the garden; while thus engaged, we intend to lead the conversation, as a matter of course, to the piece of ground the other side of the fence, and peep through the joints; and then, as it were, induced afresh, give vent to the usual wish."

"I wonder who could level this for us! No sooner is *this* uttered, than your eight boys, to whom this is to be a signal, are to storm against the fence; and——"

"What are you thinking of? To be sure my boys are strong and quick, but it would require Berserkers' strength indeed to——"

"Never fear," rejoined the sisters, laughing, "the plank is sawn off along the bottom, and only stands just sufficiently firm so as to produce a little crash for the sake of effect with its downfall; it will be no difficult matter. Besides, we can all storm together, if it comes to the worst."

"Well, I do declare! if that be all, I have no fear of my boys managing the business; and—*a propos!* I have a few bottles of choice sweet white-beer* with me, which I am sure will please my father, and which will then come in so very appropriately, when—as is cus-

* A sort of light beer, of which there are two kinds, the sweet and the bitter; the sweet is not unlike the English pop; and the bitter, commonly bottled by every tolerably respectable family in Sweden, greatly resembles in taste and appearance what in England is called India Ale.

tomary on such occasions—we wish to drink healths."

During this conversation, little Alfred had in vain gone round, offering two kisses, and was near being angry with disappointment in finding no market for his wares, when all alone, summoning resolution, he threw his arms round the neck of Gabriele, and exclaimed: "Now I see, that aunt really wants a kiss." And it was not aunt Gabriele's fault, if the dear boy was not convinced how perfectly indispensable his gift then was.

Louisa, however, continued to turn over her things. "Here I have a waistcoat-piece for Bergström, and here a neckerchief for Ulla, and a little brush for dusting looking-glasses and tables. Won't it be splendid. And look here, a small pair of bellows, and all those little things for Brigitta."

"Well, to be sure! The old woman will be delighted! Sometimes, you see, she is a little out of humour, but a treat of coffee and a few little presents make peace between her and all the world; and to-day she will positively get both!"

"And look, what a power of wind these bellows have, they will make the worst wood burn up!—look how the dust flies!"

"Dear, bless me! What a capital puffer! it will puff us all away, if we don't mind," said Gabriele, laughing.

Whilst the sisters were still occupied with puffing and dusting, and Louisa with admiring her own discoveries, the Lagman entered in a state of happy excitement.

"What business, to be sure!" exclaimed he, laughing. "Your husband and children send their respects

to you. Louisa! I am very much pleased with your boys. They are a set of sharp, lively lads; and no less dutiful and well-behaved; little David is a regular little gamester and a splendid boy; pity that he is so lame."

Blushing, from inmost joy, at the praise of her lads, Louisa hastily replied to the condoling expression concerning her little David: "You should hear, father, what a talent he has for the Violincello: mark me, if he won't be a second Gehrman."

"Well, I am glad of that; such a talent is worth his two feet. But I have hardly been able to notice you properly yet, Louisa! Well, to be sure! what a blessing that you are coming to live so near to us! now I calculate upon seeing you every day, and you will be able to enjoy our fresh air in this part of the country. You are not so stout as you have been; but upon my word I think you have grown!"

Laughing, Louisa rejoined, that "there was little likelihood for that, at her time of life."

The sisters also made their observations about Louisa among themselves. They were delighted with her, and all belonging to her, to find her so unchanged.

"She has not exactly increased in beauty; but we cannot be for ever growing handsomer. She looks well and appears to be in good health;—no more like a cathedral; she is now about to be an excellent Provost's lady."

We will now transpose ourselves into Sara's chamber.

When a dear innocent child after a course of suffer-

ing returns to the bosom of her parents, to a sweet home, who can describe the bliss of its situation? The pure enjoyment of all the charms of home, the tenderness of all the relatives, the sweet resignation to that heavenly feeling of being once more at home again? But the past errors? . . .

