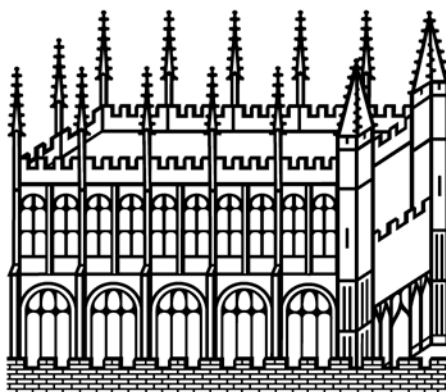




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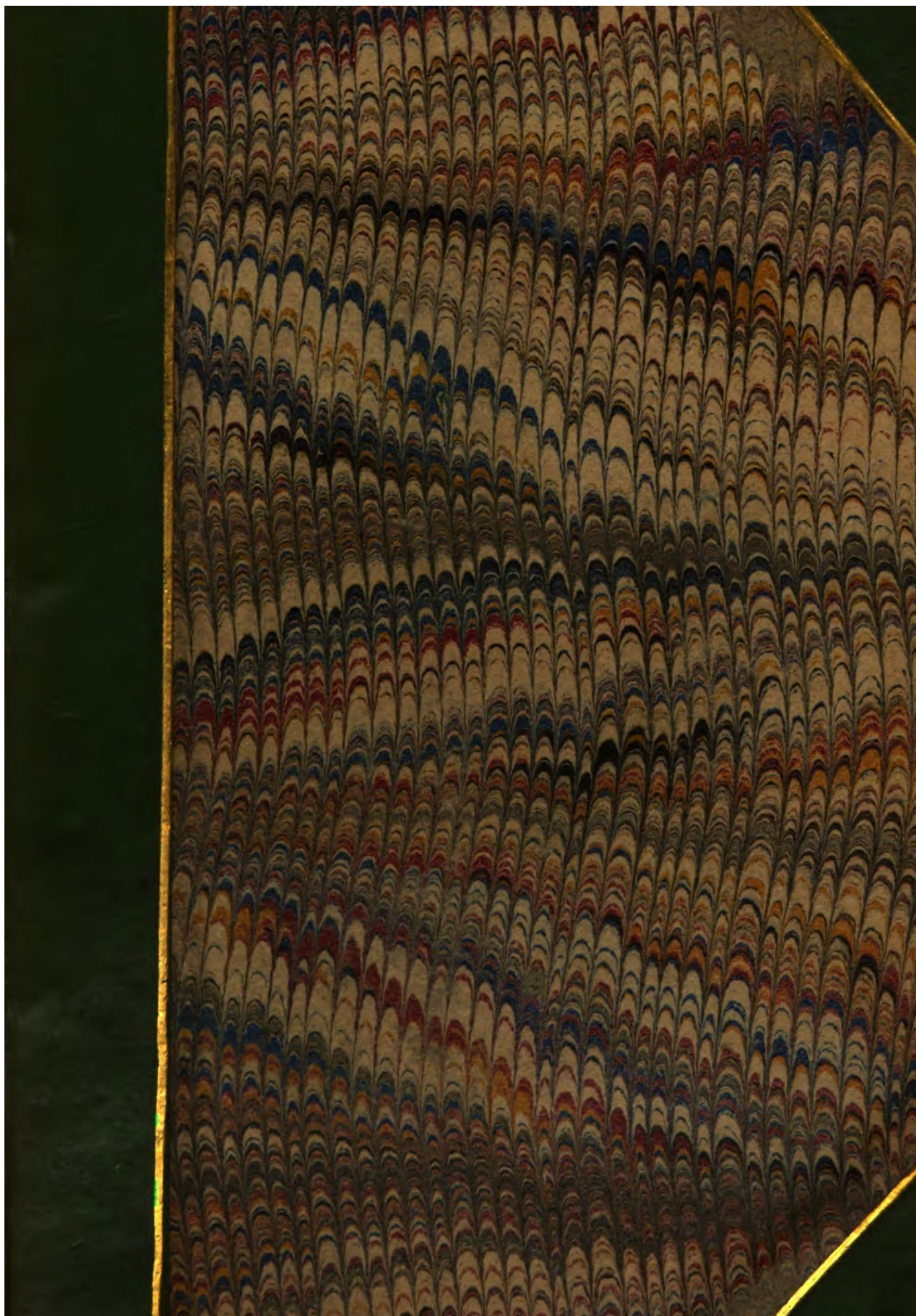
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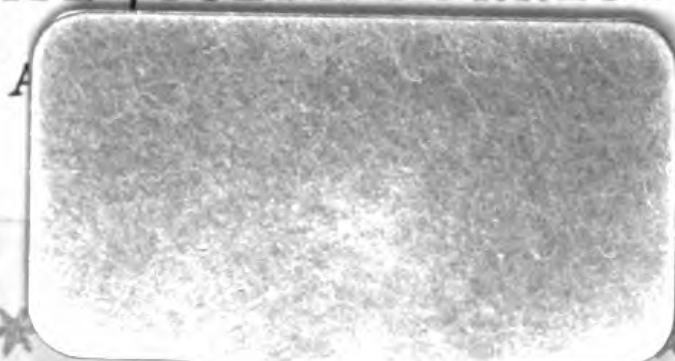


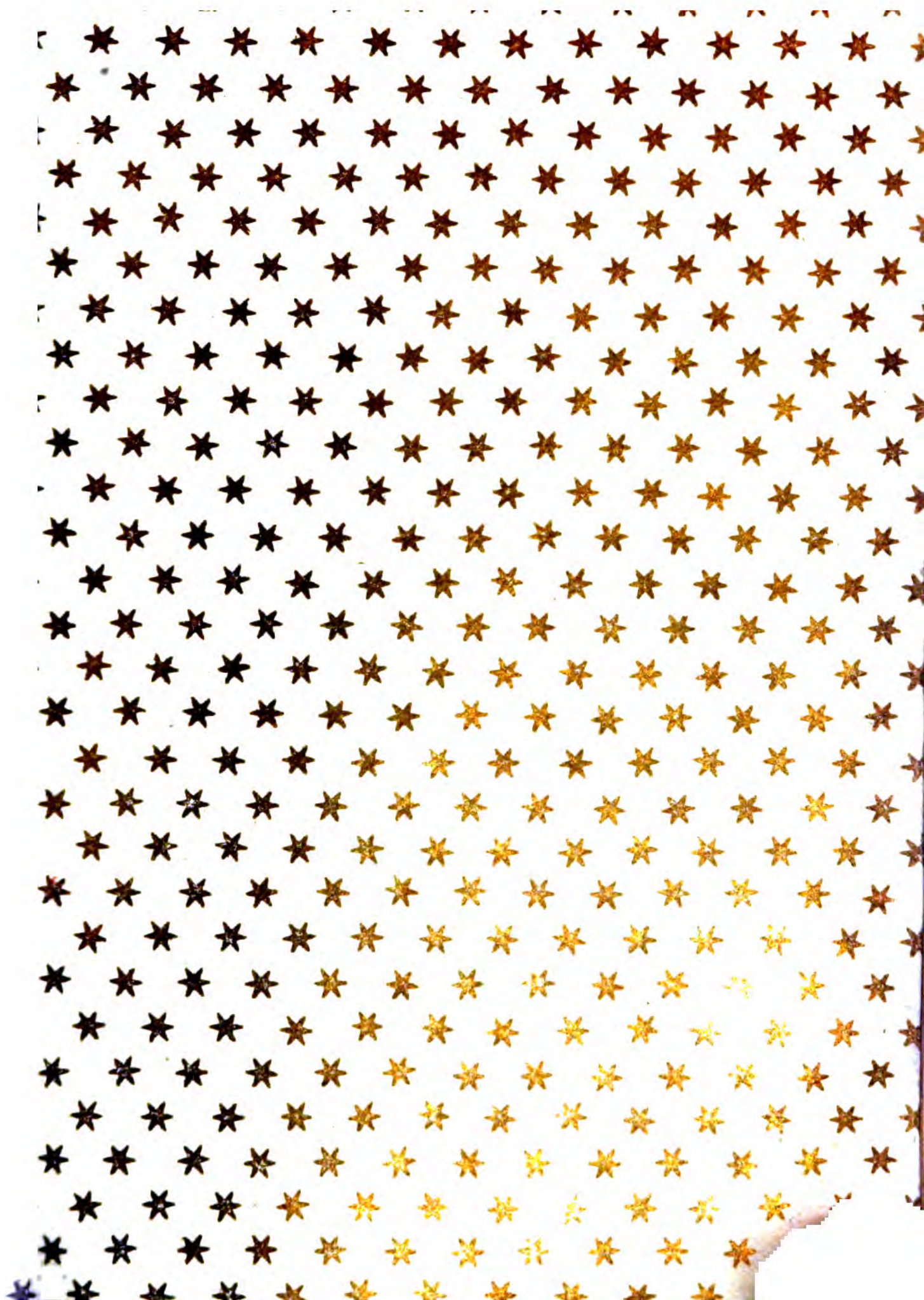
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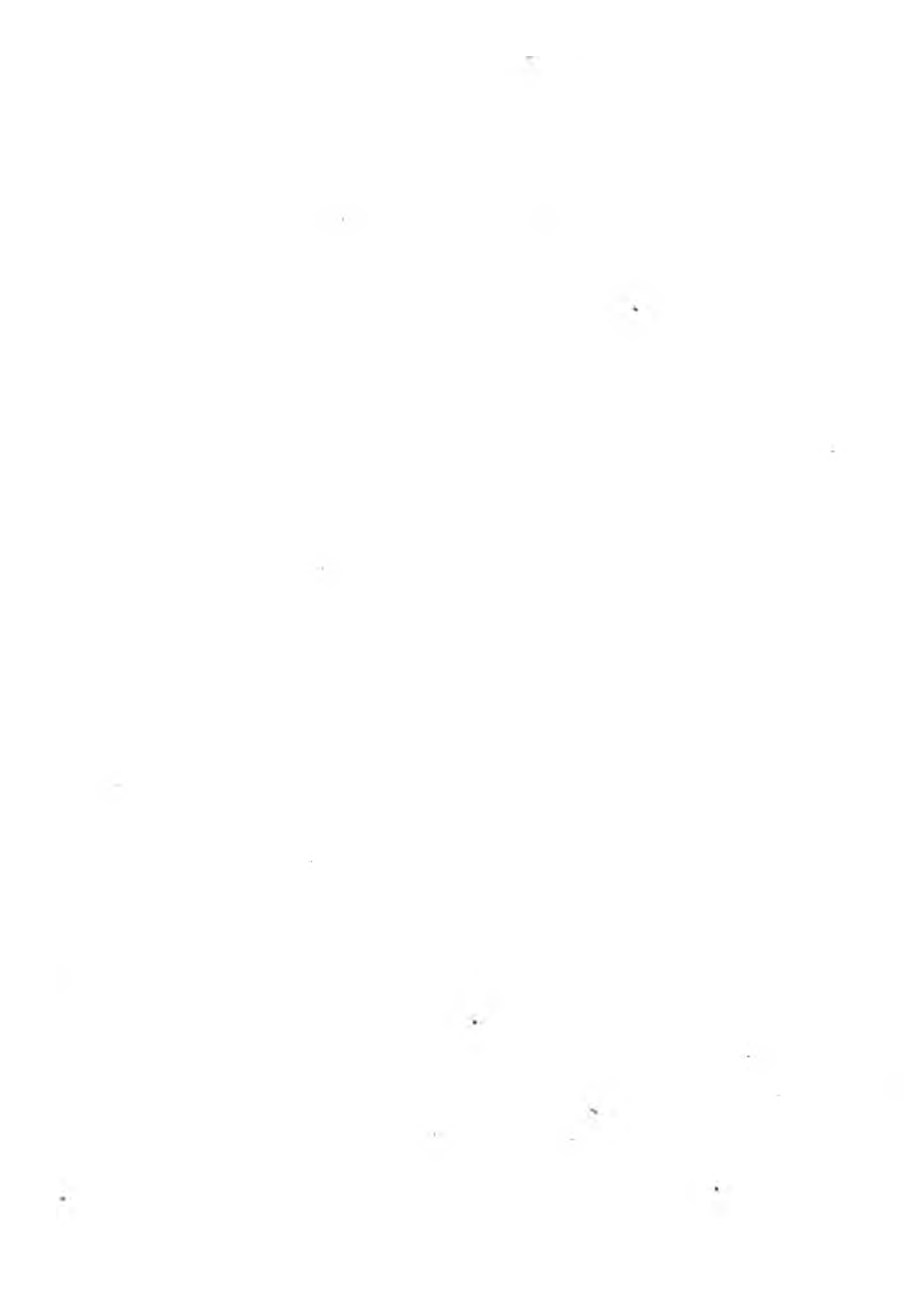


