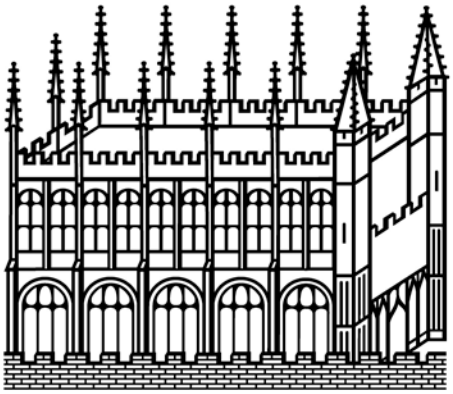

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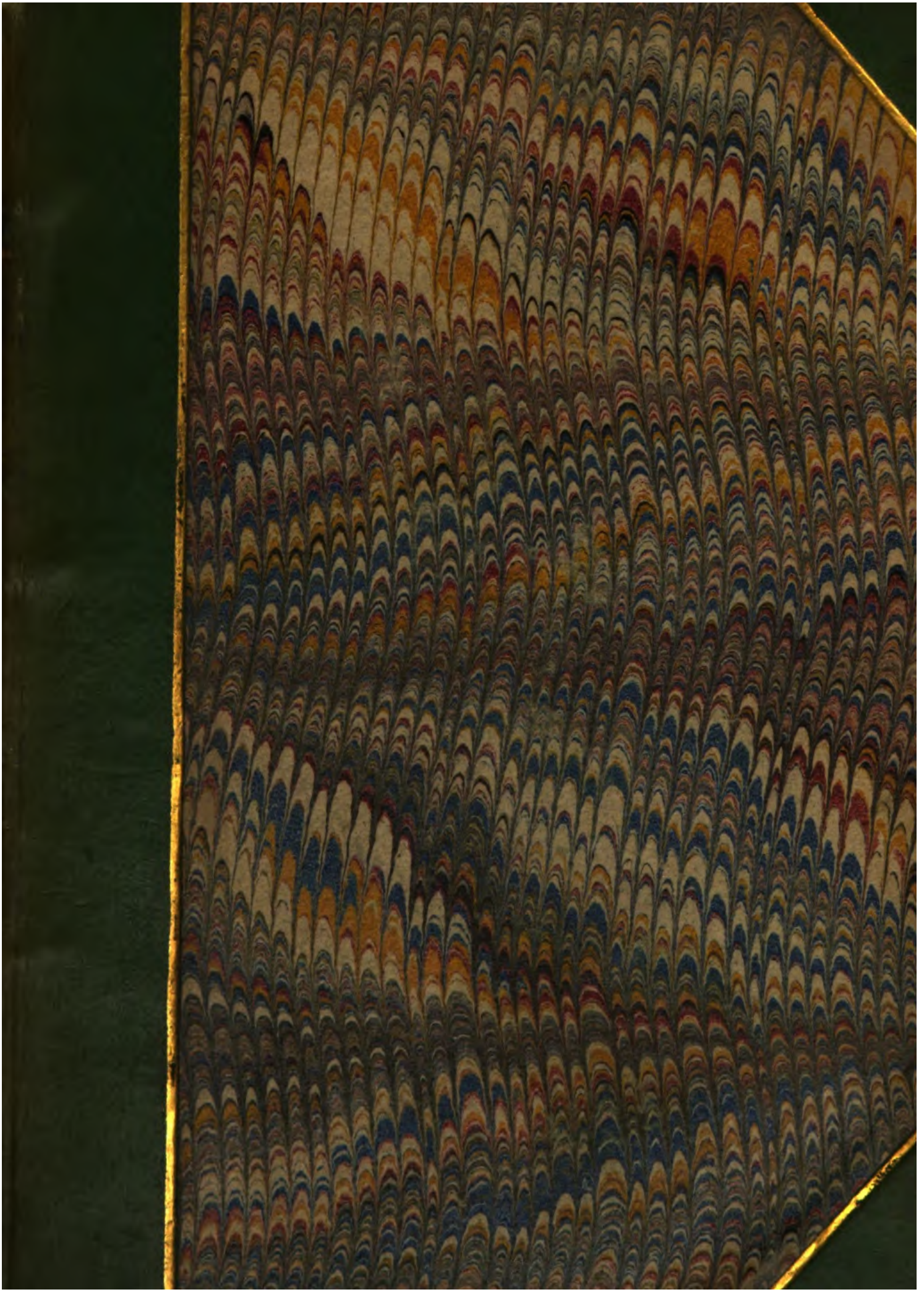

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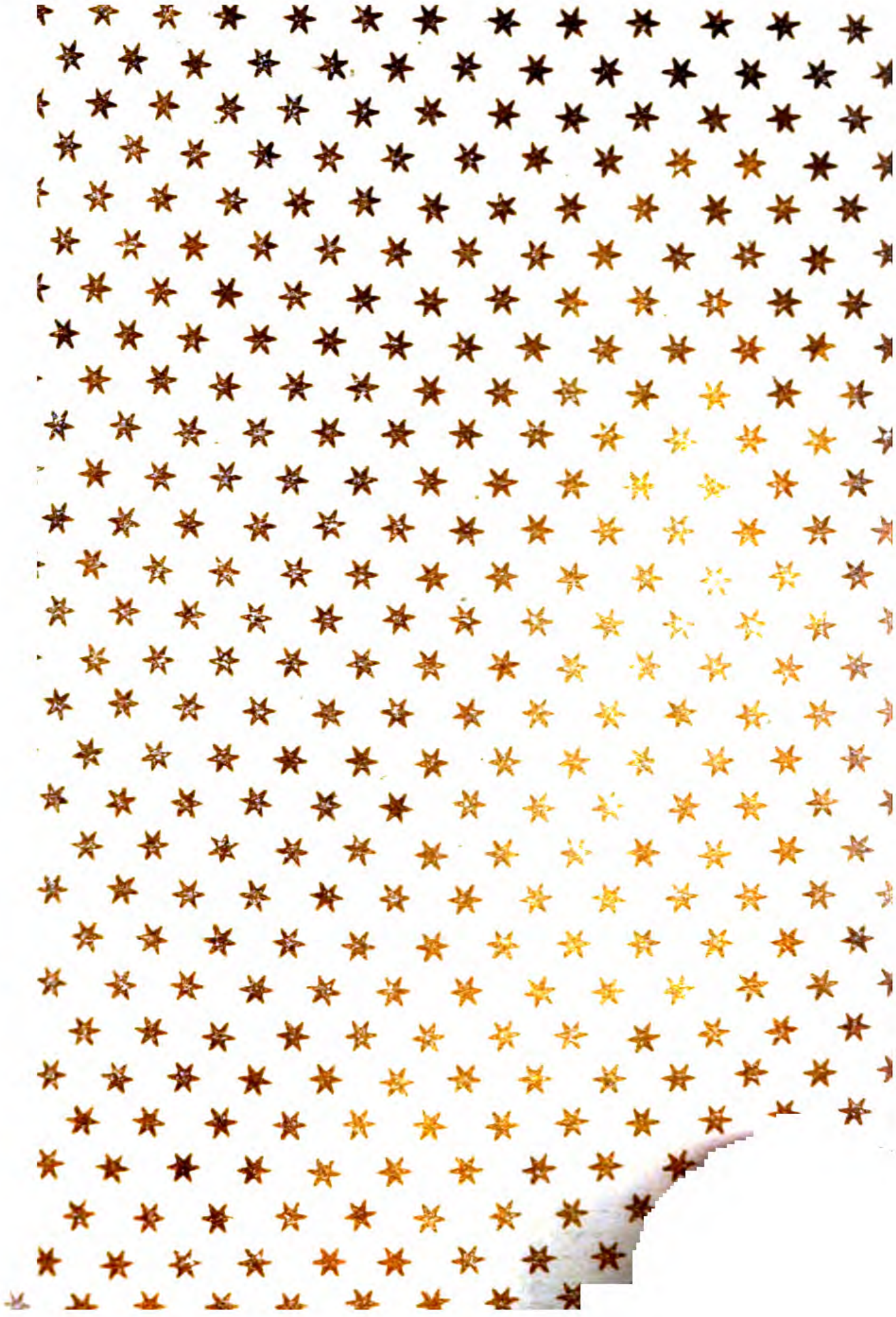

THE

NOVELS

OF

FREDERIKA BREMER.

VOL. VIII.

MINOR TALES.

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

1844.

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THE TWINS;

AND OTHER TALES.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

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

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,
BY A LADY.

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

1844.

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THE

FICTIONS OF FREDERIKA BREMER.

It is but a short time since the name of this Swedish authoress first appeared in Germany, and already have several lovely creations been transplanted from her garden of flowers into a German soil. With a bountiful hand has she scattered her gifts, yet her lavishness and prodigality have made her no poorer. Before us lie twelve volumes of translations, which have been issued from the press of F. A. Brockhaus, half of which are in their third edition; and all of them in dress and exterior worthy of their noble contents.

"The Neighbours," "The President's Daughters," "Nina," "Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys," "The H—— Family," "Minor Tales," "Strife and Peace, or Scenes in Norway," "The Bondmaid," and "A Diary," constitute their titles. And they are all connected together under the common appellation of "Sketches from Every-day Life," a phrase which, while it exhibits their unassuming character does not, by any means, sufficiently express the depth and richness of their several contents.

The praiseworthy, yet, perhaps, too-freely indulged peculiarity of the German character, that of making the foreigner thoroughly their own, has here found a valuable acquisition; and it is a matter of commendation, that it has turned to a kindred northern race, whose blood is so warm with life, and whose fruits are so fresh and racy. If the worthy Tegner has already procured in Germany a favourable introduction for his intellectual countrymen, it must be attributed to Frederika Bremer that she has procured for them a *general* reception; for since her first appearance there, several Swedish novels and romances have been translated into the German, and all have been received with unusual marks of favour.

There is no longer any necessity for vindicating the rights of females to authorship; they have already won them for themselves, although it cannot be denied, that from the limited number of those who have a call to so public a sphere of action, it would seem that they were merely exceptions to the general rule. Did they confine themselves to the circle in which Frederika Bremer has moved, which in its confinement has, nevertheless, compass enough, and is anything but limited, the most zealous decrier of the rights and abilities of women would have but little reason to complain of their literary productiveness. Who is there that does not listen with pleasure to an educated and polished woman relating her adventures, whether real or fictitious? Why should not her ready hand write down that which we receive with so much attention and interest when proceeding from her lovely mouth? Where the ability to express the beautiful thought in beautiful language—

to create so intuitively the bold imaginings of the soul and heart, is exhibited in so striking and manifold a manner as in our intellectual and feeling Swedish authoress, it were an unnecessary labour to premise it in advance, or to demonstrate it in detail.

But, can the "Sketches from Every-day Life," afford us any profit? Ought not fiction to raise us above the "every-day," to transport us to higher regions? This question, however, she answers in the negative, in bringing home to us every-day life, adorned, ennobled, and glorified, as a subject of contemplation, worthy and capable of invigorating the soul. As poetry not only adorns the sublime, but also elevates the inferior, so it is equally able to invest every-day life with an enchantment which cannot but be powerfully attractive, and with an importance which sometimes is far deeper and richer than that displayed in the narration of the extraordinary.

A fortunate authoress is not always an excellent one, and conversely an excellent one not always fortunate; that is, gladly read and generally known. The approbation of the many does not decide the true value of a work. But where the public opinion of two nations loudly expresses itself in favour of all the efforts of an unassuming and imaginative mind, we may well suppose that there lies some deep reason for so general an acknowledgment.

What is it now, that even among us, has procured such universal and well merited approbation of the works of Frederika Bremer? Certainly, not alone the attractions presented by that which is new and foreign. For the new and foreign is offered to us yearly—ay,

daily, in such plenitude that it must be exceedingly richly endowed and originally conceived, when it not only finds an entrance and wins an ephemeral reputation, but also acquires the unanimous and enduring approbation of all the better—the clear-thinking, and high in sentiment. Such is the approbation which has been bestowed upon this worthy Swedish authoress, the principal reason of which was, probably, the perfectly unassuming manner in which she presented herself. There is not the least trace of pretension that she is about to offer us something unheard-of, unusual, or extraordinary; or that her object is to make for herself a name, and crown herself with the laurels of fiction. She does not claim to be an artist, but merely a dilettante, and offers herself simply as she is, like a gentle pilgrim, who from the treasures of her clear understanding and pure heart, would impart for her younger sisters her observations and experience, which serve not only for a delightful recreation, but also for instruction, warning, and advice. The modest title—"Sketches from Every-day Life," is evidently, on her part, seriously intended, although she is doubtless aware that it is anything but mere every-day life which flows from her pen. In each case, the appellation of "Sketches" is too modest, and consequently untrue; for that which is here offered does not consist merely of designs, outlines, and sketches, but of finished paintings, always elaborate, and frequently carried out with the minuteness of the Flemish school; and the fresh colouring of nature is still preserved.

Such a total absence of presumption is seldom to be met with in the less gifted writers; the more inferior

they are, and the more worthless their productions, the less are they conscious of their weakness, and the more effectually do they imagine they can establish their claims; consequently, a favourable prejudice is always awakened toward an author, when first making his appearance, in regard to the ability of his productions, when he exhibits no evidences therein of overvaluing himself. But a continued and enduring approbation can fall to the lot only of genuine talent—only of such abilities which not only abide the test of public sentiment, but are also approved by those of acknowledged taste. At any rate, only those who afford something of substantial merit, could have obtained that consideration from the higher literary circles, which was bestowed upon Frederika Bremer. She possesses an uncommonly happy, versatile, exact and attractive mode of expression; undoubtedly this is her own from nature, and inborn, but by study and practice developed and highly polished. Nowhere can you discern study, while you cannot but enjoy its fruits; nowhere can you find a circumlocution, either in language or in expression; the one adapts itself immediately to the ideas the other is equally easy and concise; there is nothing over-strained or tinselled; the same charming simplicity is everywhere apparent. The subject matter is so clearly presented and moulded, that the form involuntarily presents itself, and in the most indubitable manner.

But the charms of a pleasing style are, however heightened by the richness and chasteness of the contents. They consist of pictures of real life, striking, calculated to excite reflection, well selected, attractive,

illuminated with taste, and with a back-ground of strong common sense—in outline, disposition and coloring, all conceived and finished with the same ability. With all the palpable connection of the subjects, between which a family resemblance is soon detected, the variety of incidents and characters is very great. The conceptions, it is true, exhibit no marks of a fiery or luxuriant imagination, but they are neither barren nor uniform; and, in no case are they wanting in the charms of novelty or originality. In every new volume, new characters are brought forward, which, although we may imagine that we have in part heard or seen them before, yet in another dress and under other circumstances, or exhibited in another point of view, are no specimens of every-day individuality.

In the delineation of character, our authoress evinces uncommon skill. Not only the principal actors, but several of the inferior ones are sharply and truly defined portraits, which possess not only the appearance of life, but have, in fact, a substantial life; they stand, move, speak, and act before us, and we are continually taxing our memories for the originals, the counterparts of which the versatile authoress has placed before our eyes; we have a dim remembrance of having, somewhere or other, during our lives, encountered each one of them. But it is far from being the case that every-day forms, those which every one is already acquainted with, are all that are presented before us; even those readers who have lived much in the world, and have associated with many men, will here make new and interesting acquaintances, whose images they will ever fondly retain in memory. As the

marks of truth and nature are everywhere impressed upon these portraits, so there are some which are conceived and drawn with peculiar force. Seldom has the graver in the hands of a female, drawn and finished such sharply-defined and forcible characters as "*Ma chère mère*" and "Bruno," in "The Neighbours." In the same rank with these, we would place "the Lady Astrid" in "Strife and Peace," "the blind girl" in "the H— family," "Nina" and "Edla" in "Nina," and "Petrea" in "The Home"—all of them real originals, of which, moreover, there is no want among the male portraits.

A varied life, as well as a keen power of observation, seem to have endowed Miss Bremer with so rich a fund of experience, that she was preeminently qualified to enter as authoress into the sphere in which she now moves free and secure. For such reasons, many of her more attentive readers have had a strong desire to obtain some satisfactory account of her past life and the progress of her mind; these will consequently feel grateful to the Messrs. Brockhaus for having suggested to the intellectual Swede a revelation of this kind, her reply is printed as an introduction to "The Bondmaid." To tell the truth, this gift is not very satisfactory, at least to those who are the most zealously disposed towards the authoress; and, as they have already become acquainted with her mind, they would gladly have some information concerning the events and circumstances in which it has become that which finds such ready and honourable acknowledgment among ourselves. That which we have obtained is but a mere sketch, concealing rather than explaining; but,

nevertheless, it is still valuable, and our readers may not object if we recount the principal facts therein developed.

Born upon a Finland estate, not far from Abo, Frederika Bremer was in her earliest years removed to Sweden, where her father was an extensive land proprietor. The simple life of the family glided calmly away from spring to autumn in the country, and from autumn to spring in the capital city, with agreeable society in either place, their time being taken up principally in the household duties, in familiar readings, where attention was mostly directed to the German classics, and in the practice of the arts. Each daughter of the house availed herself of the means of education here offered, each one according to her own peculiar taste and disposition, and painted a future, glowing with all the enchantment of a lively excited imagination. It may be mentioned as characteristic, that our authoress in all her visions, foresaw herself a warrior heroine.

A sad reality—a deep and bitter melancholy, the origin of which, in consideration of her reluctance to explain it, we can only surmise, here drew like a dark gloomy cloud over the life of the young maiden; for many a year did she struggle with it, but at length she came out victorious, free, and strong. "The illusions of youth are dissolved, the spring-time of youth is past." But a new youth, light, and freedom have arisen in the purified soul, and with renovated strength she goes to the daily work which she has recognized as her calling. She began early, even when but a girl, to write, yet it is but lately that she has allowed any of

her productions to be printed. "I wrote under the impulse of youthful and restless feelings; I wrote that I might write. Latterly, I have resumed the pen under far different influences;" but upon what these are, she is silent. On the verge of the autumn of life, she still delights in the same cheerful society to which she has been accustomed from her earliest spring days, and in the possession of a beloved mother and sister. For the future, she has no other wish than that she may perfect the labours which she has undertaken, to which her former writings "form the beginning." Thus we may still expect many a ripe and rich offering from her, if her health remains as sound and her heart as fresh as the past warrants us in assuming.

These revelations from the life of the authoress, give a key to the peculiar delineation and coloring of several of the female characters in her romances; a high-souled resignation, a calm and impartial contemplation of the world, a rising above the opposition of circumstances—the joys of the peaceful life of a confiding family circle, together with a lively interest in all the noble and beautiful that lies beyond its sphere; these charming qualities, which she herself exhibits, she has impressed upon those characters which have been drawn by her with such vigor and success. But that which more firmly strengthens such qualities, that which imparts to her a generous sympathy in the sorrows and joys of mankind, a profound knowledge of the operations of the human heart, as well as the calm and lofty bearing of all her productions, is the deep and warm religious tone which gushes like a spring, refreshing and purifying, from her inner life, and in all her works mirrors her soul brightly before us.

Her religion is certainly more manly than feminine in its character—more of the head than of the heart, but nevertheless true, sincere and lasting. Her well-known work, "Morning Watches," of which two German translations lie before us, is not so well adapted as her romances to exhibit the peculiar tone of her belief. She has there removed herself so entirely beyond the focus of reflection, has theorized and speculated so deeply upon her belief, has so singularly compromised between the head and the heart, that her religious sentiments seem to have barely escaped shipwreck; while her other writings evince that she is inspired with a sounder, even more Christian spirit, than her metaphysical theories would lead us to suppose. We will not deny that even in the "Morning Watches," which we would much rather call "Morning Dawns," as they are termed in the Elberfeld translations; there beams a "tender, devout, yearning, and reverential heart," not less than an acute power of reasoning, which might well venture into the depths and shallows of theological controversy; but in her romances, the struggle appears to have been already successfully terminated, which she herself provoked, when with honest, and in fact, with pious zeal, but with insufficient weapons, she essayed to embroil herself in theological disputes. This attempt, however, remains as a valuable memorial of the richness of her soul and heart; and the charming warmth and animation with which she defends the everlasting truth against the postulates and opinions of a destructive worldly wisdom, proves that she feels as deeply as she thinks, and that the heart has made good its unalienable rights even there, where it seemed to

prejudice them in abstract operations of the mind. Her devotion is, perhaps, not carried to the clearness and fullness, which, among others, we so much admire in that richly-gifted Irish lady, Miss Grace Kennedy; yet she knows what it is that she believes, and has found it in the vital centre of all religious life. The devotion of a believing heart spreads itself, therefore, through all the flowers of her fancy; in all her writings the yearning of the soul for a higher world may be detected, and it is this which to those of susceptible hearts is so beneficial and powerfully attractive.

Her piety has given her eyes for all the wonders of God in nature as well as in human life, and has consecrated her a priestess of the religion of the visible creation. She observes and understands the mysterious and yet distinct language of the mountains and valleys, of the springs and floods, of plants and stones; the rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the waters, the chirping of the lonely cricket, and the song of the lark, tone sweetly in her breast. Her pictures of nature are so living, descriptive, and faithful, that we feel, as it were, at home in that country which she places before our eyes as the field of the incidents she narrates; they are landscapes, which by their exquisite finishing produce their full effect. Even when she takes us to that which is strange—the scenery peculiar to the distant North, the life and distinctness of the representation gives us so true a picture, that we easily and speedily accommodate ourselves to our new position. Yet she never loses herself, nor does she fall into a deification of nature, but points emphatically to the unseen hand, which so wisely orders all, and of whose

goodness the universe is so full; and to the One Spirit in which we live, move, and have our being. She acknowledges, and praises, and loves God in his mighty works; to these she does homage with devotion and enthusiasm, and she goes to them, and converses with them as if she were in a loved and friendly home; but as with a clear eye she sees Him in his visible creation, so with listening ear has she also heard His voice and the father word, and in this given herself up solely to His friendship.

Thus she is not ignorant of the tender mystery of a celestial love. The earthly which is existent in the child of Heaven for whom the bands of mortality are not yet loosed, is apparent in all her imaginations; it is evinced even in her own hints upon the progress of her mind—it has established its sweet influence also over her heart; but she has inspired and glorified it by a high-souled resignation, by a heart-felt devotion, and by elevating it to those pure heights from whence happiness can only come. "The crucified" is her love, and in His love has her heart become great and wide for mankind, whose brother He became. Released from the shackles of unsatisfied desires, of selfish inclinations and constrained resignation, she has approached the more truly and zealously to that love which seeks not for itself, which will neither embitter or demean itself —which loves all, hopes all, and endures all. A deep, warm, and true sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others, a clear comprehension of the woes of sighing mankind, an impulse from on High to make the redeemed of Christ conscious that they are redeemed, and can become freer, better, happier, and more con-

tented; beams brightly out from all her writings, and heightens the interest imparted by their delightful entertainment.

And thus in all her public works, as authoress, has Frederika Bremer never thrown aside that tenderness of woman's nature, the want of which, not even the most lofty intellect could supply. She unites female delicacy and purity with masculine vigor, and goes like a model far before her sex, the purifying, ennobling, and strengthening of which is the object of her dearest solicitude. Her labors are directed to the emancipation of woman—an emancipation of the most perfect, real, and essential kind, namely, that of manners; it is not so much the selfishness, the injustice, the tyranny of man or his yoke, which she exerts herself so strenuously to break, but it is rather the selfishness, the restraint, the vanity and the folly of the female heart; the tyranny of prejudice and conceit, of inherited errors, and of all-powerful habits. She would raise her sex to a consciousness of their original and unalienable dignity, from a state of the most humiliating and oppressive slavery to a true freedom, and to that unruffled peace of mind which can only be acquired by a sincere humility, by a heartfelt piety, by a zealous struggle for the better qualities, and by preserving truth sacredly on all occasions, and under all circumstances. She instructs, warns, and advises less by her earnest and forcible moralizing, than by facts, by pictures from life, by the variety of characters, which, in greater or less coflict with the world, she places before our eyes. The fidelity and exactness which are observable in all the figures which she has drawn with so ready and versatile a hand, render her writings the better adapted

to be manuals for the instruction of women. And, as her general maxim has been to confine herself within the bounds of probability, so has she always avoided over-doing her lights and shades; and, although it may appear that she has somewhat too highly colored several of her sharply-drawn, and perhaps stiffly-introduced characters, yet these are by no means mere creatures of the imagination, and, although rare and singular, yet they are delineations of real actors upon the stage of life. She has not felt herself called upon, like other female writers, to pourtray devils in human form; rather has she painted good angels, but these of a mortal goodness; and, to him who finds in them anything fantastic or over-done, we can only say, that his mind has had as little conception of the Ideal of true manly dignity and of female virtue, as that he has met their real counterpart in actual life. She has drawn several extraordinary characters with singular vigor and success, but they are finished in so charming, so lovely, and so human a manner, that the reader, especially the susceptible female reader, will not only be delighted with them, but will derive from their study, edification and amusement, encouragement and advice. Among her female characters are some so exquisitely depicted, that many a young or mature man will breathe in his heart the wish, "Would that I could have such a wife!" and many a young maiden or matron, "Would that I could only be like her!" And to animate this wish into efforts and exertions to imitate these models, and to awaken a holy ambition for that which is alone the true and beautiful in life, is the laudable object; and certainly an object crowned with

rich results, of our fiction authoress, who, in the admirable ability with which she has pourtrayed such rare and noble specimens of our kind, in that point of view which renders them so worthy of imitation, displays not only an enviable talent, but the dignity of her own pure mind.

Thus do the writings of Frederika Bremer recommend themselves so especially to the female sex: they afford men, also, rich enjoyment and enduring profit, but to women they are a mine of richness. Mothers may offer these writings to their budding daughters, as a gift whose value is not subject to a change of fashion, but which, even after long use, preserves its beauty as well as its intrinsic worth. Not only are these fictions, as appears from their very face, unobjectionable, pure, and bright in morals, but they are so judiciously arranged, and while far from prosaic, are still void of fantasy; on the contrary, are so practically useful, that they may, without the least hesitation, be placed in the hands of a refined young lady. In such a case, they will produce far more wholesome and fruitful results than the mass of the romances, novels, tales and romantic poems, with which, as if it were the most delicate nourishment, our female youth are now so abundantly fed. The agreeable and the useful are not only delightfully mingled in the "Sketches from every-day life," but they are really interwoven, and the one has become incorporated with the other; that which is valuable in thought, or moral in conception, is also clothed in the most beautiful language, and that which is beautiful in exterior, is also possessed of solid worth. And even there, where the thread of the story is inter-

woven with long reflection, and with theoretical exhortations and discourse, those, at least, will never feel wearied, who possess feeling and susceptible hearts.

We have recognized so much light in these fictions, that the truth and accuracy of our remarks might be called in question, did we not refer to a corresponding body of shade. The shade is not wanting; but it is not immediately apparent to the eye; we must seek it in order to find it, and in masses sufficient to quench the light to any considerable degree, it can never be discovered. We must confess that there are some marks of female talkativeness, which, although in general it is neither burdensome nor obtrusive, and, far from being disagreeable, is, on the whole, kindly intended, we must admit is in some places spun out to too great a length. Willing as we are to acknowledge the exquisite talent and successful effort which, in one or two volumes, has planned and executed, in a masterly manner, a subject from which mechanical authors would have wrought out a three or four volumed romance, or perhaps more than one, yet here and there we find passages where we cannot but desire that she had given us more history, more action; had dwelt longer upon scenes which are hastily glossed over, and consequently had been less minute and concise in her reflections We feel a secret pleasure, a malicious, yet innocent satisfaction, in discovering that even so highly gifted a lady must sometimes pay a little tribute to that habit of her sex, which occasionally is very agreeable, yet more frequently is productive of great inconvenience. Yet we everywhere listen to her with interest, even there, where she appears to speak more than we think

the subject absolutely requires; it is not the clatter of a gossip, but the redundant, and at the same time not superfluous, converse of a kindly-wishing heart. Wherever she has laid a broad foundation, she has in every case built up from it, and shewn herself possessed of such abundant materials, that even there, where she seems to have given us too much of the good, we can hardly complain of her extravagance.

In some of her delineations of character, however, she has given us too much of the evil, although it is done but seldom, and with a much more sparing hand. The Countess Augusta, in "The President's Daughters," with all her exquisite beauty and loveliness, is a being nevertheless so exceedingly repulsive, that we would readily conceive the portrait to be unnatural, although in other cases exact fidelity is a characteristic of the figures drawn by our authoress. A love of so passionate and desperate a nature as that of the Ccuntess, is certainly capable of fearful aberrations, and an intriguing heart may, in the multiplicity of its wiles, become so utterly blinded, and acquire such exceeding ingenuity, that it is no longer able to distinguish between right and wrong, and between truth and falsehood; yet it is hard for us to believe that this Augusta whom we fondly imagine is not utterly void of human feeling, could be capable of so fiendish an action as that of destroying the happiness of her noble sister, and with it that of Count Alaric, who so incomprehensibly permitted himself to be duped. Of course we do not mean to advise our authoress to paint only pure and holy angels, although it is in them that she succeeds best, but where so dark a shadow comes over

a character, and that too a female one, in whom she desires to interest us, she should pourtray some deeper psychological motive for so violent an act. And so with the blind girl in "The H— Family," certainly a very original character, but one so distorted, that we would much rather suppose her falsely drawn than according to life, we mean faithfully represented. It is not merely the singular aberration of the love of the sexes, which, though contrary to nature and condemned by the ties of blood, may not impossibly exist in the paradoxical bosom of human kind, but it is the whole bearing and position, the words and deeds of this unfortunate one, which extort the wish that the delicate pencil of our artiste had somewhat less glaringly colored this painting, to consider which an exact portrait would be beyond our possibility.

If from the great mass of pictures of character, which, in these writings, pass us in review and successively excite our liveliest sympathy, we extract these two as objects of censure, for being, according to our subjective ideas, falsely delineated and unnatural —this may, perhaps, the better attest the impartiality with which we have paid tribute to the shining talents of our fiction authoress, as well as the justness of our acknowledgment of her extraordinary ability for depicting characters. We would not be understood as pointing to a blemish, when we add, that through all these delineations we have everywhere detected the presence of a female hand, a hand whose vigor is as apparent as its extreme delicacy.

We dare not here go more deeply into the merits of the various writings of Frederika Bremer; least of all

do we feel ourselves called upon to range them in an order according to the degree of interest or approbation which they have severally afforded, for this order might, perhaps, with equal propriety be reversed by other readers and reviewers, inasmuch as the most diverse opinions have been loudly expressed in circles of acknowledged taste. That the critic may extravagantly laud, or unjustly condemn—that he may too highly estimate or too lowly decry the true merit of a production of the mind, will not be disputed. He who would calmly and unbiassed, enjoy a work, will not be likely to be influenced by such decision.

We shall, therefore, but slightly glance over these little interesting volumes, and in the same order in which they were laid before the public. "The President's Daughters," a painting of the higher classes of society, was the first which directed the attention of Germany to the richly gifted Swede; and although the expectations which she then excited, were disappointed by none of her later productions, yet this able fiction must claim the prior right of a first love. She inspires and leaves in us, so lively an interest in the greater number of the characters which here pass before us, that it is with extreme pleasure that we again meet with them in "Nina." Nina, the President's youngest daughter, is not only lovely in form, but in intellectual qualities she resembles, in a high degree, her sister Adelaide, as does Count Ludolf, the Count Alaric; but there is a peculiar charm, and an especial satisfaction in contemplating the independent development and temperament of such kindred souls. The lady Greta and Clara are very interesting inferior characters in this painting;

they irresistably attract the attention, although at the same time they do not withdraw it from the principal characters. In both works, from the time she awakens to a life of freedom of the mind, is Edla a marked object for our warmest sympathy, wherever her unpretending efforts are displayed before us. The good old President, who late in life committed the folly of marrying the Countess N., appears to us in still more favorable a light for having acknowledged and rewarded the excellence of Edla, his disowned daughter. Hervey's noble figure attracts our most powerful sympathy; we long to see him united with Nina, but, with sound tact and poetic fervor, our fiction authoress has separated the lovers. It is with difficulty, however, that we can reconcile ourselves to Nina's marriage with the Count Ludolf, who, although a very honorable man, appears any thing but agreeable in his relation with Nina. And we must confess that a marriage which joins the hand but not the heart, in fact, where the hearts are mutually repulsive, is a discordance to the divine harmony. We are pained, a healthy feeling deserts us, when the noble Nina, her soul belonging to a living lover, gives her body to another husband. The earnest request of the dying Edla, to see her united to Ludolf, is grounded upon good motives, and appears to be well justified; and the sacred pledge which the deeply agitated maiden gives her despairing sister, contains an obligation, an imperative necessity, from which we would hardly see her absolved. We admire her for the heavy sacrifice which, with the most magnanimous self-denial, she offers without a murmur. The whole scene is painted with a masterly hand, but it leaves a faint impression of melancholy behind.