We have seen a picture of the prodigal son which we shall never forget. It was the moment of reconciliation; the father stretches out his arms to welcome his returning son: the son falls into them, and there hides his face. Deep contrition of heart bows down his head, and on his pale cheek the only visible part of his face—stands a tear, a tear of penitence and grief;—it expresses all he could say. Let the golden ring be put upon his hand; let the fatted calf be killed, and the feast prepared for him—yet he cannot feel merry or happy; for from the springs of memory of the past gush forth tears of bitter remorse.

So it was with Sara, and more so according to the measure in which her heart was truly purified and ennobled. When, after a refreshing sleep, she awoke in her new home, and saw her child sleeping by her side upon a soft and snow-white couch; when, by the morning sun, then brightly shining in the room, she saw everything looking so pure and fresh; when she saw how the faithful memory of love had treasured up all her youthful reminiscences; when she saw her favourite flowers, the asters, standing sweetly inviting in the alabaster vase upon the stove, and when she thought of her former state and of her present situation—she wept bitterly.

Petrea, who was sitting at the window of Sara's room,

waiting her awaking, quickly ran to her bedside and poured the sweet balm of kind consolatory words into her wounded spirit.

"O, Petrea!" said Sara, pressing her hand to her breast, "let me speak to you! . . My heart is full; I feel that I shall be able to tell you all, and that you will fully enter into all I have to say. I have not come voluntarily—your father brought me here. He did not ask me—he took me as a child, and I obeyed like a child, I was weak; I thought I should soon die; but this night passed under his roof has given me strength. I now feel that I shall recover. Hear me, Petrea, and assist me; for as soon as my feet will carry me, I must away from hence. I could not think of throwing myself a burden upon this family. Humbled and despised by the world as I am, I will not pollute this sanctuary. Already have I observed a shrinking from me in Gabriele's look,—oh, my stay here would be a pain to myself. May my innocent little one find a shelter under this blessed roof; I must away from here. These charms of life, this abundance and luxury —they are not congenial to my feelings—they only aggravate my woe! Poverty and labour are more justly my portion. But from this place I will, I must depart! but not in a way to grieve any one, no! I will not show myself ungrateful. Help me, Petrea! think for me; what I am to do, and whither I should go."

"I have already thought about it," replied Petrea.

"Have you, indeed? said Sara, with gladsome surprise, and fixed her large eyes upon her with apparent scrutiny.

"Come and share my solitude!" continued Petrea,

affectionately. "You know that I, though living in the house of my parents, still have a separate apartment, and enjoy every possible liberty. Next to my garret chamber, there is another, simple, but quiet room, to live in, which I have no doubt will be quite to your mind. Come and live there! There you may live perfectly at your own pleasure, be alone, or see me whenever you please, until the quiet influence of more peaceful days will draw you into the joy and the innocent life of the family circle."

"Ah, Petrea, you are kind!—but how dare you come in contact with a person of blighted fame, you do not know . . . "

"Hush! hush! I know all I want to know, for I hear and see you! Oh, Sara! who am I that I should turn away from you? God is a searcher of hearts, and He knows how weak and frail mine is, though my outward life has remained unsullied, though the circumstances and the friends around me, who protected me, have caused my actions to be blameless. Still I know what I am, and my most fervent prayer to God is, 'Forgive me my trespasses!' May I not offer up this petition, kneeling, by your side? Cannot we run the race which is set before us together? We have both of us looked down into many depths of life—let us both now humbly look up to its bright heights! Give me your hand; you were always dear to me; and no less, as in the days of our youth, do I now feel drawn to you by the cords of love! Let us go, let us try at least to perform our earthly pilgrimage together. My heart craves after you and yours, does it not tell you that we suit each other, and might be happy together?"

"Am I to be a burden to you? Were I stronger, I might then have made myself useful to you, might earn my bread by the labour of my hands, as I have done the last few years; but now . . . "

"Now give yourself up to me, and be led passively by me; I have enough for us both. By and bye, when you have regained a little strength, we will mutually assist each other."

"But oh, my wasted life, my bitter recollections, will they not make me troublesome and my temper gloomy? Will they not, those dark spirits, regain their possession over her who has so long been in their power?"