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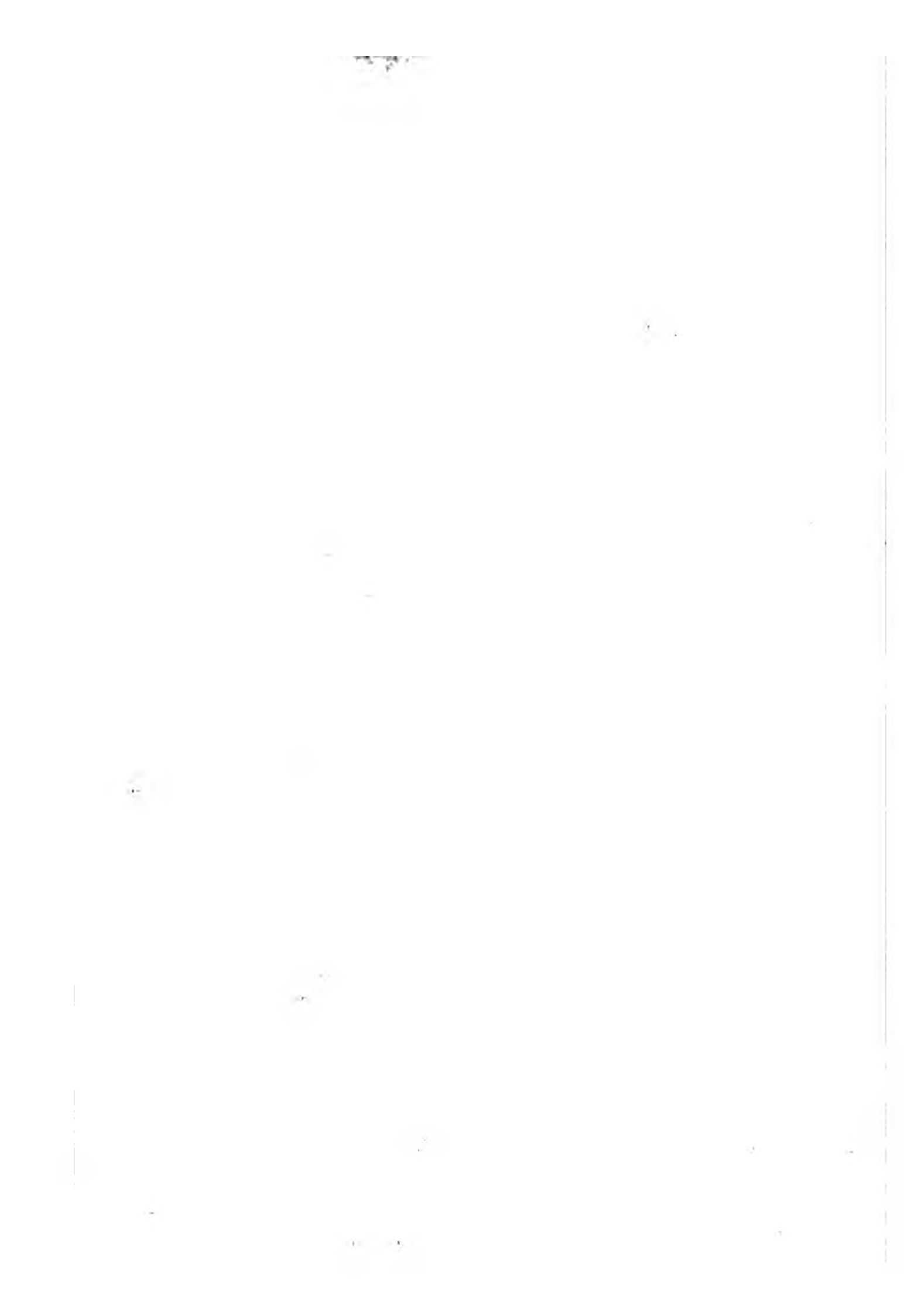












THE
N O V E L S
OF
F R E D E R I K A B R E M E R.

VOL. II.
THE H—— FAMILY.

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

—
1844.



THE
H—— F A M I L Y.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

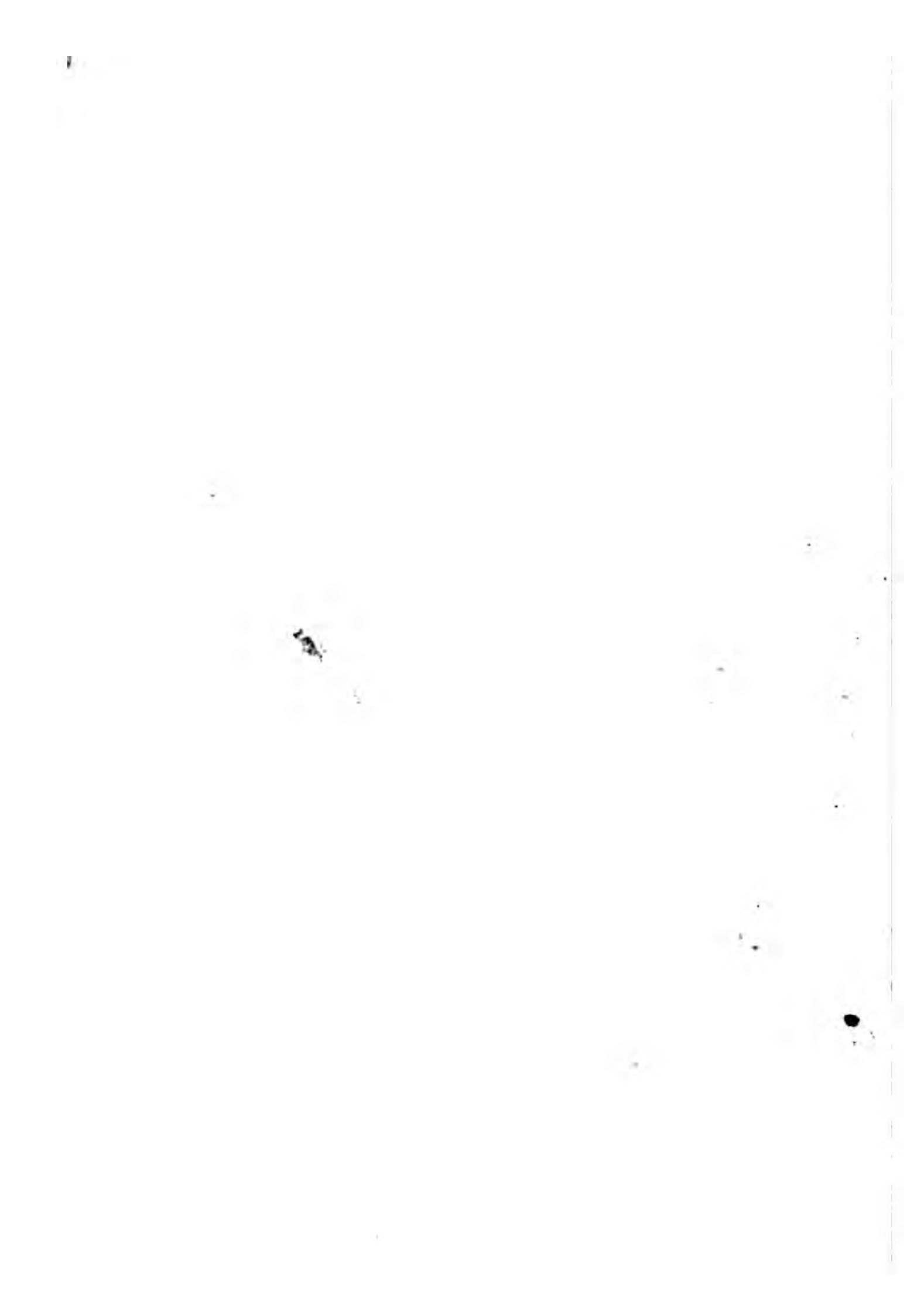
AUTHORESS OF "THE NEIGHBORS," "STRIFE AND PEACE,"
"THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS," ETC.. ETC

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

LONDON:

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

—
1844.



THE H— FAMILY.

ARRIVAL. TEA. PORTRAITS.

About the end of February, in the year 1829, I found myself at the barrier one evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the Custom House Officer, who was to admit me into the Swedish capital. It was amid a violent drifting of snow, and in a small open sledge, that I sat there, frozen, tired and sleepy ; no very enviable situation, as my fair and gentle readers will allow.

My poor steed, who had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The servant who drove my sledge, beat his arms across his body to warm himself ; the storm howled, and the snow drifted about us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done in snow storms within as well as out of the house ; and this I have always found the best way if one cannot escape such evils. At last I heard the sound of slow steps on the cracking snow. The officer approached with his lantern. He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy. I held a gold piece in my hand, and was desirous of transferring it, unperceived, into his, that I might secure for myself a

quiet, and an undisturbed ride. He drew his hand back ; " It is not necessary," said he, drily, but politely ; " I will not give you much inconvenience," continued he, while he began to examine my carpet bag, and look over my packages. I found myself compelled, not without vexation, to alight. Out of humour, and with some malicious pleasure, I put my money back into my reticule, and thought, " Well, well, he is too proud to take any thing for his trouble."

My talkative driver, however, entered into some conversation with him.

" It is rough, frightful weather, this evening, dear sir."

" Yes."

" I think it would be much more agreeable, if you were sitting in your own room, sipping something warm, instead of freezing your fingers and keeping us here, for which nobody thanks you."

No answer.

" I would give something to be sitting, now, by our old folks' warm fire, and eating my Sunday's porridge—that would relish, sir !"

" Yes, yes."

" Are you married ?"

" Yes."

" Have you children ?"

" Yes."

" Ah ! how many ?"

" Four,"—and a deep sigh followed this answer.

" Four !—well, then you have mouths enough to feed. Ha, ha ! now you think you have found something contraband.—Cheese, my dear sir, cheese, you

see. Yes, indeed, it makes your mouth water. I will lay a wager that you would prefer to taste it, rather than to bite into the moon. Now, do not you see that is only a butter-keg," etc. etc.