"Strife and Peace, or Scenes in Norway," transfers us to the vast nature-scenes of the distant North-land, and to a little circle of well-marked men; there is much of the Idyllic, and high-romantic in this charming picture. But in "The Neighbours," on the contrary, the storm of contending passions rages over us. It was a happy idea, the soothing the many phases of this storm by the interesting narration of the cheerful and contented Mistress Werner, and the placing in contrast to them, the peaceful and quiet life of the Dahl family, and particularly the lovely Serena. "The Neighbours" is, in composition, design, and coloring, by far the most perfect work of our authoress, who—if we may be permitted an expression too often misused, but in this case perfectly appropriate—seems here to have surpassed herself. There is much action, and considerable life to be found here, and a conjunction of several marked and highly interesting characters, among whom the young maiden Hausgiebel worthily sustains her place.

"The Home, or Family Cares, and Family Joys," is a simple representation of a lovely and amiable family; the lively interest with which it inspires us, is caused less by the richness of the incidents and occurrences, than by the speaking and acting characters of the work. In addition to the more every-day figures, among whom the sensible and worthy master of the family himself belongs, we find the Assesor Jeremias Munter, Mistress Gunilla, Sara, Petrea, Eva, and Gabriele, all of whom, by their originality, unite in inspiring us with interest, and in richly enlivening the whole picture. The marriage of the lovely Eva with that

quaint individual, the Assessor Munter, is a truly surprising occurrence, to which we can with difficulty reconcile ourselves; but, toward the conclusion, we cannot avoid bestowing our good will upon the old gentleman, who, beneath a rough exterior, conceals a kindly heart. "The H—— Family" concludes this series of fictions, we will not say unworthily, but, according to our view of it, there is a want of finish; apart from the blind girl, this sketch is poorer in nicely delineated characters than the others; but she draws the attention, and holds it uninterruptedly to the end.

"The Bondmaid" displays a considerable amount of research, and a deep knowledge of human nature. We consider the characters for the most part well drawn, and some of them, especially those of the Princess Frid, and of the slave Kumba, are elaborately finished. The notes appended to the work, and which throw so much light upon the ancient belief, and the customs of the Scandinavian tribes, are invaluable, and altogether the work exhibits, most decidedly, masculine energy, united with the utmost female delicacy and propriety.

"A Diary" deserves particular attention, and is well calculated to awaken the deepest interest in all persons of real taste and feeling. It would be useless in a contracted notice like this, to endeavour to do more than direct general attention to the work, and invite especial regard to the various exhibitions of individual character which has been brought before the reader. The amiable authoress has in this work evinced an uncommon acquaintance with some of the most minute lines of human character, and the inculcation of

just, noble, and generous sentiments has never been forgotten. An attentive perusal of the work and a careful attention to its varied contents, will be found its best and most enduring recommendation.

We will now cast a glance over the little volume of "Minor Tales," which is also included under the common appellation of "Sketches from Every-day Life." After a brief Introductory Note to the Public, we find, first, "The Twins," an affecting solemnity for the dead, inclining our thoughts to the tomb, and beyond death and the grave. Second. "Axel and Anna, or a correspondence between two inhabitants of different stories," a charming love story, but spun out somewhat lengthily, a fault which we do not often find in our authoress. Third. "The Lonely One," the brief, but interesting diary of a lonely sufferer, who felt urged to write down the silent and unrevealed mystery of her heart, and found peace in belief and death. Fourth. "The Consoler," a sweet story, in which is exhibited the healing influence of a gentle sister's love over a brother diseased in body and soul. Fifth. "Stockholm Suppers," a jesting and humorous finale to the sombre tableaux which have preceded. Sixth. "Hopes," the agreeable little history of a poor candidate, who in the midst of hunger, thirst, and cold, sustains himself throughout by an inexhaustable treasury of hopes, which at last he sees fulfilled in a manner as unexpected as it is gratifying. These stories are not calculated for mere amusement; they afford much food for thought; and many a clear insight into the depths of the human breast.

And thus do we part from our charming Swede, with

the sincere hope that the time may not be long ere we shall meet again. We have no fears that the splendid encomiums, which have been bestowed upon her by more than one nation, may lead her on to write too much, and thereby exhaust her stores; from her abundant treasury she can still shower upon us many a bright gift, and she will not neglect to economise her feminine art, while, at the same time, she will not, as an Authoress, spread us a meagre table, remembering also that one may be satiated even with the richest food. But, should she return to us again, the "Stranger Maiden" will always be greeted with a hearty welcome.

MINOR TALES.

BILLET TO THE PUBLIC.

OBLIGING PUBLIC! A book is a traveller through the world, who is usually provided with a letter of recommendation. This is either in the form of a preface, in which the author modestly steps forward and begs for favor, or in some concluding lines, wherein he—recommends himself. If the *book* should recommend itself, it is much the best. Modestly fearing that this may not, in this instance, be the case, we hasten to place a little billet in front, which earnestly requests the considerate kindness of the Swedish public, as well for the little book, as for its inconsiderable

AUTHORESS.

THE TWINS.

Two charming rose-buds (the last in my garden) have frozen this October night. I had been delighting myself with the thought of pleasing my aged mother, who is still very fond of flowers, with two beautiful roses; she calls them, at this time of year, her ornaments. *Now* my promising buds hang upon their stalks without life or colour; they are gone—and with them my little birth-day pleasure.

I looked at them a long time, and felt tears coming into my eyes as I did so. They were tears of recollection—consecrated to the memory of two rose-buds, of a nobler kind, who, full of hope as these beautiful flowers, had faded away like them, early nipped by the night-frost of life.

Edward and Ellna, my youthful friends—how often do your sweet images come before me in solitary hours! Like mild spring zephyrs, do the recollections of those times breathe upon me, when I was so often with you—heard you, saw you, and in you the most beautiful things which God had ever placed upon the earth.

Now when I find some beautiful fruit, fallen from the tree before it is ripe, a flower whose germ has been

bitten by a worm, anything beautiful and good, that passes away too soon—I think of Edward and Ellna.

See there the beautiful country residence, enclosed by extensive parks, where they lived with their mother. They were the last of many to whom she had given birth, and the only ones who still remained to her.

"They were her darlings—her all."

She had given up the hope of being again a happy mother, when, from her already somewhat advanced age, Edward and Ellna prepared as blessed an enjoyment as the rose-colored fancy of her early years had ever even dreamed of.

Born at the same time, every thing seemed formed by nature and harmony between Edward and Ellna. Their features, their manner, their voices had a perfect resemblance to each other, only that every thing in Edward, especially in latter years, was more strongly expressed, which appeared in Ellna in soft moving feminine attractiveness.

They were so beautiful, that no one could look upon them unmoved. The eye, wearied by the many unpleasant and discordant objects perpetually encountered in life, could rest with delight on these lovely beings, who stood there in the unsullied splendour of child-like innocence, as promises of a fairer and better creation.

Their smile was peculiarly enchanting: in it their souls were reflected, those depths of innocence and joy. Two dew-drops, sent down by Heaven to refresh the earth, give back their image in their transparent purity.

"Happy childhood!" I have heard thousands ex-

claim, who had already drank more deeply from the cup of life, to whose edge only children have brought their lips to kiss away the sparkling foam. "Happy childhood!" it is granted to you to drink, in the midst of sports, the pure nectar of joy, while we seek in vain for a refreshing drop from the troubled stream which is offered to us, in the midst of labour and care.

And it has seemed to me sometimes that childhood was not justly esteemed so happy. How many tears are shed by children! Tears of impatience, of choice, of anger, tears forced out by shame and reproaches, tears of envy, of vexation and of despair; in a word, of all the passions which poison for older hearts the draught of life

It is true, there is no need that these tears should be shed, if a wise and merciful hand would always remove the thorns from the road in which the little pilgrims of life are walking. But often—alas! too often—instead of taking them away, others only scatter them in the path. Constraint and unmerited reproaches are placed, like poisonous nettles, around the poor little creatures. How often have I seen it—how often have I cried out: "You poor children—you poor little children! why were you brought into a life, whose few spring flowers even you are not permitted to gather?"

Freedom—freedom, the west wind of joy, whose pure breath alone can expand every flower of life—give freedom to those innocent little ones, who, born to immortality, must wander through a stormy country. Let the air of liberty, not the simoon of restraint, accompany their first steps, and the world will not then see so many exhausted wanderers sink down powerless, and fall under their burden, by the wayside.

The first years of Edward and Ellna passed away in innocent freedom. Their cradle was Nature, in her genial beauty. In the fields, in the forests, in the groves, they either played or rested. While they were lying, entwined in each other's arms, in the shade of the trees, on the soft grassy bank, they were often heard talking of the angels, whose wings they saw in the clouds, which, driven by light zephyrs, passed through the blue sky above the dark green summit of the trees. They saw them smile; they even talked with them sometimes, confidingly and childishly; praised their beauty, which (as they said) was much greater than their own. They often raised their little infantine voices to accompany the notes of heavenly harps, which they heard mingling with the rustling leaves of the forest. Their mother, who was always with them, believed in the reality of these appearances. And after all, what can be said against it?—that we have not ourselves experienced it. But how seldom are people so like angels, and so happy as Edward and Ellna!

Every one who knew them, was forced to acknowledge that he had never yet seen their like, and many persons asked themselves in pious transport, whether these children were indeed like other mortals.

Around their white foreheads fell their light brown locks; their eyes glistened beneath in soft enchanting brightness. The glad smile of infancy ever parted their beautiful lips, and formed in their rosy cheeks the little dimples, which I hardly know why, we like so much to kiss.

Their whole figure was so beautiful, the form of their

hands in particular, so perfect, that I once saw a sculptor go into raptures as he looked at them, and an old gardener, who was not particularly noted for politeness and good manners, get a pair of gloves in order to lead the little Ellna about in the garden, and his fairest flowers were soon deposited in her muslin apron.

Accustomed to being admired, without knowing why, Edward and Ellna willingly went to meet any one who wished to see them, and received, gently smiling, their praises and caresses.

"We are so handsome," they said in their simplicity, without knowing what it was to be handsome, or that the world considered the possession of beauty an advantage. The pleasant impression which, as they well knew, they produced, seemed however to give them pleasure only because it was delightful to others.

"Look at us!" said they to an old man who was mourning the loss of his only son, "look at us, and do not cry any more!"

Accustomed to call forth smiles upon every face, they were astonished that one could look at them and yet weep; and in their uneasiness at finding that they could not comfort him, they began themselves to shed tears with him. What their smiles could not do, their tears now accomplished. The old man took them in his arms, and felt himself revived as by the sympathy of angels. Afterwards, they were heard to say, when they saw any one in trouble, "Look at us, we are *crying* with you." Thus did these little christians practice, even in their childhood, the precepts of their master.

Children are called tender-hearted. I confess that I have seen but few who were not rough and cruel. Unconscious (and therefore innocent) barbarians, they often torment in the most frightful manner, creatures who are weak and defenceless enough to become their victims. They observe with curiosity their writhings when suffering, and seldom avoid causing a pain, the expression of which makes a new impression on their excitable fancies. Oh! why are so many men (who actually know, who have themselves experienced what pain is) like these cruel little creatures! *They* are not innocent as these are.

I have often exclaimed at the sight of their barbarous enjoyments, and the martyrdoms which their so-called necessary wants, their desire of knowledge, their inhumanity, cause to millions of innocent beings; "Oh! why was man created—the being who suffers more, and causes more suffering, than all others on the earth?"

Yet, I know that in one day all will be made good—no more tears will be shed—no more pains will be felt. Humbly bowing my head, I will still hope and wait for that higher light, which is here denied to us. There is a God; then let the murmuring of men cease!

Edward and Ellna were not cruel, as the children of earth commonly are. They did not yet know what pain and suffering were, but it seemed as if they anticipated it: and whenever they saw its sad expression, their most zealous efforts were directed to alleviate and to cure it. If a poor little worm were creeping in the dust, dragged along by ants, it was at once set at liberty by their hands, and placed in safety on the

soft grass at a distance from its tormenters. Whenever they saw a little bird which, accustomed to the liberty of the woods, was striking its head in a cage in useless flutttering against the iron wires of its prison, they burst into tears, entreated its owners to give him his liberty, and if their petitions were ever fruitless they collected all their little spending money and purchased it. Then it went out in the field with the happy children. The prison door was opened, and when the little freed captive described circles in the air with joyful twitterings over their heads, the children clapped their hands, and their hearts beat quick with joy.

Not a day passed in which they did not do some good, or prevent some evil. Certainly the sphere of influence of the little ones was yet small, and what they could accomplish inconsiderable. They were young artists, who were practising early the beautiful and noble parts which they were to perform afterward on the great theatre of the world. Edward and Ellna brought provisions to the birds' nests, in the robbing and plundering of which boys often find a pleasure, in the cruel and presumptuous exercise of their youthful strength. They laid food for the birds at the foot of the trees or hedges where the little aerial families had built their summer dwellings. "The mother will not have to fly far now (they said), and the little birds need not wait and suffer hunger!" They approached carefully the places where the mother bird had put her eggs in the grass, scattered the grain about silently, and were very careful not to alarm the timid birds, who, accustomed by degrees to the visits of the little angels, only flew away twittering, resting on a neighbouring bush, and

awaiting quietly the departure of the children, who slipped away so gently and lightly that the grass rose again under their footsteps, as if it had been only bent down by light zephyrs.

That they might not tread on ants, which were always swarming over the paths in travelling parties, or upon frogs which were leaping before their feet, the children would remain where they were, or make a little circuit. They never killed any creature intentionally—not a fly, nor even a gnat, those Parias of the air who find no mercy from the educated portion of mankind. "Ah, it is so charming to live," said the lovely children. Once, indeed, I saw little Ellna give up her white hands and arms to these freebooting blood-suckers. "I am giving them their supper," said she, smiling, and "it does not hurt me much," she added on her brother's account, who manifested now for the first time the somewhat overbearing temper of *the man*, and forbade his sister to do so again, if she did not desire that he should extirpate the whole race of gnats; which would not, probably, have been more difficult to him than the conquest of the world to Alexander.

Ellna was forced to give up. The gnats were driven away, and then Edward tried to prevent by kisses the swelling of the parts bitten by them. The fresh smiles of childhood illuminated their countenances while they were thus struggling in sport, Edward to give, and Ellna to avoid, the kisses.

I said that they never killed an animal intentionally; I was wrong. If they saw a little creature struggling in the pangs of death—a fly or moth which had burned

its wings in the candle, a trodden-upon but still-living worm, Edward, as the least soft hearted, would hasten, with averted eyes and merciful foot, the moment when torment and suffering should be at an end.

"It is better to die than to suffer," they said, and turned away with pale countenances.

"These children are too good for this world," said those who knew them. "They certainly will not live long."

And yet, "Oh my God, it would do good, amidst so many sorrows, so many evils, if thou wouldst allow these visions to remain here longer, who reveal to us, as it were, the star which we have lost from our brows —who gently and refreshingly remind us from whence we came and whither we go.

Ye good and lovely mortals, if I wish that you might linger here, it is for our sakes and not for yours. If the All-merciful would call back unto his bosom this spark of his spirit which was to warm and enlighten an unworthy world for an instant, how good is it in Him, how good for you!

The May-day of childhood had passed for Edward and Ellna. Their youth had opened. They counted fifteen years.

Their child-like dispositions were not much changed. The first violet which peeped out from under the snow, the first strawberry which reddened in the sunbeam, still called forth upon their cheeks the glow of delight; and the joy or sorrow of their fellow-creatures drew from them now, as before, a smile or a tear. Now, however, they understood, better than before, that human beings were the worthiest objects of their solicitude.

For the circuit of a mile round their home there was not a cottage which they had not visited. The benevolence of their mother gave them continually an opportunity of doing good. "Tell us what you want," they said to the poor and sick; "if we can we will help you." Sometimes it was a softer bed; sometimes more nourishing food; sometimes a little assistance in money; sometimes a word said in their favor, which the destitute received, always accompanied by kind words, which, uttered by two of the sweetest voices, made an impression as profound as it was beneficial. Where aid was not wanted, they endeavoured at least to give a little pleasure; small presents were distributed to fathers and mothers, bonbons to the children, and these latter particularly, who of course prize most highly of all kindnesses those which are shown to their sugar-loving palates; all these little lovers of noise and sweetmeats accompanied and greeted Edward and Ellna wherever they went with loud acclamations of delight.

Their mother was warned of the evils which might arise from so much benevolence. She answered, to the exhortation of her friends, "Let us not be too cautious. A single opportunity of doing good which is lost (as often happens) through distrust, is an irreparable loss. I acknowledge that we are often deceived by others from too little foresight, but we deceive ourselves, on the other hand, by too great caution. And then, if you only knew what I feel when I hear my children blessed by every mouth!"

If any one wished to thank Edward and Ellna in the

way they best liked, he would say to them, "I am better, my pains are less," or, "I am happier and brighter now," or, "God is good, he does not let us despair." Then their hearts were filled with the purest joy, and they thanked God.

Meanwhile they did not exert themselves merely for the benefit of the poorer and less educated classes; they did not seek to alleviate merely those cares which are expressed by tears, those sorrows which speak in a loud voice. The silent sorrow, the corroding disquiet, those small but intolerable vexations like a thousand pricks of a needle, which we do not willingly acknowledge, but which are so much the worse to bear—all those lesser trials which hang like chains upon the slaves of the fine and polished world, they perceived and endeavoured to make lighter with gentle hand. A glance which betrayed unconsciously an oppressed heart; an expression, a gesture, any embarrassment—generally the consequence of an uneasy mind—which manifested uneasiness, seldom escaped their notice, and always made them try to find out some method to give at least a few moments of pleasure to those who seemed to be destitute of peace and contentment of heart.

If Ellna perceived a young girl in the company, who was not richly endowed by nature with external charms, and who seemed to have a painful consciousness that she was not agreeable, she tried to become acquainted with her; she approached her, talked kindly to her, and endeavoured in every way to make her feel that she was interested in her, and found pleasure in her society. Sometimes too Edward came to assist her,

and the consideration with which he would exercise toward her the thousand little courtesies, which one can never ask for, but which it is so pleasant to receive, his unconstrained cheerful politeness, joined to the enchanting friendliness of his sister, made an irresistible impression. When Edward, on his part, met with young men, who were neglected or solitary in society, he always tried to get into conversation with them. If they danced he introduced his sister to them, who, in the goodness of her heart, always gave them the preference to the rich, handsome and fashionable young men, who strove with each other for one of her brilliant glances.

How often have I seen countenances, which betrayed oppressed, or dissatisfied, or embittered dispositions, clear up under the influence of the twins, and by degrees reflect again their soft and beaming smile. The ugliest features were beautified by this, and in their more agreeable expression, one would read long afterwards the happy belief: "we too can be amiable."

One evening, on occasion of a dance on the green, I perceived that Ellna had parted with a bouquet, which her brother had made for her of the most beautiful flowers of the garden. I asked her, if she had lost it. "I have given it away!" she answered blushing, leaving me at the same moment to dance. I looked around with curiosity upon all the young and lovely persons at the ball; not one of them had Ellna's nosegay. Afterwards I observed on a look at a distance, a miserable, deformed being, whose limbs were all distorted; she was holding Ellna's bouquet in her withered hand, and was repeating softly, with an expression of pious

gratitude; "the angel—the angel! she thought, she said that flowers would do me good—yes, they have done me good—oh, the angel!"

How happy were those young and beautiful beings, how lovely and how beloved! In the whole country round, Edward and Ellna were extolled, as people boast of the gifts with which nature has peculiarly endowed a place which they call *their own*, and of which they are proud. They were called the angels; and indeed, when one saw them, or heard their melodious voices unite in a hymn of praise to their Creator, one would forget every thing else, and for a few minutes fancy himself in heaven.

The affection, which commonly exists between twins, was so deep, so intimate between Edward and Ellna that I think they had neither of them a conception of the existence of one separately from the other. They thought, they acted together, and seemed to wish to be never separated from each other. They always said *we;* only in each other did they feel *themselves;* that *self*, which when it finds itself quite alone, is so heavy, so painful a burden.

The beautiful life of these twins had passed away so far without a cloud. No sickness, no care, no sorrow had yet cast a shadow over their smooth brows. Life, usually so stern a teacher, appeared to respect these children, and for the first time not to wish to be severe. No day passed by without adding to their beauty. Their faces became more oval, and acquired more and more the beautiful Grecian form. They grew taller retaining their charming gracefulness, like two fresh flowers, whose summits have interwoven themselves

together. Their smiles became more expressive, and the goodness of their hearts shone not more clearly from their large blue eyes.

These darlings of God and man were approached almost with worship: one wished to make offerings to them, and yet felt that the only way to add to their happiness, was to take something from them. It seemed to me that I saw in them priests at the altar of mercy, humbly distributing the gifts of God.

Their mother—so much has been said, all perhaps, that can be expressed in words of a mother's love, and a mother's happiness—but the love, the blessedness of this mother cannot be described in words—can perhaps be likened only to that of *her* who saw the supreme glory of God encircle the head of her son.

At the age of sixteen they stood in the full perfection of natural and supernatural beauty. The world opened itself to them full of joy, of love, and of felicity. Before them lay a light, flower-bestrewn, peaceful path, on which they could walk together, beloved and loving, blessed and blessing; they would become the benefactors and the examples of mankind; they would here—and yet it was not to be—at the age of sixteen they were to die.

On Edward's Apollo-face, a fever-flush had began to shew itself at the approach of winter, which soon deepened and colored his youthful cheeks with a clear purple, but was then extinguished like a feeble flame, leaving behind a deathly paleness. His strength began to diminish, his beautiful slender figure bent forward, like a slight young tree bent down by the storm; his breath was short, his motions, before so animated

and rapid, became slow and feeble, and his eyes had a brightness, which foretold the approaching transfiguration of his whole being. The sentence of the physician was—consumption, and only a few months more of life.

Oh, how was everything now changed! As he went toward the grave, Edward looked back upon life, which seemed to be fleeing away from his eyes, as the shores of home vanish from those of the mariner.

"I am so young (said he with deep sighs), and must die! Leave thee, Ellna—separate from thee, from our mother! And this beautiful life, this charming earth, these good people, all, all—I must leave and die! Oh! in the dark grave where I shall lie alone—how terrible."

What Ellna said, what she did, had no object but consolation or alleviation to her brother. And yet she was so deeply sad, but she never thought of herself.

She said to Edward: "The sun has a wonderful power, my brother, come to the window, and let it shine upon thee; see, here is a soft seat, see these flowers which I have gathered for you, enjoy their delicious fragrance; in winter especially, they bring the breath of spring to all our feelings"—or, "rest upon me, my brother, then you will sit comfortably, and I will be so still!" and with her brother's head resting on her breast, she would sit quietly for whole hours, endeavouring to draw her breath with him, and suppressing the anxious beating of her heart. Another time she would say; "See, how the clouds disperse themselves, how the sky clears up; it opens all at once, and shines over us so mild and blue. It is the answer of the All-merciful to my prayer, which I just offered up to him so ardently. The sky of our happiness has been over-

cast, but it will soon be clear again, you will not die."

Sometimes she even tried with sporting and jest to awaken hope, both in his heart and her own. She danced before him, casting gracefully around him the light veil which her hands threw in a thousand pleasing forms around her own etherial figure. She sang for him those small romances and songs which give such a simple image of life, and which make it easily understood by those who listen to their charming tones. But when only a faint smile, a melancholy reflection of his before happy life, played over Edward's pale lips, then all the rays of hope were quickly extinguished in Ellna's eyes, and the twins wept together.

She often encouraged him to take the remedies prescribed, which are intended, particularly in consumption, to prevent the too sudden rupture of the delicate threads of life; she prepared them all with her own hand. Who can enumerate all which her inventive affection discovered to procure alleviation and comfort to the sufferer? She held her hands, without her brother's knowledge, in ice-cold water, in order to cool with them afterwards his burning brow. When she watched by his bed through sleepless nights, she read to him, or told him whatever she thought would most please him,in his present state of mind, which was ever changing with Edward, as with other consumptive patients. And in those dark hours, when it seemed dreadful to Edward that he was to die so young, and to be alone—for he could not imagine that he should not miss his sister even in the grave—then Ellna promised to follow him. "How could I do otherwise,"she added, "I am only conscious of living in thee!"

Yes, she could comfort; and what woman, what true woman cannot? A woman myself, I should perhaps be more modest—forgive me—but if I believe this, if I express it, it is because I love; and because, since I cannot avert the stroke of fate from those who are dear to me, I have fixed the hope of my whole life on alleviating it. Yes, I believe that only to us does the mystery of pain manifest itself in its minutest details, and that only to us is it given in the inspiration of feeling and of affection to imagine what are the concealed sufferings of the sick. I hope and believe, (and may this faith be ever mine) that, as in the beginning of time, the genius of evil sowed poisonous seeds in the flower-garden of life, the softening balsam was placed in the hands of woman which should make its power less active.

Ellna had said to Edward. "I will follow thee!" and she soon followed him. The same symptoms of disease showed themselves in her at the beginning of spring, and disease made rapid progress in her delicate frame, weakened by anxiety and night-watches.

To her was the sentence of death pronounced by an honourable and upright physician, who dreaded, more than anything else, to cause unnecessary suffering by the employment of fruitless attempts to cure what was incurable.

"We are so young, and yet we must die!" said Edward and Ellna now, in melancholy accents. But this *we*, which united them, was already a drop of comfort in their bitter cup.

Together they took leave of the spring flowers, which they were never again to see; every day took away

with it unpitying a drop of the strength of their life. They were often seen in the forest, supporting each other with feeble steps and anxious countenances, in the fields, in the groves, where they had once sported so gaily; they bade adieu to all; to the earth, to the sky itself, which seemed to them so glorious only because it hung over a land which was to them a paradise.

"Farewell all that we have loved," said they, "we must leave all, we must die!"

When people talked in their presence of anticipated pleasures, or of future good deeds, in order to amuse them, or to extend for them, as it were, the prospect which an approaching night was always making narrower—they said with tearful eyes: "we shall not be there; we must die!"

"Come to me in the autumn," said one of their neighbours, "when my grapes and peaches are ripe, and the true food of angels shall then be given to angels!"

"We cannot come in the autumn," they answered—"in autumn we shall not live!"

"Next month," said a pleasant old man, who was their friend, "my grand-children, Alfred and Signia, are coming to see me. They are good and beautiful, not as angels; but if my spectacles and my heart read aright, nearly so, very nearly. Alfred shall be Ellna's husband, and little Signia, who is the apple of my eye, Edward shall have for his wife. Quickly and pleasantly, as the chain in a quadrille, shall all go together, falling in love, betrothment, marriage! and we shall then find a little kingdom of heaven here upon the earth."

"Alas!" answered the angels, smiling, "we cannot marry, we must soon die!"

And in every way, and on every side this death came to them harshly and severely, forbidding and destroying all gladness; spreading everywhere gloom and darkness.

But this death itself, which appeared to them so terrible, they must learn to love.

Pain—the condition of life and the frightful side of life—which, till now had not ventured to approach these two angelic beings, struck now its tiger-claws into their breasts.

I had heard them say: "we must soon die!" with an expression of complaint, as if they had said, "we must leave the feast." Soon after, alas! I heard them say the same words, but with a tone which expressed "we shall soon rest!"

Short was the time of suffering, God be praised! peace came even before the grave; and only a slow, nearly painless vanishing away, led them unmarked to the shore of this life, where they might still gather a few flowers

Meanwhile they had suffered, had gained experience; and the prism disappeared, turning pale before their eyes, which had clothed the world in purple.

They looked around them—and this paradise had vanished—they saw tears, crimes, pain, terror; to relieve which, they stretched out in vain their powerless hands. Human suffering, whose signification they now first learned, arose like a dark phantom, and spread its veil of sorrow over the whole earth.

"Men suffer," said they, "animals suffer, all which

breathes suffer, or shall suffer. "O! it is not good to be here; this is the home of sorrow!" and they no longer wished to live—except (they thought) to give a little more comfort and help. "But it is so little that we can do now!" and a glance of sorrowful thought included the whole earth in its sadness.

At this time a good and enlightened priest began to instruct them in the religion into which they were baptized. In their angelic souls, as in the good ground of which the Gospel speaks, the heavenly seed sprung up, and bore fruit a hundred fold.

Their eyes become clearer by degrees as light dawned in their souls; they were often cast down to the earth even yet, while they said with sighs, "This world is not good;" but they quickly raised them glistening to the sky, joyfully feeling, "There is a better!"

The darkness which had enveloped them for a time, was constantly giving way, and glorious was the path which opened before them in the splendour of an unearthly light. There were their looks diverted, there all their hopes—all their desires. The anticipations of eternity thrilled through them, and while they looked at each other with smiles of blessedness, they whispered, "we are immortal."

After their first communion, all was peace in their hearts, and the brightness of their eyes was only a feeble reflection of their inward brightness.

One sorrow, only one sorrow, remained with them yet, and this often expressed itself gently in sweet tears, when they prayed, kneeling to the eternal source of light. "Oh, our God, (they said,) if the power of

Thy love should hereafter penetrate and illuminate us as its glorious image now, how, oh! how shall we ever thank thee?"

So passed the summer, while these angels resignedly and cheerfully, put down day by day flower after flower from the garland of life.

The autumn approached. The wandering on earth of the twins was ended with it. The nights passed sleeplessly away. When it was possible, they were carried out into the fresh air, where their obstructed breathing was made easier, and where the coolness alleviated the fever that was burning in their veins. While the August nights veiled silently and tranquilly all nature in a dark twilight—the bright flambeaux of hope and joy were burning in the souls of the dying twins.

I have heard these words, have seen these glances full of immortality, to which there was no more night. And afterwards, for a long time, everything in this life seemed to me pale and colourless.

The autumn had come. The beautiful heads of the twins sank fainting on the cushions of the sofa, from which they would not now raise themselves. Those who loved them were already reckoning up the seconds of their lives.

Suffering themselves, Edward and Ellna still tried to comfort and to cheer those whom they were soon to leave. "We will watch over you, (said they,) when we have become angels; we will pray to God in your behalf."

When they could no longer talk, they looked affectionately upon all, and when their weary eyelids were closing, they smiled benignantly.

At last one other disturbing anxiety found its way into their hearts. They were afraid that they might not die at the same time, that they might not rise together to that home of light, of peace and joy, for which alone they sighed.

Sitting close to one another, one watched with secret sorrow the progress of disease in the face of the other. "How bright your eyes look," said Edward to Ellna, "your face has nothing earthly in it now. It seems to me as if you might spread out your wings any morning and fly off into the clear heaven far, far away from me!" and encircling her waist with his arms, he pressed her to his heart with all his weakened power. Another time it was Ellna who said with a trembling voice, "my Edward, how thy cheeks are sunk, thy eyes have not their light, oh, look at me, look at me! Thy breathing becomes feebler—it stops; let me give you mine; I have breath enough for us both!" and taking the head of her brother in her feeble hands, she endeavoured to impart to him by kisses, something of the faint breath of life which was still in her own breast.

Thus the dying brother and sister sought as it were to hold each other back, while they felt that they were passing away, as if borne by some powerful though invisible hand.

Friends, acquaintances—all whom these angels have known and loved, assembled around them. Everything was brought to their sick-room (as if to an altar) which it was thought could be pleasant or useful to them. Their friends did not give to them—now; they rather brought to them as in sacrifice, flowers, fruits, the most earnest wishes, honest tears, and these were received

by the twins with grateful smiles, with the promise, "we will soon pray for you!"

Harps were placed in the room adjoining that of the sufferers, and they were often played and sung into quiet sleep. If they were observed at these times, when the soul in the spiritual world of dreams takes a freer flight, no longer measured by time and space, but hovering on light wings over wonderful lands has a foretaste of its future more expanded and beautiful existence; then one could see in the indescribable expression of their serene features, that they were far, far from the earth, and that for them the blessedness of eternity had already come.

In the evening they sometimes said to one another with quiet smiles, "Shall we awake in heaven in the morning?"

During a stormy October night they fell asleep uncommonly gently and quietly. Counting each stroke of the clock, mother and friends watched in the still room.

"How well they sleep!" those whispered who ventured to speak. "Twelve strikes—see how they smile in their delightful dreams! The morning dawned—they still sleep! The storm has ceased, the sky is clearing up, the day breaks gloriously, yet they sleep; hear—they sigh, or was it the wind passing by the window?"

The sun arose, its golden beams shone gently upon the angel-countenances of the twins. They sleep no more—they are awake—lost in heaven! Pure flames, kindled by the same spark which had burned united, should they not ascend together from the earth!

Oh! but their mother, their poor mother?

They had been earthly angels, now they were heavenly ones; and if an unexpected joy refreshed the weary or heavy-laden, he would say, "they have prayed for me!"