"Penitence is a goddess; she protects the erring And if a heathen could say so, how much more should a Christian! Oh, Sara! self-abasing repentance itself—I know it—may become a power by which we can uplift ourselves again, and rise to a new life; it can awaken a will capable of conquering all things; it has produced this effect in me, it will do so also in you. You are now in the midway of life,—a long future lies yet before you; you have an amiable child; you have friends, you have to live to prepare for an eternity. Oh then, do live for it, and you will see how the night will gradually vanish, the day dawn, and everything will work together for your good. Come and let us join our efforts in the most important work of life—improvement?"

Sara at these words had raised herself in bed—new rays were kindled in her eyes. "I will!" said she; "Petrea! an angel speaks through you; your words have a strangely strengthening and soothing effect upon me,—I will begin a new course! . . . ."

Petrea pressed Sara to her breast, and warmly and affectionately expressed her thanks! She then added, kindly comforting her: "And now, be a good child, Sara! All the weak and helpless sick are generally treated as children;—submit calmly and resignedly to be so treated:—by so doing, rejoice the hearts of those who surround you, and who are all heartily interested in your welfare! Until you are considerably better, we cannot think of any change, as it would be a grief to all."

At this moment the door was op ened, and the mother looked in with apparent anxious inquiry; she smiled so sweetly as she enclosed Sara in her arms, Leonora followed her; but on observing Sara's agitated state of mind, she went out again, but soon returned with a plate full of good things: and now with playful and cheering words they strove to divert her,—the lost but found again: old common expressions were refreshed again, and old acquaintanceships renewed.

"Do you know Madam Folette again? She has lately been put into good order.—Can she have the pleasure of pouring you out a cup of coffee?—There is your old cup with the stars upon it; she was saved with Madam Folette from the fire, and the little one here with the rose-buds is intended for our little Elise. —You really must taste these rusks; they have not come out of the ark. "Our eldest" would hardly consider them sufficiently dignified and antique—they have just come with the dawn out of our oven. Our 'little lady' has herself filled the basket with the finest for you;—'home-baked' as they are, I'll be bound they will please even our Assessor, etc."

In the mean time little Elise awoke and looked with her bright blue eyes at the elder Elise, who bent down to her. They really had a great resemblance to each other, as is often the case between granddaughters and grandmothers, and seemed to feel already the near relationship between them. When Sara saw her child in Elise's arms tears of pure joy filled her eyes for the first time.

I do not know whether my female readers have nerves enough to witness the exploits of the Berserkers during their overthrow of the garden fence? I fancy not, and, therefore, with the reader's permission, I skip over the great event of the day—the overthrow of the fence, which came down with such a violent crash as to cause an overthrow of all the Berserkers upon it—and completely into the new place, where we find the family circle assembled, sitting upon moss-seats decorated with flowers, under the shade of a tall birch-tree, waving its crown, tinted already with autumnal hue. The September sun, which was just declining, irradiated the group and glimmered forth from the alder trees near the river, which softly murmuring flowed into blue creeks around the new place, to which it gave additional charms, while it formed the boundary.

Tears glistened in the eye of the father, but he uttered not a word. To see himself the object of so much love; thoughts of the future, of his favourite project; paternal joy and pride; gratitude towards his family, towards heaven, all united together to fill his heart with the sweetest feelings with which the human breast can possibly be blessed.

The mother, immediately after the great surprise, and the consequent explosion of joy, had retired into the house with Eva and Leonora. Among those who remained behind, we see the friend of the family, Jeremias Munter, who assumed on the occasion, the fiercest countenance in the world; and Baron L. who was no longer the wild, outrageous youth, he once was, but a man—and moreover a Landed-proprietor—whose grave demeanour received additional charms from a sort of agreeable modesty, most strikingly apparent when talking to the "little lady," at whose feet he had seated himself.