After the inspector had convinced himself that a goodly variety of cheeses, loaves of bread, and ginger-cakes, made up the principal part of the lading of the sledge, he re-placed every thing in the neatest order, gave me his hand to assist me into it, and carefully tucked the furs about me. My ill humour had vanished long ago. Is it, thought I, the fault of the poor inspector, that he is the plague and torment of travellers? this one, certainly, has performed his duty in the most civil manner. And while he went on to restore every thing to its place, carefully and conscientiously, various considerations arose in my mind, which disposed me to still more kindness. The red, frozen nose, the depressed expression of countenance, the stiff fingers, the poor children, the snow storm, the dark, dismal evening, all these passed before me like the shadows in a Camera Obscura, and my heart was quite softened by them. I felt again, after the piece of money. I thought of some gingerbread and a cheese for the four children's supper; but while I was feeling, and while I was thinking, the man opened the bar, took off his hat politely, and I passed quickly through the gateway. I would have cried out "halt,"—but I did not. With an oppressed heart and uncomfortable feelings, as if I had lost something valuable on the way, I proceeded through the city, and saw in the white snow flakes before me, as in a transparency, the frozen, red nose and sad face, on which I might so easily, at least

for a moment, have called up a cheerful look.

How many occasions, of doing good in greater or less measure, are passed by from irresolution. While we are saying to ourselves, "shall I, or shall I not?" the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.

Thus I sadly reflected, while my sledge moved slowly over the deep, sandy snow, often sunk through to the stones, and was with difficulty drawn out again. The storm had extinguished the lamps in the lanterns, and the streets were hardly lighted at all, except by the rays from the shops. Here I saw a gentleman who was about losing his cloak; and as he was drawing it more closely around him, the wind took off his hat. There was a lady, who, while with one hand she held the brim of her bonnet, and with the other secured her cloak, ran blindly, but violently, against a fruit stall; the sharp nosed mistress of which, besought her, in a rude tone, to keep a better look out.

Here yelled a dog; there swore a fellow who had run his cart against that of another; while a little boy ran whistling gaily through the snow-flakes and other hindrances which did not at all disturb his quiet boyish spirit. Often a covered sledge, with its lighted lamps, like comets, drove by and pushed aside men and beasts. This was all I saw or heard of this great and splendid capital that evening. To enliven myself, I began to think of the amiable family in whose bosom I should soon find myself, on the pleasant occasion which led me there, and on still other gay, bright and soul warming ideas, which pressed upon my memory. At last

my sledge stopped. My driver cried, "Now we are here," and I said to myself with delight, "Now I am here, too." I soon heard around me many voices crying, "good day ! good day, good evening, welcome, welcome." I, my bread, cheese, ginger-bread, we were all heartily welcome, and were conducted into a pleasant, warm room. Half an hour later I was sitting in a handsome, well-lighted parlor, where Colonel H. and his family were assembled. The tea hour had arrived, and from the hissing kettle arose the cloudy steam hovering over the well filled baskets of cakes, biscuits and cracknells which covered the capacious tea table. Telemachus, when he issued from Tartarus into the Elysian fields, could not have felt greater pleasure than I, who from my snow-storm journey had run into the friendly haven of this tea table.

The pleasant, graceful persons who were moving about me, the agreeable room, the lights which, at times, add not a little to the brightness of the spirit, the warming draught which I was enjoying, every thing was animating, exhilarating. Every thing was—ah, will you believe it, reader, that the frozen nose there at the gate placed itself in the midst of my pleasure, on the edge of my tea cup, and embittered the nectar it contained. It did indeed ; and I believe I should have felt less shocked if I had seen my own "double." To restore my quiet I said to myself that the next morning I would repair my inadvertence, and, content with this resolution for the morrow, I sat now according to my custom, silently in the corner of the room, while I knit upon my stocking ; now and then sipped from my cup, which stood near me on a little table ; and unobserved,

but attentively watched the family picture before me. Col. H. sat in the corner of a sofa and played Patience. The Blockade of Copenhagen, I believe. He was a tall, strongly-built, but thin man, and had the appearance of ill health. The expression of his face was noble, and from his deeply sunken eyes there beamed a penetrating but quiet glance, which had an almost divine expression, particularly when it was turned upon his children. He spoke seldom, he never made speeches, but his words, uttered slowly, and with a gentle energy, had usually the effect of oracles. Earnestness and mildness reigned in his whole character.—He held himself almost singularly upright, and I always thought that this proceeded less from his early military habits, than from the unbending honesty, the strength and integrity which formed the principal features in his character, and which were mirrored in his exterior.

He did not join in the conversation, which this evening was carried on with much animation among his children ; but sometimes he dropped a dry witty observation, which was accompanied by a look that was so mischievously comical, and yet so filled with kindness towards those to whom it referred, that they received perplexity and pleasure from it at the same time.

His wife, “the gracious lady,” (as I still from old custom must call her) sat in another corner of the sofa, making bobbin, but without bestowing much attention on her work. She seemed not to have been handsome, even in her youthful days, but she had about her, particularly when she spoke, something good, interesting and animated, which one looked at with pleasure.—Something tender and restless appeared in her face,

particularly in her eyes. One read there that she bore ever at her heart the long, eternal forethought of ideas and cares, which for a wife and mother, and housewife, begins with her husband and children, runs through all the affairs to the smallest branch of the household, and has no end, like the atoms of dust which are blown away but are ever falling again.

The tender and restless glance of the gracious lady was this evening very often turned upon Emily, the eldest daughter, with an expression at the same time, of joy and grief. An affectionate smile floated over her lips, and tears glistened on her eye-lids; but from the smiles as well as the tears beamed the tender and warm love of the mother.

Emily did not seem to observe the expression of her mother's countenance. She was serving tea, very quietly, with her fair white hands; while with an assumed gravity of face she tried to put an end to the nonsense of her brother Charles, who was attempting to throw that confusion, which he protested prevailed in the heart of his dear sister, into the affairs of the tea table. She was of middle size, but well grown. Blond, fair, but without regular beauty in her features, her pleasing face was particularly attractive from the expression of purity, goodness and frankness which rested on it. She appeared to have inherited her father's quiet character, joined with greater cheerfulness, for in spite of her assumed dignity she often laughed; and that so heartily that all the rest kept her company.

Laughing is becoming to very few people, and we see many persons who, during this expression of plea-

sure, put their handkerchiefs up to their faces to hide the ugliness which is produced by the contractions about the eyes, and the stretching of the mouth. Emily, even if she had been apprised of this measure, would have scorned to make use of it. Her character, even in the most unimportant things was too simple and frank, to allow her to make use of a single attractive manœuvre. She had, however, in this case no reason to do so, for her laugh was particularly charming; both because it was so simple and hearty, and because it displayed the most beautiful white teeth which ever ornamented a small and lovely mouth. She, however, thought nothing about the matter.

If I had been a man, I should have thought the first moment I saw Emily, "There is my wife. (N. B. If she is willing.)"

Yet Emily was not in every thing what she appeared; or rather she possessed a good many of those inconsistencies which mingle with and are joined to the most noble specimens of human nature, as there will always be some knots in the very finest and most carefully labored textures.

Moreover Emily was no longer in the earliest years of youth, and you, my fair reader of sixteen, will perhaps find her very—very old. "How old was she then?" you ask. She had passed her six-and-twentieth year. "Ah! that was very horrible, she is really an old person." Not so horrible, not so old my Rosebud. She was only a rose in her full bloom. This was also the opinion of Mr. ——— But of this hereafter

I pity the painter who should receive the difficult order to paint a portrait of Julia; for she is a *perpetuam*

mobile in more than one respect. Sometimes she plays her brother, who never leaves a debt of this kind unpaid, some roguish trick, sometimes she employs herself in one of a different kind upon her sisters. Sometimes she snuffs the candles and puts them out, that she may have the pleasure of lighting them again ; she puts the ribbon of her mother's cap into order or disorder, and now and then she glides behind the Colonel, throws her arms about his neck and kisses his forehead. His cry of " Let me alone girl," frightens her off, perhaps to return again soon.

A charming little head, about which rich locks of blond hair formed a crown—blue lively eyes, dark lashes and eyelids—a well formed nose and a little, delicate ear—a somewhat larger but handsome mouth—a small, neat figure—little hands, and feet that would rather dance than walk—see, there you have Julia in her eighteenth year.

Brother Charles—ah your pardon—Cornet Charles was three ells long, well grown, and light in his motions, thanks to nature, the gymnasium and Julia. He had several ideas of his own which were fixed as the hills, among them these three were his favorites : first, the Swedish was altogether the first and most excellent nation in Europe. This no one in the family contradicted. Second, he should never fall in love, because he was twenty years old, and had never felt his heart beat, while so many of his more fortunate companions had gone mad with love. " That will come in time !" said the Colonel. Julia said he would be over head and ears in love yet. Emily sighed, and prayed God he might be saved from it. Thirdly, the Cornet thought

he was so ugly that he frightened the horses. Julia said this quality might be useful to him in an attack on the enemy's cavalry ; but she, as well as her sisters and many others, considered the open, honest, manly expression of the face of their brother, as a full compensation for a want of beauty of features. They often repeated to him with a little secret pleasure, how uncommonly ugly and intolerable Mr. P. was with his beautiful Apollo head without life or expression. Cornet Charles loved his sisters tenderly, and did them every service in his power, particularly in the way of exercising their patience.

Near their father sat the youngest daughter, the seventeen-year-old Helen. The first look disposed one to pity her, the next gave rise to a wish for her happiness. She was plain and deformed ; but understanding and cheerfulness beamed from her eyes which were more than usually brilliant. She appeared to possess that strength and repose of character, that clearness, constancy, and gaiety of spirit which give a more certain guarantee for the quiet and happiness of life, than all those dazzling external charms which the world so loves and extols. She was dilligently working upon a white lace veil, and only looked up now and then from her labor to give to Emily an affectionate and significant glance, or to turn towards her father a look of respectful and almost supplicating tenderness.

One could almost imagine that of all his children the Colonel loved this one best, who in person seemed so hardly dealt with by nature. For often when Helen leaned her head on her father's shoulder, and raised her loving eye to him, he bent down and kissed her fore-

head with an expression which cannot be described.

On the other side of the Colonel sat a lady, still young—his brother's daughter. She might have been taken for an antique statue, so fair, and of such marble whiteness was her complexion, and so immoveable did she appear. Finer dark eyes than her's were never seen. But ah, she certainly deserved to be pitied. Those beautiful eyes would never again see the light of day. For several years they had been covered with a cataract. What prevailed in her bosom, whether storm or quiet it was difficult to see ; the mirror of her spirit was darkened, and something stiff, cold, almost half dead lay without and repelled every questioning glance. It seemed to me a feeling of proud despair came upon her, the moment that the voice of fate announced, "You shall never more see the light," and she had responded, "No one shall ever see my sorrow."

Yet one little group more must come into my picture. The group, namely, at the back of the apartment consisting of Master Nup, distinguished by his good nature, his learning, his taciturnity, his short-sightedness, his turned up nose, and his absence of mind, by the side of his pupils, little Axel and the little Claes, the youngest sons of the Colonel, who on account of their especially good health and their plumpness generally received, in the family, the name of the "little Thickeys."

The master bent, undismayed by his wig having three times taken fire, with his nose over his book, in the nearest possible proximity to the light. The "little Thickeys" ate cracknels, played "Cat's-cradle" and awaited the fourth illumination on the Master's head,

the near approach of which they now and then announced to each other by friendly signs and exclamations, such as, "see now," "wait now," "now it's a coming."

I feel now particularly desirous to know whether any of my amiable young readers, either from kind feeling or curiosity, would like to have a nearer description of the person who is seated in the corner of the drawing room, silently knitting her stocking, now and then sipping from her cup of tea, and making her observations upon the company.