Do you see by the wall of the neighbouring church-yard, that female form, sitting on a stone as immovable as itself? Negligently fall her locks of grey hairs over her shoulders, the wind sports with her torn garments. She is old and stiff—but not with years. Pass not coldly by her, give her your sympathy, she will not be burdensome to you long; see her crutch, her dull eyes, the pain about her silent lips! Why does she sit here? why can she be found nowhere else? She is where her heart is also—at the grave of her children. Grief for them has obscured her eyes and her mind. She marks not how the autumn leaves are falling around her, she feels not when spring breezes melt the snow on their graves; but she goes there every day, and summer's heat and winter's cold find her equally still, equally without feeling. No one who knows her speaks to her, and she speaks to no one. Yet she has an object, an end—what? death! For many long years has she seen graves opening around her, and receiving earth's weary wanderers into her silent, peaceful lap; but still she sits a dead one, among the dead, and waits.

April 1. I welcome you, ye mild breezes which are melting away the winter's snow. I bless you, bright spring sun, which brings life and warmth into the dust of the grave! from the home of death, from the silent church-yard, I have to-day greeted life. I love this peaceful place, where the unquietly-beating heart, where everything finds peace. I myself, feel in my breast,

(what time has not yet been able to harden,) the unquiet prisoner, which beats so tumultuously now in sorrow and now in gladness, and it does me good to think, that *mine*, too, shall be one day among the quiet ones.

The larks sing in the clear air in the tops of the trees, over the graves of the twins. There sat the mother as before, still and motionless upon the stone. A rustling wind passed over the church-yard, I saw her whole frame tremble. I approached her, she was leaning her head against one of the lindens which grew by the grave, and she smiled gently. I saw with joy that her time of trial was also at an end—that she would wait no longer!

Ye beautiful flowers of spring, now when the May sun calls you out of the renewed earth, gracefully cover and adorn the grave which is no longer bedewed with a mother's bitter tears!

Beautiful May flowers! soft spring verdure grow over the hillock

"As years close long-opened wounds."

TEGNER.

AXEL AND ANNA;

OR

A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN TWO STORIES OF THE SAME HOUSE.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Let the February storm still rage against my windows—blow them in—force itself into my room—throw its icy mantle over me, and all else within; let my uncle thunder and scold, the maids quarrel, the parrots scream; it is spring in my heart—the world is a paradise—men all angels, and I am blessed. Anna loves me! O, tell me this once again! Is this indeed true? Is it possible? Anna dost thou love me?

ANNA TO AXEL.

I was at a ball, yesterday. I danced—listened to music—heard civil things. Nothing gave me pleasure. Why? Axel was not there! Is not this an answer to thy question, Axel?

AXEL TO ANNA. *(with a rose.)*

Reject it not! the lovely rose!
See thine image, fairest maiden —
An image, too, of love it shows
In its blushing, purple shading.

Yet an image of our love
It shall be to us no longer;
Roses wither—frail they prove,
But true love grows ever stronger.

E'er since Adam's time, my friend,
From each other do they sunder;
Roses the dark earth can send,
But true love's a heavenly wonder.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The rose is in water; thy verses rest on my heart; and yet it is not content. What, then, does it wish for? It is now five days that I have not seen you. If you could persuade your uncle to come to visit us—but I know that that is impossible: therefore rest—rest, perturbed spirit.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Oh, that I could cause an earthquake, which should break down the partition walls! That I could stamp through the floor, and come tumbling through to the place where the thoughts of my head and the feelings of my heart are always stationed! These, Anna, are simple possibilities, in comparison to the impossibility of making the self-willed old man move from this place. I have been standing now a whole hour, disputing with him. We must live with the world, while we live in the world. "No." Uncle, you do not look quite well. "No." Uncle, you want a little amusement. "No." To talk politics a little with your pleasant neighbour. "No." Uncle, you will grow into a hermit. "No." Dear uncle—"No." Do, dear uncle—"No, and no, and no!" After I had well considered this string of noes, more inaccessible than the Alps or the Pyrenees,

I placed before myself a few questions. Shall I bring on a consumption by vain longing? "No." Or the jaundice by mere vexation? "No." Shall I be my uncle's obedient nephew? "No, that I will not." Shall I make myself happy? "Yes." See Anna? "Yes." Venture the attempt now? "Yes—hurra!"

AXEL TO ANNA.

Do not go out. Shut up the doors. Your Anna has a cold—makes no visits. But now I *shall* and *will* see you. I know what I will do. I will go and take my stand in the street, opposite to your window. And if you do not come to the window, I shall stand there till I am turned into stone.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Now in the rain? I forbid that. Do you not see how the rain pours down?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wet as a sea-god, but as happy as—I myself, for no one is happier, I sit down again in my chamber, writing to you upon a thick piece of paper on which I was to transcribe something, but I am satisfied with everything; I have seen you; and now I find everything beautiful, even my uncle's style. How charming you are, Anna! You have really more resemblance to the Crown Princess than any one else, without which likeness no one can be pretty, now. She has large, heavenly blue eyes; thine are rather smaller, but they are of the same celestial blue; she, indeed, has dark, brown hair, and thou, light brown; but the form of the little head, the enchanting little head, is precisely the same; and, if I only think of your little nose—like hers, delicately formed, small, bewitching—O, then I am in an ecstasy!

ANNA TO AXEL.

But I am not at all in an ecstasy. I am not at all pleased. I am displeased—troubled. You have certainly been chilled—will take cold—have a catarrh—a fever—perhaps, die. To stand a whole hour in the cold and pouring rain! Axel, I cannot forgive you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

We are coming to visit you, toward night; we are coming to make a call—my dearest uncle, and his most obedient nephew. God bless the old man for the heavenly thought! Be careful above all things, that the hall door is not shut, so that we can get in far enough unobserved, to make it impossible to dismiss us with the everlasting falsehood, "My mistress is not at home."

Cold! catarrh! Yes, I sneeze and cough, but it is with impatience; I have a fever, but it is a fever of joy.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I would die with vexation. Did not Mr. P., the everlasting, intolerable Mr. P. come in, just as we were going out? My uncle turns back, I gnash my teeth. Mr. P. sits down, I double up my fist. "We were just going," I began (God knows in what a tone), "going out to pay a visit, you must"—"We must put it out of our thoughts," says the uncle, interrupting his nephew's discourse, "it must be made at another time." Another time! I slam the doors so violently, that Mr. P. springs up from his chair. Oh, uff! ! !

ANNA TO AXEL.

A remedy for catarrh and fever.

Drink three glasses of cold water successively. N.B. One in each quarter of an hour. Meanwhile walk

three times backward and forward in the room. N. B. Take only one step in a minute, and repeat at each step:

Be good and true,
And *patient*, too.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Miserable remedy. It does no good. I have thought of one for myself. Send me a lock of your hair. I will lay it to my lips, to my forehead, to my eyes, upon my heart. Oh, do not refuse it to me! If you do, I shall be quite seriously ill. One lock of hair, kind Anna, only one!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour later.*)

One lock of hair! Can you, indeed, be so cruel as to deny it to me? See—I am upon my knees, begging for it.

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour later.*)

One lock of hair—one lock of hair—one lock of hair!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a quarter of an hour later.*)

I humbly beg your pardon, that I have so often been troublesome to you. This shall certainly be the last time, if not—shall I have a lock of hair, or not?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here it is, troublesome, impatient man! I subjoin a little sketch of a dialogue with my aunt, carried on in the evening by the light of two dim, sleepy candles.

Aunt. Men are tyrants!

Myself. Yes, I know they are.

Aunt. Despots, who by force or flattery always have their own way.

Myself. Yes—yes, it is too true.

Aunt. Never marry, my child.

Myself. Now, God forbid, dear aunt.
Good night, Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Command me, Anna, to stay six whole hours under your window in a pelting rain; command me to go twenty miles for a flower that you want; command me to remain fourteen days on my knees before you; command me to have *all* my hair shaved off to stuff a pillow for you; command me at the next ball to waltz eight times in succession, with that ship of the line, Madame N.; command, beautiful tyrant—I obey. Above all, order me to come in every evening to snuff your candles. Their dull light seems to have a darkening influence on thy otherwise very bright mind.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I command you to stand at the house door, or to walk before the house to-day, between twelve and one o'clock. You can greet us at that time, and see my new bonnet which my cousin, Lieutenant Ervilius Papperto, pronounces exceedingly becoming.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The bonnet is very unbecoming. The crown is too large, the fore-part too small. Your face looks as round and large as a full moon out of it. Make a present of the hat, I entreat you, to Lieutenant Papperto, and let him wear it himself, as a mark of his good taste.

If you will stand at the window this afternoon, you will see me ride by on my new horse, my beautiful Hercules, which I received as a present yesterday from my uncle. I am much pleased with the horse, for the five charming Miss Mullitors declared (when I paid my respects to them to-day,) that they never saw so handsome a creature.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If the beauty of a horse consists in his having clumsy legs, a large neck, a thick head, long ears, and in galloping like a cow, then Hercules is certainly handsome. If my advice would be taken, I should beg Mr. Axel W. to make a present of him to the five charming Miss Mullitors, and to solicit them, as a proof of their good taste, to make use of him themselves.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Mademoiselle Anna L. were more gentle and less sharp, it would suit her better.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Mr. Axel W. should think of making a call to-day in the lower story, I must herewith inform him that *the ladies are not at home.*

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Miss Anna L. thinks that Mr. Axel W. had any such thought in his head, I herewith inform her that she is *much mistaken.*

AXEL TO ANNA, (*two days later.*)

Anna's birth-day. I rode twenty-four miles very early this morning to get this bouquet from Baron R's hot-house; which, I hope, Anna L. will not be so cruel as to reject.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I hope that you will accept the nosegay. It is not certainly remarkably pretty, but it is difficult to get flowers at this time of the year.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have not slept a wink for three nights. I really believe that creature Hercules, which I have ridden for several days, jolts too much. I have been speaking

to-day with Francis Kunninger, who will rid me of the creature, although probably for not more than half the sum which he cost. But I will not make any question about that, so that I can but dispose of him.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna ! ! ! !

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel ! ! ! ! I have burned up my new bonnet. I think my aunt will receive visitors again this evening; that is, should any *old* gentleman come; *young* gentlemen she cannot endure. I think, however, that if a young one should slip in behind the old one, it would not have a bad effect.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My angel, what a happy combination of circumstances. Your aunt receives visits, and my excellent uncle intends to pay one this very evening. He is brushing the dust from his clothes with an energy for which I could kiss him.

He has determined beforehand, to make the acquaintance to day, because he has remarked, that his servant-man is making court to your aunt's housemaid, and that, he says, he will put an end to.

I have given the old gentleman various rules for his manners. I have told him that it is now the universal custom for gentlemen to kiss the ladies' hands. He said that was a foolish custom. I find it a very wise one. Oh ! Anna, I can then kiss your hand once again—your hand—O, joy !

Should any Mr. P. come now I would beat him to death.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I would give a million years for one evening such as the last.

Anna, you looked like an angel with your flowing ringlets and your white dress—and an angel, a good angel, fit to be worshipped, wast thou to me: you made me the happiest being who breathes the breath of life. How happy I am! and how happy must you be, to make me so! O, gracious God! what heavenly hours do we not pass on this earth with so much fault found. Little did my good uncle and your dear aunt dream that, while they were on the sofa labouring by the light of a lamp to break off an engagement, we were forming another in the twilight by the window. I am like another man, now that I feel your ring upon my finger. My Anna! My Anna! O, what a good and noble being must I not become!

AXEL TO ANNA.

How clear the sky is, how fresh the air! I wanted to breathe freer; happiness oppressed me. I went out, almost danced through the street: sang aloud, made every body stare at me, and had a desire to embrace every one I met. There is a blessedness in my heart which might make half a world happy. Anna, how do I love thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I too am inexpressibly happy. *Men* certainly love more ardently, but is their love better, more faithful? Axel, we will perhaps try that for ourselves. I, too, feel myself better and nobler. I will become good, gentle, true; in a word, a truly lovely woman, that I may make Axel happy. I think of this now, whether

I am walking, standing, sitting, playing, singing, or reading; so that nothing is done as it should be, and at the right time. "What is the matter with you, child?" asked my aunt; "I believe you have got a fever, your eyes shine so—have you a headache?" "I rather feel something about my heart," I answered. I must take immediately a good dose of the Prince's or Hoffman's drops. You laugh? so do I.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"What has happened to you, you booby, why are you so absent?" my excellent uncle said to me, yesterday. "Why do you write in this manner? paper upside down, pen upside down? Young man, I believe you are upside down yourself!" "Ah! uncle—my uncle, were you ever in love?" "In love, young man? Yes, and then I considered how I was to get married!" "Yes, that is what I am thinking of too." "Thinking of too! Have you then anything to live upon? Let's see, twelve shillings to make a wedding with; twelve shillings to set up house-keeping, twelve shillings and God's mercy to live upon all the rest of your life. Well, I congratulate you; sunshine for dinner, and moonshine for supper, see how fat you will grow upon that!"

Fatal when persons to whom nature has decreed even a common understanding, will undertake to be witty! Fatal that it should pop into his head to reckon up that thirty-six shillings!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Did you see the poor woman with her children on the opposite side of the street? How miserable she was! I cannot assist them, I have nothing now; but you?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have just received the money for Hercules, and more than I expected. What use have I for a horse? I can walk well enough! I hastened away!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a day after.*)

They are assisted, not for the moment, but, as I hope for ever. They have house-room, clothes, food, work; they are able and willing to work. I do not speak of their joy, which was so excessive, that it resembled grief. I begged them to bless you. I am truly happy at heart!

ANNA TO AXEL.

A basket full of flowers and fruit, and at the bottom of it five strings of Scotch pearls, was presented to me this morning by a little girl whom I did not know. "From whom?" She did not know, she had only received the order to bring them to me. Axel, they were sent by you; I am sure of it. Axel, Axel! such presents from you, who have so little for yourself! I cannot accept them.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If you wish to throw me into a nervous fever, say No to me. Dear Anna, your receiving this little present is my reward (*mine*, do you hear,) mine for having wandered about the whole day rather like a ghost than a man (out of pure philanthropy, without having eaten a morsel as large as the head of a pin,) and to finish the whole, having been obliged to listen at supper, to a dry domestic lecture from my uncle.

Be perfectly easy about my finances. And the money for Hercules—should not that be made of some use? I have more besides. I can set up housekeeping, my lady!

ANNA TO AXEL.

To preserve you from a nervous fever, I will receive your presents this once. But make me no more, I beg of you; at least not for a long time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

When will the time come, the blessed time, when I shall have a right to give thee everything, and when thou shalt no longer have a right to say No? When will the time come, when I shall no longer be obliged to use the pen to express my feelings? When shall I talk with thee—when shall I see thee again?

This is for me the Gordian knot, which I in vain try to untie. I have the greatest desire to do like Alexander, and to cut it through at once by an elopement. I have found, after many fruitless attempts, the impossibility of coming to you in a common and natural manner. Now I have the most desperate enterprises in my head You have heard of the story of the ingenious man, who sat the house on fire in order to get at his mistress. What do you think of him?

ANNA TO AXEL.

That he was, is, and will be, an incendiary; and that I regard all such persons with the greatest horror.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To set a ladder up against the window, and to fly up and down the same on the wings of love, has such an entirely thievish aspect—but Anna, to make a visit in an air balloon, has not happened, I believe since the time of that Turk, who according to the Persian story, visited his fair one, under the name of Mahomet. It

is not an impossibility; and, indeed, I find nothing impossible but to live longer without seeing you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To all heathenish visitors, whether they come on ladders or in air balloons, I am not at home. I declare that I will not even recognise, much less love such an one.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why do you never show yourself at the window? why do you never go out? why do you receive no visitors? Why do you always keep yourself so enviously shut up? Is it on my account?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Best Axel, my aunt is very ill, and you know it; I won't leave her an instant. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can slip away even to write to you, and to beg you for God's sake, neither to burn us up, nor attempt climbing into the window. Do you imagine that between dropping medicine and looking at prescriptions, I can feel in very good spirits? But the only thing which *I* can do—the only thing that *you* must do, is to be quiet and wait our time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Be quiet! You might as well say so to the tempest, which now shakes the whole house, and which I cannot help wishing may blow it down, if it would at the same time, with a breath from the spirit of love, cast you into my arms. Anna, you must not take what I say, so literally—I am at war with my fate, and I will subdue it, cost what it will.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Men have not, truly, the hearts of leopards and

tigers in their breasts, my Anna! Do you think, that if we should disclose our love to our relations, that they would not permit us to see each other now and then? Anna, thou art my sun, the light of my eyes. If you hide yourself any longer, it will be midnight darkness all around me.

Shall we make the attempt? We have so little to lose by it—so much to gain. Say, yes.

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are in the right, Axel; we must make the trial. You shall first speak to your uncle, and when I have heard what he says, I shall have more courage to speak to my aunt. She is now somewhat better.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"You shall speak to your uncle." This is very easily said—but *done;* ah, that is something quite different. You must know, my uncle is a man who has a peculiar disposition, and peculiar—very peculiar eyes. These he can fix upon one in such a way, that the poor fellow's words would stick in his throat to all eternity, who should begin to say something to him which he did not like; and after this, a storm breaks out, which cannot be compared to any in Sweden, but to those hurricanes which rage in the West India islands. Nevertheless, I will make myself a cloak of Job's patience and Solomon's wisdom, and venture the trial.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, no! beware! If you think it will displease him, and have not courage enough—it is better, then, to put the whole attempt out of our heads.

AXEL TO ANNA.

That, too, is very easily said; but before I come to

such a conclusion, may tempests, seven times worse than that which I am about to defy, blow me to atoms. Farewell, I am now armed for the combat, and—I go!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait, Axel, wait! Ah, my good friend, I fear it is too hasty a step. They certainly cannot give their consent. We are, besides, both of us still so young.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have entered my two-and-twentieth year; I was one-and-twenty last autumn, and am, therefore, of age. You are already full seventeen.

ANNA TO AXEL.

That is true—and, perhaps we are old enough. But alas! Axel, this is the least of it. I see before us a thousand impossibilities. They cannot—our relations, certainly, cannot give their consent to a union between us. We have nothing yet, my friend! You have no office, no money; I am likewise quite destitute of property. It would be—it is, indeed, quite foolish to wish to marry in such untoward circumstances. Let us wait, my friend, and consider well, before we venture on a step which, as I now begin to fear, may separate us for ever.

AXEL TO ANNA,

I shall soon get myself an office.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait then till that time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

As you choose. I cannot but admire your patience —your prudent foresight.

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are not displeased, however?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Yes.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Why, best Axel, why?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, nonsense!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, you make me really unhappy.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Do not absent yourself, mademoiselle, to write unmeaning lines. Lieutenant Papperto may become impatient. I saw him go into you more than half an hour ago.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Lieutenant Emilius Papperto comes to see my aunt, and she chooses to receive him, I cannot turn him out. My good Axel, do not be uneasy!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, do not be uneasy! I do not intend to shoot, drown, poison, or hang myself. Oh, I am not uneasy —I am as tranquil as you; I am only thinking what sort of a waistcoat, whether a red or a green one, is becoming to the features of a happy lover. I acknowledge that nature has not endowed me with a red and white porcelain countenance like that of Lieutenant Papperto; and ladies, who find that handsome, might not like a brown and rough complexion so well. But there are some ladies, thank fortune, who can put up with a face of the latter description. I am now going to the Mullitons. Betty Mulliton is really a charming girl.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I congratulate you. If you have not yet come to a

decision on the subject of the vest, I beg yóu to make use of one enveloped in the parcel I send with this, which I have embroidered for you—or rather, which I have bought for you—for every stitch has cost me so much of my night's rest. I think it will be quite becoming to a brown and rough complexion. My compliments to Betty Mulliton!

ANNA TO AXEL.

For Heaven's sake, Axel, what is the matter? They have been opening a vein! You are ill! I am almost so myself from anxiety. Axel, Axel, how wild and unreasonable you are!

AXEL TO ANNA.

With somewhat cooler blood, and a rather easier mind, I hasten to say a word to you, which in my childhood was forced from my lips with blows; to avoid which I have since fought duels, and which I now long to utter at thy feet, my Anna, angel of patience and goodness, and this word is—forgive, O forgive!

ANNA TO AXEL.

The Doctor, I hear, has forbidden you to talk, and ordered you for some days to be quiet and tranquil. Be obedient, my best Axel, and show by this that you love me.

Do not even think about anything unpleasant. I constitute myself your invisible nurse; I go to seat myself at your bed-side in my white dress, and with my bright curls, which you liked me so well in the other day. You must not see me, I will draw the green curtain between us. You must sleep, I will sing a little lullaby for you. Hear—or rather do not hear—but sleep!

"Youthful Axel is my love,"
Anna sung with accents sighing;

" Ah ! " she said, " the time is flying,
Why should he so jealous prove?

" If he spoil our lover's life
By his too suspicious feeling,
What new sorrows still revealing
When we husband are and wife?

" Shall I murmur every day,
And scold me every morning;
All our talk be strife and scorning,
Were not this a charming way?

" Axel, sure, I love thee well,
But if we such folly cherish
Better let our union perish,
And now say our last farewell."

AXEL TO ANNA.

Axel heard young Anna's song,
Would not interrupt her singing,
The wild notes so sweetly ringing,
Though it were a little long.

Then sung he with manly voice,
" Jealous feelings would'st thou stifle,
With my love, oh, never trifle,
And in thine I'll still rejoice.

" And better still, to cheer my life
From me taking all repining,
Blessed peace within me shining,
Sweetest Anna, be my wife! "

ANNA TO AXEL.

Anna heard young Axel's song,
Bold enough she thought it truly;
" But," she said, " I'll answer duly
To your words before 'tis long."

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not so, good Anna; not so, but this way.

Anna took the counsel home,
Ending thus the foolish strife;
To good husband a good wife
Very soon she did become.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Well, just as you will. You must not contradict sick people. Take now and then a small tea-spoonful of this apple jelly, which I send you, and which I prepare for you. It will do you good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I am melancholy. The birds sing before my window, and build nests under the roof. I am forced to lie in bed. The only amusement I have is scolding the doctor and breaking his phials to pieces, which contain no healing for me.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Amuse yourself rather with reading in the little book which I send you. There is in it much which is good and true. Often, when I have been dejected, and everything has looked dark around me—when all the strings of my soul were untuned, I have found that reading a good book would harmonize them again; and I have thought, while I listened to their gentle melody—

Billows rise now, billows fall as quickly
'Neath our small boat, on life's restless flood;
Let us hope still! to complain is sickly:
Let us hope still! God is wise and good.

And if now for hours the storm is raging,
Nights of darkness, all in gloom should shroud;

An instant wait, the tempest's power assuaging
The gentle breeze, clears off the veiling cloud.

And now the shore, so green and fair appearing,
Invites the sailor from the tranquil sea;
He grateful sees—and boldly, surely steering,
He sings with gladness—Good and wise is He!

That is He! that is He! and thou art an angel, Anna. But the spirit of the melancholy has got possession of me to-day, body and soul. I am thinking now, or rather I am murmuring, too much to be able to read. A fatal collection of dark and dismal imaginations surround me in my solitude, like spectres starting up from black Tartarus. How are you getting on, Anna, with your severe and exacting aunt, who will not open her doors to respectable young men? Are you to sit by her side, year in and year out; dry up like her, grow blear-eyed, as she has (what wonder, if you see no one but her,) and catch a cough too?

What will become of me, with this uncle of mine, who keeps me transcribing his thoughts and recollections till my own become confused? What—tell me what?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Let what will become of us, only let us not be unworthy—ungrateful beings. Axel, thou must never speak in such a way of my aunt again. She has her less amiable qualities, but she has good ones also, and she means to do well by me, I am quite sure. Rather than make sport of her infirmities, I would have them all myself. Your uncle, Axel, has done you much good, as you have yourself told me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Oh, they are doubtless both of them angels—real angels of light, but who permit us to sit in real darkness, in deep darkness. I am sick and out of humour.

ANNA TO AXEL.

And I am so happy to-day. I have such bright hopes! Whence come they, and what are they? Hear! I went to church yesterday. The air was cool, the wind high. My aunt did not wish me to go. I begged and prayed, until the "No, my dear child," was changed into "Well, go, then, if you must, little obstinate thing!" which sounded very musically in my ears.

For whom I prayed with my whole heart in the church, you can easily guess. I prayed as trustingly, from the depths of my soul, as any child can pray to a tender father. When I arose, full of deep devotion, to sing the heavenly Hallelujah with the congregation, a bright sunbeam was shining through the window upon Westiy's* glorious altar-piece. The Angels of Faith, Hope, and Love, kneeling round the risen Saviour, stood out at once in such living—such supernatural beauty, that they seemed as if they were opening their lips and singing their song of praise. There sprang up at once in my heart, powerfully and clearly, the inward conviction—all will yet be right! and, indescribably moved, I bowed myself, to receive for both of us the solemn blessing. Axel, all shall yet be well.

AXEL TO ANNA.

For thy sake, my Anna, angel of light, and through thee, I shall be blessed!

* A distinguished living artist of Sweden. [Note by the German Translator.]

I, too, have to-day only joyful feelings in my soul—only bright hopes—old and good acquaintances, who are again heartily welcome. I have been up and sitting at the window—have been tasting your delicious apple-jelly, and seeing how the clear March sun was melting the icy frost, which the cold night had deposited upon our neighbour's slated roof. Thereupon, I reasoned in this manner. As the light and the warmth of Heaven melt away the nightly frost, so shall a better light shine through the dark, frosty mist, which hovers around the perspective of our happiness. I looked so long and so hopefully at the influence of the sun, that, at last, I fancied I could see perfectly the form and likeness of my own nose imaged by the victorious rays of the sun, in the melting ice. A little farther on, close to the chimney, I perceived with transport the image of thy white, gracefully-arched brow, which was modestly withdrawing itself from the kisses of the sun. Oh! Anna, I must show you, some time or other, how pretty it looked; I will enact the sun.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I assure you that I have not the least curiosity about it. You are sitting up again, then? How glad I am to hear it. Let anything, ever so unpleasant, happen to me to-day (in case it does not concern *you*,) I promise to laugh at it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ha, ha! ha, ha! Do you know what I am laughing at? At myself, my angel. I have such good hopes and anticipations, that I should find it perfectly natural if some good friend should suddenly enter the room and say to me, "Axel, you have become a mil-

lionare." I think, too, that it would not astonish me, if some small Cupids should float in at the window, bringing the poor lover certain talismans, by means of which he could acquire all the goods of fortune; nor should I stretch open my mouth very wide, if the roof of my chamber should suddenly open, and a shower of gold rain in. Everything seems possible to me to-day; nothing would surprise me. I have opened my windows and doors to welcome my visitors; and, while I am walking backward and forward in my room, laughing as I go, I cast an inquiring look now and then at the roof above me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Curse—the luck! I beg your pardon, but I am in a very bad humour. I was obliged to shut up the doors and windows; I became cold and stiff in all my limbs, with the draught of air. Nobody came. And, instead of raising my eyes to the roof, I have been examining the floor with the greatest exactness, so that, after a minute scrutiny, I can assure you that the man who laid it must have been a mere bungler; for not one of the boards is like another in breadth or thickness. I must go out now, and breathe the air. I am well. I am determined to be well. My uncle and the doctor may say what they will.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, Anna, my Anna! Good Anna, excellent Anna, angelic Anna! Anna, my Anna, my bride, my wife, sing, dance, huzza, Victoria!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel! inconceivable Axel! What is the matter with you? What has happened to you?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have an office! I have an office! He came—the excellent friend, the angel from Heaven—in at the open door. I was near throwing him down, as I was going out. Oh, what a friend! He wishes to transfer to me the office which has been offered to him, with the salary that belongs to it, as he does not require it for himself. He is rich. He has made me so, too. Oh! show me now a happier mortal than I am; a lover, who —perhaps, however—if he should be already married. But I will be so very soon—if thou wilt, my Anna. Oh, Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Good Axel, is it possible? Is it, indeed, true? I can scarcely believe it; I cannot comprehend it. And, my good friend, shall we, indeed, be happy?

AXEL TO ANNA.

We shall be so. My whole life shall be devoted entirely to thy happiness, and thine shall always be mine —as it is now. We can marry now, whenever we will. I have an honourable occupation. The salary is not great, to be sure, but it will be enough for us. The conveniences of life are wanted principally by old people, who are no longer capable of enjoying the pleasures of the heart. When one can no longer love or be loved, then, indeed, it is good to sleep; and occasionally, on a soft couch, to dream that one is happy. We, my Anna, who in life's May can gather its fairest flowers—we will enjoy our felicity awake, and be happy, even if we are poor—yes, even if we must go without everything. Do you remember, with what emotion we read once in the twilight, of that married pair who,

after living together five-and-twenty years, felt themselves so inexpressibly happy? Oh, my Anna, do you remember it?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Indeed, dear Axel, I do—not.

AXEL TO ANNA.

In the company of a friend, Mr. L. and his wife were walking through a wood; there they encountered some gipsies, in the most wretched condition. L.'s friend pitied these poor creatures, to whom all the physical evils of human nature seemed to be assigned. "Well," said Mr. L., "if, in order to pass my life with *her* (his wife,) I must be subjected to such deprivations as these, I would have gone about begging these last thirty years, and we should have been very happy, after all." "Ah, yes," exclaimed his wife; "even then we should have been the happiest of human beings."

What words, my Anna, what words! They were uttered under England's sky. Let us be worthy to say them, one day, under that of Sweden.

ANNA TO AXEL.

For Heaven's sake, my best Axel, you do not mean so? I do not quite understand the drift of your remarks, but I must confess to you that starving, freezing, and begging, do not seem very pleasant to me. What do you really mean? I will never be a Gipsy, that I am determined, were it only on account of their terribly dark skins.

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is not necessary either. Nothing shall hinder my wife from being snow-white, as well in her person as her clothes.

Oh, my beloved Anna, throw not down my beautiful temple of happiness, with miserable worldly calculations! Let us be happy, not for others, but for ourselves! If you will, we can certainly be so. My salary is small, to be sure, as I have already told you; a mere nothing, compared with what I should like to offer you. Three hundred rix-dollars is our yearly income. It is certainly small—very small; but your prudent house-keeping, my frugality and order, will make each penny a pound. Man requires so little merely to live—life itself is so short too. With small property there is less to care for; the fewer cares, the less sorrow and constraint.

With but little ballast, the boat easily passes over the rising and the sinking billow, Let us jump in courageously; the wind is favourable, the shores covered with flowers, the sky free from clouds, and before us moves the bright star of love, which guides us to our haven. I am at present too much excited; by and bye, I shall unfold my plans to you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My good Axel, zephyrs seldom blow over the sea of life—these wild tempests rage. I am much afraid, your unballasted jolly-boat will be upset with the first blast of wind.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If one is timid, and—yes—if one loses one's balance at the first gust of wind. But away with comparisons! They only confuse one; I will come directly to the point.

I have (as you know) a small estate near town. It is small certainly, quite small, and scarcely worth three

hundred dollars; but we can live there very comfortably. A roof over their heads was all that our forefathers required, when they built their houses. And what a hardy and hearty race they were! We are smaller and we have more. Our little temple of happiness has two rooms and a kitchen—a blooming potatoe-field surrounds it; but a garden, where the first fruit-trees and the most beautiful flowers flourish, will change the little place into a real paradise. A little hen-house—Anna, I will not forgive you, if you laugh.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I certainly do not laugh, my best Axel!

AXEL TO ANNA.

A little hen-coop, I was going to say, is there also, and its pretty occupants will afford us both pleasure and comfort.

As to our internal arrangements—away with luxury and that injurious superfluity which has made my country poor! Away false ideas about what is suitable, what is expedient, what is genteel; contemptible prejudices, which are constantly repeated from one to another: "one must do as others do," away with you! To ye I turn simple maxims, the glory of former times, moderation and thriftiness, the doctrines of our ancestors; be ye welcome, and bear rule in my quiet home. A wooden bench seems soft, when one sits upon it at the side of one's beloved; and a basin of milk; a single simple dish placed on the table by thy hand, at which a friend will not refuse to take his place—a friend who knows how to value what is offered by honest hearts. Oh, what a festival! Kings, emperors, invite me to your golden halls! Proudly and contemptuously will Anna's

happy husband answer, no! Oh, my sweet Anna, in that small earthly paradise, how quickly will our days pass by! Hand in hand we will wander through life, and at last we will quit it serenely in each other's arms. But forgive, I did not mean to disturb thee: do not weep, my Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I certainly do not weep, my best Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Our clothes should be simple, as our food, as our whole life. You must always be dressed in white; for then you are like an angel. I shall cultivate the garden myself; dig, rake, plant, water, with your help, on the days that I am not occupied with my business in town. In the house, my ever busy careful little wife shall rule and order everything just as she pleases. When I return from my labours in the field, or from town, your harp and your voice shall place me in heaven; or we will eat together our simple meal, seasoned by our good appetites and cheerful spirits. In the evening, when the great world go yawning in search of pleasure, where it is never found; at supper parties, where they suffer a moral repletion, or at balls, where they dance as if to earn their bread—in the evenings we will read together Tegner's poems, Cooper's and Walter Scott's romances; and enjoy, while we are improving our minds, all the pleasures which genius can furnish for the feelings and the imagination. We must not neglect the theatre: for the sake of seeing Almlof* play, we shall be willing to go without eating and sleeping. We

* Almlof, the best tragic actor on the Stockholm stage.

will then often go to the theatre. You must have one little maid-servant, certainly, for it would not do for you to burn your hands and face by cooking at the fire. Besides, when I am in the house, you must be always at my side. Oh, Anna! tell me, shall we not be inexpressibly happy?