Louisa handed round the white beer, of whose praise none spoke more highly than she herself; considering, as she did, that it contained something more than earthly, something "truly exhilarating;" but when Gabriele, having partaken of a half-glass full, suddenly jumped up, she alarmed "our eldest," who, however, never anticipated such a powerful effect from her exhilirating white beer. She immediately saw herself surrounded by her eight satellites, who raised a confused shout of:

"Mother! may I have a little beer?"—"May I too!"—"And I!"—"And I too!"—"And I!"—"And I!"—"I like a good deal of froth, mamma, dear!"

"Come, come, come, my dear boys! is this the way to come rushing and storming; do you see me or your father be so forward? Solomon shall be the last to be served for his rudeness! Patience is a virtue. There, now you can drink, but take care not to drop any upon your clothes."

After the Jacobins had all feasted on the foaming "exhilarating" beverage, they grew so outrageously wild that Louisa was obliged to order them to perform their exploits at a greater distance. On receiving this charge they swarmed forth on a journey of discovery and began to throw summersets all round the place. David hobbled along with his little crutch over stick and stone, whilst Jonathan was busy plucking all the flowers and bilberries for him, which he pointed at with his finger; little nosegays were then made, which the merry boys presented to their aunts, especially to Gabriele, their chosen friend and patroness. Ernst Adam, the eldest of the eight, a boy of particularly sedate demeanour, sat still by the side of his grandfather, and seemed to rank himself among the elder folks, whilst little Alfred played round his mother.

The Lagman looked around him with a countenance full of animation; he planned avenues and hedges, set out benches, saw them filling with happy people, and was laying out his plans to Jacobi.

Jeremias contemplated the scene with a bitter, melancholy smile, peculiar to himself. When little David came limping up to him with a fragrant wild-flower, he suddenly exclaimed: "Why not rather make a botanic garden than a common pleasure-ground of the place! Flowers are after all the only agreeable things in the world, and since it is in the nature of men for them to go about snuffing with their noses, they may as well have something to smell at. To this may very well be added the luxury of public baths;—no doubt it will wash off some little of the wretchedness here in the world!"

The Lagman took up this idea with delight. "By this means," said he, "we shall combine utility with pleasure. This undertaking will of course be attended with greater expense than a simple outlay of a park; but that shall be no hindrance to it. In this glorious time of peace, and with the prospect of a long continuance of it, there is no fear in taking a work in hand of the power of completing it, though it may require a long time."

"And such works," said Jacobi, "have an ennobling influence on life in times of peace. Peace requires a measure of power equally as great as war, but against another kind of foe. Every refinement of earthly existence, every thing which raises the senses to a more intellectual life is a battery set up against the lower pursuits in man, and a service done to humanity and to our fatherland."

"Bah!" cried Jeremias, vexed; "humanity! father-land! You always talk so very grandly. If a man knocks down a fence, or plants a bush, instantly they cry out—a benefit for the country! Only go you on planting your fields and pulling down your fences; but whatever you do, pray let the country rest in peace! for I can assure you, it cares as little about you as you do about it. For one's country! for the good of mankind!—very fine and touching sort of words I dare say;—all mere talk!"

"Well, upon my word, this is too bad of you," said the Lagman, smiling at the singular expressions of his friend. "And I, for my part," continued he, "seriously could wish that a clear idea of one's father-land might attend every step of human activity. If there be any

love natural and reasonable, it is decidedly the love of one's father-land. Have I not to thank my country for all that I am? Is it not its laws, its institutions, which develop my entire character as a man and as a citizen? Are they not the acts of my fathers who have framed them, who have invested them with their power and individual life? In fact, love and gratitude towards one's parents, is not a greater duty than love and gratitude towards one's native country; and there is no one, be they man or woman, high or low, who, each according to his circumstances, is not able, and in duty bound, to discharge this sacred debt. And this is the very meaning of a Christian state, founded and reared on the principles of its divine legislator, that every individual of it may be able to improve his talent by promoting at one and the same time the welfare of the individual and that of the community at large."

"Thus," added Petrea, "do the rain-drops swell the brooks, which discharge their waters into the river, and may, even though unknown, participate in the benefits of its course."

"So it is, my dear child!" said the father, and extended to her his hand.