Not to leave any such wish of my readers unfulfilled, I will also try a sketch of her. She belongs to that class of persons of whose existence one of the sisterhood says—"sometimes it seems as if they were every where—sometimes it seems as if they were nowhere." This singular existence appertains in common to those persons who, without belonging to the family are received in it as assistants for counsel and action either in joy or sorrow. I will, in a few words draw a picture of such persons, and not to leave the class without a name, I will give her the title of Family Counsellor. Her circle of action is defined, and of the following character. She must have her thoughts, her hands, her nose in every thing, but it must not be observed. If the master of the house is out of humor, she is pushed forward to act, either as a lightning rod, or a bellows whose duty it is to dispel the storm. If the lady has the vapors, her presence is as necessary as the bottle of cologne water. Are the daughters in trouble, she must take part in it. Have they wishes, plans, projects, she is the speaking trumpet by which they

must approach deaf ears. Are the children crying they are sent to her that she may quiet them; if they refuse to go to sleep, she must tell them stories. If any one is sick, she is the watcher. She is intrusted with commissions for the whole family, and she must have her hands full of advice for every one, on all occasions. Does some distinguished visitor arrive, is the house put upon parade footing, then she vanishes; no one knows where she is, any more than it is known where the smoke goes which rises from the chimney. But the workings of her invisible presence do not cease to be felt. The pan in which the cream is prepared is not placed on the nicely decorated dinner table, but must remain on the kitchen hearth, and the same is the lot of the Family Counsellor; to do the useful and agreeable, but to give up the honor. If she can do this with stoical perseverance and resignation, her existence is often as interesting to herself as it is important to the family. It is true, she must be humble and silent; must pass quietly through the doors, make less noise than a fly, and above all, never, like the flies, settle on the noses of people. She must yawn as seldom as her human nature will bear, but on the contrary must use her eyes and ears with freedom, though with caution; and she has abundant occasion to make use of them. Unlike what happens in the physical world, there is no place for observation in the moral world so good as the most humble, where all looks are most unobserved. And consequently the Family Counsellor is in the most favorable position for turning her penetrating telescope about the hemisphere of the household. Every motion, every spot on the planets of the heart

will become visible to her ; the most unpretending comet she follows in its course ; she sees the eclipse come and disappear, and while she considers the phenomena—the changing feelings and thoughts in the human soul, which are as countless as the stars of heaven,—she learns one day after another, to designate and lay down more and more of these great and wonderful hieroglyphics of creation. It is plain, therefore, that she must gain successively a good deal of the costly, always applicable coin which is called knowledge of men, and the hope smiles upon her, that in some future time, when her nose is ornamented with spectacles, and silver hair covers her aged head, she may speak like an oracle to listening youth of her knowledge of things, of which they can form no idea.

So much for the description of the Family Counselor as a class ; a word now upon the individual who in some measure filled this part in the family of Col. H. In some measure I say, for she was, God be praised, treated more as a friend, did not hold the office of puffer, did not always stand behind the curtain, but often stepped forward upon the stage, and said her say as freely and unreservedly as other acting people.

The first word which her childish lips stammered after a year's abode in this lower world was " Moon ;" eight years after she wrote her first poem on the moon ; and the morning of a life which has since then passed so drily and prosaically, was a lovely poetical dream of moonshine. Many sonnets, many odes, her pen dedicated to the most charming objects of nature, during the rich days of youth, when the heart beats so high, when the feelings swell like spring torrents, and

when the fruitful sources of tears stream from such precious sorrow.—But in every thing she sung, wrote or dreamed, there was always something about moonshine.

The old people shook their wise heads “Girl,” if you write verses, you will never learn to make a soup, you will leave the sauce to burn ; you must think betimes that you have to support yourself, to spin your clothes and bake your bread ; moonshine will not satisfy any one.” But the girl wrote her poems, and made her soup, and did not let her sauce burn. She made her spinning wheel hum, baked her bread, but did not forget the friend of her childhood the gentle moon. Afterwards when its kind beams shone over the grave of her parents, she wrote no poem to their honor, but looked up with a supplicating glance to the gentle, heavenly face, as to a comforter whose light would cheer the fatherless and motherless on her solitary path. But ah, the fatherless and motherless would have starved in her dear moonshine, if another light and other beams had not brought her salvation. These came from the hearth of a Count’s kitchen. She succeeded in the preparation of a wine jelly, and this made her fortune.

She was discovered to possess the talent of preparing wine jelly. By degrees it became apparent that she possessed other talents equally valuable. A lady with chapped lips was greatly benefitted by her lip salve. An old gentleman found great comfort in a never weary listener to the stories of his forty-nine disasters. A tender mother of four little wonderfully sensible children, learned, with deep emotion, from their rosy lips, of her uncommon skill in making mother and

brother, joy and boy, deep and weep, birth day and skip and play, rhyme so properly. A sleepy "gracious lady," was once waked up entirely by this talented person, prophecying with cards that she would soon receive a present.—Nine persons within a very short time praised her admirable advice in curing tooth-ache, pains in the chest, and influenza ; and her wonderful talent became especially apparent at sundry weddings and funerals, in arranging every thing from the head dress of the lady to the key of the larder ; from the myrtle crown on the locks of the bride, to the bread and butter on the sideboard ; as much by the arrangement of the touching celebration of marriage as in decorating the last bed of rest of the slumbering bride, and providing for the entertainment of those who on melancholy occasions never forget that people must eat and drink.

By the diligent use of these talents and the improvement of some others of the same kind, she mounted step by step to the rank of the honor and dignity of a Family Counsellor. She had almost forgotten to write poems, but now and then on birth days and fete days she brought forth some meagre lines.

She seldom looked up to the moon, except to see the new moon and the full moon, and yet its rays will perhaps remain the only friends to visit her solitary grave. But this is not the place to write elegies.

Does any one wish to know more of the prosaic friend of moonshine ? Her age ?—somewhere between twenty and forty years ; her appearance,—like that of people in general, though perhaps most people would be much displeased to have it thought that they had

any likeness to her. Her name. Oh, your most obedient servant,

CHARLOTTE BEATA EVERY-DAY.

LETTER FROM JULIA. HELEN. THE BLIND GIRL.
EMILY. THE BRIDEGROOMS.

I have already mentioned that the occasion which was at the bottom of my journey to the capital, was a happy one; and I shall explain it best, by laying before the reader a letter which I received, in my solitude in the country, from Julia H.

“ MY BEST BEATA :

“ Lay down your eternal knitting, when you see these lines, snuff your long-wicked candle, (does the post reach R. in the evening?) lock your doors, so that without fear of being disturbed, you may seat yourself upon your sofa in peace and comfort, and read the interesting news which I have to announce to you. I see from here, how fearfully curious you are—you open wide your eyes—and now I will—tell you a story.

“ There was once a man, who was neither king nor prince, but who deserved to be one. He had a daughter, and although destiny had not allowed her to be born a princess, yet there assembled around her cradle thirty gracious fairies out of pure esteem and affection for her father. They gave her beauty, intelligence, grace, talents, a noble heart, good humour,

patience,—in a word, every thing that makes a woman charming, and to fill up the measure of happy gifts, the fairy Prudence came forward, and in a slow manner said, ‘ For the sake of your temporal and eternal happiness, you shall be extremely circumspect, considerate, yes, even fastidious in the choice of a husband!’ ‘ Well said! wisely said!’ cried all the fairies, and they sighed deeply.

“ The richly endowed girl grew up, was as amiable as could reasonably have been expected, and late and early, suitors knocked at the door of her heart with sighs and prayers. But ah! it remained immovably closed for most of them; and if she for a moment opened it a little, the next minute it was closely shut and fastened with double bars. Happily the age of Princess Turandot was long since past, and in Sweden where the beautiful Elimia dwelt, the air must have been more cooling than in the land where Prince Kalaf sighed; for it was never rumoured that the dismissed lovers put an end to their days; they were hardly seen to loose their appetite, nay, some even were known (can it be believed) to have chosen other loved ones, as easily as one changes his stockings.

“ The first who announced himself as an aspirant for the heart of the beautiful Elimia, was found too sentimental for her; because he was seized with horror at killing a fly, and sighed over the unhappy fate of the innocent chickens, who, well roasted, figured upon the dinner table, and of the other articles which formed the daily dinner of his beloved. She feared, if she were united with him, that she should be in danger of starving upon simple blancmange and vegetables. The

second was not afraid of killing flies, loved fishing and hunting, and was considered cruel and hard-hearted—rather, much rather would she have a hare, than a hunter for a husband! A hare came, shy and trembling, and stammering out his sighs, his wishes and his despair.—Poor little thing! was the answer, ‘go and hide yourself, you will be easy booty to the first good beast of prey that finds you in his way.’ The hare hopped away. The lion came with a proud suitor’s words.—Now the beautiful girl was much afraid of being swallowed up, and she hid herself till the mighty one had passed by. This was the fourth. The fifth, gay and cheerful was considered too thoughtless; of the sixth it was feared that he had gambling inclinations; of the seventh, on account of a redness of the nose, that he took pleasure in too deep draughts. The eighth looked as if he were ill-humoured; the ninth seemed egotistical; the tenth said, in every sentence, ‘May I be hanged!’ The eleventh looked too much at his hands and feet, and was therefore a fool. The twelfth came. He was good, noble, manly, and handsome, he appeared to love sincerely, he talked well;—all were very desirous to know what fault could be found in him. He seemed also to love truly—but it merely appeared so, or if he actually loved, it was perhaps more the small perishable body than the immortal soul; God preserve us, what a great sin! if it should be so,—then—but the lover swore, that what he adored was the soul—the soul itself; and in a happy hour, he stormed so powerfully at the already yielding heart of the beautiful girl, that her trembling lips at last moved in a way, which seemed to him, to show the gates

through which the 'yes' of capitulation would come. He took this as settled, considered the word as said, fell upon his knees, kissed her hand and mouth, and the beautiful Elimia, almost sinking with surprise and consternation, found herself—she knew not how—betrothed.

"An early day for the wedding was appointed by her father and the bridegroom. Elimia did not say 'yes,' but she did not say 'no,' and the bridegroom thought, 'silence gave consent.' As time passed on, Emilia counted, 'Now there are only fourteen days,' 'now only twelve,' 'gracious heaven! now only ten,' and 'merciful God! now only eight,' days left. Now greater anguish and fear overpowered her soul.—Phantoms and ghostly forms, numerous as the locusts which overwhelmed Egypt, took possession of her mind, formerly so calm and tranquil, and caused obscurity and darkness. Now she wished to delay, if not break off entirely, her marriage with the noble Almansor, who certainly must have more faults than was supposed; and some very great ones which he knew well how to conceal from her. Perfection is not the lot of human nature, and he who appears to be most free from faults, may indeed be least so. Besides, she thought that their characters did not entirely harmonise; he was too young, and she too old, etc.; and the sum and substance of all this was, that she should be unhappy all her life.

"A very good friend of Elimia took the greatest pleasure in the world, in breaking the fairy Prudentia's neck, whose unhappy gift caused Elimia to throw away from herself, the happiness which awaited her in her

marriage with this man who seemed to be wholly and entirely created for her alone, and was devoted to her in the tenderest manner.

“ Now I see how impatient you are, Beata, and I hear you ask, ‘ What is the meaning and end of all this and of what use is it ? ’ All this, my dear Beata, is to be of the same use as a little cordial which serves to excite an appetite for the dinner itself, and to show what wonderful, magic power belongs to the little Julia ; for with a few strokes of my pen, I change all the persons I have mentioned, turn ‘ once ’ into ‘ now, ’ and a story to truth.

“ Almansor becomes then the amiable young Alger-non S., and his betrothed Elimia, becomes my sister Emily H., who repents so bitterly the ‘ yes ’ which she has given. The fairy Prudentia must undergo a greater change, and is nothing more than the caprice and irresolution which has so great power in Emily’s heart, that it even influences her determination of entering the holy state of marriage. If it were not pushed forward from every side, it would, like a crab, go backwards. At this very time, this Emily whom I love so dearly, and who yet so often makes me impatient, is sitting on the sofa opposite me, is pale, with her eyes red, is thinking of her wedding day, and—has the blues ! Shall we laugh or cry at it ? I do both, and induce Emily to do the same.