ANNA TO AXEL.

I hope so certainly, my good friend; but whether exactly in the manner which you have imagined, I doubt. I fear that you are precisely the person, who is least fitted for a simple pastoral life; besides, this sort of thing is very seldom accomplished. Do you recollect, how much money you told me once your uncle gave you yearly?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Deuce take—I do not swear, I recollect myself now. Just three hundred dollars, the very same sum as my future salary—and this was always entirely expended at the year's end. But Anna, my angel, when I am once married, you shall see what a difference—I shall then be extraordinarily prudent; I shall look after every penny.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Very pleasant that for your wife! Gladly my best Axel, will I look after every penny, and make it go as far as possible; but with all this, I am afraid if we follow your plan, we shall be constantly coming nearer to a gipsy-life. Do you remember, that you take three cups of coffee every morning—and when you was with us, one evening, I observed that you had no objection to a very large quantity of tea-cakes and biscuits with your three cups of tea.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I will take water-gruel for my breakfast from this time, every morning, and drink beer posset every evening—by soaking brown bread in it, if you think that wheaten bread is too dear. You are right. We should from patriotism deny ourselves the use of all those foreign articles, which our native land will not furnish.

Well, Anna, we will take (a year from this month) a bowl of water-gruel every morning—every evening a can of beer-posset in our little paradise. This is much better, besides, for the health and the complexion, than the miserable tea and coffee apparatus. And even if they tasted like rhubarb and Jesuit's bark,

What Hebe Anna pours for me
Shall all for Axel nectar be.

ANNA TO AXEL.

It is only with great difficulty that I can swallow water-gruel, and beer-posset is my special aversion.

AXEL TO ANNA.

She who fears to share a bowl of water-gruel with me, despises certainly all the rest (and this I have seen plainly enough from the beginning,) the very little that I can offer her—my heart, my hand. It is true, this is all very little. I was a fool to be so presumptuous as to imagine: but I begin to see my mistake!

ANNA TO AXEL.

If I do not exactly like water-gruel and beer-posset, that does not hinder me from being quite content with a little cold milk morning and evening, instead of coffee and tea. Yes, a bowl of cold milk and a bit of

brown bread, will suit me very well. This is all I require.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The little neat house over the garden (which is to be,) I find extremely pleasant; but yet, dear Axel, in your affectionate distribution of duties, you have appropriated to me a sufficiently extended sphere of action. I enumerate with some solicitude all my future avocations. Always to be dressed in white, and to dig in the garden; to put the house in order, to sweep, to spin, to weave; to cook with the help of a young servant-girl, to play on the harp and sing, to take care of everything in the house, and to be always at your side, when you are at home (which I hope will be the case the principal part of every day;) to feed the hens, to go to the theatre, to read romances with you, in a word, to be six or seven persons at once. My good Axel, you and many others with you, who require too much of their wives, must have patience with them in future.

ANNA TO AXEL, (*a day later.*)

I am afraid that you are displeased, Axel; but this time, my good friend, you are certainly a little in the wrong. You know that it is my dearest wish to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. For thy sake only, I desire that its joys may outweigh its sorrows; and your description of our future gives me but small hopes of this. You look through a golden-coloured glass, which presents objects to you neither truly nor purely. I shall always speak the truth to you, Axel.

(ANNA TO AXEL, *a day later.*)

Nevertheless, if it were possible, and if your uncle

and my aunt would consent, I certainly would not say No. We are still young; we can work. Only we must put out of our thoughts the dressing always in white, music, the theatre, and the agreeable and profitable reading; which would take too much of our time in such narrow circumstances.

ANNA TO AXEL.

After all, water-gruel does not taste so badly, and I drank beer-posset last evening cheerfully. It does not taste remarkably well, to be sure, but it may do so in time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My Anna, angel of goodness; thou shalt never *do* or *eat* the least thing, for which you have not a decided inclination. I should deserve to live upon bread and water, if I would have it otherwise. Do you see, my angel, it was not just plain earnest with the wooden bench, the one dish at dinner, and the little serving-maiden. I have been speculating somewhat, you must know, upon my uncle. He will certainly help us a little, were it only for the sake of appearances, when he sees that we help ourselves so well. My uncle is far from being hard-hearted; he loves me, besides, very well: I am quite sure of it.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt is kind too, sometimes, and loves me dearly in her own way, I am certain; she has given me many proofs of it. It is possible that she too may do something for us.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, we will speak to our affectionate relatives; shall we not? We will tell them everything. If they

should say, No, then, Anna, I have your promise; you are already mine before God, and mine thou must remain: men shall not separate us! But we will rather try to induce human beings to be human.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Yes, Axel, let us try to soften *their* hearts against whose will and commands we neither could or should act. Yes—let us try.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Well, then! To-morrow.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To-morrow!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a day later.*)

My dear uncle is rather peevish this morning. The coffee was cold, and the news in the Gazette did not please him. The rulers behave stupidly, he said. I shall take care how I do the like, I must wait yet a few hours.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My dear aunt is also in a bad humour. She has mislaid a piece of money, and broken a bottle of rose-water; but you would have thought it was I who had done the mischief. I shall not venture to say a word to her for three hours at least.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The whole forenoon has my uncle been thundering about politics. Russia and Turkey have come upon the carpet alternately. I have been listening with inexhaustible patience, and saying, "Yes, no, so much the better, dear uncle, or so much the worse, uncle;" everything which would suit the old gentleman's notions. What good did it all do? He got more and

more angry, turned toward me, seemed to see in my person a representative of the Turkish nation, became quite furious—so that I, for fear of being beaten instead of the Sublime Porte, was forced to make a hasty retreat through the door. I am vexed about my wasted forenoon.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Five times have I opened my lips this morning to begin my little discourse; five times have I closed them again. It would certainly have been in vain to have asked anything of my aunt, who has been sitting on the corner of the sofa with her lips pressed together, and her stern eyes, looking like a living No! But this afternoon!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now the old man is fixed, he shall not escape me again. He is having his afternoon nap. I will take care that he does not go out, and that no one comes in to him, until I have said to him: "I love Anna; I must have her for my wife, or I die!"

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, how my heart beats! My aunt, too, is having her afternoon nap! When she wakes up I will speak to her; but she must not wake up too soon, for then she will not be in a good humour. Hush, puss! do not mew so! there is the cream for my coffee, eat it and be still! Ah there buzzes a great fly—perhaps it will light upon her nose—no, my good angel has guided it somewhere else! Good: she is sleeping quietly. But she will wake up some time or other, and I will speak. I tremble while I write it.

Axel, how my heart beats! I can hear it beat! It is terrible! Do you feel so too, Axel?

AXEL TO ANNA.

My heart beats certainly louder and quicker than the pendulum of a clock; but I wish, though it should pain me ever so much, that it would beat as hard as a blacksmith's hammer, so that it might waken my excellent uncle, who, for the mere purpose of tormenting me, still keeps on sleeping. Nothing is so intolerable as suspense, as living in uncertainty—all prepared to speak. I have been coughing, singing, making all sorts of noises before his door, all in vain; every time I go to listen I have the vexation of hearing him snore. If he had not fastened his door, one could go in and tumble over the sofa, or find some other agreeable manner of waking up the sleeper. But now there is nothing for it but to rave. I have a great mind to set my curtains on fire, so that the fire-rattle may be sounded before his windows.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do not be wild, Axel; commit no extravagance. My aunt, too, is still asleep, or seems to be so; for, whenever I have been to look close at her, I have seen her close hastily her open eyes. She certainly must have remarked that I was waiting for her to wake up, to say something to her. Is your uncle still sleeping?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now, and for ever! This long deep-drawn breathing seems, as it were, to breathe the air away from me; it seems to me as if I were in a close damp cellar. Does your aunt still affect to be asleep?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Just as before. What shall I do?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Good heavens! at last he has waked up, and slipped out of the house like a mouse who was afraid of the cat. I heard a little noise at his door; as I was running to see what it was, I heard at the foot of the stairs a clip-clap of galoshes going out of the door with all haste. I ran after him, calling out, "Uncle, uncle! I have got something to say to you, uncle!" "To-morrow is a day, too!" he answered, without turning round. I am in despair. He must have guessed something.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Ah, Axel, my aunt still pretends to be sleeping. It is now late in the evening, the worst time of the twenty-four hours with her, to make a confession in. It must be then for her, as your uncle said, to-morrow! Ah! I feel as if I had gained something by this delay!

AXEL TO ANNA.

A day of fruitless painful waiting, a sleepless night; yes, this is all I have gained, But to-morrow!!!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*at midnight.*)

I cannot sleep. Anna, I have gloomy forebodings —to-morrow will bring us nothing good. I have now a not inconsiderable sum of money in my hands, I have gold—but little or much, that is not to the purpose. Anna should—if we were—but that will be best spoken of, when fate has decided for us.

I believe, dear Anna, that the hour of midnight shows me spectres. Anna, I feel deeply, that if you are not to be at my side, my whole life will be a spectre for ever; that is, a frightful nothing!

The clock strikes one, Anna. That stroke is for us. We are one. We have bound ourselves together in life's morning hour. I know that nothing can separate us. Why then do I write so mournfully? Wherefore am I so sad?

How slowly do the hours of night pass by! Thinking of you, writing to you. I try to give wings to the minutes. Now, when all is so quiet and still around me, I hear the more distinctly the beating of the storm within me. I cannot conceive how everything can be so quiet, so still, so dead—is it not the world—are there no men here? are no passions alive in their breasts? Do I alone live? and have I collected within myself all the unquiet spirits which have fled from the hearts of others? My gentle Anna, I feel that it is over a tempestuous sea that thy mild spirit must breathe. But then, indeed, all shall be peace!

I have sought for peace in vain! separated from thee I shall never find it. This swift beating of my heart, and each stroke an emotion, how does it stretch out the minutes to eternity! And all around me is so quiet! Hear! the church-clock strikes two — will not any thing awake them? is there no pain, no love, no desire, which will raise its voice in the night? All is quiet—I alone am awake. Ah! now I hear the watchman's cry—but with what indifference he announces to the world—that the judgment is coming.

It is morning. The world is awaking—I am no longer so solitary! It is dry in my soul too. I am at peace. The hour has come. It is—now!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I have received what you wrote for me last night. Axel, could you think that you only were awake? Did you not hear the beating of my heart? O, how strange, that a mixture of wood, straw, and mortar, which makes a floor for you and a roof for me, should prevent the hearts of two human beings from hearing each other! Ah, if this *now* were only a little *further off*—I tremble!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I still hope, adored, beloved Anna! nothing is lost yet. In the morning, while my uncle was drinking his coffee, I took courage, prayed to God, thought of *Anna;* drew a long breath, and went in to him. "My good uncle!" I began quietly and firmly. "My good nephew," he answered, "what is wanted of *my good uncle?*" "My uncle's—kindness." "Well, what then —my kindness?" "I wish—I have"—"I wish—I have—now that is really excellent?" (The old gentleman always had a fatal habit of saying my words over after me; this makes what one says sound so stupid). "Dear uncle—I am in love!" "In love—yes, I have seen that plainly enough in your sallow complexion these six months past; that is the colour of love." "Uncle—the weal or woe of my whole life depends on a single word. Oh, my best uncle, the"—Now came in a man whom I wished in the black mountains, with a newspaper. "My boy," said my uncle, "come in again a few hours hence, and we will talk about the matter. Now, I must cast a glance upon the situation of affairs between Turkey and Russia." I was not exactly in the mood for waiting; I took up the newspapers thrust them into my pocket, saying in a determined manner: "Uncle, you must hear me first." He put

his fingers in his ears, stretched out his eyes, fixing them like two claws, upon me, and cried out: "Not a word, not a word! Give me the newspapers this moment, or I never will hear a word from you!" He screamed—I screamed louder! at last I was forced to give way, like a gentle west wind to the northern tempest. My uncle was pleasant again, and I went away, for he would neither hear nor understand me while his eyes were fixed upon the precious paragraphs. Soon an hour will have passed. Then, one more, and I go. O my Anna, my only!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Turkey and Russia, Russia and Turkey! what are they, and their interests, for me! Straws—bits of paper—and for their sakes I must sit here, as in a heated oven. Ah! now Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is over! all is lost—not a spark of hope remains to us. I cannot see what I write.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The same for me. I got an absolute no—and so harshly expressed! O Axel, now I feel, for the first time, how inexpressibly I love thee!

AXEL TO ANNA.

To humble me! to threaten me! "Absurd"—"ridiculous." To threaten to send me away—to send *me* away! Ah, he does not know me!

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt proposes to have me married soon, but not to you; "to a person," she says, "who owns a house, an equipage, and who is, besides, an excellant man." I cannot help laughing. Axel, I have told her, either you or no one!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, let us fly! fiy from those tyrants who wish to destroy our happiness. The earth is wide—a little corner can be found in it for us. All men are not barbarians. *Thou* art *mine!* I conjure you—I entreat you, to follow me. More of this to-morrow; hold yourself ready—my decision is irrevocable—we will elope.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, Axel! it would be wrong. Axel, recollect yourself. Axel, my friend, my beloved—compose yourself, for my sake!

AXEL TO ANNA,

Meet me this evening, between ten and eleven, at the door which leads into the narrow lane. Be tranquil—all is prepared; I have money. You are under my protection—you go with me; your duty is simple—to follow me. Between ten and eleven o'clock.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, Axel! that would be wrong— it would be foolish. We should sin against the laws of God and man, merely to throw ourselves into misery. I love thee above all things; but I ought not, and I will not, blindly follow and obey thee, when thou dost not walk in the right and good path. And were there no other obstacle, this is enough for me—my aunt is old and infirm; she has only me; I will not so desert her. Axel, recollect yourself—I beg, I entreat you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is, then, you—you who will not, who refuse, who break—you, whom I believed *my own!* Anna, Anna! is it me or thyself thou would'st deceive? That rich, that honourable man—it is he who causes you to

despise me and my poverty? Is he not with thee at this moment? he—that man—that hateful Emilius? Answer me, Anna.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I cannot answer such a question. Axel, I love and I pity you. Axel, be a man, who is worthy to be everything to a woman; be strong for her sake; be pure in thought, as in feeling. O Axel, my only, my beloved friend, be my support and my example in this painful hour. Give me the example of resignation—not to a blind and cruel fate, but to the will of an All-Wise Father, under whose protection we go through life, however dark it may seem to us.

Have patience—we are yet so young; let us wait; let us be patient—all may yet come right.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You are very tranquil—quite prudent—very patient—very content. I understand it, Anna, Anna.

ANNA TO AXEL.

What should I say to tranquillize you—to make you content. I love you, Axel, tenderly—but, for this very reason, I desire to be worthy of you. Does that woman ever retain the respect of her lover, who blindly gives way to his passion?

Suppose, Axel, you were a few years older than you are—that you were old (that may seem natural enough, for when one is unhappy, or suffering, the minutes are long, and bring the experience of years;) imagine to yourself that I was your daughter; what would you then say to me? Would you not admonish me thus: throw not away, for the sake of a momentary enjoyment, the whole happiness for life, of thyself and

thy friend. Be quiet—wait your time; that is often the most prudent, indeed, the only thing which can be done. He whom you love so deeply, so truly, will, at a future time, do you justice for having been willing to suffer with him and for him, rather than by a less pure thought, by an action—by a sin against duty, to stain a heart which is devoted to him—to him and duty.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Not a word from thee, my Axel! canst thou still be displeased with me? Yes, Axel, I am patient, for I am resigned—but happy—alas! that is passed away. Will you not say one affectionate word to me? I require it so much.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, what wild dreams must be raging now in thy soul? Axel, pray! Dost thou remember at whose words the rising waves were stilled? "And it was still." Pray unto Him!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Oh, my God! I am indescribably wretched! Axel, could I only see you for a few minutes. How unhappy must you be! Axel, how much are you to blame, if you doubt—if you can for an instant forget, if you are willing to forget, that Anna loves you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do you know, Axel, what a woman's love is? Do you know what she says with the words, *I love thee?* Listen Axel. Thy life is mine, thy virtue my glory; thy sorrows, thy joys are mine; thy strength my support, thy courage my hope; but thy fall, thy shame—my death!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, I know it; you have staid out three whole nights. I have listened; your foot has not,

during that time, stepped across the floor of your room. I saw you yesterday evening from the window; your glance was wild, your whole manner disturbed, your step uncertain. Where were you going, Axel? Oh, go not away from me. Only on the road of patience and of duty canst thou find Anna. Axel, Axel, come again!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, come back! I cannot—I will not lose thee. Listen to me. See, I weep, my tears moisten the paper; see them—they dim my eyes—my Axel come again!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I will not reproach thee; fear not a word that thou art not willing to hear—not a look that thou art not willing to see. I am now thy friend, thy mistress—in future, perhaps thy wife. Axel, remember this—once to be your wife.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never—never!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Upon thy breast will I lean and pray. For my sake forgive yourself. Whatever you may have done, my Axel, *I love thee still! Thine I am, thine I shall remain!*

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never more! I am unworthy of thee, Anna. I have forgotten—forgotten everything: thee, myself, God! I have gambled! I have lost all that I had—more than I had—the property of others. I must fly from my country. Lean not upon my breast—it is an abyss; take not my hand—it is bloody. Farewell! Die, poor child, if thou canst; I—cannot die!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I had hardened myself against all thy tenderness; had left thy letters unopened. Now I have opened them, in order to let still a few more drops of fire fall

upon the glowing flame of my despair, that I might lose my senses if it were possible. It was quite otherwise. Now thy soft words force themselves gently and soothingly into my heart, as the evening dew into the parched earth.

AXEL TO ANNA,

Anna, thou shalt not despair of me. I will not despair of myself. I have sinned deeply. I must suffer and atone for it. What caused me to fall? I do not know. Despair—jealousy—hell!

AXEL TO ANNA.

You do not say a word to me! But am I indeed worthy of it? Can, then, the pure angels of heaven speak to the children of iniquity?

To-morrow night I shall depart from here. A letter will inform my uncle of the whole. He will not refuse his forgiveness to his unhappy—his exiled nephew! Forgiveness! that is the most that I have now to hope for. Forgiveness! what a word! how blessed to be forgiven! I have asked my uncle to disinherit me, and to pay my debts. I fear that he will not do the latter. Anna, in my folly I borrowed a considerable sum from a friend, who is not rich, but who has a wife and several small children. He loved me—he trusted me; he gave me his all; I deceived him. I lost at play the food and clothes of his helpless children. Now, could I but pay it with my blood! Remorse is tearing my heart with his tiger claws! What does this profit him?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have sinned deeply. I deserve heavy punishment. I will accuse myself to you; I must do so. I knew that I was sinning, and yet I sinned. It is all over—my peace is destroyed—the time is passed in which

knew not remorse. In despair at my losses, I called out my unfortunate opponent. I wounded him dangerously—almost fatally. He was carried home to his mother—his aged mother! He was her darling—her only child; perhaps she will die—well for her!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, pray! Let us pray!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I cannot—not now! I see him—her—the hungry children—their father! Oh, what have I become?

It is better now with me. Pray for me, Anna! I believe in the efficacy of intercession. I am not worthy. Thou art very good.

To-morrow night I shall go away! I will go to Germany—to northern Germany. I will offer my services; some occupation will be found for me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My eyes burn, sleep flies from them—that is not strange; if I could weep—but that would be too good for me. I have something at my heart which oppresses—which consumes—it is the sting of conscience. Anna, if thou couldst lay thy hand upon my breast—but do I deserve any alleviation?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here, Axel, take these drops of opium, they will give thee sleep and rest. Anna prays for thee—Anna weeps over thee—Anna loves thee.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have a little sister, too, a little suffering child, whom my father committed to my care when on his death-bed. I send you her address; if you can, go to her—tell her that her poor brother is—tell her that he is dead. The ring which I enclose, will, if it is sold,

bring enough to pay a few months board for her, on pension. If I can, I will send her more, but through you. Thanks, good, holy angel, for what you have sent me. To-night, after a few hours, I shall depart from thee!

AXEL TO ANNA.

After a few hours I shall depart. Some clothes which I have sold have procured me the means.

Anna, thou hast been my guardian angel. I, too, have been able to pray. I am tranquil, resigned: I shall suffer and be forgiven; I will again hope in myself. You have not denounced me—God will forgive me. I will live to be worthy of it.

I must now take leave of you—of you—that is, of happiness, and of everything which makes life dear to me. But it is all my own fault. In this solemn hour, when I am about to bid you a long, perhaps an eternal farewell, I will lay open to you my whole soul. What I shall say to you is the truth; it shall be thy consolation, it shall give thee peace at a time when Axel shall be far distant from thee.

I believe in God, the merciful, the all-wise, and ever present. I am a Christian in belief: that my actions may in future testify to my faith, let us both pray to Him who giveth strength!

I believe that thou, my Anna, lovest me: and that wherever upon the earth my uncertain destiny may cast me, one heart will feel with me, one mind send its thoughts after me. Delightful consciousness of an angel's presence.

Preservingly shall this firm faith be united in my heart with the memory of my failings—of my sins; it

shall strengthen me against temptation, and make of me that better being, whom Anna will love.

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour afterwards.*)

I have not yet begged you to forgive me, and I have done you so much wrong; Axel, weak and impetuous, was not worthy of thee, Anna. Forgive him, however; in *one* thing he was strong—in his love, and that will live in his breast to his last breath. Forgive him all thy tears—see, mine are falling—welcome ye companions of misfortune—bathe her feet! Tears of remorse, of tenderness, of pain, and of joy—fall, fall, that you may win forgiveness!

The lock of thy hair—may I retain it? I will wear it on my heart; and stranger, wandering alone through the wide world, I shall still have something by me which will speak to me of an angel who was mine.

Was mine—*now* mine no longer! I have one word to say—it is hard! Anna, thou art free! I have no longer any right to thy hand.

Axel's honour is stained, Anna's is free! I send back thy ring.

Now it is all done.

At 11 o'clock.

The hour has come. I have been standing at the window and looking at the sky. The stars shine bright—bright as on that evening—do you still remember it? when we exchanged rings, looked up to heaven, and were blessed as angels. The evening star then shone down upon us mildly and brightly. Now and then, Anna, when sad remembrances of past hours are not unwelcome to thee, look upon that star and think of Axel. Often in solitary nights will his eyes be fixed upon it, whether in joy or sorrow.

The minutes hasten away. May God bless thee, my Anna; may his angels watch over thee!

Sweden shall one day, God willing, receive again a worthier son.

O, my country! may I find in thy earth which bore my cradle, a grave, a grave over which Anna shall shed a tear.

My youth, my joy, my country, my Anna—ah! to all, to all, farewell!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, my best Axel, go not away to night! Go not to-night, I beg you on my knees. Stay yet one day. To-morrow night thou shalt go, if, meanwhile, things are not changed for thee. I—ah, I dare not awaken hopes, which may, perhaps, be disappointed; but, perhaps—oh, Axel, perhaps we may find means to pay your debts. Wait one day—Anna entreats thee.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wherefore delay; what you hope is impossible. Ah, you know not what it is to wait when all is wo: it is, as if in the death-struggle, one should yet linger. And wherefore, for the sake of one impossibility! I have gone through all—must I suffer again the painful feeling—take more yet again! But you desire it!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why do you not write? The hours pass by so slowly. I suffer much, but it does me good to think: thou hast willed it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not a word from thee! What can that mean? It is already evening—a wild and stormy evening—Anna,

in my spirit it is more wild. Write me one tranquillizing word!

AXEL TO ANNA.

My spirit is so restless, so wretched; I have suffered so much, I suffer so much still. All wild tormenting spirits are so near me! Oh, fear to excite them! Anna, say one word to me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

And yet I will, I must seek for peace from thee Thou canst not escape from me. Yes, I feel it, thou mightest kill me: I should kiss the dagger and trust thee still.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Lieutenant Papperto is with you! How can he go so often, where I cannot possibly obtain entrance? and so late, too! Why is he with you? Is it he who is to pay my debts; or, perhaps, he and you together! I am, indeed, much moved!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I trust thee—yes, I trust thee, although—but I am unhappy, in despair; tell me what are you doing —what do you intend?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have heard that Lieutenant Papperto has resigned in thy favour a considerable estate, which was left to you both by a near relation—by a relation, God knows who. I hear that you embraced Lieutenant Papperto, rested in his arms—upon his breast. I have heard that you are betrothed to each other. A gossiping friend has hastened to give me the information. Is it true, Anna? Death and torments! it is true?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, if thou art so—if thou hast given me up—

thou—what will then become of me, Anna? In whom shall I ever confide again?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Thy silence answers me. It is then so! Ah, woman, woman! Serpent, monster! O, what can I say—where find an expression? Where shall I find words to express my thoughts? Dreadful payment for my faults—payment with a distracted spirit. Now I shall depart enriched with new experience. The night has come; the hour has come, hurra! Welcome, stormy wind, which greets my brow fraternally, and dances upon my nightly road! Yes, nightly—nightly—nightly! Farewell, Anna, I leave thee my pen—I pity thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, wait! Ah, forgive—I could not write sooner. The clearest light all at once in the midst of the deepest darkness—it was too much. I could not bear it. Emilius is a noble being. I *have* embraced him, but for your sake. I cannot tell you any more now. I am thine, Axel, thine!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I am quite ill. O, I never thought that happiness would be so hard to bear. I could not sustain it. And we are rich. Lieutenant Papperto will write us—will persuade our relatives. L., whom you wounded, will recover; your debts shall be paid; all shall be well! Poor Axel, how I have pitied thee! Forgive me all thy anxiety, thy despair. I was not able to give thee an explanation, such as you wanted and required.

ANNA TO AXEL. (*A day afterwards.*)

My illness increases, but I am in perfect possession of my senses. I draw down my bed curtains, say that

I wish to sleep, and write to thee. I fear that it will be illegible. If I die—if I die, yet I can and will bequeath to thee my property. With a portion of it you shall pay your debts—with the rest make yourself happy—and another—but—never play again, Axel; never again!

ANNA TO AXEL. (*The next day.*)

Collect yourself wholly, my friend; I have, perhaps, but a day more to live. Axel, do not give way to despair. I shall never forsake you. Thou shalt not go through the world alone, whether in sorrow or in joy. Anna will follow thee invisibly, faithfully, as when she wore thy ring—a child of heaven, but her Axel's bride. Shall, then, two souls which have once found each other, be ever separated by anything—two flames which have once ascended together, shall they ever burn separately, each for itself? Oh, no! My spirit shall hover near thee, go with thee, follow thee everywhere; thou shalt feel it near thee, light as a breath of spring, or as the fragrance of a flower, or as an embrace—a kiss—pure and mild as a moonbeam. When thou feelest thyself good—strong—or when thou feelest thyself happy, or comforted, or hopeful, or even tranquil—believe, then, thy Anna is near thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Now I know, now I understand, that glorious picture which moved me so much. The Angels of Faith, of Hope, and Love, near a grove, enlightened by the divine Son of God. It was for thee, my Axel. From that silent grave, where Anna soon shall rest, will these three show thee the way to that home where she will await thee.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My ideas begin to be confused. A few more words to thee, my Axel—though I do not quite know whether I have not already written them. My property I have already bequeathed to you. I could do so legally and justly. You shall pay your debts with a portion of it.

My Axel, never play any more! With the rest you shall make yourself happy—and others. If you should marry—be a good husband!

Not impatient—not jealous—not a gambler.

A wife suffers so much from these faults. It is wrong and cruel to torment one who expects her whole happiness from thee.

Be kind to the poor—be unjust to no one—never fight a duel—blood calls for blood—fear God—think of Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I will tell you beforehand what I am going to do, so that you may be prepared, and not alarmed at it. I am coming in to see you! I shall beat down the hall door—all the doors, if they are closed—knock every one down who shall attempt to hold me back—go in and sit down by your side, so that with the strength of a despair, which shall bring fate on my side, and conquer even death itself, I may retain thine angelic soul within thine angelic body. I follow these lines.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I came to thee, Anna, wild with speechless despair—saw thee—became tranquil, and learned to pray. I saw thee almost ready to leave me, for that better home which is so well known to thee, but from which I was shut out—and yet I could pray! Thou art given back

to me—to the earth and to me—and now, angel of heaven, teach me to pray and to give thanks.

AXEL TO ANNA, *(a day afterwards.)*

They will not allow me to stay with you; they say you must be kept quiet. Yes, my Anna, I acknowledge that my nature has no resemblance to the west wind; but it shall become more and more gentle. Thy last letter, my Anna, shall always rest upon my heart. It shall work there, like a talisman, against everything evil, and in favor of everything good. I have embraced Emilius as my benefactor and friend. We went together to-day to L., my antagonist, and the victim of my wrath. He is entirely out of danger. I turned to his mother, with the hard word *pardon*, (which unfortunately, I have become quite accustomed to,) and L. and I taking each others' hands, made a promise to play no more.

AXEL TO ANNA.

By the kindness of the noble-minded Emilius, my debts are already paid. O, I am not worthy of my happiness! It weighs upon me—it almost weighs me down. If I could be a real Trappist for a year, wear a hair shirt, scourge myself a little every day, lie upon nails, walk about in silence, with my eyes cast down, not see the sky, dig my own grave—then I think, I should get a little more courage to be happy after all.

I said so just now to Emilius, in the fullness of my heart. He laughed, and asked whether, as a beginning of my penance, I would consent not to see Anna for a month? It would be just as well to bury me at once! Anna! thou art my life, my all. The severity of the life of La Trappe is nothing—all bodily martyrdom

mere child's play—but, not to see you—ah, that is martyrdom—that is death!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I wish I could draw away the time with my breath, and thereby hasten the hour when I may see thee again; and yet I enjoy, drop by drop, this time—each moment of which gives to thee more health, more strength. Fear not my presence, my sweet Anna; I will be still, quiet, regular as the pendulum of your clock, if I may only count the minutes in your presence. I wish to see what they give to thee—how they take care of thee. Do not take any more medicine; it does no good, when one is getting well; it only hurts the teeth and causes one to make wry faces. Take nothing but what you like, whatever they may say to you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wait, and wait, and wait for ever! Ye good people who recommend patience so quietly and perpetually; and tell you to wait, and to be still. Heaven must, in its anger, have put so much earth into your composition, that you cannot even form an idea of fire and air. Your barometer, which always stands at the high and monotonous level of steady fine weather, has nothing in common with that which is constantly rising and falling in feeling hearts—from quietness to storms—from sunshine to rain. God bless you, good people! I am a trial to your very souls.

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is you, Anna, whom I have to thank that I no longer suffer this oppressive sorrow—this accusing conscience. It is you who have made all right again.

Fear not then, my Anna, that, although the consequences of my faults,—they were rather crimes—through God's mercy were so soon obliterated; fear not that their remembrance will ever be extinguished in my soul. I shall never forget them—I will remind myself every hour how earnestly I should endeavour to cause you to forget what I once was. My gentle Anna, you only shall forget.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I can again hold the pen! Can again write to Axel—my own Axel. You must not come to me yet. I am too weak still. To see you again with the full consciousness, with the entire perception of our happiness—for this I am yet too weak.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Thanks, Axel, for the flowers, for the fruit, and for all you have sent me—my room looks like a beautiful garden. My aunt, to be sure, is not quite pleased with the transformation, but she does not trust herself to say a word against it. She has such a panic terror of you since the day that you lifted her up from the threshold of the door of my chamber, seated her on the top of the book-shelves, and bade her "be quiet!" that she does not venture to touch anything that comes from you. She seems to be afraid that some electric spark will flash out from any inanimate thing which you have touched. For my part, I find the flowers so beautiful, the fruit so delicious, that I see myself surrounded with them with the greatest delight, although they come from the wild, impetuous Axel. Axel, we have really been unjust toward our relatives. We were ready to throw ourselves into misery. They wished to

hinder us. Were they so much in the wrong? They were perhaps too harsh, but their intention was good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You are not so well to-day, Rosina tells me—the perfume of the flowers was too strong. O then, I am the bird of ill omen! Throw them all out of the windows and break the flower-pots—let it be done this moment—otherwise I shall come and do it myself. Anna, shall I? Anna, let me come!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Out of compassion for the heads of the passers-by, and from justice to the innocent flower-pots themselves, they shall not be thrown out of the windows into the street; but only carried from my room into another, to which I will soon go to meet my Axel, when I am strong enough to do it. You must not come to me again. Meanwhile, be perfectly easy about me. I am now well again.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now, God be praised! That is all that I can say. Ought you not, perhaps to take some strengthening medicine? Ask the Doctor, best Anna; or would it be better that I should talk with him when he comes from thee, the happy mortal!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I should like just to see whether you know me again, Axel, when we meet again. I am entirely altered by my sickness. Meager, pale, with sunken eyes and cheeks. No longer pretty—not the least like the Crown Princess.