"It is a delightful thought!" said Louisa with tearful eyes;—"pay particular attention, Adam, to what your grandfather and aunt say, and keep it in mind!—Don't stare with your mouth so monstrously wide open, child! I do declare a whole fleet in full sail might run in."

At these words little Alfred burst out into such a roaring hearty laughter, as involuntarily to excite the sympathy of the seniors of the company; Adam joined

in it too; and at the sound of this peal of laughter, came bounding up from all sides, Shem and Seth, Jacob and Solomon, Jonathan and David, just as a flock of sparrows drop down upon a handful of scattered corn. They came laughing, because they heard laughing, and wished to join in the treat.

The sun in the meantime had gone down, and the cool spirits of evening began to wander over the place, when the family still holding gay converse moved towards home. On turning towards the town the star of St. Mary's Church glimmered like a fire in the last rays of the sun, and the moon arose like a pale but placid face over the roof of their dwelling. There was a something in this appearancc, which made a melancholy impression on Gabriele. The star of the steeple glittered over the grave of her brother and the sight of the moon involuntarily reminded her of the pale, mild countenance of the mother. For the rest, the evening was so lovely; the blackbird sang among the alders, below on the banks of the river, and the sky spread its serene and clear azure covering above, whilst the wind and every noisy sound gradually died away. Gabriele walked on lost in profound meditation, and did not observe that Baron L. had approached her; she was almost startled, when he began to address her thus:

"I was exceedingly glad, very much rejoiced, to see you all again and so happy."

"Ah, yes," replied Gabriele, "now we can all be together again. It is an occasion of much joy to us that Louisa and her family are come to settle amongst us."

"Perhaps," continued the Baron, "perhaps it is

great presumption to disturb such a happy family union, to wish to separate a beloved daughter and sister from such a family;—but if the truest——"

"Ah!" interrupted Gabriele, quickly alarmed, "do not speak of disturbing or making any change; for everything is now as well as it can be!"

The Baron made no reply, but appeared sorrowful.

"Let us all be happy together," said Gabriele, bashfully and cordially, "I suppose you will spend a little time with us? It is so charming to have friends and sisters! There is such a comfort in living with them!"

The Baron's countenance brightened up. He seized Gabriele's hand, wishing to say something, but she hastened away from him to her father, and took hold of his arm.

Jacobi accompanied Petrea; they were engaged in cheerful and confidential communion with each other, as happy brother and sister. She conversed with him on the subjects which constituted her present happiness, and her hope of the future. He took the most lively interest in it, and on his part also communicated to her something of his plans, of his domestic happiness, and expressed himself with particular delight respecting his boys; about their extreme dutifulness to their parents, their mutual love to each other; and behold—all the merit of it was ascribed to Louisa! And Louisa's praise was sung forth in a harmonious duet—ever and again as a sweet offering to "our eldest" who appeared to listen to no one but her father.

The company now arrived at home. The mother, with a silver ladle in her hand, and the most friendly smile upon her lips, stood in the library before a large

smoking bowl of punch, and with look and voice bade the entering party welcome.

"My dear Elise!" said the Lagman, embracing her, "you look twenty years younger to-day."

"A natural consequence of happiness," replied she, gazing on him with a countenance beaming with affection.

They all then seated themselves.

"Don't make so much noise there, boys!" said Louisa to her eight children, seating herself with little Elise upon her knee. "Can't you sit down without making such a noise and bustle?"

Jeremias Munter had taken his seat in a corner of the room, apart from the rest of the company, and was quiet and apparently dejected.

A general silence ensued. In the countenance of many a sort of suspense, a sort of consciousness was visible that soon something unusual would take place. —The Lagman coughed several times; he appeared to have some especial occasion for clearing his throat. At length he lifted up his voice and spoke, not, however without apparent pathetic emotion.

"Is it true that our friend Jeremias Munter intends soon to leave us, in order to retire to his solitary residence in the country? Is it true, as report says, that he intends leaving us even to-morrow, and that this evening, therefore, is the last which he will spend as the friend and companion in our circle?"