“ The only thing which we can do to prevent ourselves from dreaming and thinking too much about poor Emily, and thus becoming unnecessarily anxious and disquieted, is to do every thing with zeal and haste till the wedding day, and make as much of a whirl as

possible. I know father would never allow any one of us to break a promise—this Emily knows also, and this helps to discourage her. And still she loves Algernon, yes admires him at times, but would still, if she dared, give him a refusal. Tell me, how can this be explained and accounted for? Could her fate once be determined, I know that all would be well, and the pleasant part of the affair is, that Emily herself thinks so. Meanwhile, every thing must be in order for next week. Sunday, ten days from now, is the fearful wedding day. Emily will be married at home, and only a few relations will be invited, Emily desires it, and we follow her inclinations in every thing which is reasonable. She says, it is always so with poor victims. Comical idea! You see, dearest Beata, how necessary your presence is for us all now. Indeed, we need your counsel and aid in all this. Pack up your things immediately, and travel here as quickly as you can.

“On Monday, Algernon comes to Stockholm, and with him my lover. I am not so difficult to please, nor so anxious as Emily, and yet I have chosen no worse. My Arwid is an Adonis, and has a heart which is worth its weight in gold. My father thinks much of him, and that is the most important to me. My good, honoured, beloved father! I had so firmly resolved never to leave him and my mother,—I do not understand how I could determine to be married, but my Arwid was inexorable. My father still has Helen with him, who will never marry; and Helen is worth three such Julias as I am. At first, my father was opposed to my marriage, and had many objections, so that it

was nearly given up.—But I threw myself upon my knees and wept, and Arwid's father (a friend of my father's youth) talked so eloquently, and Arwid himself seemed so cast down, that my father at last was moved and said, 'Well, they may have one another; and Arwid and I rejoiced like two young larks. You will come to see him; he has a dark beard and moustaches, great blue eyes, the most beautiful—but you will see him—you will see him. He has the most beautiful *son de voix* in the world, and Emily may say what she pleases, it sounds delightfully, really charmingly, when he says, 'The thousand take me! It sounds strangely, you may think; but you will see, you will hear! Come, come! and at the latest, embrace us the evening after to-morrow.

Your Friend,

JULIA H."

"P. S. I pray you to bring some of that beautiful bread, which my father and mother, as you know, like so well, some of that cheese for Charles and Helen, and some ginger-bread for me. You always have these things on hand. Emily, poor Emily, will, I think, have enough to do, to drive away the blues. You cannot imagine, how it troubles me to see you grow so pale and ugly from mere disquiet and anxiety, at the arrival of Algernon. Emily, I believe, wishes to put to the proof his love for her immortal soul. I believe truly, she would expect the same love from him if she should be changed to a mole. I am truly anxious. Emily is so changeable in her appearance, and is such

a different being when she is sad and restless, from when she is quiet and calm. Once more farewell.

“ P. S. Do you know who is to marry Emily? Professor L . . . , who is so horribly serious, has a twisted foot, a red eye, and two warts on his nose. He entered the ministry a short time since. My father esteems and loves him much. It seems to me I should not like to be married by a cross-eyed minister. But I shall be married in a couple of years, or perhaps in the Autumn; it is not worth while to think of this yet.

“ I had nearly forgotten to give you the remembrance of the whole family.”

I accepted Julia's invitation, and came as has been seen, one evening in the end of February, to the house of Colonel H.

There are some words to be said of the events of this evening, and I will join them here to the thread of my narrative. The blind girl, who has sat for a long time silent and quiet, suddenly said, with a sort of eagerness, “ I will sing.” Helen got up, led her to the piano, and sat down to accompany her. The blind girl remained standing. Helen asked, what she would sing. “ Ariadne at Naxos,” was the short, definite answer. They began. At first there was nothing pleasant to me in the voice of the singer; it was strong, deep, almost terrible. But as I listened attentively, and observed the feeling which spoke through the whole, and which manifested itself with enchanting truth, I was entirely carried away. I involuntarily shuddered, and my heart beat in sympathy with Ariadne as, penetrated with increasing anguish, she sought

for her lover, and resolved to ascend the cliff to watch his departure.—The accompaniment here expresses her ascent in a masterly manner. It seems as if one could see her as she climbs up, breathless and full of foreboding. At last she reaches the top, her look stretches over the sea, and beholds the white sail continually disappearing. The blind girl followed Ariadne with her whole soul, and one could hardly believe from her excited expression, that she was nothing but—darkness. Tears started involuntarily into her eyes, as, with a heart-rending expression of love and sorrow in her voice and countenance, she called out with Ariadne, “Theseus! Theseus!” Just as her inspiration and our rapture had reached the highest point, the Colonel suddenly arose, went to the piano, took the singer by the hand, and, without saying a word, led her away and seated her again on the sofa where he placed himself by her side. I observed that she took her hand hastily from his. She was deadly pale and excited. No one but myself appeared to be astonished at this scene. An indifferent conversation was begun, in which all took part but the blind girl.—After a while the Colonel said to her, “you need rest,” and rising at the same moment he led her out of the room, after she had silently, but with solemnity of manner, bowed her head to those who remained behind. Just as they were going out, the Colonel called, “Helen!” and Helen followed them.

Soon after, I went to my own room to repose. But the image of the blind girl, which hovered before me incessantly, disturbed me for a long time. I heard her thrilling voice, saw her expressive face, and tried to

guess the nature of the feeling which agitated her soul.

I was still awake, when Emily and Julia crept gently to their room, which was next to mine. The doors were open and I heard the half-whispered conversation of the two sisters. Julia said, with some vexation, "You gape, you sigh, and yet Algernon is coming to-morrow morning. Emily, you have no more feeling than a bandbox!"

EMILY. How do you know that it may not be from sympathy with Algernon, who is perhaps doing the same?

JULIA. He is not doing that, I am convinced; on the contrary, I believe that he scarcely knows upon which foot he is standing, from impatient joy that he will so soon see you.

EMILY. Is that what you think from his last letters?

JULIA. Those were written in great haste. One is not always in a mood for writing; perhaps he had a severe headache—or a heavy cold in his head—or he had caught cold—

EMILY. Anything you please; but nothing can excuse the cold inexpressive termination of his letter.

JULIA. I assure you, Emily, it ran thus, "with the tenderest devotion—"

EMILY. And I am certain it runs thus, dry and cold "with esteem and devotion, remain," etc. Just as one would write to an indifferent person; "I am, with esteem," etc., for the poor esteem must always remain if a warmer feeling is wanting.—Where is my

night cap? Ah, here it is! Heigh, ho! You Julia see every thing so *couleur de rose*.

JULIA. I see that a lover must take care how he speaks of esteem. But I am convinced that Algernon did not write the frightful word, but has used a warmer and more hearty one. Dear Emily bring the letter here! You will see that you are wrong.

EMILY. For your sake, I *will* get the letter. We shall see that I am right!

JULIA. We shall see that I am right.

Emily brought the letter. The two sisters approached the light. Julia wished to snuff the candle, and, either by accident or design, it went out. Every thing was as still as darkness until Emily's laugh was heard. Julia joined in, and I could not prevent making a trio with them.

Groping and stumbling among tables and chairs, the sisters found their beds, and called out, laughing, to me, Good night, good night!

The day after my arrival was what we call clearing-up day, a day such as is met with in all well-ordered houses, and which can be compared with a stormy day in nature, after the wind and rains of which, every thing appears in new purity, order and freshness.

They scrubbed, aired, dusted and scoured in every corner. The lady of the house, who wished to overlook every thing herself, went incessantly out and in through all the doors, and always left all open, through which came a horrible draught of air. To secure myself from earache and toothache, I flew from room to room, and found at last, a flight of stairs higher, a safe

harbor, in Helen's room. This little room appeared to me the most agreeable and quiet one in the whole house. There were windows upon the sunny side. The walls were ornamented with pictures; most of which were beautiful landscapes. Among these were two by Fahleranz, in which the pencil of this great artist had conjured up the delightful repose which a beautiful summer evening spreads over nature, and which is so powerfully shared by the heart of man. The eye, which was attentively fixed upon these pictures, soon expressed something lovely, sad and enthusiastic, and this was the strongest evidence of their real beauty.

The furniture in the room was handsome and convenient. A piano, a well-filled book-case, and desk, showed that in this little narrow circle nothing was wanting which could take the place of the pleasures of the external world, and which could help to fill up the day in the most agreeable manner. Large splendid geraniums stood at the windows and awakened pleasant thoughts of spring by their fresh green, while they kept out the intruding rays of the sun, which shone there in all its brilliancy, as it usually did through the day in winter. A handsome carpet covered the floor, which seemed to be sprinkled with flowers.

Helen was seated on the sofa, sewing. The New Testament lay before her on the work-table.

She received me with a smile, which expressed the quiet and contentment of her spirit. I sat down by her, and joined her in her work. I felt unusually cheerful and happy. We were sewing on Emily's bridal dress.

"You are examining my room," said Helen smiling, while her eyes followed the direction of mine.

"Yes," answered I, "your sisters' rooms are neat and properly arranged, but it must be confessed, they cannot compare with yours."

"It has been my father's will," said she, "that Helen should be the only spoiled child in his house." With tears in her eyes, she continued, "my good father wished that I should not miss the pleasures and enjoyments which my beautiful and healthy sisters are able to enjoy, and from which I am excluded by my bodily infirmities and frequent illness. On that account he has taught me the far richer enjoyments, which knowledge and the exercise of the fine arts bestow on those who embrace them with warm and open hearts. For this reason he formed and strengthened my understanding by regular and anything but superficial studies, which he directed himself. For that reason he has collected, in this little retired nook, where I pass the greater part of my life, so much that is beautiful and charming to the eye, the feelings and the thoughts. Yet, what is more than all, is the deep paternal love with which he surrounds and embraces me, and which secures me from ever feeling with bitterness the want of those pleasures arising from love, the enjoyment of which nature has deprived me of. He has succeeded perfectly, and I have no other wish than to live for him, for my mother, my sisters, and my God."

We were silent for a moment, and I breathed, in my heart, a fervent prayer to that Father who cares so

kindly for those to whom he has given life. Helen continued:

"When my mother and my sisters are at balls or in company, he passes most of his time with me, I read to him or play to him, and he gives me the indescribable pleasure of believing that I really help to make his life happy by so doing. It is a sweet, an enviable lot to be able to do something for those who are a blessing to every one about them."

"Oh!" said I to myself, addressing the many earthly fathers of families, "Why are so few of you like this father? Princes of home. . . . How much happiness could you spread about you! how adored might you be!"

We then spoke of Emily.