AXEL TO ANNA.

See, Anna! I imagine I shall see you lame, your eyes

small and squinting like those of your aunt; your nose flattened, your teeth black, your hands green, your hair red, your feet large. I imagine that this is now my Anna; that she has become so through my fault; my Anna, with her angelic heart, her heavenly goodness; and at the feet of *this* Anna I long—I burn with impatience to throw myself, in order to say to her: "Anna, I am unworthy of thee, but I love thee inexpressibly; reject me not! despise me not! love me for the sake of my devotion; be poor again, but be mine, and, as a mendicant gipsy, I will still thank Heaven every day of my life for a felicity whose excess I am not able to bear!"

ANNA TO AXEL.

O enthusiast! Thy wings, I fear, will not carry thee far. Nevertheless, be easy, thou shalt not be tried so severely; Anna is no longer pretty, but she does not look so. But, Axel, when will you be less violent, less eccentric, more reasonable?

AXEL TO ANNA.

When you are my wife—when I see and hear thee every day—when I am always with thee. But what I wrote last was nothing extravagant, nothing enthusiastic; it was my heart's inmost, truest feeling.

ANNA TO AXEL.

O, the inexpressible delightful spring air! I enjoy it through the open window, sitting among your flowers. The sun penetrates me with new warmth; the birds twitter among the budding trees of the terrace; all is beautiful, wild and glorious. If there is a feeling upon earth which is delightful, elevating; which calls forth tones of peace and joy, it is that which we experience

after hours of pain and sickness, when we return again to life; and to a life in which only spring breezes, spring flowers meet us. How still is everything about us—how open to gladness, how disposed for goodness! I have to-day lived such beautiful, princely hours, and I have thanked their all-good Giver. To-morrow, Axel, I expect you; to-morrow at noon.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To-morrow! I can say no more. It is everything to me—*to-morrow.*

ANNA TO AXEL.

We will be still and quiet, Axel. We were children before; we are older, now—we have suffered, let us not forget it. Like storms, which clear the air, are the passions for pure souls, when they cease their violence; let them be so for us. Axel, we will be serene, bright, pure and peaceful, as this beautiful spring-day.

To-day at noon, Axel! I have put aside the most beautitul of the China oranges, to eat with you.

You shall see too, how well your flowers have been taken care of. To water and cherish them has been the first use I have made of my returning strength.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have seen thee! I have not been able to write for several hours. Now it is evening—dark, silent, quiet, —now I am more still. But I am conscious of only one thing—I have seen thee!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, thou art heavenly good—angelically beautiful! Oh, thou hast nothing earthly about thee! Thy love, Anna! Oh, how art thou everything for me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

How charming you were in your simple, white dress!

Always dress so, Anna! White does not become everybody, but this colour seems made for your snow-white innocence. As you sat in that various coloured flower-world, so simple, so white, so inexpressibly beautiful, you seemed to me a pure angel, whose elevated humility should be worshipped by all the splendours of the earth. For an instant a veil seemed to fall before my eyes; I took this for a cloud which hovered over you, and believed for one wild minute, that you would flee to that land which is high above the clouds. At thy knees, with thy hands in mine, my lips to thine, I awoke—saw thee—saw myself, saw the earth—no, the heavens!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I can hardly accustom myself to my happiness; it is so sudden, so great, so undeserved. It surprises me every morning almost as an earthquake would. And I must repeat Anna's sweet name fifty times, before my heart's tempestuous beating becomes more calm.

Now I must see Emilius, and tell him that he is an angel. I will go to him. Ah, he is just coming to me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

A house bought, and furnished—house-keeping all provided for—my affairs arranged, the publishment to-day—wedding in eight days! Emilius! who art thou! Art thou an angel—a God? "I am—Anna's lover!" "Ah, horror! that thou must not be!" "I will be your common friend." "Thou shalt never come into my house!" "No, I shall not, or—not at present—I am going away." "But you are coming again?" "When I am married; farewell, Axel! be worthy of Anna, be happy!"

This Emilius—and—and I! Anna, how like you this Emilius?

ANNA TO AXEL.

He is better, nobler than Axel, but Axel only do I love—so unreasonable, so inexplicable is the human heart—so weak is mine. Do you blame me for this, Axel?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, reconcile me to myself. I am not worthy of thee—I can never be so!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I love thee, and shall be thy wife in a few days, who expects from thee her whole support—her whole happiness.

Thy litttle sister shall come to us. I will be her mother.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If the angels of heaven should determine to make a man good and wise, by loading him with blessings, I will bet ten to one, that they will succeed.

I shall write to thee no more, Anna—I shall be always with thee.

Billets remind me only of closed doors, of jealousy, of doubts and desperation; and away with closed doors, with black despair, black jealousy, and with everything black—yes, even with ink—away with it! May it never be wanted again between my wife and me!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Amen!

JANET TO HER SISTER ULLA.

You must know dear Ulla, the correspondence, as they call it, is now at an end. This whole spring have I been running up and down stairs with white written bits of paper, which they call billets, between a young gentleman and a young lady. And I always had at the same time a pair of boots or shoes in my hand, which I was to clean, and I looked as innocent as my bottle of blacking. And, do you know, for every billet which I delivered in the right time and place, there crept one, two, or three shillings, and sometimes whole dollars into my pocket. Sometimes I had a few sound boxes on the ear, from the young gentleman, who was beyond measure passionate; and he did it just because I had no billet, when he thought I ought to have one, namely, from the young lady, To pay for this, however, I had a plaster afterwards of a twelve shilling piece, so that I would willingly have had more. How many billets there were taken altogether, is more than my poor head can reckon up. The amount of it is, that I have laid up thirty-six dollars; that I am going to leave this expensive city of Stockholm, which costs more in bread and butter than the whole stomach is worth; that I am going back to Smaland, to buy a cottage for my mother, and to sit down there with her in peace, after all my trouble. I have no service here to perform. The correspondence is at an end. The lady and gentleman are married. God give them His peace!

THE SOLITARY ONE.

THE SOLITARY ONE.

We sometimes see a single beautiful flower springing up in a barren wild place—a noble but solitary product of the earth, surrounded and hemmed in by unfriendly elements, earnestly but vainly seeking the sun, by whose light thousands of its happier sisters are flourishing; but which it is prevented from enjoying by the bare overhanging rocks. Pale and feeble, the flower at length bows its head to the earth, although formed to aspire to the sky, and buries at last its fleeting existence among the dark rocks which have determined its destiny.

Our eye, which has by chance discovered the solitary one, rests upon it with a kind of compassion; while our thoughts ask, why and wherefore it stands there so destitute of gladness itself, and so incapable of giving joy to any one? These involuntary hermits of the flower-world have their images in a higher sphere of life; and I find that I recognize something similar in one whose hand traced the following thoughts and features of a life made cheerful by but few sunbeams.

This is not exactly a diary, nor a witty and interest-

in g journal that she has written. Ah, such a one is only written in the secret hope that some dear friend shall one day look over the lines which preserve the memory of our sufferings and our thoughts—one who shall sigh over our sorrows, rejoice in our joy, laugh at our pleasantries, love and hate with us—in a word—feel with us; and thus become more intimately united to us. No! like withered leaves, which the winds of autumn shake from the trees and scatter over the ground, she has cast forth her disarranged thoughts, just as they arose from feelings, which she did not hope to find reciprocated by any loving heart upon the earth.

May 17th.

'Tis Spring! I see, from my window, clouds driven along by the the fresh breezes, sailing like bright swans in the clear blue; I see eagles flying above them, ever rising higher and higher, to the path of light. Ah! could I do as they do! might I too feel the warm life giving breath of Spring! How confined and oppressive is it here within: how fresh and glorious there without, where gleams the morning dawn! I would—oh, do I indeed know what I would?

I have heard of palaces of ice, and I myself live in a moral ice-palace. The Count and the Countess, my gracious patrons, are statues of ice; and I—I am a poor, fluttering, feeble flam, lighted in one of the lamps in the saloon of the castle, which is going out by degrees—extinguished by the frost and the chilling atmosphere.

O, it must be inexpressibly beautiful to feel, to love, to live—in a word—to love!

I have never yet loved anything but my own fugitive ideal. I shall never see it realized upon the earth!

I am twenty years old to-day; who cares anything about that? Who offers me a flower in this season of flowers? Ah! If no one is glad that we were born, we might wish that we never had been born!

I would gladly have purchased, with my life, a father's and a mother's caresses: one, who has never experienced this innocent delight, has been shut out from the paradise of childhood.

When I read in romances or plays, of children who find again, in mature life, the parents whom they think they have lost, I sympathise with them with a depth of emotion which makes me quite lose myself. I cry out Papa! Mamma! stretch out my arms and weep; and then I know that my parents must sleep for ever.

All the people whom I know have something in the world to be interested about, and on which they depend. They have parents, children, brothers and sisters, relatives, friends—or at worst, a dog, a cat, a bird—in a word, something to live for, which requites them, and which repays with affection the care and kindness shown to them. Or, one has an occupation, an object; something, in a word, that animates the present and inspires hope for the future. *I* alone am objectless; *I* have nothing and no one in the world.

I wonder very much, sometimes, why and for what end I exist. If I should ask the Countess about it she would answer: "To sew for me; to be at hand when I ring my little silver bell, to assist me at my toilette, to make the fourth at my Boston party in the evening—and besides all this, to exercise my patience." Gracious Heaven! am I too proud, if I find such an object too low and miserable?

Some people have an interest in life, which I do not envy them—and this is to quarrel with each other. This is the delight of the Count and Countess, as soon as they encounter one another; indeed, I believe they often seek each other out, to procure for themselves this refreshment. They only agree in this, that they both reprove me with severity for the smallest oversight.

Were I placed by fate in a situation to rule over others—for example, in the place of the Countess—how would I guard myself against severity and sternness in the reproofs and directions I should find it necessary to give to my servants and dependents! Their mistakes would be altogether of so little importance to me, comparatively so entirely insignificant; for even if they should cause me some trifling inconvenience—yet they could neither disturb the peace of my heart, nor cost me bitter tears—nor oppress and burden my conscience—while *my* severity on the contrary, might bring upon the offender all these sufferings. The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannnot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should shew kindness and regard to their dependents. One is often better served

in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared to the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life. Then the faithful servant shews himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear, shews himself as an enemy.

To play cards from seven till ten every evening with three persons, who, like the Count, the Countess, and old President M., quarrel incessantly about the game and the fishes (for we do not play for money) is a fatal way of getting rid of time. The kings and honours in cards are to me real destroyers of pleasure. This employment for the evening is yet more intolerable to me, because the whole day is for me like the game of Boston.

Poor little bird, with clipped wings! In vain dost thou seek to raise thyself; thou risest not: thou feelest for what thou wert created; thou wouldst, like thy fellows, bathe in the pure sunny ether; sing as they do, thy joyful freedom—and thou art chained to the dust. Painful, painful is thy condition. So also is that of human beings, who, with the ideas of perfection and happiness in their breasts, bound by the fetters of mediocrity, go about desiring, striving, seeking; exert themselves, hope and despair, and sink at last, under the ever oppressive hand of fate. With a thousand noble powers in their souls, they see every path to improvement, to activity, closed against them.

Impatience is an annoying feeling. That we may suffer less, let us suffer patiently.

If I could only do a little good, I would not complain. But I can do nothing—nothing. In order to be perfectly imprisoned, while yet without the prison walls, one must be a woman; and besides, as I am, poor and dependent, I know that in this, my fate, I have many sisters in the world. O, my poor friends! how gladly would I comfort you. Ah, I too am a gasping wanderer in the desert. I wish to offer you a refreshing draught, and I have not one drop of fresh water for myself.

When one feels deeply a single sorrow, he understands all other sorrows.

I see two pictures—two sides of life—as unlike each other as day to night On the first, what animation! what splendour of colours! The altars of love and of household joys are there, garlanded with ever fresh flowers. Under the shadow of laurels and of palm-trees, the fine arts unfold their delightful recreations, and draw the fresh nectar of inspiration from the glorious ever-changing world around them. On the sunny heights the sciences go on their serene and delightful way. Every thing moves, aspires, goes forward; becomes brighter, clearer, more full of meaning. From the order, beauty, and riches of the greater whole, all the smaller details unfold themselves, in the fulness of life, of grace, and freedom. Nothing is low, powerless, heavy. On the contrary, all is great, rich, and all points to immortality. Even misfortune has splendour: it has its glory, its songs of victory. The flashes of lightning and the mild splendour of a cloudless sun

illuminate the scene alternately, and give it a constant majesty—the other—see a cloudy, misty day in autumn: see, weary travellers, who are seeking on a wild stony path some place of rest. They attempt to kindle a fire to warm themselves; but a slowly-falling, frosty, penetrating mist-rain extinguishes the flame, and at last even the sparks which were glimmering in the ashes. Behold misery become so miserable that it loses at last all compassion for itself; see how the unhappy being is hardened against the misfortunes of those who are unhappy as he is. Behold exhaustion, weariness of life, of everything: behold—oh, no! rather see it not! shut your eyes, if possible, ye, whose scene of life resembles this picture. Mists and clouds which overshadow us—ah, sink down still deeper and hid from us the terrors which surround us and our deserted, mysterious path.

Year after year goes slowly by. For us they are all like dark autumnal days.

Reproofs! wherefore? I do not deserve them. I do not complain! No expression of dissatisfaction, no murmuring escapes my lips. I am thankful for the support which they give me, (from compassion, as they say.) I am obedient, assiduous; I endeavour to fulfil in every particular what they require of me. But I am not happy they say, I am not lively; I always go about with my head hanging down. Ah, how should I look glad with no gladness at my heart! I have ever sought, in order to please them to whom my services are due, to study out in the glass the expression which would give to my countenance the most happy and contented aspect. At last, I could not help weeping

bitterly over this forced, gloomy, unnatural smile.

I read lately in a book, a kind of moral medical book, full of good advice to meet the merits of the sick soul: "If thy condition is too oppressive, and thou findest thyself too unhappy in it, then change thy condition." Would one be really unhappy could they do this?

Ah, I am of rank, and the proud distant relations who, after the death of my parents, took charge of the poor orphan, have the rights of parents over me, although they have never treated me with parental affection; but they have given me protection. I must be devoted to them or be ungrateful, I have no alternative. Besides, where could I go?

To marry—and to marry M? Never! I am not romantic, but I must be able to feel regard and friendship for my husband, if I am to find a shadow of happiness in marriage. M. is avaricious, has a hard heart and a bad temper; qualities which no wife, who has a heart, can endure. Besides, he seeks in me not a friend, not a faithful companion in joy and sorrow, not an affectionate wife—only a housekeeper, and one who will bear, without complaining, his whims and caprices. And shall I take such a man, merely for the sake of being married? never, never! I am too good for this, I feel too highly my value as a woman, and I cannot (whatever others may do) regard myself so small an article of merchandise. I heartily pity those who, in a situation like mine, accept, merely for the sake of changing it, offers which, although called good by the world, want in reality the most essential requisite for

a happy marriage—all that can ennoble the heart or make it happy! Sooner or later the deceived ones discover that they have only exchanged a lesser for a greater sorrow.

Warm, ardent souls like mine, must find in marriage the highest happiness or misery.

I cannot but detest every thing mean and contemptible. I feel that I should detest M.; and as his wife, I know not how mean and contemptible I should myself become at last. I remember having read some verses of Hang, which, with a slight alteration, precisely suit my ideas.

HE.

Oh, woman, angels—yes—as mistresses are ye,
But after marriage naught but demons shall we see.

SHE.

This to expla'n, my friend, not difficult can be,
Since where we looked for heaven, a hell we surely see.

In the original *she* is the accuser, and *he* gives the answer. But we see every day, that an ill-tempered or immoral man ruins the character and temper of his wife. Many women are accused of cunning and falsehood, oppressed nations are accused of the same faults; the replies of both contain at once the explanation and excuse:

"We have had tyrants for our masters."

Rather than be obliged to give such an answer, I will go on with my joyless, uniform, but, innocent life, without any change till its end. Life, after all, is not so long.

A year has passed since I wrote the words: life, after all, is not so long! Ah! life is long! Its minutes seem to stretch to eternity, when one suffers, when one is oppressed by weariness of life. And can one help being so, when everything is like an everlasting *No* to all our wishes and our most heart-felt desires?

I feel it deeply; in order to endure life, a loving heart requires the affection and tenderness of its fellow-creatures—requires them just as much as the body requires meat and drink.

Oh, the heart which is condemned to live for ever without an answer—mercifully, oh, thou mysterious Being who gave it motion—let it cease!

Never should one dispute about the misfortune, the pain which another feels. We suffer in so many different ways, and from so many similar causes; we are so variously organized, and the relation of external circumstances to our moral feelings is so unlike—our emotions, our capacities are so various and unequal, that it is almost impossible for one to judge of the circumstances of another. Whenever we see sorrow let us respect it, if we are not happy enough to be able to alleviate it!

I heard a short time ago, an intelligent woman admonishing another who was less reasonable than herself, and much less fortunate: "You have committed no crime—you cannot have any remorse—you have no anxieties either—you have clothes and food enough—what in all the world then have you to lament about? You only imagine yourself unhappy; drive away your

sickly thoughts, and you will be as cheerful as I am! Everybody has his burden. Perfection has not been promised to us on the earth. One must understand how to use one's reason, and drive away such whimsies, as others do." The friend who was thus consoled, was silent; but looked, nevertheless, more cast down than ever. In her place I would have answered: "That is true; of all the evils which you have enumerated, I feel not one; but my unhappiness is not the less real. It is here in this sick and weak heart, which I have not given to myself, and from which sad endowment Heaven has spared you. But for this very reason you cannot pass judgment upon me, and it would be equally reasonable to deny the possibility of my headache, because you do not feel it; as the sorrow of my heart, you do not understand it. You"—but why prolong an answer, at which my intelligent friend would only shrug her shoulders. I will rather in part assume her office of a comforter, but conduct it in rather a different manner. I would go to the sufferer and say: "Rest upon me, we will weep together!"

M. has been married for some time. His wife is very unhappy; but I hope that her rapidly increasing illness will free her from the frightful life, which must be her's in an unhappy marriage.

I cannot devote an instant of the day to reading. The Countess will not suffer me to read in her presence. On this account I pass one or more hours of the night in reading, and this is the only time which affords my spirit any refreshment.

Many mild and comforting words are spoken at these times to the solitary, the forsaken one, by pure spirits, who have understood all the sorrows of feeble humanity in the depths of their own hearts. Especially consoling are these words to the unhappy: "I understand thee!" It is as if one, who had lost his way in a frightful desert, should hear all at once the cheering sound of a friend's voice. At these times, I often stretch out my hands toward the home of the noble spirits who have passed away, and exclaim: "Oh, friend, who has felt and suffered with me, send down for my refrehment a breath of that eternal peace, which thou now enjoyest." But, ah, no tranquillizing breath comes to us from the world of spirits, and perhaps no eye there looks upon us. I believe that it is right it should be so. In order to be perfectly happy in another world, the blessed spirits must be wholly removed from the sight of misery.

But, ah! if these same voices which, while losing themselves in death, still call out so piercingly: "We are consoled!" How many bitter tears of doubt and anxiety should we not be spared.

Oh, ye departed! it must be your business to comfort those who are to die.

Why are there not in our country any religious societies, who furnish sacred and peaceful asylums for the unhappy who need them so much? They might easily be so arranged, as in no way to oppose the laws of our religion and of sound reason. Let them be what they should be, secure asylums for the unhappy, for

the deserted, for the faulty, who repent and desire to return to the paths of peace; for all those, who from whatever cause live isolated in the world, without a determinate object, without activity and without pleasure, and thus become every day more unhappy and less innocent.

Then could those who are without relatives and friends, knit among themselves the sacred and loving bands of the heart, and find mother, sister, and friends —could at their side in noble emulation, clothe and instruct the deserted child, take care of the sick, comfort the afflicted: in a word, live each day in such a manner, that they could say to themselves in the evening: "It has not been lost!" Here should those who have gone astray, return to God and to virtue, begin a new life, and experience a new happiness, the peace of innocence and virtue's strengthening gladness. Here should the unhappy one, embittered against the world and mankind, find a home, full of kindness and affection; good spirits whose harmonious voices would soon shed peace and tranquillity upon the wounded heart. Here should the noble being, who, in a brilliant circle, felt her heart contracted by the emptiness and wretchedness of the great world, grow truly great in the silent shadows of a quiet, but useful life. The fiery, the passionate, to whom nature has given the soul of Alexander, and fortune only fetters, whose eccentric powers being destructive to themselves and to others, might here let their flames burn on the altars of piety and benevolence, and feel, in the enjoyment of voluntary sacrifices, that the thorny crown of a saint is a more beautiful object to strive for than worldly greatness,

than the praises of the world and that fame which yet does not reach the stars. Here would all who have been treated as by a step-mother by nature, fortune or the world, be embraced as by a heavenly mother, who, full of gentle seriousness and pure affection, would lead her children through a quiet, happy, and virtuous life, to the eternal home, where love, truth and felicity first find their originals. Oh, beautiful and blessed life—noble institutions, innocent and sweet dreams! May you one day be realized!

I feel sometimes an emotion of bitterness, which I endeavour to subdue; of envy, which I seek to stifle in its germ. But ah, how much does it not cost to preserve one's self good and mild, when, daily and hourly, a thousand indescribable trifles, like sharp stings, excite uneasiness and discomfort. I should not have strength do do it, if an inward prayer for strength and patience did not sometimes procure them for me; if the reading of a good book did not call up reflections in my soul which raise it above the nothingness of this world. But, alas, it is sure to sink again!

If I could but inhale a breath of fresh air! The sun shines so brilliantly—the air is so pure—the snow so white! O! if I could be in the country for a moment; see the dark green forests, and hear the rustling of their branches; hasten over the snow-covered fields; breathe in the pure elastic air; feel it upon my cheeks —if I could see, in a word, free nature, and feel my freedom, how happy should I be!

If illusions, those enchanting, deceitful sirens, had not filled the glowing fancy of my ardent youth—if I had not asked so much from fate; I should know better how to bear this cold life which is allotted to me. That early romance-reading, how much poison does it not infuse into young heads! What girl of sixteen years old, who has been endowed by nature with common charms—who has a warm heart (and whose heart is cold at sixteen,) and who reads romances, plays and poems—does not see in herself, with perfect certainty, the future heroine of a novel, a poem, or even of a tragedy. The death of a tragedy-heroine is so frightfully beautiful, so elegant, so full of love, so admired and lamented, that it seems quite enviable; and sometimes the youthful reader laments over herself, with inexpressibly sweet tears, in the character of a beautiful girl put to death by the hand of her lover, regarding this with sublime emotion as her own future fate.

Now the young creaure enters into life, and awaits, with extreme impatience, to see it arrange itself around her, full of love, of great and heroic deeds, rich in emotions and wonderful events; and finds, often, only what I have found,—poverty, alas! in all things; and she is almost ready to believe that an unfriendly fairy has transformed the charming enchanted palace into a dark and frightful prison.

Her splendid, fleeting morning dreams have embittered for her all her days.

If I were an instructress, I would endeavour, above all things, to preserve my young pupils from whatever might too early excite and heat the imagination.

I would endeavour, in every way, to hinder them from seeking to adorn life with flowers which it did not possess, so that they may gather, in their proper season, the few which are really to be found. On this account, my young friends should early endeavour to exercise their youthful powers on whatever of good, of useful, lies near and within their sphere; as they grow older they must labour, and with more earnestness and assiduity—never dream over life, but always use, and at the same time enjoy it. Many grown people resemble the child who wept because he could not get the moon; there are many persons who have early began to seek their happiness in the clouds.

Many times, when I have heard of people who, in one way or another, have met with a happy change in their fortune, an unexpected enjoyment; when I see the spring follow winter and cause it to be forgotten, sunshine follow rain, tranquillity succeed to tempests —a joyful feeling springs up within me, and I think every thing changes upon the earth, even the earth itself; for me too shall there be a change one time or other? Hope is a spring whose secret and hidden sources are ever bursting forth in the heart of man.

But when I hear of disappointed hopes, of unfulfilled wishes, of prisoners for life; then my courage fails, and I ask myself: Why then should it be better with me than with so many others?

Sleep, then, feelings, wishes, hopes! sleep, and leave me in peace! Good night to ye all, too dear enemies!

To lose all interest in one's self, and in all that surrounds one, is certainly a mournful repose, but yet a repose.

You say the country is beautiful, that life there is pleasant, that you are happy, that you are beloved. I believe it, I believe it; so much the better for you. But how does it help me?

No! and should I feel my deprivations a thousand times more deeply, yet I should not, I will not be cold or indifferent to the happiness of others. O, love, enjoy and gladden each other! May everything, even the smallest worm, spring for joy, and only I, only I possess nothing; yet will I praise thee, O God of mercy!

And *he*, who seems to me so good; he, the true image of the Divinity upon earth—may he be happy! might my whole life full of sacrifices purchase for him one full of riches and of heavenly joy.

And how? should I then be truly unhappy?

Since I see him, hear him, a certain change has taken place with me. The air is clear, more elastic!

Why does my heart beat when I hear, even from a distance, *his* step, *his* voice? Wherefore am I so painfully embarrassed when he approaches me? Why do I feel my cheeks burn?

His features are noble, but mild; his whole manner

expressive of self-respect—this shows itself in his bearing, his gait, his free and graceful movements—one sees, one feels that he is conscious of making, even by his exterior, an agreeable, an imposing impression, and for this very reason he thinks nothing at all about it; and, therefore, he does it the more certainly. His forehead is high and expanded; his eyes beam with fire and brilliancy; his nose is high and well formed; all his features, and his whole being reveal a free, a strong and beautiful nature, which, in its outward form, has only sought an expression, a model of the inward. Freshness and life are in his words, as in his countenance; and when he speaks one feels that the fire of truth and of goodness, which radiates from his eyes, dwells also in his soul. His voice is strong, perhaps at times too strong and high for the tone of conversation; but it rises on the eagle wings of thought and feeling, and it would be lower and weaker if these were slower or feebler in their flight. It comes from a breast in which not a single feeling has been stifled or fettered. It is the voice of liberty, and seems to have been formed to speak for it. So nobly, so bountifully endowed by nature and fortune, should he not be good also? Ah! yes, he is good—good as I imagine the angels to be. The same eye which looks so coldly and calmly upon danger and death, with such defiance and contempt upon voluntary slaves—this eye has tears of tenderness for the suffering child, for the silent grief of woman. And should he not be good when he is so gifted, so admired, so beloved? Chosen for a king, should he then forget his crown?

Near this glorious image I have another for the sake

of the contrast, and I look from one to the other. This image, which bears the same relation to the first as shadow to light, is my own. My person is beat down, it betrays the condition of my mind. My movements (particularly in his presence) are often constrained and childish; this proceeds in part from the consciousness of my want of attraction, partly from an awkward bashfulness, caused by a foolish vanity that I cannot overcome, and which makes me ashamed of my dress, which is quite inferior to that commonly worn by persons in my rank of life. I do not venture to say much, and when I speak my voice is feeble, and my words are often indistinctly uttered, on which account I often condemn myself to silence; perhaps, also, because his eagle-glance rests upon me so searchingly, and because he bends over to listen to me. My eyes —formerly they had fire, expression and vivacity, they were blue and clear as the sky—now they are dull, without colour and expression—they are like extinguished flames. Once my countenance had life and freshness, now it has that sallow colour which characterizes my past life, which has spread over it by degrees, and banished all disagreeableness. I could once smile—now I have forgotten how. My smile is a troubled one. It is a pale autumnal sun-gleam, which is soon obscured by dark clouds. Wearied with the effort of constantly struggling against ever springing desires for a freer and a more friendly life, a certain coldness and indifference have got possession of my spirit. I have lost all interest in myself and my own fate. I have buried my hopes one by one, and each one has taken something of my life to the grave with it,

He and I seem to me to represent intellectual life and death.

He is good—too good! Like the sun, which rejoices with its light even the smallest flower, he would animate even me with his warmth, his fresh courage, his animation. But, ah! the most beautiful sun cannot again give life to the flower which, already withered, has bowed its head to the earth.

He has read and travelled, seen, heard, felt and thought—it is not strange that his conversation is full of meaning. When I listen to him with delight for whole hours, it seems to me that I am hearing beautiful music, whose pure and ever-changing melody opens to me an inner world full of rich and infinite thought and feeling.

All things become for me, under its influence, whether actions or ideas, more clear and defined; as if in a picture-gallery still in midnight darkness, the light should at once enter and illuminate the pictures, whose designs I had before only obscurely guessed at. And if he, while pouring out his rich and noble thoughts, turn toward me with a look which kindly asks, "Is it not so? Do you not find it so too?" Then he reads in my eyes my silently admiring answer.

He spoke yesterday of his childhood. He was caressed by a father and mother. He was cherished in their arms, in their hearts; and I! when I was a child, a young person, and even now, ever has my caressing hand, my loving heart been rejected. Well, then, re-

jected and still proud heart! seek them no longer—offer thyself no more; and if, nevertheless, thou canst not but love, break then with thine own beating before thou betrayest thyself, before thou exposest thyself to the danger of being again rejected, despised!

Silent nights, why do you no longer bring me quiet refreshing sleep? and then my heart, why dost thou beat thus?

A certain pleasant self-conscientiousness awakens in me at times. I am not then so poor—not so absolutely insignificant in the eyes of others! He shows me regard, attention—he expresses some value for my opinion—he encourages me to cultivate my talents! but this is merely from goodness, from heavenly compassionate kindness. God bless him!

It is too late, too late—compassionate wanderer who art passing by. Dost thou not see that the frost of many nights has rested on the plant? Never will it raise its head again.

My daily prayer—that which gives me the greatest satisfaction, is "O God, give to *him* all that thou hast seen fit to take from me!"

What joy to pray for him whom one loves! How delightful it is to think that my feelings for him may take the form of a guardian angel; may protect him from some danger, may call down upon him some blessing!

But never—never shall he suspect how much I have loved him! never shall he direct toward me a pitying glance! That would be a dagger thrust in me!

I will burn this paper, my only confidant; and my heart shall be the silent grave of my feelings.

O death! pitying death? why dost thou not come? How delightful to me would be the rushing of thy healing wings!

I have had to-night a strange but beautiful dream. I fancied myself in a fruit garden, full of trees. It was Spring, the birds were singing, the sky was clear, the air mild and pure. All was beautiful around me, but I did not feel myself happy. I was walking slowly about, and looking at Alfred, who was walking in the same direction that I was, but on another path, separated from me by a small stream, whose silver waves danced over one another, whispering: "How sweet it is, how sweet it is to move on the cool waves!" And I was forced to repeat to myself, how sweet, how sweet! Alfred, too, looked steadily upon me, and it seemed to me that our glances began to be illuminated.

All at once he went up to the shore, and got into a little boat which was dancing on the waves, and then stood still at my feet. Alfred extended his hands for me to get in. I would not; and I wept, scarcely knowing why I did so. Then he took my hand, and drew me with gentle force into the boat by his side. I wept again, but did not feel unhappy.

Then the boat began, as if guided by invisible hands,

to move itself over the water, while the silver waves danced around it, melodiously singing: "How sweet it is to go together over the cool waves!" I wept no more.

Alfred and I talked with each other, and what we said was delightful to us. We were floating gently along between banks fragrant with roses and violets. The flowers separated themselves from their stalks, and fell down upon us, while voices, proceeding from them, whispered: "How blessed it is to love one another, and be united!" and we repeated, with joyful emotion, "How blessed!" Then came night, but a night without darkness, for the flowers continued to shine in their various colours, and each wave shone out, with a small, clear sparkling diamond on its summit. Over our heads hovered a light cloud, out of which millions of stars were glittering. All at once, Alfred said: "see there the grave!" and I saw before us something dark, formless, mysterious, toward which we were rapidly hastening. I felt, however, no fear. Then something like the waving of a wing touched our eyelids, and we fell asleep. But our sleep had beautiful dreams, and we still saw each other. Then it seemed to me that a soft kiss was imprinted on my lips—a kiss like that with which a mother awakens her sleeping child—and we awoke. A brilliant morning dawn surrounded us. We held each other by the hand, and soared higher and higher into a rose-perfumed atmosphere. I felt myself light and etherial; all heaviness, all dejection, all awkwardness was gone, and I felt that it was gone for ever. In a crystal-clear lake, which lay beneath us, our figures were reflected, and I saw myself so beauti-

ful that it enchanted me. Now, first I thought, am I worthy of him. In the midst of the absorbing sentiment of a pure and increasing blessedness, the thought suddenly entered my mind: "Should this all be only a dream, and I should awake no more in the dream, but to reality!" And, in truth, it was but a dream! I heard, all at once, the cry of the night-watches; the clock has struck one! and the Countess's little bell, which was calling me. The Countess thought that she heard a rat in her sleeping-room, and wanted me to play the part of a cat, which I performed very awkwardly.