The Assessor made an attempt to reply, but did not get beyond a sort of grunting tone without any utterance of words. He cast a fixed look on the ground, and leaned his hands upon his stick.

"If such be the case," continued the Lagman, "I am requested to lay before him a question, such as I would not put to any other man, and which almost sticks fast in my throat.—Will our friend Munter allow some one—one of our family to accompany him to his solitude?"

"Who would wish to follow me?" said Jeremias in a tone of moroseness and doubt.

"I!" replied a soft, harmonious voice, and Eva—at this moment as charming and sweet as ever—went up to him, conducted by the hand of her father. "I," she repeated softly, blushing, but affectionately; "I will follow you, if you wish it!"

It was visible on the countenances of the family that this was no matter of surprise to all its members. Louisa sat with mild tears in her eyes, and did not look in the least scandalized at this step which so directly militated against "the dignity of woman." The Assessor appeared startled, and looked up with a gaze of austerity and astonishment.

"Receive from my hands," said the Lagman with a voice which testified his feelings, "a companion, the one you have long wished for. On you only, Munter, could I have thus bestowed my beloved child!"

"Do you say 'no' to me?" asked Eva, whilst blushing and smiling she extended her fair hand to Jeremias, who till then continued to observe perfect silence.

He quickly seized her outstretched hand, pressed it with both his to his breast and softly said, bowing himself over her: "Oh, my roses!" On raising his head his eyes were moist from tears, but anguish and disquietude were betrayed in his general demeanour.

"Brother," said he to the Lagman, "I cannot thank you yet, I know not . . . . I cannot conceive . . . . I must first try her."

He took Eva by the hand, and led her into the boudoir adjoining the library, there took his seat opposite to her, and vehemently said: "Whence comes this? What is all this nonsense? What does it mean? Tell me in heaven's name, Eva, with what feelings do you thus bestow your hand? Is it with true love? Yes, love indeed I said! Be not alarmed at that word? You may take it as I mean it. Is it love, or is it—compassion? I will not accept you as a gift of charity; this you may believe! Do not deceive yourself, and don't deceive me! In the name of Him, who is the searcher of all hearts, answer me and speak the truth; —is it from a full, loving heart, that you thus come to me? Do you believe—do you believe, Eva, heavenly angel! that I, the ugly, infirm, peevish old man, can make you happy?" Jeremias spoke with agitation, and his countenance beamed with all the charm of love and feeling.

"My friend, my benefactor!" replied Eva, whilst wiping with her hand the few tears which had rolled down her cheeks: "look into . . . .read in my heart! Gratitude has led me to appreciate your worth—both led me to love—not to the vehement love which I once experienced, but never shall again, but—to a profound, affectionate devotion, which will make me, and as I hope—you also happy; and which henceforth nothing can disturb. To devote my life to you, and next to you to my family, is my highest wish upon earth. I can truly say that there is none, at this mo-

ment, for whom I cherish greater affection than for you! Will this suffice you?"

The Assessor's deep eyes were still fixed on Eva with a proving and penetrating look. "Kiss me," said he, suddenly and firmly.

With a quiet, indescribably lovely confidence, Eva inclined her blushing face to him and kissed him.

"Gracious heavens!" said Jeremias, "you are then mine! In heaven's name then!"—And with indescribable feeling he clasped his long loved favourite in his arms and pressed her to his heart. He thus continued to hold her for some time, and deep sighs alone issued from his breast, swelling with happy feelings, At length he tore away from her, and as if animated by a return of youthfulness, he bounded into the library, and called to the assembly: "Now then all is settled! I take her! she will be mine, she will be mine!—Now come all! won't you drink our healths?—"

There was a general rush to the bowl; Louisa with the rest, the eight young ones after her, a joyful bustle; Leonora and Petrea impeded the course of the stormers, amidst laughing and promises to wait on them with bumpers, provided they would only keep their seats in quiet. At length order returned in the assembly; the glasses were filled and the Skals* began.

No. 1, which the Lagman proposed, was, "for the new bridal-pair."