"It is singular," said Helen, "that a person who is generally so quiet, so clear in her judgment, so resolute,—in a word, so reasonable—should, on this point only, be unlike herself;—resolved to marry, because a happy marriage seems to be the most blessed of all situations. Emily has had great trouble in seriously bringing her mind to conclude upon it. The union of two of her youthful friends, which has proved unfortunate, has communicated to her a sort of panic fear, and she is so fearful that her marriage will prove unhappy, that she would never have had courage to be happy, if others had not acted for her. She is now almost half sick with anxiety, at the near approach of her union with Algernon S., with a man for whom she has a real attachment, and with whom, as we are all convinced, she will be perfectly happy. She has intervals of tranquillity, and in such an one, you saw her yesterday evening. I

feared then that this would soon be over, and expected that her anxiety and uncertainty would greatly increase as the decisive hour approached. That I am sure, will put an end to them entirely; for when a thing is irrevocably settled, Emily submits quietly to it, and looks for the best in every thing. Until the wedding-day, we must seek to amuse her as much as possible, and to keep her from occupying herself with gloomy imaginations. Each of us has taken a particular part in the little comedy which we have to play with our good sister. My father means to be diligent in making her walk, my mother is to go over with her every thing which it is necessary to put in order before her marriage, and give her advice about these matters. Julia takes care, in one way or another, never to leave her at rest. Brother Charles, as is his custom, takes every occasion to draw her into a dispute about Napoleon whom he puts below Charles XII. which she cannot endure; and this is the only subject upon which I ever hear my good, silent sister dispute with warmth. I, on the contrary, employ her a great deal about her toilette. My little brothers, taught by nature, know their parts well, which consist in incessantly clamoring to get now this and now that. Till now, we have all shared the care of making her contented. This must now rest upon you alone. You, good Beata, must take the part of bringing before her, on passing occasions, and in a skilful manner, the praises of Algernon, which you will not find it difficult to do. Emily considers *us* all on his side; you will not be suspected, and your praise will, therefore, have the more effect."

I was well content with my commission, it is always

pleasant to praise people, particularly when it can be done with a good conscience.

After we had talked for sometime about Emily and her lover, of her preparations for house-keeping, etc., I turned the subject upon the blind girl, and tried to find out something more about her.

Helen waived this subject, and only said "Elizabeth has been with us for a year—we love her and hope in time to gain her confidence, and then to be able to add to her happiness."

Helen proposed to me then to visit Elizabeth. "I generally go to her," said she, "every morning, and have not been to her to-day. I would willingly devote more of my time to her, if she did not prefer to be alone."

We went together to the blind girl's chamber. She was sitting, dressed, upon the bed, and singing softly to herself.

"Oh how much she must have suffered! she is a living picture of sorrow," thought I, while I saw more nearly and by daylight that pale beautiful face, in which were revealed distinct traces of hard battles not yet fought through, and a sorrow, that was too deep, too bitter to have poured itself out in tears.

A young girl, whose rosy cheeks and gay expression formed a strong contrast to the poor sufferer, sat sewing in the corner of the chamber. She was there to take care of the blind girl. With a soothing heartiness in word and tone, Helen spoke to Elizabeth. She answered coldly and in monosyllables. It seemed as if she made an effort, on our entrance, to assume the cold and inanimate expression I had seen about her on the

preceding evening. The conversation was carried on between Helen and myself, during which Elizabeth employed herself in turning and twisting a black silk cord. All at once she cried, "hist? hist," and a faint blush rose upon her cheeks, while her bosom heaved. We were silent and listened, and after a few seconds we heard the sound of distant footsteps, slowly approaching. "It is he," said the blind girl, as if to herself. I looked inquiringly at Helen. Helen looked down. The Colonel entered. The blind girl arose and remained standing, like a statue, yet I thought I perceived a slight trembling.—The Colonel spoke to her with his usual quiet manner, yet as it seemed, with not his usual kindness. He said that he came to invite her to take a drive in the carriage with Emily and himself. "The air," continued he, "is fresh and clear; it will do you good."

"Me good!" said she, with a bitter smile; but without heeding it, the Colonel desired Helen to assist her in preparing to go out. The blind girl made no opposition, silently allowed herself to be dressed, thanked no one, and went out, accompanied by the Colonel.

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Helen, with a compassionate sigh, when they were gone. I had, to be sure, no key to the secrets of this mysterious being, but I had seen enough to make me heartily sigh likewise, "Poor Elizabeth."

We went back to our work, which, enlivened by pleasant conversation, continued till it was time to prepare for dinner.

I then went to Emily, who had returned from her drive, and found her engaged in a contest with Julia,

who was trying, by actual force to pull off a dress which Emily wished to put on. Emily laughed heartily, Julia on the contrary appeared as if she were about to cry.

"Help, Beata, help," cried she. "Did you ever hear or see such a thing? Listen, Beata: just because Emily expects Algernon to-day, she insists upon putting on an ugly dress, a dress that sits so ill, that she does not look like herself in it! And not content with that, she *will* put on an apron that is as thick as a blanket, and she will stick a comb in her hair, which certainly must have come down as a bequest from Medusa, it is so ugly—and here have I been battling and working over this unlucky toilet for a quarter of an hour—but all in vain!"

"If in Algernon's eyes," said Emily, with a dignified look and manner, "a comb or a dress can make me pleasing or otherwise, then—"

"See, there you have it," said Julia sadly, "now we have come to the trial, and there is no telling how ugly and frightful she may make herself just to try whether Algernon will exceed in devoted fidelity, all the most celebrated heroes of romance. I only beg of you, in the name of heaven, not to cut off your ears or your nose." Emily laughed—"And you, who can so easily make yourself beautiful and amiable," continued Julia in a supplicating tone, while she tried to get possession of the unlucky dress and comb.

"I have made up my mind to be dressed in this way to-day," answered Emily, firmly. "I have my reasons for it, and if I awaken your horror and that of Algernon, I must submit to my fate."

"Emily will be pretty any how," said I to Julia, for

her consolation, "now go and dress yourself for dinner. Remember that you have also a bridegroom to please."

"Oh," said Julia—"that is not difficult with him, if I were to dress myself in a bag and set a pitcher on my head, I should still please him."

"You think, then," began Emily, "that Algernon has not the same eyes for me, that Arwid has for you."

Julia seemed somewhat overpowered.

"Go, now, go," interrupted I, "we shall never be ready; go Julia, I will help Emily, and I will wager that in spite of herself she will look pretty." Julia went to Helen, who every day combed and arranged her beautiful hair in curls.

While I was alone with Emily, and assisting her to put on the fatal grayish brown dress, I said to her a few rather sensible words, as I thought, upon the pertinacity of her behaviour. She answered me, "I own that I am not as I ought to be. . . . I wish it were otherwise, but I feel so restless, and so far from happy, that I sometimes have no command over myself. I am now about to conclude an union, which perhaps ought never to be made; and if during the time which remains before its completion, I should come to the conviction that my fears are well founded, nothing in the world shall hinder me from breaking off the engagement, and thereby avoid being made unhappy for my whole life-time. For if it is true that heaven is found in a happy marriage, it is just as certain that hell comes from an unhappy one."

"If you do not love Mr. S." said I, "I am greatly surprised that you have allowed the affair to go so far."

"Not love him!" said Emily, in astonishment, "I

certainly love him, and there lies the misfortune; my love makes me blind to his failings."

"No one would suspect that," replied I, laughingly; "after what you have just said."

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Emily, "it is exactly so. Yet some are so palpable that one cannot be blind to them, for instance,—he is too young."

"How very wrong," said I laughing; "that is truly terrible in him."

"Yes, you may laugh, but for me it is not so very pleasant. I will not say that it is, in itself, a failing, but with regard to me, it is a failing. I am six and twenty years old, and consequently my youth is almost over; he is only two years older, and that for a man, makes him still very young. I shall be a respectable matron, when he is still a young man. Possibly he may be disposed to flirtation, and will be glad to leave his old, tedious wife, to——"

"Oh oh," interrupted I; "that is carrying your prophetic foresight too far. Have you any reason to suppose that he is of a trifling character?"

"Certainly, no decided reason—but in this age of trifling, truth and constancy are such rare virtues. I know that I am not Algernon's first love; who will assure me that I shall be his last—I could bear anything but the inconstancy of my husband—that I think I could never survive. I have told Algernon so—he has assured me,—but what will not a lover assure one. Besides, how can I know, that he loves me with the real, true love, which is alone strong and enduring. He may have only a transient inclination for me, and that is a weak thread easily broken! I have also thought, and

this has often given me great anxiety—that perhaps my fortune, or what I may at some time have, has had an influence.”

“No, now you are going too far,” said I. “You see ghosts in broad daylight. How can you have such suspicions, you have known him——”

“Only two years,” said Emily, interrupting me, “and almost from the first moment of our acquaintance, he made court to me, and naturally showed me only his most amiable side. And who can read the heart of man? See, Beata, I cannot say I know the man with whom I am going to unite my fate. And how could I have become acquainted with him, when we only meet each other in the regular way of society, in which there is scarcely any opportunity for the character to unfold itself, and we learn only its exterior and superficial part. A person may have faults, be avaricious, inclined to ill temper or sullenness; even worse than all, a man may be entirely without religion, and yet we may meet him in the social circle year after year, without having the least suspicion of any such defects. They would be even most likely to escape the knowledge of the object whom the person was seeking to please.”

I hardly knew what to say—this description seemed to me to be true, and Emily’s fears not unfounded. She went on :

“Yes, if for the length of ten years we had known and seen each other, or if we had travelled together, (for in travelling a man is not so much on his guard, and shows his natural character and disposition more,) then one might know tolerably well each other’s disposition.

“That way,” said I, “might be somewhat long and burdensome, excellent as it may formerly have been found, and it might have been well suited for lovers in the time of the Crusades. In our day people walk up Queen Street,* and rarely go higher than the North Gate. Nothing more can be desired. During these peregrinations, they see the world and are seen by them; they bow and receive bows in return; they talk and joke and laugh, and find each other so pleasant that at the end of the little journey, they no longer hesitate to undertake the great journey of life together. But now to speak seriously, have you never talked openly with Algernon upon the subject, on which you feel it to be so important that you should know his opinions?”

“Yes, several times,” replied Emily, “particularly since we have been betrothed: and I have always found or thought that I found, he had the same ideas and feelings which I have; but alas, it is easy for me to be deceived, because I have wished to be so. Possibly even Algernon in his zeal to please me, may have deceived himself. I have resolved to use all my observation during the short time which remains of my freedom, to discover the reality and truth, and I will not, if I can help it, make him and myself unhappy by wilful blindness. Even if he were entirely excellent, he might not suit me, or I him; our dispositions and characters might fundamentally disagree.”

* Queen Street, (Drottning gate) one of the finest streets in Stockholm, and a favorite rendezvous for the beau monde, especially in winter.

Amid all these gloomy speculations Emily had finally got dressed, and it must be confessed, that her costume did not become her. She concluded by saying, "I wish sometimes, I were married; then the thought that I am going to be married would trouble me no longer."

"Inconsistency of the human heart," thought I.

At table, Emily's dress was universally blamed, particularly by the Cornet. Julia was silent, but her eyes were eloquent. The Colonel said nothing, but looked at Emily with a somewhat sarcastic mien, which made her blush.

After dinner Julia said to Emily, "Dear Emily, I did not mean that Algernon would not find you charming, even in sackcloth and ashes. I only meant to say that it was wrong if a bride did not seek to please her bridegroom in every thing. I meant, that it was right—that it was wrong—that—"

Here Julia lost the thread of her demonstration, and was almost as much confused as a burgomaster, meeting with the same accident in his speech. Emily pressed her hand kindly and said, "*You* have followed out your own principles most successfully, for I have scarcely ever seen you more becomingly dressed, or looking better than to-day, and certainly Arwid will agree with me."

Julia blushed, she was more pleased at these words of her sister than she would have been at any compliment from her lover.

Towards evening all the dust in the house was laid, every thing had returned into its regular order, and the lady of the house herself was at rest.

At tea time Algernon and Lieutenant Arwid arrived. Emily and Julia blushed like June roses ; the one looked down, the other up.

Algernon showed so much pleasure at seeing Emily again, was so occupied with her, took so little notice of the toilet on which he did not deign to bestow a glance, was so delighted, so happy and so amiable, that the pleasure which beamed from his eyes kindled a sympathetic glance in those of Emily, and spite of robe, apron, or comb, she was so charming and agreeable that Julia forgave her dress.