Great misfortunes raise the powers of the mind; from the flames of the combat they rise toward heaven. It is an hypotheosis, as it were, on the wings of the tempest. But these horribly oppressive, corroding cares and trials—this weariness, this ennui, destructive of life and joy, O, how do they not oppress us, children of the dust!

I had just now a moment of silent enjoyment. What was the cause of it? I do not exactly know: I was solitary—the sun shone into my little room—I felt its warmth with joy; the shadows of a blossoming fruit-tree played in the sunshine on the green wall. I thought of *him*—of his goodness. I observed a little cloud which was sailing slowly by at a short distance from the sun, and I said to myself: so shall my life pass by! Yes, ephemeral being, soon shalt thou pass away, and thy sorrow, thy love, shall have no more trace upon the earth than that cloud leaves on the blue

expanse of sky. I shall be no more—I shall suffer no more. Peaceful thought!

I am in the country! For the first time for many years; and this through his kind mediation. I find myself in a family of good, happy, and, in every point of view, amiable people. Here acquaintances are constantly coming from the neighbouring country seats. They play, sing, dance, talk and laugh the whole day through. I am dazzled, like one who comes out from a dark place, and visits suddenly a strong sun-light. As the eye then feels pain, so does my heart now: I am not ungrateful, but I am alone: I am not, and never—never shall be happy!

I am a discarded note in the glad harmony which reigns here, and I feel it most myself.

I have known few beings so lovely and interesting as Camilla. She and her timid sisters endeavour, in every way, to animate and encourage me; but they are—ah, they are too joyous, too happy—they are innocent children of light, who have not yet felt the mysteries of sorrow. I have tried to meet kind wishes; but my smile cannot be truly mirthful, and of the tears which I often feel coming into my eyes, some have involuntarily poured their way down my cheeks, and been seen by them: my manner, which has become reserved through habit, repulses them; in short, I see that they do not feel themselves at home in my presence, and that I restrain their innocent vivacity; and they would certainly leave me to my troubled self, if their kind-

ness and politeness did not prevent them from doing so.

Ah! what should the owl do among the larks? Frighten them and silence their innocent songs; no—it is better that she should return to her dark nest.

My name-day. I had forgotten it. Camilla and her sisters surprised me with flowers and songs. They enwreathed me, they embraced me—begged me to be happy—said they loved me. Affectionate, tender-hearted Samaritans, if your kind efforts cannot heal the wounds of the unhappy one, yet will she never cease to bless your goodness.

He reproved me gently for my reserve. He wishes that I could be cheerful. I try to be so.

Yesterday evening Camilla sang. He stood behind her chair. When she had finished, she turned half round, looked at him modestly blushing, and asked, "Was not that the piece which you wished to hear?" I did not hear his half-uttered answer, but saw his beaming eye meet her's, which fell at his glance. Why did it fall? Beautiful and charming Camilla! Look up gratefully to heaven, if thou sawest in his eyes the same expression which I read then in thine.

His eyes follow her. This is not strange. She is a rose in its full bloom, beautiful and good and happy. He gave her the other day a bouquet of heliotrope and pansies; a bee hidden among the flowers flew to me as I sat at some distance and stung me on the hands. I

suppressed with difficulty a cry of pain—but I did suppress it. I would not have disturbed, for any consideration, he who gave or she who took the bouquet, they both looked so affectionate and so happy. I cannot give pleasure, but I certainly will not disturb that of others.

And, therefore, I must soon, very soon go back to my dark home. That suits me better now.

I have tried to procure him a pleasure. I have smoothed and arranged Camilla's brown hair, which, among her various charms, is that to which she pays the least attention. I have succeeded.

He is ill! and I cannot approach him—cannot watch over him!

He is better. Tears of anxious distress, tears of joy—which I cannot restrain—you have betrayed me! But then, Camilla, dost thou think thy paleness, thy red eyes are unobserved?

He came in—we had not expected it; he took our hands, thanked us for our care—for our sympathy. I do not know what I did, but I saw Camilla tremble.

Yes, I will go away—away. I will hide myself from him, from the whole world, from myself!

I am again in my former house. I am better here, and I believe I am stronger.

He must know—he has seen what he is to me—and

then—? But I am willing he should know it. He will not vainly prattle of it: he is too great, too noble for that! He will pity me; his compassion will not, like that of the world, be difficult for me to bear. I shall rather regard it as the pity of a higher spirit, who looks down upon a feeble one.

Why does he continue to visit our joyless house, to animate it with his presence? Is it from compassion to me, who he thinks cannot live without seeing him? Ah! he is mistaken! life can be maintained on sacrifices.

Or perhaps he foresees, that when he shall separate from me, I shall find myself doubly solitary: and he endeavours to strengthen my spirit to bear it. Therefore he still comes; therefore he talks, in order to raise me to the strength of mind, to the serenity which he himself possesses.

For this reason he exercises my voice, excites me to improve my mind, to acquire knowledge. But this is impossible in my situation, and besides, how would it help me—would it make me happier?

Yes, I understand him and his angelic kindness. He has seen that he too was commissioned by heaven to give my heart a wound; he knows it, and he tries to protect me against it; he wishes it possible to make it less severe, to make it unfelt; he wishes to amuse me—wishes to procure pleasure for me. Ah, he does not know me!

It is too much! It seems to me as if he only intended to plunge the dagger deeper; but he knows what is best for me, and I kiss the hand which gives me death!

Ah! wherefore so much goodness to-day, if he means to harm me to-morrow?

He has asked for my hand! Heavenly powers! he and—I!

I have refused him: gratefully, but decidedly have I refused his hand! my heart beats with anguish and with proud joy! I have refused him, because I love him more than myself: prefer a thousand times his happiness to my own, and I could not give him a higher proof of this, than by preserving him from a wife who never could make him happy. Ah! I must weep!

Would not death thus at the side of life, throw over it its dark shadow? I will be just to myself. I am not wholly unworthy of his choice. My acts, my heart are pure; and this heart loves him—my spirit longs for truth and virtue. I do not recognize in myself a single low or mean feeling; but, ah! how little am I, in other respects, formed to embellish his noble, beautiful life! My outward youth has fled, my inward youth still more—that spring-time of the soul, which can sometimes recall the too early-faded flowers. Chilled and dead are all my lively feelings. I feel constantly as if a heavy and stiff icy hand were resting on my breast. I

have felt too deeply the desolate emptiness, the dark mystery of life. The bitterness of certain hours will never pass away from my memory. Never shall I feel again that courage, that freedom from care which enables one to laugh so heartily—to be so gay; in a word, which, in the enjoyment of the present, makes one forget the coming hour. At his side, worshipping him as I do now, how bitterly should I feel my incapacity to give or to receive gladness. I should feel like Abaddera, my inward darkness, and become by that means still worse.

My health is impaired, and I am much mistaken if my lungs are not diseased.

What should I do, besides, in that circle to which his rank, his genius and talents, and even his own inclination call him, with my inferior cultivation, my absolute mental poverty, my absence of agreeable qualities—a despised cipher—and still worse, a being, whose small pretensions to the place in which she appears render her justly an object of scorn. A wife without attractions, dull, sickly—and who, because she feels all this, is so much the more cast down. Behold in this the sweet reward which fortune has given him for all his noble generosity; behold in her the consoler of his sorrows, the joy and gladness of his life! Ah! a hundred times would he in his heart repent his choice! And the more kind, the more considerate, the more angelic he should be toward me, the more unhappy should I become. Yes, I feel it; pressed to his heart, I would destroy myself from despair that I could not make him happy. O thou, whom I love so deeply, so infinitely, if thou couldst but look into my

heart! May my constant, my ardent prayers call down upon thee the blessedness which I cannot give thee!

He has never loved me; it was no faint glimmering of love which led him to me: I could make to myself on this point but a momentary illusion: it vanished as the sky opened over my path of life—all became clear—I saw what I had to do, and God and my love gave me strength to act accordingly.

It was only noble, heavenly compassion that guided him to me—only goodness—which deserved to be rewarded. Something soothing and proud takes possession of my heart when I think: The noblest being has wished to raise me to himself, and I have acted worthily toward him. Yes, he has elevated me!

I cherish in myself the belief, that the charming Camilla shall be for him one day, all which I could not be. Pale and trembling Camilla! very soon, perhaps, shall the flowers of affection and of joy colour thy soft cheeks. Thou shalt not know that my hand has preferred for thee this beautiful ornament. And thou, Alfred! when the heavenly emotions of joy and love swell in thy noble breast, thou wilt think no more of me; but I, I will think of thee.

And when I have finished my difficult course, may I then say to myself—"I have made two human beings happy!"

I see him no more—how dark is all around me! but I have willed it so—and I am content with it.

My thoughts follow him with blessings—and night and day, morning and evening, they follow him.

My anticipations are fulfilled. Camilla is Alfred's happy bride. O beautiful and spiritual eyes! how will you now beam and sparkle with new brightness! O may you be happy; O hear me, thou giver of all happiness! no prayer for myself shall henceforth weary thy goodness—but make them happy—ah! take my spirit—and give all to them!

Give to Camilla a love for him equal to mine!

The bells ring, the bells ring! the great day has come—Alfred leads Camilla to the altar. See, how noble, how beautiful he is, how lovely and enchanting she—how happy they both appear; a noble pair, the people whisper—I heard it—but have I not read it somewhere? I do not know. The day is beautiful, the spring sun warm and clear, all is clear and bright, even my feelings—I am happy and serene! No, it is not a fever which colors my cheeks so highly—it is joy; this makes my pulsations so quick; this causes my heart to beat a hundred times in a minute; hear, the bells ring. Now it is done; the priest has blessed them—and even I—

Now, at least, I am peaceful and alone, and in the silence of the night, which rests over all things, I pray in my heart for the happiness of those whom I love so infinitely. All is good which Providence directs, all is wise—pain has its rest, its end—and mine shall find it in his happiness—whose foundation I have laid in a strong hour—O my heart's beloved! I believe, I know it—I can and shall be happy through thy happiness. When the sun of thy joy shall shine in its

full glorious mid-summer splendor, its warmth shall penetrate even to me, as I sit in the shadow. I shall be the distant echo of thy song of bliss! Feel and call thyself happy! and—even I shall be happy—be glad! and I am—glad; I smile; and I thank God! and thank him from my inmost heart.

(Poor enthusiast! thy wings seem to bear thee up no longer. At a later dater date I find written by the same hand which wrote the above in joy and gladness, the following words expressive of a quiet but dejected state of mind.)

The 2nd January. My life is a feverish dream!

A better world—my most delightful, my only hope!

(Years seem now to have passed by, in which nothing was written down; but in which we may conclude from the epoch next described in the life of the solitaire, the angel of peace—whose palms sooner or later wave around the head of this good but innocent sufferer—came ever nearer to her heart.)

Something infinitely sweet has penetrated my heart. I know not what feeling of peace, often even of gladness, accompanies me in my quiet journey through the valley. And yet all around me is unchanged, cold, without affection or animation, as before. The change is within me. I once looked for my happiness, my felicity from the world, and from others; I was deceived, wounded and rejected; I have turned to God alone, and begin to feel that his peace is more, is greater than all the joys of the world.

A beautiful hyacinth, which is blooming at my window, inspires me with happy thoughts and feelings. I see how it slowly turns towards the sun, worshipping unconsciously its heat and light. The sun shining brightly upon it, opens, silently working, flower after flower, gives them color, beauty, and sweet fragrance. This is to me a clear image of man and of God. Eternal Son of love! I will bow myself as the flower—humbly turn myself to thy light, in order to receive from thee, who alone can give them, life and goodness.

I have just come from the church. I have wept much, and now I am truly happy. The sentiment of devotion is perhaps one of the most delightful, the most beautiful, which we can experience on earth. It is not joy, nor sorrow! but something which raises us above them both: it is a momentary return of the soul to its true home; a feeling which, more than any profound demonstration, convinces us that we are heirs of immortality.

The text was from the story of the woman of Canaan. The preacher took occasion from it to represent to us that the bread was often denied to us, that we might learn to be content with the crumbs; and that a resigned and humble spirit was a blessing to its possessor and pleasing to God. This seemed to be said on purpose for me, and I felt the truth of it in my heart. Ah! this unquiet heart, which has desired so much and so impatiently from the world and from others; which wished so earnestly for all the blessings of life; how has it been obliged to bring down its

desires. It has taught itself by degrees, to be content with the crumbs; but it has become humble, patient—I hope better; and now, first, it enjoys the peace and gladness for which it has so long been striving, but in the wrong way. A flower, a bright day, an unexpectedly kind word, a pleasant dream, a feeling of comfort—yes, a thousand small and formerly neglected pleasures, which even the most joyless life is not wholly without, are now infinitely precious to me. I have, by degrees, taught myself to understand that the true wisdom of human life consists in drawing, like the bee, a particle drop of honey from the smallest flower.

And if Thou, High Ruler of my destiny, has left me upon the earth so solitary, so friendless, in order that I might turn wholly and entirely to thee, and find in thee my all—have I then any cause to complain? If Thou, All-merciful One, wilt be my father and mother, sister and brother, must I not count myself blessed?

Why, ah why, did I not earlier seek peace where alone I could find it? How many years of pain, and of oppressive heaviness, should I not have been spared if I had known earlier how foolish it was to turn to the world and to other means, for comfort or joy!

Give—give then, thou solitary forsaken one, thy heart to God, but with that deep earnest will, which suffers no change, no lingering backward glances! Learn to say, Thy will, O father, be done! not merely with resignation, but with love, with joy—and all despair and distrust, all heavy and hopeless grief, has fled from thee for ever.

Many, who in regard to earthly pleasures have been more favorably regarded by fate than I have, will seek and find consolation in these, and refreshment to meet the trials of life, but, alas! these never comfort; are often mere diversions, which hinder us from seeking the right path. A thousand things may soften our griefs, a thousand ways may cause them to return—may touch what is most dear to us upon the earth—and the most loving and most beloved mortal may die in despair, if, amid the delights of earthly blessedness and affection, he has forgotten to place his trust in Heaven.

When I lie down to rest at night, and find my heart oppressed by the troubles of the day, and the unfriendly conduct of *those* for whose sake I bear them, I begin to pray, "My Father"—but hardly have I uttered the words, hardly has the thought of their meaning penetrated my soul, than I shed the sweetest tears, and an infinite blessedness pervades my whole being, so that I could believe myself suddenly carried nearer to Him, the thought of whom so excites and elevates me. My whole prayer consists often only in repeating many times the same words, "My Father!" for they contain, as I understand them, all that I can express of filial love, of heartfelt trust, of resigned hope, of the joy of devotion. In the midst of such thoughts I fall asleep: is it wonderful if I fancy myself sung to sleep by angels' songs?

Yes, I believe it: I must believe, there is consolation for every sorrow. There are beings more unhappy than I have been, although the susceptibility of my

heart has increased a thousand fold the bitterness of my sorrows. There are, for example, the deserted, pain-tormented invalids, and prisoners without hope of release, whose only pleasure—a spider—an inhuman hand has taken from them. But could not even these look up to God, and say, "Our Father!" And the criminal, who deserves to suffer, because he has made others suffer—who is more unhappy than he? But, if he feel remorse, he too may be forgiven; the lost son my arise and go to his Father. The child of a Father infinitely good, can he ever know despair? Ah! He who taught us to call God our Father—he only truly understood the human heart, and knew how to procure for it a never failing support.

The dead have comforted the dying; and the voices which cried—"We suffer," have exclaimed—"We are comforted!" The Gospel has been opened for the human race, and that has opened Heaven—but a murmuring and discontented heart does not know this.

But the sinful—those degraded to a brutal condition—the villains, who live and die in darkness, in the night of misery and ignorance? Friendly stars, which shine so brightly—mysterious lamps of heaven—I look up to you, full of hope? You are worlds for hope—higher places of education for the unfortunate children of earth! I imagine myself in ye! Oh! yes, I can surely hope! God is indeed too good!

When our faith is firm, and our hope rests on a sure anchor, much is gained for our peace, and especially

does the sky shine clearly upon us for the future; nevertheless our hearts may yet suffer much, and the burden of the day may still seem to us intolerable, when human wisdom may aid us. Let us guard ourselves against dejection, against the phantasmagoria of the imagination, and let us seek, each for himself innocent amusements, all possible small comforts and pleasures, which often lie near us, if we would only take notice of them. The great task is, to keep ourselves good and pure, and next to suffer as little as possible. The means for this are at once like and unlike for all —but no one shall miss them, who has his eyes open to see them.

Compassionately to divert the blind, should be the business of those whose lot it is, so to speak, to be eyes for the human race, to see for them, and to teach them to see. Oh, ye sages, ye noble and enlightened ones of the earth! be less our schoolmasters and more our comforters! Show us the mysteries of consolation, give light to the suffering, teach each one how he can find in his outward condition, according to the constitution of his inward being, alleviation for his sorrows. Noble physicians of the soul! be not wrong in seeking remedies for all these sick ones—how many blessings will then follow your footsteps, your god-like efforts!

The years, which I used to find so long, fly by me now as swiftly as swallows. This is because the days no longer seem heavy to me, because no hour of the day passes by me, which does not bring me some happy,

some elevating feeling. This hourly, this my most excellent consolation I have found in prayer, in a constant remembrance of the presence of the highest Being. I move and act steadily under a father's eyes, and as I feel that I live, so I feel and know that his eye follows me, that his spirit is near me, encircling me with peace, and infusing into me joy and gladness, which can indeed be felt, but which cannot be expressed.

I regarded myself formerly, on account of my position, as wholly useless in the world. Experience, and to me a dearly-bought experience, has taught me that if we only work faithfully and carefully in the small sphere which belongs to us, we work and labour according to the Divine order, the foundation of everything good, and sooner or later pleasant consequences for ourselves will be the result.

Life passes slowly, my health is diminishing. The fulfilment of my duties in the family which has adopted me, becomes every day more difficult; but I endeavour faithfully to fulfil them. My heart is at peace, is secure and quiet.

"Do not sit idle there, with look so rapt, while I go about looking for my snuff-box!" said the angry Countess to me. I remember a time when I was reproved for my dejected appearance. Now my heart is full of joy, and my countenance often expresses it. The dissatisfaction of the Countess was not wholly unfounded at this time; for if one should be careful not

to disturb the peace of another by the expression of his own uneasiness; one must no less avoid showing a satisfaction which might make a painful impression on those in a different frame of mind.

I have seen again him — her — have pressed their children to my heart. This family is an image of happiness. The fortunate husband and wife scarcely recognized me. This was not extraordinary—I am so much changed. I cherish in myself a wish—an enthusiastic hope—which I will not banish—that I shall soon invisibly hover around them, and watch over their happiness!

How beautiful is the aspect of a man, who exercises all his faculties, in a sphere in which his power can move freely, and even be improved by labor; who is conscious to himself that he lives usefully for his country, that he is esteemed by his fellow-citizens, affectionately loved by his wife and friends, venerated by his children—that is the aspect of Alfred! How lovely and affecting is the expression in the face of a woman, whose whole heart's desire for affection is satisfied, who lives in and for him, whom she loves—such is Camilla's! And ye happy little ones, their children, their darlings —in your eyes full of innocence and of joy we see— how clearly shines—the heaven of your infancy!

"In autumn, when the leaves fall," said a medical man to-day, in a whisper to the Countess, after observing me carefully, and asking me particularly about my health. This termination of my life had quite a romantic sound; but my life itself has as little resem-

blance as possible to a romance. Well then —in autumn! —in autumn shall an aspen leaf which has long been the sport of the winds—tremble no more!

I require a remedy for the pain in my chest—it may help me or not—I am easy in either case. I once wished much to die; I desire it less now, since I have learned better how to bear and to use life. I have learned to adore God in all his works. There is nothing ever so little, which may not be associated with some great thought—and which may not become by this means important and interesting to me.

The autumn leaves are falling—and I still live—and still raise my eyes gladly to the clouded sky.

I have severe bodily pain—and yet I suffer so little —my spirit is so peaceful!

"In the spring, when the leaves are bursting out," says the physician now. And I should be inclined to believe it, if I should listen to the secret intuitions which dwell within me, and which whisper to me, that in spring, when everything awakens to life and gladness, when the flowers send to heaven the fragrant odors from their opening buds; then shall my freed spirit also arise, and breathe the air of an eternal spring; then shall my earnest desires obtain their darkly imagined good.

He has come with his wife, to see me once again— this was noble and good in him. I found him changed. In his eye there is a deep glow, and his forehead,

before so smooth and clear, shows wrinkles at times, which seem to indicate discontent. Ah, ambition has found its way to his heart! This, joined to his talents, has raised him on eagle's wings to the height of earthly greatness. He has become a great man, but he has ceased to be happy. His lovely wife looks dejected, and the most elegant toilette cannot hide the sad change in her charming countenance. It gives me pain to see them; ah, were they but as happy and tranquil as I am!

I have lived nearly forty years. As solitary as I lay in my cradle, do I approach my grave. As a shadow have I passed through life, and my life has been like a shadow. It is vanishing more and more from my eyes; but the Eternal Father, whose will I have obeyed, opens to me a new, a more glorious life, toward which I go with inexpressible delight! The earnest prayers which I offer up, and which I feel are heard; the hours of anticipation of heaven—feelings of angelic peace—which are with me; a peace which no painful thoughts disturb—the sweet emotions of joy—delicious tears, which I often shed: O ye dear, ye sacred messengers! what do you say to me, if not that I shall soon perceive the original of all love—of all perfection; that the rising spark shall be soon united to the holy flame from whence it sprung!

Then has the feeble hand ceased to guide the pen—the heart, that beat so long with love and with sorrow. rests now.

The Solitary One has gone to her Father's house. She is happy now!

THE CONSOLER.

THE CONSOLER.

Who has ever suffered—has felt in moments of deep and gloomy sorrow, a world of misery in his heart, and not at the same time felt the want, the inward desire, to be comforted by some being of a higher world! has not even hoped in enthusiastic excitement, to see an angel descend who should solve the dark mysteries of life and of suffering, touching with a pitying and healing hand the wounded heart!

Oh! when Nature smiles around us in her glorious summer garments, when, like an enchanting mistress, radiant, charming, loving, she embraces man as her betrothed lover with pure affection, if even then the heart of man remains cold, reserved, and shut up as the grave, if he alone cannot unite his voice to the rejoicing chorus ascending from the earth, if he, her noblest child, seems the only rejected one: how consoling would it then be, if a voice from heaven should whisper to the unhappy one the assurance, "thou, too, art beloved! Son of sorrow, suffer patiently, thou too shalt one day drink from the cup of blessedness!"

Bitter sorrow, distrust, despair—I have known ye

all! Heavenly voice, full of grace and consolation, I have heard thee! and I shall never forget thee. Even now thou speakest to me from the world of spirits. *My* spirit hears thee, my heart understands thee! Yes; at this moment when the breath of memory is turning over the leaves of my life's history, and my pen is about to recal the events of long past times, while the silent night has quieted everything around me. I alone am awake, and with me are pains which prevent me from enjoying rest. The pale light of my lamp shows me upon the opposite wall, the shadow of a frightful spectre, reminding me of the description of gnomes—those children of dust and darkness. This frightful figure is mine—it is my own person. And this body full of suffering and deformity, is united to a soul which worships beauty as well in its inward being as in its outward form.

Alone with myself and with my shadow, surrounded with darkness and silence, I still feel a smile playing about my pale lips, I listen with silent gladness to the harmonious voice, which from the depths of my soul, raises itself in humble thanksgiving to heaven, and I can compare the bright serene peace in which my heart rests, only to the mild light of the moon, which is spread at this moment over the moss-roses at my window.

There was a time when all within me was very different; then I hated the world and myself; then I wished that I had never been born.

In the May of life, during those spring days when a few drops of gladness are dispensed to every created being throughout the whole organized nature; when

gentle wings fan every one, and the sky bends over us so high and clear, even then I learned to know misfortune, and bitter were my complaints.

It was in my fainting soul, as in the outer world, when in our northern climates the days towards winter are rapidly becoming shorter, the nights longer, and the sun seems, like a dying man, only to rise for the purpose of saying farewell, and then to sink again. I did not indulge a hope that a new year would alter the course of things for me; I saw, on the other hand, behind the decreasing light, only a still darker shadow, a gloomy night spreading over all things.

Happy are the dead; they suffer no more! Happier yet are the unborn, who have never suffered! Happy also are ye, pitied fools, who laugh over your misery, who weave crowns upon your straw beds, who dream yourselves great and happy. It is not reasonable to pity you! Ah, you do not feel it; and your misery is veiled by the flowers of your wandering fancies. Happy are ye!

Thus did I think, thus did I lament, while I was walking slowly backward and forward in one of the darkest alleys of the park on my father's estate.

I was young and I was unhappy; and never, no never can unhappiness be so bitterly felt as in youth! In riper years the feelings are blunted, the blood flows more languidly; one is already accustomed to suffer—the way to the end of all suffering is shorter. If, however, a deep and hopeless sorrow overtakes us in our youth, this frightful novelty is heightened by the yet undiminished power of feeling, and there arises in the heart that wild fruitless struggle with fate, whose consequence is faithlessness and despair.

They are fetters which for the first time bind the free hands, and the young inexperienced slave of sorrow, sees hastily vanishing into the abyss of his disappointed hopes, beauty, health, joy, affection; he stands alone and comfortless, indifferent to others, to himself a horror. He feels the earth sinking under his feet, he cries to heaven for deliverance, or at least for consolation, and in this frightful hour he is forsaken, if he looks for miracles as his only hope.

Sick and crippled at nineteen years of age, I returned to life, shy and gloomy as an unblessed shadow. I had been happy; therefore I suffered now the more. Until my seventeenth year I was full of life and health—so loving, and ah! so happy! Then I felt myself good, the world seemed beautiful. I regarded men as angels and God as the father of all. A wearisome illness threw me at this time on the sick-bed, from whence I arose, suffering and disfigured in the most frightful manner. At first those who were about me regarded me with pity, but they soon turned away from me; even my mother, my brothers and sisters. My heart became embittered, I felt my inward strength decline, I began to believe myself forsaken by God and man.

The careful education, the more refined cultivation which had been bestowed on my earlier years, served only to sharpen the sense of my misery. Never did a heart beat within the breast of man with a more burning love for liberty, active occupation, and the heroic deeds whose brilliant examples are recorded by history. Never did a more enthusiastic emulation burn in the soul of youth. Cato, Brutus, Scipio, Regulus—these were my models. I would equal if not surpass them all; and my name, like theirs, should be venerated by

an illustrious posterity. Honour and pleasure in a rich, virtuous and useful life, such was the quickly-fleeting dream of my early youth. Wretched pity, contempt, forgetfulness, in a useless, sickly and joyless life, were the frightful realities which, on my awaking, enclosed me in their iron arms, which drew me down from my heaven, and darkened the whole world to me, and God, and his beautiful sun, and his mercy toward the beings of his own creation.

Scepticism, with its perplexing, its never-to-be-answered questions, arose in my mind, and midnight darkness enveloped my unquietly beating heart.

"And how have I sinned that I should be so cruelly, so frightfully punished? why should I be so deeply punished?" I asked, loudly murmuring, while I looked around blooming nature with tearful eyes, as she stood before me so beautiful and rich.

It was a glorious June evening. The sun was setting. All was still—only, occasionally a light rustling like some whispered declaration of love, seemed to pass through the grove between the leaves and flowers. Every thing seemed to rejoice—I alone suffered! I wished that I were a bird, when I heard one carelessly twittering among the branches; or a flower, in its splendid beauty, and with its delicious fragrance—or the butterfly, which rested on its bosom—ah, even the moss-grown, fortunate, because lifeless rock, against which I was leaning—anything but a man—only not the suffering, wretched being that I was!

I was reclining on the shore of a lake which terminated the park, and which was enclosed by the most beautiful banks.

O, how often in earlier days had I guided my light bark upon its dancing waves, with the gaiety and joy of youth. How often had I divided with strong arm its yielding waters, kissed them with glowing lips, and in their clear depths seen the image of my pure heart, of my fresh life! In earlier times how smilingly did the verdant banks enclose the peaceful lake—how was the deep blue of the sky reflected in its depths—my boat was on the shore—all was then so alike, so harmoniously one! But now I was unlike myself—I was no longer the same—I found all the rest here, only not myself.

"Silent waves!" these were my dark thoughts, "thou canst no longer invite me to gladness, no longer caressingly allay the fire which is consuming my heart; yet a precious treasure beckons to me out of thy depths; in thy lap, which bore me in the joy of my youth, I might find my last consolation; forgetfulness, unconsciousness! Death, rest, sleep, once forever, eternally, to cease to feel, to cease to suffer, O what joy."

I bent over to touch the cool water with my burning lips, but hastily started back at the sight of my own frightful image, which, like my evil genius rose up to meet me from the deep water, more terrible in aspect than ever. I felt as if stung by a serpent. It seemed to me as if the pure waves had understood the secret thoughts of my breast, and that it had sent a threatening spirit to warn me against choosing for the grave of a suicide, what had before been the cradle of his innocence.

With confused and painful feelings, I now fixed my staring eyes upon the opposite shore. Gay voices re-

sounded from there, and I soon saw a brilliant party engaged in the midsummer dance. Laughing and singing were echoed by the surrounding rocks. I arose, turned away, and plunged more deeply into the woods.

Through an opening in a garden walk, the rays from the brilliantly lighted windows of my father's castle met my eyes. They were giving a fete there this evening to celebrate the return of my eldest sister. Absent from it since her childhood, to be educated by some of our near relatives in the capital city, she had returned now as a lovely bride in the bloom of life, and was received with festivities from which I fled, with an eagerness equal to that with which I had formerly sought them.

"No one will miss me, no one will think of me," I thought with bitter feelings, as I walked away to seek darkness and silence—"parents, sisters, enjoy yourselves, dance, sing! I shall never sing, dance, nor laugh any more."

Now the music of the dance came from the castle, and I heard the notes of my favorite waltz—the glad voices from the shore became louder; I went on, on, on—still they pursued me. Oh, all ye unhappy fellow sufferers, who have found yourselves like me, without hope in the world, say at what time you have most deeply felt your misery? Was it not when, at the innocent joy of others, envy and discontent found their way into your hearts? If it is painful to suffer innocently, it is doubly painful to be obliged to say to ourselves that it is deserved, when we feel for the first time assailed by a mean and unworthy sentiment. I cannot describe the

feeling of infinite misery which for a few moments took possession of my whole being: still my powers were concentrated in a single point—the perception of suffering. It was intolerable to me. "O my God, comfort me! O, my God, comfort me!" I repeated with a hollow voice, whose sound terrified me. "If thou art the God of mercy, pity thy suffering child! Give me again what thou hast taken from me; or open thy heaven, send me an angel—an angel who shall tell me why I suffer, why I still live; or annihilate me. I am a grain of dust before thee; mix me with the dust; disperse me with the winds; only let me cease to feel —to suffer." This wild, incoherent prayer—ah! I know it—was but a bitter, presumptuous murmuring. If all earthly comforts could have been restored to me at that moment, I should not have accepted them. Only the voice of an angel, an immediate revelation, I thought, would restore my peace; could give me back my extinguished hope, my faith in that which was before so holy, so certain, so clear; and which, vanishing before my eyes, and lost in darkness, left me without support.

Every one, like me, suddenly and unexpectedly plunged into the depths of misery, will feel as I did. We should not be so wretched if we did not lose, at the same time, our trust in a wise and merciful God. That voice, that gracious voice, which tells us that not a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground, much less one of us; that the hairs of our head are all numbered: that voice is not heard in the storm of passion; and even if it do reach us, it has not always power to quiet the disturbed waves; for the wild impatient heart

requires then as a testimony to the truth, to perceive an instantaneous effect; and if no comforting thought descends into our excited minds, if our fate is not changed, if our suffering remains the same, then we despair; then—ah, how unhappy are we then!

With my eyes fixed on vacancy, I went on, and seemed to myself like a child of night and darkness.