No. 2, which Jacobi proposed, very eloquently, was, "for the parents; for their happiness and welfare," said he, with emotion, "whereby I and so many besides me have been blessed!"

* *Skal*, the proper form of drinking healths in Sweden.

No. 3 was drank "to the prosperity of the new Pastor's family!"

No. 4, "To the new building-ground!"

No. 5, "For the old—ever-new home!"

No. 6 was, "The health of all good children!" for which the eight were at a loss sufficiently to express their thanks.

In the mean-time, Jeremias Munter, with looks glowing with affection, addressed his bride in the following tender words: "Well, upon my word! to think that you should care so much about me as yourself actually to make love to me! How did you know whether I should wish to have you? and then to come and to take me, so to speak, by storm! and not to give me any time to consider about it! Well, I do declare, a most unaccountable proceeding! What now—to begin the matter over again? No, that's too great a bother! Nay, nay, nay, nay! No, say I! Since I have made up my mind, I find the best thing I can do, is to take you, but of course you were quick about . . . . What now again? What's the matter now? Is the little Highness, the little sister-in-law, coming so unceremoniously to give me a kiss?—Heaven! what a merry world after all."

But nobody in the whole circle thought it such a merry world as Petrea.—"Are you now satisfied with me, Petrea?" enquired Eva, archly smiling. Petrea embraced her heartily.

Mother Louisa was now heard saying: "Come, come, children, you have had quite enough; not a drop more! what do you want my little David? You to Skal with Uncle Munter? No, thank you, my dear boy, you may

save it for another time. You have drunk toasts enough to-day, more, perhaps, than your little heads can bear."

"I must plead for the boys, sister Louisa!" exclaimed the Assessor, "I shall propose a Skal, which they shall drink to. Fill the glasses once more, mother-in-law!—I propose a Skal for peace! for peace in our land and peace in our homes! A Skal for love and knowledge, which alone can make that peace a blessing! A Skal in a word for—peace on earth!"

"Amen! Amen!" cried Jacobi, drank off his glass, and threw it behind him. Louisa looked at her mother somewhat consternated; but when she saw her cheerfully following Jacobi's example, she also was induced to do the same.