Lieutenant Arwid was not less pleased with his amiable little bride, though he did not, like Algernon, give so many external demonstrations of his pleasure. Eloquence is not bestowed on all, and every one has his own manner. He drank three cups of tea, ate a dozen cracknels, kissed the hand of his lady very often, and looked perfectly happy. I heard him once say, "the thousand take me," and found that a handsome mouth and a pleasant voice could somewhat soften the sound of improper words. Lieutenant Arwid was, in fact an Adonis ; (N.B. An Adonis with a moustache.)

His face expressed goodness and honesty, but (I beg ten thousand pardons of him,) also some simplicity and self-love—his handsome head of twenty years standing did not appear to harbor many ideas.

Algernon had a remarkably noble person, in which manliness, goodness, and intelligence were the principal characteristics. He was tall, had regular, fine features, and the most graceful and easy manner.

"How," thought I, "can Emily turn her glance upon this noble countenance, and not find all her care and anxiety vanish ?"

For this evening it did vanish, or retired into the darkest recesses of her soul. The whole family appeared to be happy and all was joy and life.

The blind girl did not appear in the family circle this evening.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING DAY.

Notwithstanding the cheerfulness and quiet with which Monday ended, Emily awoke on Tuesday morning with the remark "still one day less before the frightful day."

Beautiful presents arrived in the morning from Algernon. Emily was not pleased with this custom of a lover giving presents to his betrothed.

"It is a barbarous custom," said she, "it makes the woman a piece of merchandize which the bridegroom buys. The fact that this is the custom with all rude and barbarous nations, should be enough to cause civilized nations to lay it aside."

Besides, in some of the presents, she found too little attention paid to the useful, and too much to the luxurious and glittering.

"I hope he is not a spendthrift," said she sighing. "How little he knows me, if he thinks that I love jewels better than the flowers which he gives me. Pomp and idle magnificence displease me, as much as grace and elegance please me. And then, it does not suit our circumstances"

Emily's good humor was over. She scarcely looked

at the presents, about which Julia could not help calling out, "Enchanting! charming!" She would not take the curl-papers from her hair the whole morning, and went round, wrapped in a great shawl which hung uneven. The Cornet compared her to a Hottentot, and begged her, although she had taken up rough and barbarous customs, not to imagine that she could become a savage. As we went down to dinner, I told her, in order to play my part and praise truly and skilfully, how uncommonly handsome and interesting I found Algernon. "Yes," answered Emily, "he is very handsome, much more handsome as a man than I am as a woman, and this I consider as a real misfortune."

"See there," thought I, "I am wrecked upon a sand-bank again." Emily continued:

"It is seldom that so remarkable beauty does not make the possessor vain, and the most unbearable thing which I know, is a man in love with his own person. Generally, he considers it the first duty of his less beautiful wife to honor and adore his beauty and loveliness, Vanity lessens a woman but debases a man. In my opinion the appearance of a man is to his wife of little or no consequence. I am convinced that I could adore a noble *Æsop*, and prefer him a thousand times to an *Adonis*. A *Narcissus* who adores his own image, I consider the most insipid thing in the world."

As Emily spoke these last words she opened the parlor door: Algernon was alone in the room, and was standing—before the mirror!—and seemed to be looking at himself attentively. You should have seen how Emily blushed, and with what an expression she regarded her lover. He, perhaps astonished at her con-

fusion and her vexed expression, and somewhat embarrassed that he should have been caught in his *tete-a-tete* with the mirror, lost countenance entirely. It was now my business immediately to begin a conversation upon the weather, the travelling, &c.

Fortunately the rest of the family came in, which made a favorable diversion.

Emily remained sad, and whilst he looked at her, by degrees Algernon's face grew dark. I thought I observed a "sty" in his left eye. I thought it possible that this was the cause of his *tete-a-tete* with the mirror; but Emily would not see it. Various little things contributed to lessen the harmony between the lovers. Algernon was particularly pleased with many things which were not agreeable to Emily, and left untouched at table Emily's favorite dishes. Emily felt sure that they did not sympathize in the least. Algernon made a true observation, but not bitter and without any special allusion, about whims, and how disagreeable they were, which, nevertheless, should have been unsaid at this time. Emily took it to herself and put on a more dignified expression. Julia became anxious. "It would be better if they would regularly quarrel, than to sit there, vexing themselves without speaking."

Cornet Charles went to Emily and said, "My gentle sister, I pray you do not sit there like a Chinese wall, impenetrable by all the arrows which Algernon's loving eyes dart upon you. Be, if you can, a little less icy. Look at Algernon. Go to him, and give him a kiss." Yes! one would sooner have expected the Chinese wall itself to move. Emily did not once look at Algernon, who seemed to be longing for a reconciliation.

He proposed that they should sing together an Italian duet, which had just come out ; perhaps in hope that the spirit of the harmony would drive away all the unfriendly and unkind feelings which had destroyed peace between him and his beloved, and that the *cor mio, mio ben*, of the duet would soon thrill through her heart. Vain hope ! Emily excused herself by a headache. She really had one, and a severe one, as I could see by her eyes. She always had it slightly when she was sad or disquieted. Algernon believed the headache was feigned, and without troubling himself about his bride, who was sitting on the sofa, supporting her aching head upon her hand, he announced his intention of going to hear Mozart's Figaro at the Opera, bowed hastily to all, and went away.

The evening dragged heavily on. No one was gay, or in good spirits. All saw that Emily was suffering, and therefore no one expressed displeasure at her behaviour. The Colonel, of all of us, took no notice of any thing, but went quietly on with his game.

As we separated for the evening, the Cornet whispered to me, " There he goes off in a passion ! Tomorrow we must bring all our guns to bear."

Wednesday came. Algernon arrived early in the morning. His expression was so full of love, his voice so full of feeling, when he talked with Emily, that she was melted, and tears fell from her eyes. All was right between the lovers. No one knew how or wherefore, not even themselves.

This day passed quietly, with the exception of two fears which Emily had, but which she lived through. The first happened in the morning when, during a con-

versation which Algernon had with her mother, Emily heard some expressions from him, which convinced her for the space of a minute, that he was nothing less than the greatest miser in the world. Fortunately, she soon found that he was only quoting the words of a harpy of his acquaintance, about whom he laughed heartily himself, Emily took breath and joined him. The second fear came upon her in the evening. In the midst of a conversation which some of us were carrying on, whilst we sat at the window, in the clear moonlight, I said, "there are some good and noble men, who are unfortunate enough to believe in no other life, in no higher destiny of our being—these are to be pitied—not to be blamed." With an indescribable expression of anguish in her beautiful eyes, Emily looked at me, as if questioning me. Her thoughts were, "Is it Algernon whom you wish to excuse?" I answered her by directing her attention to Algernon, who, at my words, had directed his gaze to the starry heavens, and this gaze was the expression of a beautiful and firm hope. Emily raised her eyes with gratitude, and when their eyes met, they beamed with tenderness and joy.

This day bade fair to end happily. Ah! why must Algernon during supper receive a note? why must he, whilst reading it, become confused, and afterwards lose his composure? why go away so hastily, without any explanation?

Yes, why? That no one knew; but many of us would have given any thing to have known it.

"You cannot take it into your head to think badly of Algernon on account of that note?" said Julia to Emily, as they were going to bed.

"Good night, Julia," answered Emily, sighing.

Emily had no good night.

Thursday. Clouds and mists around Emily. Unsuccessful attempts on our part to dissipate them. At breakfast, the Cornet took the field with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. Emily could not dispute.—Julia and Helen endeavored in vain to enliven her. I did not venture to say a single word on my part. The note, the note—lay in the way of every thing.

At twelve Algernon came. He looked heated, and his eyes sparkled. Emily had promised, the day before, to drive out with him in an open sledge; he came to take her. A beautiful sledge, covered with rein-deer skins, stood at the door. Emily refused coldly and definitely to go with him. "Why not?" asked Algernon. "On account of the note," Emily should have said, in truth, but she said:

"I wish to stay at home.

"Are you ill?"

"No."

"Why will you not give me the pleasure of driving you out, as you promised?"

"The note, the note," thought Emily; but she merely blushed and said again, "I wish to stay at home."

Algernon became angry. He grew red, and looked indignant. He went out, and shut the door roughly behind him.

The servant who had been with the sledge at the door, had left it in the meantime. The horse, frightened at a fall of snow, and left to himself, started back, overthrew an old woman, and would probably have run over her, if Algernon, who had just come into the square, had

not rushed forward, and seized the reins with a powerful grasp. After he had quieted the horse, he called to a boy to hold him, and hastened himself to pick up the old woman, who had not dared to move, in fright, but who fortunately did not appear to be in the least injured. He spoke a few moments with her, and gave her some money.

To his servant, who came at last, he gave a box on the ear, threw himself into the sledge, and drove off like lightning.

Emily, pale and frightened, had observed this scene from the window, but at his departure she cried out,

“He is impetuous, excitable, furious!” and she burst into tears.

“He has,” said I, “human weaknesses, and that is all. He came here in an excited and disquiet frame of mind. Your refusal to fulfil the promise you had given, and without giving any reason for it, must naturally irritate him; the negligence of his servant, which was so near causing a severe accident, increased his warmth, which vented itself merely in a box on the ear, richly deserved by him who received it. It is too much to expect from a young man, that he should continue entirely cold and quiet, when vexations press upon him, one after another. It is enough, if while he is excited, he remains so humane and kind as we saw Algernon was to the old woman. I believe, Emily, that if, instead of exciting Algernon’s temper and caprice, (pardon me these two beautiful words,) you had exercised rightly the great power which, as we all see, you have over him, you would not have seen him excited and angry, as you call it.”

I was much pleased with my little speech, when I

had finished, and thought it would have a wonderfully powerful influence ;—but Emily was silent, and looked unhappy.

Algernon did not come at dinner time.

Cornet Charles related after dinner, that he had heard from one of his fellow-soldiers, that there had been a duel fought in the morning of this day. One of the duellists was Algernon's best friend, and had requested him to be his second. He had done this in a note, (this the Cornet said in an expressive tone,) which was delivered to Algernon while he was here yesterday evening, at a quarter before ten. Algernon had done all he could to prevent the duel :—but in vain. It took place, and Algernon's friend wounded his rival dangerously. The Cornet knew nothing more of the circumstances.

Now every thing was explained, and Algernon's image stood pure before Emily.

Algernon came towards evening, he was very calm, but serious, and did not go as he usually did to seat himself by his Emily. She herself was not gay, did not appear to be willing to take the first step in a reconciliation and yet showed, by many little attentions to Algernon, how much she wished to be reconciled with him. She herself offered him tea, asked him if it were sweet enough, if she should send him another cup, etc. Algernon remained cold to her, and appeared often to fall into a reverie, and to forget where he was. Emily at last drew herself back, appeared much depressed, seated herself at a distance to sew, and did not look up from her work for a long while.

Cornet Charles said to Helen and to me ; “ Things are not going rightly, but what can be done to make

them better? I cannot come forward with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. I brought that upon the carpet this morning, besides it did not succeed very well. It must be confessed that Emily is not an amiable lady-love. If she is not different as a wife, then,—ought she not now go to Algernon and try to comfort and enliven him? See, now she is going—no, she only went for a skein of thread. Poor Algernon! I begin to think that it is very fortunate for me that I am so devoid of feeling. Poor lovers have to suffer more torments than those who go through the degrees.* If I were a lover—what do you want, little Claes? say what is the matter—a biscuit? Go to Emily, I have not any biscuit! Yes it will do her Highness good to stir her up a little.”