All at once the thought fell heavily upon my heart, that what I suffered, what I felt, was only what others had felt and suffered before me, and with me. The blood of millions, the tears of millions, have moistened before, and should moisten after me, the path of sorrow in which I was walking; and I saw in imagination the same ugly spectre, darker than the night which enveloped me; I saw passing by all the sufferings and torments of the human race; the pains of the body, of the heart, of the imagination; those never wearied harpies, which do not leave the unhappy until he, as a skeleton, extends his fraternal hand to death; and in my name, and in that of all the sufferers upon earth, I uttered a cry of distress, and raised my eyes complainingly to the stars. In silent undisturbed majesty they passed brightly shining over my head, and this immovable order, this eternal uninterrupted serenity of the heavenly bodies, so untouched by the sorrows of the human heart, awakened in me the chill of despair. "Let us die!" I exclaimed in thought to my wretched brethren; "let us die! then all will be at an end; we have no merciful Father in Heaven."

Forgive, O highest goodness, Supreme mercy, the weakly blind one, who, in the tempest of sorrow, believed that no sun was shining behind the clouds of distress;

who, burning in the furnace of affliction, doubted whether Thou, in thy eternal mercy, would shed balsam to heal even those wounds which close not before death.

Forgive him his impatience, his murmuring! Forgive him! Ah, he suffered; and his hour of suffering was near to his eternity of happiness.

I had seated myself on the turf, and felt with a secret satisfaction the dampness of night penetrating my clothes. I hoped that my diminished health could not sustain this; and my only hope was in death. Whether it should lead me to a more friendly fate, or only annihilate my suffering existence, it would be welcome to me, dear and earnestly desired. No one would weep for me; all my relations would, like myself, regard my death as a deliverance. I knew that, knew it only too well.

Toward midnight the music ceased, and I heard those who were dancing on the shore going away in parties with laughing and pleasant talk. All was still at last. It had become dark, and the stars, whose brilliant splendour had seemed to deride my misery were now veiled by clouds. The whole region was shrouded in deep darkness, and thunder was heard faintly rolling at a distance. All this harmonized more with my feelings, and was inexpressibly soothing to me. I threw myself down upon the earth and wept bitterly. I wept a long time, and found in it a sensible relief. Gentler feelings came into my heart, and struggled against harsher ones. Again and again came the thoughts, which were so dear to me, of a reward beyond this world for patiently borne sufferings; of a

wise, all merciful Father. To him I was able, after awhile, to pray with a more resigned heart. I prayed —prayed for consolation; for light and strength, with that earnest indescribable devotion, whose power seems to open heaven, and which rises with the deep sigh of the heart, to the throne of the Eternal. I had risen up while I was praying, but soon sank down again upon the earth, exhausted by pain and by my emotions, bereft alike of thought and of strength, and only heavy notes of sorrow forced their way from my panting breast.

The night was warm, and so quiet that no breath of air was breathing: yet it seemed to me at times as if I heard a whispering sound among the poplars, under which I lay with my face to the ground, and every time an involuntary shuddering passed through me. Three times it seemed to me as if a gentle and caressing hand passed over my head, and with the pleasant sensation that accompanied it, there awoke within me, with great distinctness, the dear remembrance of my childhood. Thus was it that Maria, the little friend of my infancy, caressed me when weary with playing and skipping about, we rested near each other on the soft grass. Thus did I feel when the little angel raised her feeble hand from her dying bed, and moved it (when she could not speak any more) over my head as if blessing me.

Who was near me at this time? Was it the bright angel of the earth, sent by the All Merciful to comfort me? O how did my heart beat, when these thoughts arose in my mind!

I believed with a conviction that something super-

natural was near: but although the hair stood upright on my head, my heart felt no fear. What indeed does one fear who is profoundly unhappy? Ah, even the darkest revelations of the world of spirits terrify them no longer. The terrors which they inspire, are welcome—they excite—they raise us above earthly sorrows—and seem less terrible than these. Is it, on the other hand a consoler, which we feel approaching to us in a beloved form from that unknown country, at whose gates all the torches of the human mind are extinguished—then all remains still in the stormy breast, and all the pulses beat in dumb expectation. This was the influence on my spirit of Maria's presence. I called her gently by name—begged her to lay her head upon my heart,—and with a feeling of peace and joyful rest which I had never felt before, I fell into a sort of dreaming amazement. All this time it seemed as if I saw Maria dressed in white, and indescribably beautiful, sitting at my side, holding in her hands a palm branch which she waved over my head—whilst I, not in a condition to think or speak clearly, was occupied for a few moments only with the consciousness of my well being.

At once I felt as if Maria took me by the hand, and with feelings of indescribable enjoyment, I imagined myself rising at her side from earth to heaven.

I thought myself dead, and an inexpressible feeling of gladness pervaded my own soul.

I attempted to turn around, that I might once again see this world where I had suffered so much; but mists confused my sight.

The clouds grew thicker around me; I felt their

frosty dampness cooling my breast, and allaying the fire which had impelled the unquiet beating of my heart. "It is well!" I thought, "that is the envelope of the grave; the embrace of death;—how delightfully it cools me! soon—soon shall I be transformed." Then it seemed to me, though obscurely, as if I were not dead, but dying. My perceptions became every moment more blunted—it grew darker every moment before my eyes—a rushing sound like the wind from distant forests came to my ears. Clearly and peacefully did the idea of the guiding hand remain with me even at the moment, when I seemed to lose entirely the consciousness of my own existence.

A sudden thrill of pain, which went through my heart like the thrust of a dagger, brought me again to consciousness and to my senses. I found myself lying on the earth as before, and should have taken the whole for a mere dream, if I had not felt the soft warm hand which enclosed mine. I was faint and powerless. Without rising my head, I cried out with difficulty, "Oh Maria, why dost thou not take me up to thy bright home! Why am I yet upon the earth, where we suffer so much and so helplessly—why, ah, why must I yet live?" "God wills it!" answered a voice sweet and melodious as we imagine that of the angels. Impatiently murmuring, I asked; "And why should I still live and suffer?"—"To grow better yourself, and to be useful to others?"

"Miserable worm that I am, how can I do good to others?"

"By thy patience—by the example of thy resignation."

"Alas! I have strength to feel, but not to bear my sufferings!"—"Pray!" "God's image is obscured in my heart, I cannot pray! I have seen the abyss of misery, understood the wretchedness of humanity, now I no longer see, I no longer comprehend God! O, be not displeased, pure holy angel! Thou who hast seen what is concealed from us, thou, who livest in night, look in pity upon the child of darkness, raise me, comfort me! "Yes, I will comfort thee!" "Tell me pitying angel! Did the Eternal One send thee to me?" "He did send me." "This eye sees the poor worm creeping on the earth? Earth's suffering inhabitants are not then overlooked by him? "He sees, he numbers them all!" "O Maria, tell me, if God is all gracious and merciful, why then, all the suffering, the misery of mankind?" "It is enough to know that he will console for all, and that one day they shall all cease." "I cannot comprehend this consolation, I do not understand how any blessedness can outweigh misery! Happy angel, thou who wast already in childhood taken from the earth, alas! thou hast not known its evils, thou understandest them not! Hear now their extent from my lips, hear! and if thy incorporeal essence can yet have human feelings; if the heart made acquainted with the felicity of heaven does not remain unmoved by the sufferings of others, thou wilt shudder!" And now from the depths of my agitated heart, I exclaimed: "We suffer, we suffer! We cry out for help, and earth opens her abyss, and heaven looks coldly down, and scorns us! The night of despair envelopes us, the bird of prey sits at our heart, and tears away piece after piece, and gnaws and gnaws, we call on death, but death comes not, we curse our

life, we blaspheme" I stopped speaking, penetrated by horror.

All remained still a few moments, and I endeavoured by a convulsive effort to stifle all my perceptions, for I was fearful of hearing that laugh of scorn, of seeing the abyss, of feeling this martyrdom.

"Hear!" said the angelic voice, clear and strong as the music of the harp, "hear from my lips, the triumphant song of Earth's suffering children, in the bright heaven where they shall all one day be collected!" And I heard the song of the angel, which sounded at once as pouring from the clouds, yet very near me.

O, sufferings of earth!
How transient and brief!
Thou poor trembling heart!
What transporting relief
When ended all pain
With God we remain!

To the heavenly sky
From sorrow's deep vale
Lift brother thine eye!
Forget thy sad wail.
See the mansions above
All glorious with love!

See thy home! Ah, sad earth
Thou strange foreign land
A passage art thou
To the heavenly strand
Where the father's pure light
Shines glorious and bright.

In loud raging tempests,
With eyes fixed above,

O'er the wave's trembling summit,
Impelled by our love,
We sail toward our home,
Whence no more will we roam.

No more through tears falling,
The clear skies we view;
In spring's steady brightness
Our path we pursue,
Pure affection our life,
Without sadness or strife.

Cruel doubt makes no longer
Our firm faith less sure;
Mists never o'er shadow,
Nor errors obscure.
Truth illumines our way
With her glorious ray.

Now fled is dark midnight,
After winter comes spring;
From the waters of life
Refreshment we bring
Strife and terror now cease,
Giving way to sweet peace!

The song ceased, but I seemed still to hear it. The anguish of my soul ceased too. I felt all my embittered feelings by degrees vanishing away, and giving place to wild and consoling ones. Sweet tears ran down my cheeks, and something like the peace, just celebrated, took possession of my being for the moment. But soon the pain returned, and doubt arose again from the depth of my spirit. I clasped my hands and prayed: Oh, mild, compassionate angel—forgive my weakness —forsake me not—continue to give light to my spirit.

That life, for which we here struggle and suffer, oh say, what is it truly worth?—It is the right, the true life, of which this earthly one is but a shadow. "A perpetual progress, a perpetual approach to God, the source of truth aud blessedness. That light, that peace, that blessed and pure joy, which we seek here in vain, behold! we find them there!"—Alas! I answered, sadly, "darkness surrounds me—I cannot seize the light."—"See, the dawn is breaking," cried the voice, see, how the light spreads around us, how brightness, beauty and truth shine out, while the shadows of night flee away. Thus on the morning of eternity shall its sun shed light over all the mysteries of life. Then shalt thou know why thou hast suffered; only be good, be resigned—and all shall be cleared up. Child of sorrow! thou, too, shalt drink one day of the cup of blessedness!"

And the poor misled ones, whom misery has made criminals, whom misery has degraded—what fait awaits them? God is merciful and just: worship him!" "And the bad—those, whom a cruel fate seems to have destined from their cradles to be the torments of their brethren?" The angel was silent for an instant, but said at last, with a mild, but elevated seriousness: "Wherefore these questions, this solicitude, child of the dust? *God is!* Worship God!" Thy spirit becomes clearer. Oh, I said in a low voice, I understand thee; God is good, everything declares it—then he is my God too, I added, with deep and joyful emotion; "and thy Father!" said the angelic voice. "Yes—my Father—and a Father who pardons! Oh, Maria tell me, if I, too weak to bear my burden, should vo-

luntarily lay down a life, which I feel to be intolerable, will not this Father extend his forgiving arms to his wretched child?" "Do not deeeive yourself," answered the voice, "he who shrinks from the trial, must not expect the reward. Oh, suffer with patienee, hope with confidence. Do not deprive thyself of the glorious reward, which awaits thee—to be well pleasing to God, the testimony of thy own conscience, the blessings of those to whom thou canst be a support and comfort on the earth!"

"But if I find myself a burden to others, as well as to myself, if—"

"Do right and adore God!" answered the voice, with a severe earnestness. I was pained. At last I said, dejectedly, "Life is long—infinitely long for the miserable, who await no other and no better fate upon the earth, and to whom the mortal goal of life seems too distant, to serve for him as a constant alleviation to ever-recurring sufferings. Thou, who, in the enjoyment of ever-increasing felicity, measurest not the passage of years, thou canst not imagine what an immeasurable length, days, hours, even minutes seem to have for the unhappy being who suffers with every pulsation! If thou, Heavenly consoler, couldst be ever with me, I would not complain; but when thou art away in thy bright home, from which thou hast mercifully descended, what will then become of me? How shall I then be able to bear the long, long hours, which the united evils of body and spirit make so intolerable?"

"I will not leave thee," answered the angel, whose voice was again inexpressibly sweet and mild—"I will

help thee to endure these hours, and to feel these torments less. God has scattered everywhere the seeds of joy and consolation; we will seek them out together. We will be resigned, and all will be well, and peace shall spring up in our hearts. Together we will pray to God—seek together the alleviation of thy sufferings, and then, if thou must weep, we will weep together." At these words, the voice of the angel seemed stifled by emotion.

Do the immortals shed tear too? I thought; and, astonished beyond description, as well by the words as by the emotion which succeeded them, I arose, and ventured, for the first time, to look at the white figure which was seated at my side. Tremblingly I sought to find Maria's dear and well-remembered features; I found them not. A beautiful countenance, but unknown to me, obscured by tears of pity, and lighted by the morning-dawn, was bending over me, and soft, rosy lips imprinted upon my forehead an affectionate kiss.

"Oh, my brother, my beloved brother!" whispered the same angelic voice which had so penetrated my heart; "recognise thy sister, whom God has sent to love and comfort thee—who will never leave thee again!" and she threw her arms around me.

My surprise was so great for an instant, that I thought I must have lost my senses.

My sister endeavoured, in the tenderest and most affectionate manner, to quiet the distress of my mind. She embraced me, let me rest my head on her bosom, and with gentle, soothing words, lulled to sleep, as it were, my agitated feelings. I became gradually more

tranquil, but could not however convince myself for a long time, that it was only my highly-excited fancy which had caused me to believe that an angel—yet what do I say? was she not an angel, although in an earthly form, whom God had sent to console me—Oh, she was so, in the most beautiful signification of the words, and I felt this more deeply every moment. In order to make all clear in my mind, she told me in a few words, what accident had led her to find me. Informed of my illness, of its consequences, and of my unhappy state of mind, which my gay and happy brothers had described as bordering on insanity, she had inquired for me immediately after her arrival at home, and had learned, that, melancholy and wretched as usual, I had gone into the Park. She asked for me again somewhat later, and finding that I had not yet come back, this affectionate sister stole away from the ball-room under pretence of going to bed, and went into the Park to look for her suffering brother. She was about to call me by name, when my mournful accents met her ear, and guided her steps to the place, where I had sunk down exhausted, overcome by my distress. She approached me softly, remained silently at my side, heard me call out the name of Maria, and entreat her to comfort me; and her wisdom and kindness inspired her with the idea of making use of the illusion which my heated fancy and impatient spirit had caused, to bring me consolation in a manner suited to make the greatest impression on my excited feelings. Toward the end of our conversation, deeply moved by my sufferings, she thought that the affectionate sister still upon earth could do more for my comfort, than

the friend in the world of spirits; and she then made herself known to me. "My brother"—thus did she finish the explanation—"be not displeased, that I was thy angel! Maria would have been forced to leave thee; but I will never, never forsake you!"

I could not recover from my astonishment.

"And these words, as from an oracle, with which you replied to me?"

"You will find them in the Gospel: there is the source of comfort and of wisdom: we will learn to draw from it together."

"And that charming, consoling hymn," I said, with tearful eyes—"was that, then, only a delusion?"

"It was truth—which, although feebly comprehended by me, was put into the form in which thou couldst receive it. When we shall hear the song of victory of the suffering children of earth, in a better world, and even join in with our own voices—O, my brother! how different, how entirely unlike, will these eternal harmonies appear, to our feeble earthly tone! Ye heavenly joys, which no human eye hath seen, no ear heard, no human understanding is capable of conceiving—O! how shall a mental voice worthily sing your praise? Ye patient sufferers, these are reserved for you in future!"

"Yes," I answered, deeply moved, "I shall perhaps venture one day to unite my voice with these; but thou, my sister, shalt sing yet more glorious hymns among the blessed spirits of the resurrection—blessed here and blessed there, thou angel of God!"

My sister did not reply, but looked up to heaven with a glance expressive of such perfect resignation, as

if she anticipated that sorrow would come to her also, and she would make the sacrifice of her own will beforehand.

She had taken my arm under hers, and was slowly leading me home. The morning light of day was dispersing the shadows around us; morning zephyrs were sporting in the wood, and the sweetest singing of birds arose in the fresh, fragrant air. All this seemed to me a reflection of what was passing in my own spirit. Light had arisen also in my darkened mind; I felt the gentle breath of consolation; I heard the song of hope. My sister and I walked on together in silence, but her beaming eye, affectionately resting on me, and then looking at the beautiful objects around us, or lifted to heaven, seemed to call upon my feelings to accompany hers in their silent elevation.

The sun's earliest rays were gilding the windows of the castle, as we approached it—the same windows, whose brilliant illumination, a few hours before, had caused me such painful sensations. Now I looked at them with feelings entirely different, and turning to the ascending lamp of day. I repeated in a low voice, but with deep and joyful emotion, Thompson's sublime prayer:

> "Father of light and life! thou *Good supreme!*
> Oh teach me what is good! teach me *Thyself!*
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
> With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
> Sound, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I felt with delight the change in my heart. The nocturnal scene had made a deep impression upon me,

and, as was natural, I could not help ascribing all that had taken place to some supernatural guidance; In the moment of sorrow and despair I had called upon an angel, and an angel had come down to me, with the friendly, long unheard words of consolation and hope. The voice of my sainted Maria itself could hardly have made a deeper impression upon me than did that of my gentle sister.

She was one of those beings who seem to be placed on the earth merely to alleviate its sufferings, and to reflect, as it were, in their pure souls an image of heaven. Gentle, amiable, intelligent—she went through the world like a superior spirit, who has her portion in this life only to make it more pleasurable for others. She found her own happiness only in that of others, and if she did not find their sufferings bitter, it was because she kept her eye so steadily fixed through life on the journey's end, that she never allowed the clearness of her vision to be disturbed by the difficulties in the way. And it was this very tranquillity of spirit that enabled her to select and apply the means of refreshment to other weary travellers.

I soon experienced the salutary influence of her wise and gentle guidance. She did not allow the momentary elevation of my spirit to subside, but held it upright, and sought to furnish it with quiet, reflective, and independent strength.

She soon saw that ambition was my ruling passion. and that the loss of all which could provide the means of gratifying this passion, was one of the principal causes of my deep dejection. She judged wisely that this affection, like all the strong feelings of the soul, could

not easily be subdued at once, and she exerted herself only to give it another direction—to set before it a better, nobler, less selfish, and more attainable end.

"You cannot," said she, in one of our confidential conversations "be a Scipio, a Camillus, a Leonidas—but you can be a Socrates, a Plato, or what is better, like one of those Apostles of Chrtsianity, whose name and heroic virtues have procured for them an earthly immortality. Believe me, my brother, the world requires for its happiness rather sages than heroes; and the noble and happy being who shall bring some comfort, some refreshment, for humanity, can die with a more beautiful consciousness than that which sweetened the last hours of Epaminondas."

"You have received from nature distinguished talents, memory and imagination; cultivate and exercise these. You have knowledge; strive to increase and methodise it. The field of progress is boundless, and the flowers which it produces are noble, everlasting ones. The richer your harvest is the more (to improve the comparison) ripe and perfect fruit you gather—the more can you enrich with the products of your labour, the immense needy, starving crowd, and the more blessings you will earn from present and future generations. Let us never forget that all which we undertake and accomplish, if it shall prove truly good and useful, must all serve to promote the kingdom of God."

Thus spoke my excellent sister, less, as I believe, from a conviction of my ability to attain these glorious models than to animate and encourage my dejected mind. In the same proportion as my earthly future thus opened before me, did my strength and courage

revive. The horizon expanded, as it were, before my eyes. I extended my arms hopefully towards the rising sun, in which I now, as before, saw the image of the light which was to shine on my earthly life.

I began to labour for my new object with all the zeal which my feeble health permitted, and might have gone beyond my strength if my wise and gentle sister had not been at my side watching and warning.

She persuaded me to seek recreations, and, by means of pleasant, light occupations or amusements, to find cheerfulness and acquire strength. I had some talent for drawing. She encouraged me to exercise this beautiful but serious art, which gives us the power to perpetuate sweet recollections, and at the same time helps us to forget severer and more painful thoughts. How many times, when I was trying to fix upon the paper her sweet countenance, have I forgot myself, the whole world, the present time, and everything which was unpleasant and oppressive, while my whole soul lived joyfully in the precious occupation. How often, when engaged in representing the charming and fresh objects in the country, the rich foliage of the trees, the peaceful lake, the bold elevations, the shaded valleys, the flocks grazing, the neat thatch-covered cottages, and the sky covered with transparent clouds, how often have the feelings of peace and of quiet contentment penetrated my heart.

The great condition of all pure enjoyment is to have the heart free from every root of bitterness, every feeling of envy or discontent; and from mine these destroyers of peace were wholly banished in a short time.

I had formerly read history with the same state of mind with which children look at some grand show—with admiration for the brilliant and great, without any idea of the connection and relations of the whole. I read it again when years, and still more, sorrow had matured and developed my understanding, and I received entirely different impressions from my reading.

In observing the destiny of the world, my own vanished from my eyes. When my thoughts traversed centuries, the period of my own life seemed lost like a drop in the ocean; and when the unhappiness of millions was spread out before my eyes, I was ashamed to consider my own. I learned, in a word, to forget myself. And when my feeble vision could discover in the images of history only a confused crowd—when I lost the traces of a wise and gracious Providence—when I saw upon the earth only an irregular alternation of error, confusion, and misery, then my sister would direct my views to heaven.

I looked up to Heaven, and listening to the voices of the good and holy upon the earth who—in striving, in pain, in death—here announced with confidence, joy, and preternatural strength a higher end than earthly happiness, another home, a more splendid light. I listened to the promises of immortality, and the longing for it in my own breast, and seemed to fix in the depth of my heart the consoling belief, which even here below spreads a clear light over its darkest night.

I looked up to the sky. Light comes from above. It shone down into my soul. I understood that here

all is only beginning, and hopefully and cheerfully, I again took up my traveller's staff. From this time my heart was always at rest, and it was not diffiult for me to find materials of joy and gladness with which to build upon the earth my cottage of content. Among those I have mentioned pleasant and amusing occupations, and I must add—society; not that of the great world which was always unpleasant to me, and in which, on account of my exterior, I could have awakened only painful feelings; but that of my own family and friends who not merely suffered my presence, but who kindly sought me out so that I learned by degrees to find enjoyment in their pleasures, and even to contribute to them, often to be sure, as a blind musician may play for others to dance.

My sister and I lent our efforts to soften and ameliorate my naturally rather impetuous temper. *She* by adventitious, friendly counsel, but particularly by her tenderness, her care to furnish me with small pleasures, which no one better understood how to procure or to give a zest to; *I*, by watchfulness over myself, by the suppression of all excitableness and susceptibility, and especially by giving myself up entirely to her guidance.

"Whoever," said she, "is destitute of outward attractions and requires constantly the care and protection of others, must labor more than they to acquire that mild, affectionate, amiable disposition and deportment, which is alone enough to gain the devotion of others, and which makes all the *little* attentions they can render so pleasant; all the *great* ones so easy."

I followed her advice. I exerted myself to be amiable.

I was loved, and I deeply felt the happiness of being so.

The first great sorrow, which seized me after my return to life and joy, came to me through her who had before so affectionately consoled me. Ah, my angelic sister was obliged to suffer, as she too well foresaw, even on the earth the bitterness of sorrow. Her husband, who was worthy of her in every point of view, and with whom she lived an angelic life, died suddenly, and he was soon followed by his slender and only child. Gently and mildly, as she had said to me before: "Let us be resigned!" did she now repeat to herself the same words, and she was perfectly resigned. Kind and thoughtful as before, she kept her clear peaceful eye steadily attentive to the wants and wishes of others; but we felt that something was changed within; her happiness had gone; she was in Heaven. Her life upon the earth was now only a gradual sinking away, not that of an extinguished candle, but that of a setting sun, which, while it bids farewell to this world, with clear though fading beams, is ready to rise in another with renewed power and splendor.

She was no more! and solitary, forsaken by her, I feared, for a time, that I should lose myself, but I soon felt that she and her consolations still lived in my heart as tutelary angels. I collected my strength and submitted to the will of Heaven.

From the eternal home, where she now lives happily, re-united to those whom she had loved, she sometimes perhaps casts a look upon her grateful brother, whose good angel she was upon the earth. Oh, may this look never find me unworthy! may this glance never look down without satisfaction upon a healed and purified

heart! My life has not answered to the brilliant image which we formed of it in anticipation. I have not become either a Socrates or a Plato, but yet wise enough not to lament over it. We, I especially, had thought quite too highly of my genius and intellectual power. I soon found that my powers of comprehension and thought were limited. Something—I know not what—it seemed to me as if it were my own brain—formed for my thoughts, having reached a certain point, a wall equally impassable for them as was the partition of my room for my feet, and my genius was unfortunately of that cast that its flight rather carried me into the clouds than enabled me to make my way out of them. I was obliged, therefore, here also to bring down my ambitious hopes, and found myself—when, after some fruitless struggles and efforts I reconciled myself to the disappointment—much the better for it.

My sister had, above all things, turned my mind to religion, and this composer of human passions shed her tranquillizing oil upon the waves of my ambition and worldly vanity. And in truth, if we acknowledge ourselves sincerely to be only instrumental in the hand of Providence, who created us, how foolish is it not, to wish to be anything but what he has made us!

Acknowledging my incapacity to raise myself above mediocrity in the paths of science, I have ceased to strive for it; and tranquilly relinquish a glory not destined for me, and which a worthier than I shall enjoy. I pay, therefore, the more earnest attention to the improvement of that part of my nature, against whose perfection no wall, no "here shalt thou go and no farther," is placed, but which, on the contrary, opens out

into immortality. Whoever shall have seriously formed this resolution will find that he has secured his own happiness.

Within the circle which my inward eye can overlook, I endeavour to comprehend, to employ, and to direct everything in such a way as to be truly valuable both for myself and others. I am active, according to my capacity, in outward life; and never do I alleviate the bodily or mental sufferings of one of my fellow-creatures, without feeling my own happiness increased by it. When the feebleness of my body compels me to inaction, I am quiet, employ my thoughts more exclusively with the beautiful future, which religion discloses to us beyond this world of sorrow. I endeavour by my patience in suffering, and my—if not always gay, yet always affectionate—manners, to make the attention and care which my kind family take of me, pleasant to them, and to manifest, especially to my brothers and sisters, for their own good, how easily outward difficulties can be borne by a cheerful disposition, and resignation to the will of God. They are good and amiable, and I am so happy as to feel that I am dear to them. I know, and I say it with tones of joy, that there is not one of them who would not willingly sacrifice a few days of his life to prolong mine. And yet I can give them nothing but my sincere affection, can do little more for them than sometimes to think for them, and always to feel for them. My sick-room is sometimes a confessional for them, sometimes their council-chamber, and often even their temple of joy—for when they are happy, they are as ready to make me happy with the sight of their joy as I am to witness and to share it.

The love of my parents is again restored to me, since I no longer embitter their days with impatient murmuring over my own fate! Ah! have I now indeed cause to complain of my fate! My future heaven stands brightly before me, and my present life is pleasant. I love many virtuous and amiable people, interest myself in their concerns, and am loved by them in return. I can do some good—my heart is at rest—but all which I now am, which I now enjoy, O my good sister, it is all from thee. It was you who roused me from the depths of despair, pressed me to thy loving heart, gave comfort to my spirit, life to my courage, a new object for my powers, gentleness to my temper! When I called upon heaven to send me an angel, how mercifully was my prayer answered! You came, my sister. O sweet consoler, gentle guide! although my eyes are closing, thou livest for ever in my heart, and every blessing which I receive from thee will I bring to thee again with humble gratitude.

STOCKHOLM SUPPERS.

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Stockholm, 19th November, 1828.

My best Amelia: You ask what I am doing in the great city of Stockholm, while the strife-announcing banners of the Diet are floating in the air, while the wise and foolish heads of the capital city are striking against each other, and all the uninitiated are expecting to see a new-created Minerva spring out from the rude shock; you ask what I am doing when all this is going on? Ah, my friend, I sigh and yawn! I was at a supper the day before yesterday, at a supper yesterday, to-day, too, I am to go to a supper, and if I live till to-morrow, alas! I must sup then, too.

"A supper!" I hear you ask; "and what is there so frightful in that?"

My Amelia, happy child of the country, stay with thy sewing and thy flowers; let the pure air caress thy cheeks; sing thy simple songs; let thy spinning-wheel hum on; finish thy days in peace and joy; eat thy frugal supper; go to bed at nine o'clock; thank God, and pray to him to preserve you from city life and suppers.

Do you wish to acquire at a distance some know-

ledge of the pleasures of the great and fashionable world, follow me in spirit for a few moments, and you shall be initiated into the mysteries of suppers!

We must adorn our heads with flowers! Invited a week before hand to take our share in this party of pleasure, we must, in order to welcome it, call forth our brightest smiles!

The clock strikes eight, and we leave the mirror with a farewell glance, in order to get into the carriage which is in waiting to convey us rattling through the streets of the city to where a long row of lighted windows invites us to stop.

Not a word of the uncurled locks, the torn dresses, and the thousand other small misadventures—one must always forget something. In all haste one puts one's dress in order again, and resumes the agreeable smile which was left on getting into the carriage.

The doors of the saloon are opened, and we enter gracefully. Is it a simoon or a sirocco, which breathes towards us from that mass of people and lights? One or the other it must be, and you feel already a universal feebleness and languor spreading over your intellectual faculties.

We are greeted, and we seat ourselves. God be thanked for quiet rest! If no earthquake should come, we will not soon get up. Sitting down close together, the ladies examine each other's dresses, compliment and joke a little together. We draw in our lips as if sucking sugar candy, while the compliments fall gracefully from them. Eyes wink, heads nod hither and thither, plumes wave, silk garments rustle, greetings, questions and answers are heard; there is murmur-

ing and buzzing, constantly growing weaker, like a lulling storm. It stops, it begins again, it dies away, and all is still.

The card-tables are arranged; tea is brought in; prints are spread out. We play and keep silence; we eat and drink; we look on and yawn.

It is warm and oppressive. The time passes slowly. The heat of the room increases, curls become straight, noses grow red, ears burn, eyes are tearful; we grow uneasy, we turn hither and thither, we pant and suffer.

We attempt to begin a conversation. A flow of thought would refresh our fainting spirits like a fresh spring of water; but, alas! the ideas have, as it were, passed away from our heads, as the pomade from our hair, and we find ourselves scarcely sharp and bright enough to talk reasonably about the weather. And if you exert yourself to say something striking you are answered by yes, or no; or, indeed, as if one should say, "My dear friend, don't give yourself the trouble."

See, there is a gentleman approaching, with his hat in his hand, in order to make a diversion in the conversation. What did he say to you? You smiled so gloriously. Was it a compliment? No. Anything witty? No. Anything flat, then? No. Something, however? Yes, something that amounted to nothing at all. The poor fellow was rather sleepy; he has been losing at cards, and was, besides, suffering under the influence of the supper-sirocco; what else, then, could he say but, "It is terribly warm here!"

In order to awaken your involuntary slumbering senses, you look about among the numerous assemblage, to see if you can find some amusement in ob-

serving their peculiarities; in vain—all are so alike. A good tone and fine cultivation have so cut away and trimmed off in this circle, have put so far off all marked distinction, all originality—that one becomes aware of no other difference in these individuals than the small one made by dress, and that which compassionate Nature, an enemy to tiresome uniformity, always maintains between noses, eyes, and lips; which are here large, there small, here turned up, there drawn down, etc., etc. This is, after all, the whole difference.

Ices and cake are handed round. These give some refreshment to the room and to the senses. We put the spoons to our lips, and enjoy ourselves in silence.

From the ante-rooms is heard the call of trumps, as they are thrown upon the table by the card-players. The company in the saloon are now in motion; we turn round, we stand up, we put down our little plates—we breathe.

The piano is opened. Good! May the enchantment of music put to flight the demons of ennui. A half-timid, half-presumptuous amateur, is pressed into the service. He asserts that he can do nothing, but he sits down to the instrument. He reddens, he turns pale, he trembles, but he strikes vigorously the patient instrument, and begins a song. Now, God be praised that it is done, and that it was no worse.

After this, a real talent is manifested by another, who is unpretending, but quiet and secure in conscious power. He is singing the songs of Frithiof. The music, the poetry, are beautiful. The voice of the singer is firm and agreeable, although the heat and the crowd of people in the small room take from its clear-

ness. The last accord is ended, the last note of the song dies on the ear—whence this silence in the company, this immobility? Is it transport, delight, enthusiasm? Suppressed yawns and sleepy eyes give the answer. The singer has sung to the walls. The supper-sirocco has blunted all the finer emotions.

The candles are continually burning more dimly, the heat becoming more oppressive, the air always heavier. We feel ourselves sinking into a lethargy; we arouse ourselves, feeling ashamed of our condition, and talk of fashions, of dinners, of the diet, etc., etc. We force ourselves; we exaggerate, we fib, we scandalize, forced by necessity and our distress to say something, and wish ourselves anywhere else.

But the hours pass slowly along—the minutes stretch themselves out, as it were. We feel the want of doing so likewise.