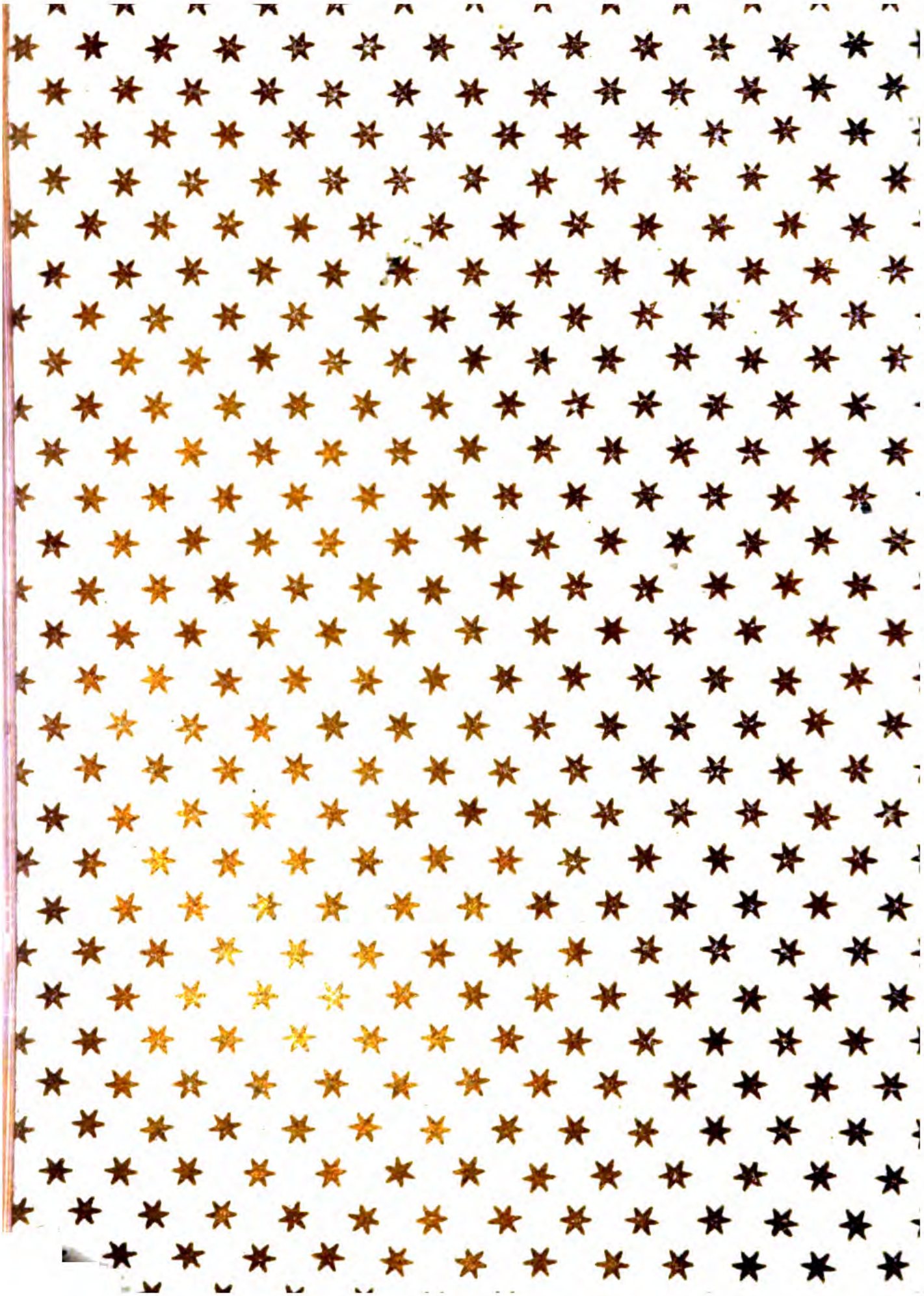
"All glasses overboard after this Skal!" shouted the Lagman, and sent his up to strike the ceiling; and with indescribable glee the Jacobins threw their glasses into the air, and tried to make the Skal of peace as noisy and destructive as possible.

We now leave the merry circle, from which we see the mother softly stealing away. We see her going into her closet, where resting in comfort and quiet, she writes the following lines to her sisterly friend:

"I have just left for a few minutes to take a little rest, and to chat a little with you, my dear Cecilia. Here I feel comfortable and quiet, and the sound of happy voices—real festive voices reaches me here. The heart of my Ernst is in its highest glee; for he sees all his children happy around him. And the children, Cecilia—he is right, he may well be happy and proud

of them: they all surround him excellent and elevated in character; they thank him for having been born to light and life, for having learned to know its worth; and are contented with their lot. She who was lost and found again rests now with us, resolved to begin a new life, and her charming child is already at home on the knees of its grandfather ....I now hear the sound of Gabriele's guitar and a chorus of voices accompanying it!—If I am not mistaken they now begin a dance! Louisa's eight boys make the floor shake. Jacobi's voice drowns all the rest. That dear excellent man! I also ought to be glad, for all in my house is peaceful and good. I am so too—my heart is full of gratitude; but my body is weary, very weary.

"The fir-trees on the grave wave and beckon me:—I see their tops saluting me in the clear moonlight and—pointing upwards.—"Dost thou beckon to me, my son? dost thou call me to come home to thee? My first-born, my summer-child! Let me whisper to thee that this is my secret wish! I was happy upon earth, happy in this my home; but when thou wast gone, my darling, my spirit began her upward flight. Perhaps the last flight may soon come. I feel as if conscious that I shall be able to close my eyes in peaceful slumber. And if before my last sleep I should be permitted to enjoy a moment of perfect serenity and happy composure, I shall once more press my husband's hand to my lips, looking around me on earth with a blessing, and upward towards heaven with gratitude, and, as now, say from the very bottom of my heart: "Blessed be the Lord—for my home below and for my home above!"

THE END.

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