We look over the engravings again; but we take them in our hands wrong side up. We talk again, but we say no for yes, and yes for no! We suppress our yawns with the danger of stifling in the act; we find *ourselves* wearisome, *others* intolerable; but we smile and nod at each other in the most friendly manner.

From eight to nine, from nine to ten, from ten to eleven, from eleven to twelve—we have sat still, and patiently, in this little Tophet of heat and ceremony.

Our strength is exhausted; midnight has struck, and now we should certainly faint or die; but the doors of the dinner-hall are thrown open, the perfume of the viands operate on the nerves like *eau de Cologne* —a call is heard, "Supper is ready," and we are saved.

The company rise hastily, and *en masse*. We go out,

two by two, or singly, into the supper-room, where an immense table—another land of Canaan—invites the weary, thirsty travellers in the desert, to the savory viands of superfluity and luxury. We arrange ourselves around the table, we crowd each other, we look out for a place; we wish to get by such an one, we are not willing to sit by another—at last we are seated.

And now we begin eating with the greatest and most serious earnestness; all intercourse ceases, except that which is kept up by the continual motion of knives and forks.

Dish after dish goes the round of the table. We eat, and eat, and eat. We experience a desperate want of indemnifying ourselves by some action, for the long inactivity and ennui to which we have been subjected, and we seize the first which offers itself. We eat till we are satisfied—more than satisfied, oppressed; but still we eat on with undiminished eagerness. At last the dessert is brought on; the mothers, satisfied themselves, snatch *bon-bons* quickly from the plates, and deposit them in their reticules and handkerchiefs—probably for the children who have staid at home, while the daughters observe with much interest the devices of the sugar ornaments and mottos, which are always at the same level of inimitable stupidity; or look at charades, and exercise their ingenuity in finding them out.

The meal has an end, luckily, like all others. The money of the hosts, in the shape of calves'-foot-jelly, toasts, and wine, remain in our stomachs. With this burden we return to the saloon, stay a little while longer there, *pour l'honneur*, and talk of nothing; take

leave at last, and go home wearied out in soul and body, to go to bed at one or two o'clock with an overloaded stomach, a heavy head and heart; retaining no other remembrance of the hours which have just passed away, than such as bring for their consequences, the next day yawning and headache.

Meanwhile, the amiable host and hostess go about the dying lights, congratulating each other that the day is at an end; comforting themselves for the expense of the supper, by saying it has been really splendid, and that people have enjoyed themselves much at their house. Deceived, short-sighted mortals! wait a little, soon will your grateful guests reward you by other suppers, and will fully acquit themselves of the debt of ennui which they owe you.

There, my Amelia, you have a little sketch of a Stockholm supper; and, with few exceptions, of all Stockholm suppers. They are a crowd of sleepy sisters, whose mother is named Idleness, and whose foster-mother, Vanity, carries them on with low courtesies from house to house. They have been called intolerable a thousand times, but yet we delay to banish them, because—Idleness and Vanity are stiff ladies, who have placed themselves in a situation demanding respect, and who cannot be roughly handled with impunity.

If one laughs at their hoop petticoats, he is in danger of being called foolish and impertinent.

If you think that a blast of November spleen has thrown too dark a shadow over this description of suppers—I cannot exactly deny it—but in its principal features it is true, and not caricatured.

It is inconceivable to me, how so many intelligent

people can come together in order to weary each other so cruelly.

If the Genius of Pleasure should make a proclamation to his worshippers in Stockholm, to call them all out to enjoy themselves, I imagine its contents would run something in this way:

"Friends of pleasure, of life and gladness—ye old and young, who would enjoy life; its short hours of repose, its flying mintues, flee, flee from suppers!"

Would you drive away, on long winter evenings, the dark spirits of ennui, see here my 'prescription.'

Collect relations, acquaintances, and friends, but not too many. The supper-sirocco arises from heat and crowd.

Be few in number, and be happy! Light the lamps in your rooms, but kindle, yet earlier, the light of understanding and of fine wit in your heads! Kindle for each other, the bright flame of enjoyment! Yet again, be gay, be kind, and if you can, be witty! Dance, play, sing, but do it all spontaneously! Let nothing begin heavily, let nothing end heavily! Weave, with light hands, the garland of innocent pleasure; and let each one add to it in simplicity his own little flower.

Let the pleasure of conversation be precious to you. Let the fire of ideas circulate among you; throw to each other the sparks of mirth, which shine but do not burn. Let thought answer to thought, feeling to feeling, like melodious echoes; or rather like those gentle and harmonious tones which the slightest stroke draws out of the well-tuned harp.

The well-cared-for spirit must not forget the *physique*

—the soul, the body. Give to it some refreshment, but let it be light and taken in passing, like a pleasure. If one sits down to the table with an entirely serious countenance, with knife, fork, and napkin, for the purpose of eating, then it is a labour.

"We eat in order to live; we do not live in order to eat," said a wise man. Do you wish to make a pleasure of it? Eat and drink only that you may laugh afterwards the more heartily.

As the all-wise Creator has ordered that night and day shall reign alternately upon our little ball of earth for twelve hours, it was certainly his object that man, his noble but feeble child, should rest in the bosom of the latter, so that he may really labour and enjoy the beams of the former. Therefore, let the conclusion of the evening be also the conclusion of your day and of your pleasures! May midnight find you still and quiet. And in order to finish the day at the right time, and in peace, sing with the noble and amiable poet;*

After an eve of social pleasure
In moderate measure,
We quietly sleep and waken with joy.

O heavens! the hour strikes eight—the frightful supper hour! The carriage is already at the door, my husband is ready, and I have not yet a single flower in my hair. Good night, fortunate Amelia! you are soon going to bed, and I must prepare for a campaign. To-morrow, when I am fit to do, I will sing:

After a supper,
Where pleasure was eating,
We yawn in retreating—
Badly we sleep, and we waken in fear.

* Franzen.

HOPES.

HOPES.

I had a method, peculiar to myself, of walking without much difficulty in the stony path of life; although I was obliged, both physically and morally speaking, to do it nearly bare-footed. I hoped and hoped, from day to day, from morning to evening, from autumn to spring, from spring to autumn, from this year to next year; and thus had I got over, with mere hope, nearly thirty years of my journey through life, without suffering much from any of my numerous privations, excepting the want of whole boots. I consoled myself easily even for this, when I was out in the open air; but, in company, it always gave me an uneasy sensation to turn my heels forward, as the least torn part. It was much harder for me, however, to have nothing to take with me into hovels of misery, but *words* of consolation.

I comforted myself, as a thousand others have done, with casting a hopeful glance at Fortune's rolling wheel, and with the philosophical remark, "With time, comes counsel."

In the situation of curate to a parish in the country, with a poor salary and meager diet, experiencing a

moral famine in the society of the scolding mistress of the house, of the indolent, self-indulgent pastor, of the strutting son, and of the daughter of the family, who, with high shoulders and feet turned in, was going in and out, and paying visits from morning till night, I was sensible of a quite peculiar emotion of pleasure and hope, when I received a letter from one of my acquaintances, informing me that an uncle, who was personally unknown to me, a merchant in Stockholm, was laying at his last extremity, and had inquired, in a sudden fit of death-bed affection, for his good-for-nothing nephew.

Seated in an uncommonly hard and jolting farmer's cart, the grateful nephew soon set out. With a very thin, small bundle, and a million of rich hopes, he rattled up and down the hills, and reached at last, without broken bones, the capital city.

At the inn where I alighted, I ordered a small, only a very small breakfast—a trifle—a bit of bread and butter—a couple of eggs.

The host and a stout man were walking up and down the room, busily talking. "No, I must say," said the stout gentleman, "this great merchant, Mr. P., who died the day before yesterday, was an odd fellow enough!"

"Yes, yes," thought I, "aha! aha! an odd fellow, who had plenty of money! Here, my friend," said I to the servant, "could you get me a bit of beef-steak, or a little something solid? Do you hear? a bowl of hot soup would not be entirely out of place. Get it, if you can, but be quick."

"Yes," said mine host, "he was pretty strong.

Thirty thousand rix-dollars, and more in the bank! Nobody in the whole city had dreamed of such a thing; thirty thousand!"

"Thirty thousand!" I repeated in my triumphant soul, "thirty thousand! Here, young man—waiter! give me thirty thou—no, give me bank st—no, give me a bottle of wine, I say!" and from my head to my heart, the alternate echoes were ringing within me at every pulsation—thirty thousand! thirty thousand!

"Yes," proceeded the stout gentleman, "and can you really believe it, that, among the mass of debts, there are nine hundred rix-dollars due for cutlets, and five thousand dollars for champagne? How the creditors are all standing round, gaping! All the things *in* the house are scarcely worth twopence; and without it, to make up for this deficiency, there stands a single miserable—caleche!"

"Aha! that is a little different. Here, young man; waiter! take away again the meat, and the soup, and the wine! and, do you hear? take particular notice that I have not tasted a morsel of these things; indeed, how should I? for I have done nothing but eat and drink since I opened my eyes this morning, (a horrible falsehood,) and it just struck me that it was not worth while, therefore, to pay anything for such a superfluous meal."

"But you have ordered it, sir," answered the waiter, exceedingly provoked.

"My friend," I replied, putting my hand behind my ear, a place from which persons who are in perplexity are accustomed to seek necessary aid, "my friend, it was a mistake, for which I am not bound to pay;

it was not my fault, that a rich heir, for whom I ordered the breakfast, has become poor all at once—indeed poorer than before, since he has not more than half of his credit for the future. If, then, in such a change of circumstances as you can well understand, he cannot pay for an expensive breakfast, yet that does not hinder me from paying for the egg, which I have eaten, and giving you, at the same time, a penny for a *douceur*, since my affairs oblige me to go away from here at once."

By means of my excellent logic and good drink-money, I was able, with a bleeding heart and thirsting lips, to get rid of my costly breakfast, and to set off with my little bundle under my arm, to walk round the city looking for a room, which I could hire for a small sum; thinking, in the mean time, by what means I could procure even this small sum.

I had got a bad headache by the sudden shock caused me by the difference between the reality and my hopes. But when, during my perambulations, I saw an elegantly-dressed gentleman, adorned with stars and ribbons, alighting from a splendid coach, and observed his tawny, yellow complexion, and the deep wrinkles on his forehead and over his eyebrows—the characteristic lines of ill-humour; when I saw, also, a young count, whom I had known at the University at Upsula, walking as if he could scarcely hold himself up from premature old age and weariness of life—then I raised my head, drew in a long breath of air, which happened (unluckily) just in this place to be strongly impregnated with the smell of sausages, and celebrated poverty and a good conscience!

In an obscure street in the outskirts of the city, I found at last a little room better suited to my darkened circumstances, than to the bright hopes I had cherished a few hours before.

I had obtained permission to pass the winter in Stockholm, and expected to spend my time there quite differently from what I had now reason to anticipate. But what was to be done? The worst of all would be, to lose courage; to cross one's arms, and look to Heaven for help, not much better. "The sun breaks forth when it is least expected," I thought, while dark autumn clouds were hovering heavily over the city. I determined to exert all my energies to the obtaining, for the present, a decent support, with something better in prospect than was opened to me under the miserable patronage of the pastor G., and meanwhile to earn my daily bread by copying papers—a wretched means of escape from a wretched condition.

And thus I passed my days in fruitless attempts to find ears which were not deaf, in the wearisome occupation of transcribing fairly the empty ideas of empty heads, with food constantly diminishing, and hopes as constantly rising, until the evening, against which I afterwards made a cross in my calendar.

My host had just left me with the friendly warning, to pay my first quarter's rent the next day, unless I should prefer (the politeness was quite *a la francaise*,) to make another voyage of discovery with duck and pork through the streets of the town.

It was on an intensely cold November evening which had worked its eighth hour, that, on my return from a

visit to a poor sick person where I had—perhaps rather imprudently—emptied my purse, I was greeted in this affectionate manner.

I snuffed my dim and sleep-inspiring covelle with my fingers, and looked around the little dark room, for whose further use, it was absolutely necessary I should obtain some money.

"Diogenes had a worse one," I said in a resigned mood, while I drew a ricketty table from the window, on the outside of which the wind and rain were not civil enough to remain. My eyes fell at the same moment upon a brilliantly-burning fire in the chimney of a kitchen, tantalizingly situated just opposite to my small room, in which the chimney was exactly the darkest thing. "Men and women cooks have a happy fate among erring mortals!" thought I, as I looked with secret envy at the jolly well-fed dame, who was standing amid gridirons and stew-pans, in the full splendour of the fire, like a queen, brandishing majestically the sceptre of the fire-tongs, in the midst of her glowing empire.

A story higher up, I had a view through a window veiled by an envious curtain, of a brightly-lighted room, where a numerous family had assembled around a well-spread table.

I was thoroughly stiffened with cold and wet—how empty in that part of the body sometimes called the store-house, I will not mention: but, oh heaven, (I thought to myself,) if that pretty girl who is offering a cup of the nectar, and such delicious cakes to that stout gentleman on the sofa, who can scarcely rise from over-eating, could but stretch out her beautiful hand

somewhat further and would she, she should be greeted with a thousand kisses. In vain—ah! the lazy man takes the cup—he dips and dips in his biscuits so slowly and lazily—it is enough to make one weep to see him. How the sweet girl caresses him! I am envious to know whether it is the dear Papa himself or an uncle—or perhaps—Ah, the enviable mortal! but no, it is quite impossible, he is at least forty years older than she is. See, that must be his wife, an elderly lady who sits by him on the sofa, and to whom the young lady offers biscuits, the old lady has a very matronly appearance. But to whom is she going now, I cannot see the person; an ear and a part of the shoulder is all that I can discern on account of the window-frame, I cannot complain that the honourable lady should sit with her back to me, but that she should let the young lady stand before her a quarter of an hour, bowing and offering her refreshments, that vexes me greatly, it must be a woman, a man could not be so uncivil to that angel, but, or, now she takes the cup, and now, oh misery, the hand of a large man is thrust into the cake-basket; the brute! and how he grasps, the awkward creature, I should really like to know whether he is her brother! he was probably hungry, poor fellow. Now two little children come into the circle, like their sister. I cannot but wonder whether the man with the ear has left them anything. How that lovely creature caresses and kisses the little ones, and gives them all the biscuits and cakes which the long fingers of Mr. Devour-all, have left! And now the sweet angel herself has nothing of the whole provision any more than I, except the perfume.

What an uproar suddenly takes place in the room! the old gentleman gets up from the sofa; the person with an ear rushes forward, and in doing so gives the girl a push, (the dromedary!) so that she strikes against the tea-table, throwing back upon the sofa the poor old lady who was just getting up; the children skip and clap their hands, the doors fly open! a young officer steps in, the young lady throws her arms around him. Ah so! Aha! There we have it! I shut my window-shutter with a violence which makes it crack, and sit down quite wet through, and shivering on my chair.

What had I to do at the window? This is what one gets for his curiosity.

A week ago this family came from the country and took possession of the fine house just opposite, and it never came into my head to ask who they were, or where they came from. What occasion had I this evening to make myself acquainted with their household affairs? How should this interest me? I was out of humour; my heart too was rather heavy perhaps —but nevertheless—true to my principles, never to give myself up to anxious thoughts, unless they could lead to some useful end. I seized the pen with stiffened fingers, and in order to direct my thougts, I determined to attempt to draw a picture of domestic happiness—of a happiness which I had never enjoyed. For the rest I philosophized while I breathed upon my frozen hands: "Am I then the first who has sought in the hot-house of fancy a warmth which the hard world of reality has denied him? Six dollars for a cord of birchwood; but it will not last till December! I write!"

"Happy, thrice happy the families in whose narrow circle, no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—no glance, no smile can be unreturned—and where friends say to each other daily with actions rather than words—'thy joys, thy happiness, are mine too!'"

"Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly incloses the weary pilgrim of earth, which collects around the friendly blazing hearth—the old man leaning on the staff—the strong middle-aged man, the loving wife and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a day passed in innocence, with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips; falling asleep on the breast of their parents, while the soft voice of the mother tells them in whispering lullaby tones, how around their couch

The angels are awake,
Forming a circle,
Surrounding the beds
Where innocence sleeps."

There I was obliged to leave off, for I felt something like a drop of rain coming from my eyes, which prevented my seeing how to write fairly.

"How many," thought I, my reflections taking involuntarily a melancholy turn—"how many are obliged to their sorrow, to go without this highest bliss of earthly life—domestic happiness!" I looked at myself for a moment in the only whole mirror which I had in my room—that of *truth*, and then wrote again with sad feelings: "He may entirely be called unfortunate who, in the chill and and anxious hours of life, (which occur so often) is pressed to no faithful heart,

whose sighs no one answers, whose silent sorrow no one softens, by saying—I understand you! I suffer with you!

"He is cast down, no one raises him up; he weeps, no one sees it, no one will see it; he goes out, no one follows him; he rests, no one watches over him;—he is solitary: O, how unhappy he is! Why does he not die? Ah, who would weep for him? How cold is a grave, bedewed by no warm tears of affection!

"He is solitary in the winter nights: for him the earth has no flowers, and the lights of heaven burn dimly. Why should he walk forth, the solitary One—why should he stay in the house, why does he not flee away, a shadow among shadows? Ah, he still hopes—he is a poor wretch, begging for joy, who still, in the eleventh hour, waits for the benevolent hand that shall give him alms.

"He would gather one little flower on earth, and wear it in his bosom, that he need not afterwards go to rest so solitary, so entirely alone."

I was describing my own situation—I was lamenting over myself.

Deprived of my parents in early life, without brothers and sisters, friends or relations, I still remained so solitary and deserted in the world, that I might often have wished to quit it, if I had not had an inward trust in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful temperament. Until now, however, I had almost constantly hoped in the future—and at the same time with an instinctive feeling that this was best, rather than from philosophy, I had suppressed all too earnest desires for present comfort, when it was entirely out of my power. But

for some time, this had been unfortunately not the case with me; I felt, and more than ever this evening, an inexpressible desire to have some one to love—to have a friend with me—one who should be mine—in short, for the highest happiness of life, a wife, a beloved and adored wife! O! she would console me, she would make me happy! her tenderness would make me a king, though in the poorest cottage! That the fire of love in my heart would not secure the faithful friend at my side from freezing, was made but too certain, by the involuntary shivering from which I was then suffering. I stood up more oppressed than ever, and walked round my room a few times—that is, I took two steps forward, and then turned directly about. The consciousness of my condition followed me as the shadow on the wall, and for the first time in my life, I felt dejected, and threw a dark look into my obscure futurity. I had no patron, and could not therefore for a long time expect any income, by which to procure even my own bread—ergo, nothing for a friend—nothing for a wife.

"But of what use in the world," said I again quite seriously to myself, "is complaining?" I tried once again to dismiss all my anxious thoughts. "Ah, if but one christian soul would come to me this evening! Whoever it might be, friend or foe—anything is better than this solitude. Yes, even if an inhabitant of the invisible world should open the door, he should be welcome to me! Who is this?" Three knocks at the door? I cannot believe—three more! I went to the door and opened it! there was no one there. Blasts of wind alone were howling through the passage. I shut the door

again hastily, thrust my hands into my pockets, and walked about humming to myself a little while. A few minutes afterwards, I thought I heard a sigh! I was silent, and listened—again I distinctly heard a sigh, and yet again, so deep and so melancholy, that I cried out with inward distress: "Who is there?" No answer.

I stood still an instant, considering what this might portend, when a frightful noise on the stairs, as if a legion of cats were caterwauling on the landing-place, and finishing by a violent knock at my door, put an end to my uncertainty. I took up the candle and a stick, and went out. At the instant that I opened the door, the candle was blown out. A gigantic figure in white approached me, and I felt myself suddenly seized by two strong arms. I shrieked for help, and struggled so manfully to get free, that I fell to the ground with my antagonist, but in such a manner that I was the uppermost. I sprang up again swift as an arrow, and was going away to get a light, when I stumbled over something—God knows what it was; (I firmly believe that some one took me by the heels,) be that as it may, I fell a second time, struck my head against the table and lost my consciousness, hearing at the same time a provoking noise, which much resembled laughter.

When I opened my eyes, they were met by a dazzling brightness. I closed them again, and listened to a confused murmuring around me—opened them again, a little, and endeavoured to distinguish the objects about me, which seemed so extraordinary and wonderful, that I was almost afraid that my senses were disturbed. I was lying on a sofa, and—no, I certainly

was not mistaken—the charming girl who had been constantly hovering before my fancy this evening, stood actually at my side, and with a heavenly expression of sympathy, was washing my head with vinegar. A young man whose countenance seemed familiar to me, was holding my hand in both of his. I perceived also the stout gentleman, another thin one, the lady, the children, and in a more remote twilight I saw glimmering the paradise of the tea-table; I found myself by an inconceivable whim of fate, in the midst of the family I had just been observing with so lively an interest.

Afterward's, when I had fully recovered my senses, the young man embraced me several times with military impetuosity. "Do you not recognise me then?" he cried out, astonished to see me like a statue in soul and body. "Have you then so entirely forgotten Augustus D., whose life you preserved so lately at the risk of your own? whom you so bravely fished out of the water, exposing yourself to the danger of remaining for ever in the uninteresting society of fishes? See here! my father, my mother, my sister Wilhelmina!" I pressed his hand, and now the parents also embraced me. With a loud stroke of his fist on the table, the father of Augustus now exclaimed: "And because you have saved my son's life, and because you are so good and honorable a fellow, and suffer hunger yourself, while you give bread to others, therefore you shall have the curacy of Halle—yes, you shall be shepherd of the flock I say! I have *jus patronatus*, you must know!"

I was not for a long time able to understand, think or speak, and not until by a thousand explanations all

was explained, could I understand any thing clearly, but that Wilhelmina was not—that Wilhelmina was the sister of Augustus.

He had arrived that evening from service with his regiment, when with which during the preceding summer, an accident had given me an opportunity of rescuing him from a danger into which he had thrown himself, by youthful ardour and presumption. I had not seen him after this circumstance; had accidentally made his acquaintance at an earlier period—taken with him the cup of brotherhood at the University, and afterwards forgotten my dear brother.

He had now, with the easily-kindled enthusiasm of youth, been telling these circumstances to his family, and what else he knew or did not know, about me. The father, who had a living at his disposal, and who (as I afterwards learned), had made from his window some compassionate observations upon my meagre dinner-table, determined, at his son's earnest entreaties, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the height of felicity. Augustus, in his transport, wishing to make me immediately acquainted with my good fortune, and at the same time to indulge his fancy for droll tricks; announced himself on my stairs in a manner, whose consequences for me were a considerable, though not dangerous, contusion upon my head, and the unexpected transition to the opposite side of the street—from the deepest darkness to the brightest light. The good young man begged my pardon a thousand times for his heedlessness; I assured him a thousand times, that it was not worth while to speak of so trifling a circumstance. And certainly the curacy was a balsam which would have made a deeper wound unfelt.

With surprise and some embarrassment, I now perceived that the ear and shoulder, whose possessor made such a frightful grasp in the cake-basket, and at which my wrath was so much kindled, belonged to the father of Augustus, and my patron. The stout gentleman who sat on the sofa, was Wilhelmina's uncle.

The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends, soon made me feel happy and at home. The old people treated me as one of their children, the young men as a brother, and the two little ones seemed to regard me as a future companion for their sports and frolics.

After I had received two cups of tea from Wilhelmina's beautiful hand, to which I almost feared that in my absence of mind, I should add more biscuits than did my worthy patron, I rose to take leave. They entreated me to pass the night at their house, but I remained fixed in my determination to pass the first night of happiness in my old habitation, in giving thanks to the high ruler of my destiny.

They all embraced me anew, and I embraced them also very heartily, even Wilhelmina, yet not till a gracious permission was granted. "I might as well have let that alone," I thought to myself afterwards, "if it is to be the first and last time!" Augustus went back with me.

In my room we found mine host in the midst of overturned tables and chairs, with an expression of countenance hovering between rain and sunshine; on one side of his face his mouth was stretched open as far as the ear, with a horrible smile; on the other side it was

drawn down to the chin with vexation; his eyes followed the same direction, and the whole had the appearance of a cramp, until the manner in which Augustus ordered him to leave us alone, changed its whole aspect into that of the most friendly grin; while the man himself vanished from the door with the most humble hows.

Augustus was in despair about my table, my chair, my bed, etc., I had much difficulty in restraining him from beating the host, who insisted on being paid for such a hole! I could only satisfy him by making a solemn promise that I would go somewhere else the very next day. "But be sure to tell him," Augustus insisted, "before you pay him, that he is a rogue, a rascal, a——, or if you will, I will tell him so." "No, no, beware!" I said interrupting him, "let me alone, I will make all right."

After my young friend had left me, I passed a few happy hours in thinking of the change in my prospects, and in blessing God for it.

Then my thoughts fixed on my parsonage; and heaven knows what fat oxen and cows, what parks adorned with flowers, fruits and vegetables, I saw in spirit surrounding my beautiful paradise, in which my Eve was walking by my side, and supported by my arm; and, especially, what countless numbers of happy and improved human beings I saw streaming out of the church in which I had been preaching. I christened, I confirmed, I married the dear children of my flock; in the joy of my heart, I forgot only the burying.

Every hungry priest who has obtained a living, every

mortal, especially one who sees a long-cherished hope unexpectedly fulfilled, may imagine my feelings.

Later in the night, a veil seemed to fall before my eyes, and my thoughts fell, by degrees, into a state of confusion which created all sorts of extraordinary images. I was preaching with a loud voice in my church, and the whole congregation were sleeping. After the service, the people, as they came from church, were transformed into oxen and cows, who came lowing to meet me, when I was about to admonish them. I attempted to embrace my wife, but could not separate her from a large cow, which was continually increasing in size, and finally grew over the heads of us both. I tried to climb up to heaven upon a ladder—the stars shining down upon me clearly and invitingly—but potatoes, grass, pea-vines, and straw, were unmercifully twisted about my feet, and prevented every step. At last I found myself going heels over head in the midst of my possessions, and while I was wondering quietly at myself in my sleepy soul, I fell soundly asleep while thinking about my dreams. Still, I carried on unconsciously the chain of my pastoral thoughts, and went on preaching in my sleep during the whole of the night, for, in the morning, I was awakened by the sound of my own voice, uttering a loud "Amen!"

That the events of the evening before, were real truths, and not wholly dreams, I could not easily persuade myself, until Augustus came in and invited me to dine with his parents.

The parsonage, Wilhelmina, the dinner, the new succession of hopes for the future, which were illumi-

nated by the clear sun of the present, all surprised me anew, with a joy which may indeed be felt, but which can never be described.

I welcomed from the depths of a thankful heart this new life which was opening upon me, with the fixed determination, that, whatever might come of it, yet that I would always endeavour *to do right and to hope for the best.*

Two years afterwards, I was sitting one autumn afternoon at my dear parsonage, before a cheerful fire. Near me was sitting my dear little wife, my sweet Wilhelmina, at her spinning-wheel. I was just about to read to her a little sermon which I intended to deliver the next Sunday, and from which I promised myself much edification both for her and the whole congregation. While I was turning it over, a loose leaf fell out; it was the very paper on which, the same day two years before, under totally different circumstances, I had written down my sad and unhappy thoughts. I showed it to my wife. She read it, smiled with a tear in her eye, and with rather a roguish look, which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took her pen and wrote on the other side of the paper:

"The author can now, God be praised, make a sketch of himself, which shall be exactly opposite to this, which he drew in an unhappy hour of a wretched solitary mortal.

"He is now no longer solitary, no longer forlorn. The silent sigh is answered, his secret sorrow is shared

by a tenderly attached wife. He goes out, her heart follows him; he comes back, she goes smiling to meet him; his tears do not flow unmarked, they are dried by her hand, and his smile is again reflected in hers; she gathers flowers to adorn his brow, or to strew in his path. He has a family, attached friends, and wants among his own relatives all those who have none."

My Wilhelmina had described truly the happy present, and kindled by feelings which are bright and joyful as the rays of the spring sun, I will now, as before, let my little troop of light hopes dance on into the future.

I hope then that my next Sunday's sermon will not be without benefit to my hearers; and should the tired ones sleep, I hope that I shall not let that, or any of the greater or smaller inconveniences of life go to my heart, or disturb my tranquillity. I know my Wilhelmina, and I think I know myself too, well enough to hope with certainty that I shall always make her happy. The sweet angel has given me a hope that she will soon add another to the number of our truly happy little household. I hope there will be more in future. For my child I have all sorts of hopes in petto. Should I have a son, I hope that he will be my successor; should I have a daughter, so—if Augustus should wait—, but I believe, that he is now about to marry!

I hope, in time, to find a publisher for my sermons.

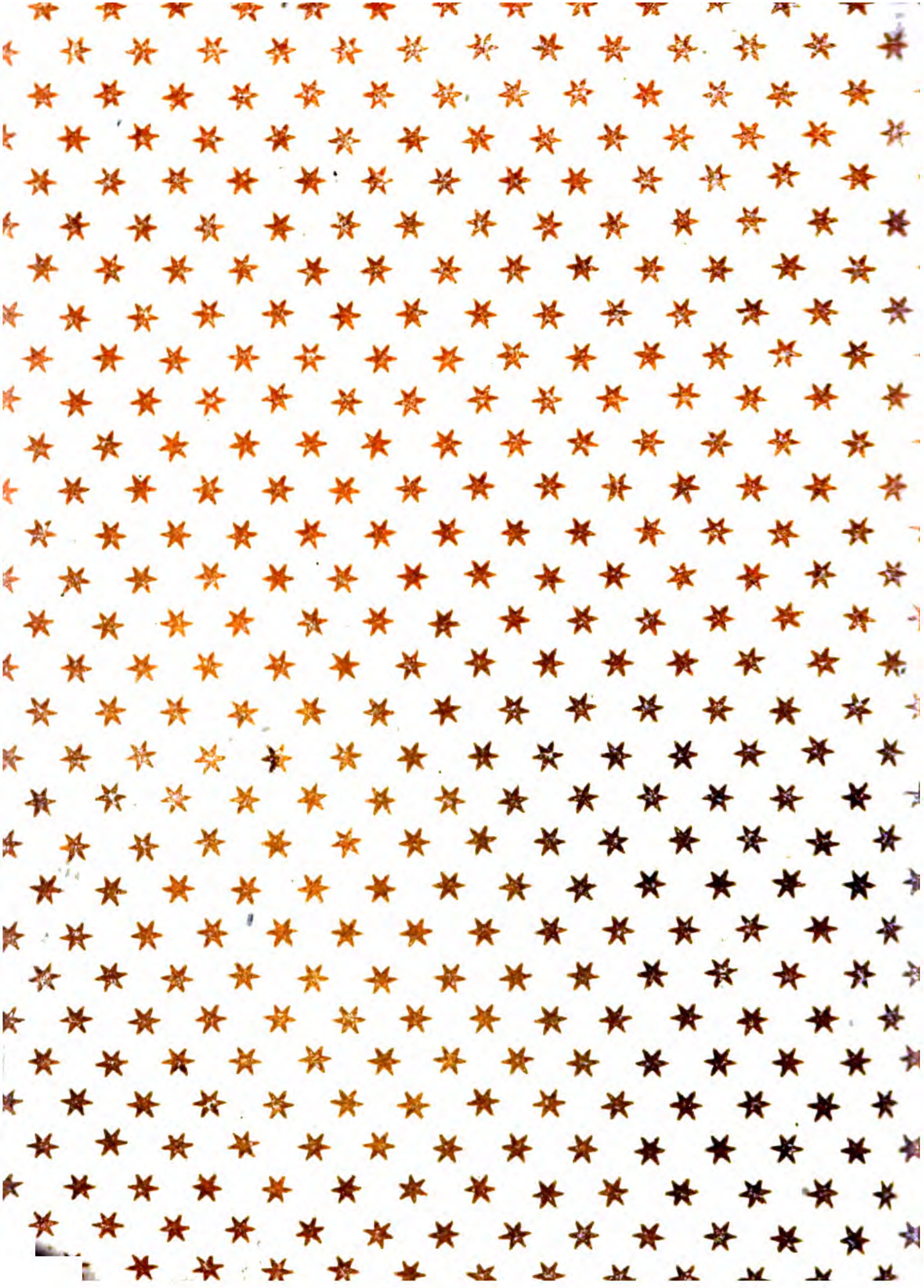
I hope to live with my wife at least a hundred years.

We hope, that is, my Wilhelmina and I, to dry up during this time a great many tears, and to shed as few ourselves, as may be consistent with our lot as children of the earth.

We hope not to outlive each other.

In fine, we hope to be always able to hope, and when the hour comes, in which the hopes of the green earth shall vanish before the light of eternal certainty, we still hope that the All Gracious Father will pass a mild judgment over His grateful humbly *hoping children.*

THE END.

Printed by H. G. Clarke & Co. 66, Old Bailey.

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