The Cornet did not see how humbled her Highness was at the bottom of her heart, and that the coldness between them was more Algernon’s fault than her’s.

Algernon and Emily did not approach each other this evening, and parted coldly—at least to all appearance.

Friday morning Emily resolved to break off her engagement. Algernon was noble, excellent; but he was too harsh, and did not love her; that she had plainly seen the evening before; she would have only one private conversation with him more. Algernon came. He was more cheerful than the day before, and seemed to wish that every thing unpleasant might be forgotten. Emily was at first quite solemn at the thoughts of her

* Go through the degrees (*passera graderna*,) is an expression used by young military men who are obliged to go through various degrees of service and examination to prepare themselves for the situations of officers.

important intention ; but Julia, Helen, her mother, Cornet Charles and I, succeeded so well in drawing her into our whirl and excitement, that we kept her from particular conversations and self meditations. We at last heard her hearty laugh, and her pensiveness did not relapse into melancholy.

In the afternoon the marriage contract was signed.

Even Sir Charles Grandison's bride, the beautiful Harriet Byron, let the pen fall (so they say) which she had taken up to sign her contract of marriage, and had not the strength and presence of mind to sign her fate. Millions of young brides have trembled at this hour, and done the same. What wonder was it then that the shy and trembling Emily was beside herself with anxiety. Not only the pen fell from her hand, but she made a great blot of ink upon the important paper, which seemed to her at this moment an unhappy omen, and I doubt whether she would have signed it, if the Colonel (as Sir Charles did) had not taken the pen, put it between her fingers, and seized and guided her trembling hand.

As we were alone in our room in the evening, Emily said, with a deep sigh,

"It must be done! It cannot be helped—and the day after to-morrow he will carry me away from every thing, which I love so dearly."

"It would be supposed," said Julia, laughing, but with tears in her eyes, "that you were to travel to the end of the world, and yet only a few streets are to separate us, and we shall see each other every day."

"Yes, every day," said Emily, weeping, "but not every hour."

On Saturday evening Emily was kind and amiable to all, but, depressed and quiet, she seemed to be trying to fly from thoughts which yet would follow her.

Algernon became every moment more serious, and beheld his mistress with troubled and scrutinizing looks. He appeared as if he feared she was not giving him her whole heart with her hand, yet he seemed to shun all explanation, and avoided being left alone with Emily.

I had learned through a cousin of the sister-in-law of the step-sister of a cook in the house, that Algernon had distributed food and money in many poor families, with the request that they should make a good meal on this Sunday, and should be happy. I related this to Emily, who had caused the same to be done on her own part. This sympathy in their thoughts rejoiced her, and gave her fresh courage.

In the mean time all had served and labored diligently, so that every thing was in order and readiness on the day before the marriage.

There was something solemn in the separation at night. All embraced Emily, and tears were in every eye. Emily restrained her emotion, but could not speak. All thought of the next day.

THE WEDDING DAY.

THE great, the expected, the dreadful day came at last. Emily, almost as soon as she arose, looked up to the sky with an anxious glance. It was covered with grey clouds. The air was cold and damp, everything

visible from the window bore the melancholy look which a dark, cold, winter day gives to animate and inanimate objects. The smoke which arose from the chimneys, fell down again and wreathed slowly over the roofs, blackening the white snow with which they were covered. Women, with red noses and blue cheeks were driving their milk carts to market, and their lean steeds, who drew them slowly by, drooped their shaggy heads nearer than ever to the ground. Even the little sparrows did not seem to enjoy quite their usual good humour. They sat still, cowering together on the spouts, without twittering or pecking for food. Now and then one would stretch out his wings, and open his bill a little, but it was evidently only in disgust. Emily sighed deeply. A clear sky, a little sunshine, would have raised and enlivened her depressed spirits. Who does not wish that a clear sun may shine on his wedding day? It seems as if Hymen's torch could not burn clearly if it be not kindled by the bright rays of heaven. A secret faith that heaven is not indifferent to our earthly lot, is always fixed at the bottom of our hearts, and though we are dust, we are also atoms, and we perceive when the everlasting firmament of heaven becomes darkened, or when it beams in brightness. In these changes there is perhaps a sympathy or a presentiment which affects us, and often, very often, our hopes and our fears are the children of the winds and the clouds.

Emily, who had passed a sleepless night, and who was still oppressed by the scenes of the preceding day, was entirely overcome by the dark morning. She complained of headache, and after breakfast, having

embraced her parents and sisters, she begged their permission to pass the morning alone in her room. It was granted. The Colonel looked more serious than usual. The lady had such an anxious countenance that it cut one to the heart to look at her. Anxiety and uneasiness on Emily's account, with the various cares of the wedding feast, alternately asserted their claims over her soul, and every thing she said began with "Ah." The Cornet was not gay, and Helen's expressive face wore a slight tinge of sorrow. Julia was inexpressibly astonished that a wedding day should begin so sadly; her expression changed incessantly, and she was one moment in tears and the next in smiles. Only the tutor and the little Thickeys were in their usual spirits. He bit his nails, was silent, and stared upon vacancy; they ate their breakfasts diligently.

I assisted Madame H. through the whole morning, and what we had to arrange and direct, partly by employing others, and partly by setting our own hands to the work, was not a little. We stirred the lemon creams, seasoned the gravy of the roast, salted the soup, lamented together over the unfortunate pastry, rejoiced over the splendid decorations, and burnt our tongues with twenty different sauces. Ah, those are not poetic flames which Hymen's torch lights upon the kitchen hearth.

The Colonel himself prepared the bowls of Bishop and Punch, and gave us not a little trouble and disturbance in so doing. He took up so many things, so many people, and so much room in his operations, and seemed to think there was nothing else of any importance to be done, that his lady-wife was not a little vexed.

She gave her husband at last, a little lecture on the subject, and he—yielded.

While I was instructing the cook in the most elegant manner of preparing an *entree*, Julia came running into the kitchen with tears in her eyes. "Give me, give me," said she, with unusual animation, "give me something good for Emily! She ate nothing at breakfast, she will certainly be ill, and will faint from mere weakness, What have you got here, boiled eggs? I will take two, —jelly in glasses, I will take two. I want something else ;—ah, now, some caprice sauce! that is reviving ; and now, a piece of fish or meat with it,—a couple of French rolls, and then too, a little pastry, and I shall be content. Emily is so fond of sweets. Do you know what she is doing, Beata!" continued she, whispering to me. "She is praying to God ; I peeped through the keyhole and she was on her knees praying, God bless her;" and pure pearls ran over Julia's cheeks, while she ran off with three plates full, which she carried, I do not know where.

At last our arrangements were finished. Every thing was now left to the servants, with the necessary instructions, and the Colonel, his lady, and I, went to dress for dinner.

I afterwards went to Emily. She was standing before the glass in her bridal dress, and gave a glance at herself, which neither expressed the pleasure or the self-complacency which a beautiful and well-dressed woman generally feels at sight of her amiable "self." Helen was fastening her bracelets, and Julia was on her knees putting some part of the lace trimming in order. "See," cried Julia, as I entered the room, "is she not

lovely, is she not beautiful, and yet," added she softly, "I would willingly give half of what I am worth to buy another expression for her. She is sad and dark as the weather."

Emily, who had heard the last words, said "one cannot look gay who is not happy. Every thing is so heavy, so insupportable to me. This is a dreadful day, I almost wish I might die."

"Oh heaven," said Julia to me, wringing her hands, "now she is beginning to cry; then her eyes and her nose will be red, and she will not look pretty; what shall we do?"

"Dear Emily," said Helen, gently, while she lifted her sister's hand to her lips, "are you not a little unreasonable? This marriage is your own wish, as well as that of us all. As far as human reason can judge, you must be happy; has not Algernon the most noble qualities?—does he not love you most tenderly? Where could you find a husband who would be a more amiable son to your parents, or a better brother to your sisters?"

"All this is true, Helen, or rather all this seems to be true. But ah, when I think that I am now about to change my whole existence, that I shall leave my parents, leave you, my good, dear sisters, and this house, where I have been so happy—and this for a man whose heart I do not know, as I know yours, who may change his conduct toward me, who can make me unhappy in various ways; and that this man will in future be my all, my fate will be irrevocably bound to his;—oh, my sisters, when I think of all this, every thing becomes so dark before my eyes, I feel my knees trem-

ble—and when I think, that to-day—to-day ! my fate will be decided, and that I still have liberty to draw back,—then I feel the terrors of irresolution, of uncertainty, of which no one can conceive. Beata, sisters, never marry !”

“ But, dearest Emily,” resumed Helen, “ You, who find it so easy to yield to necessity, only imagine that your fate is decided, that it is now too late to resign your happiness.”

“ Too late !” cried Emily, without noticing the last words, “ It is not too late, as long as the Priest has not united us. Yes, even at the foot of the altar, I have still the right—and may—”

“ And could you have the heart for it ?” cried Julia, in a highly tragical tone ; “ You might drive Algernon to despair, you might actually—.” She paused for the Colonel stood in the door-way, with his arms folded, while he looked at Julia with his ironical expression, which placed her in a position not unlike that in which the renowned Mademoiselle George was applauded in “ Semiramis” and “ Mary Stuart,”—Julia blushed, but Emily, still more deeply.

The Cornet, who followed his father, gave his sister, from Algernon, some fresh, choice flowers, and a note, which contained a few lines, but these few were anything but cold and heartless. Emily’s face cleared up, she pressed her brother’s hand. He threw himself, in a rapture of chivalrous enthusiasm, on his knees, and begged the favour of being allowed to kiss the tip of her shoe. She held out her little foot to him, and while he bent over, as it seemed not with the intention of kissing the point of her shoe, but to salute her, she

threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily. The Colonel took her hand, walked with her to the middle of the room, and we formed a circle about them. When she saw his look of fatherly affection, and ours of wonder and love, turned upon her, she was filled with tender pleasure, blushed, and became as fair as even Julia could wish. Her dress was simple, but in the highest degree tasteful and elegant. For those of my young readers who would know more of her toilet, here it is, She wore a white silk dress, trimmed with lace; the green myrtle wreath was placed on her very nicely arranged hair, over which a veil (Helen's most splendid work,) was thrown in a very picturesque manner; and this gave her gentle and innocent face a perfect resemblance to the Madonna of Paul Veronese. To make her more charming, nothing was wanting but the expression of happiness, hope, and love, which are the most beautiful ornaments of a bride.

Meantime her heart appeared to have become somewhat lighter, and as if in unison with her feelings, the sun broke through the clouds and threw some pale rays into the room.

The external as well as the inward brightness lasted but for a few moments.

It grew dark again, as we were about going down to dinner. Julia pointed out to me with a complaining look, the food she had carried up to Emily—it was untouched, a single jelly glass only, was empty.

At table, Emily looked round on all those whom she was now soon to leave, and her heart swelled, and tears rushed incessantly to her eyes. The dinner passed without the usual cheerfulness, and no one appeared to

have any appetite, excepting always the tutor and the little Thickeys. Emily, who seemed to be more oppressed under her myrtle crown, than a king under his diadem, ate nothing and did not laugh once during dinner, notwithstanding there was great occasion for it in three remarkable mistakes of the master, at which even the Colonel could not restrain a smile. The first was that he exchanged his snuff-box for the salt-cellar, both of which stood near him on the table, strewed a considerable portion of the snuff into his soup, and took a good pinch from the salt-cellar, which caused him many grimaces and tears. The second was his seizing, to dry his eyes, instead of his pocket handkerchief, the corner of Madam H's shawl, that was immediately pulled away from him. The third, that he complimented the girl in attendance, who offered him the roast meat, and begged her to help herself first. Julia looked anxiously at her sister, and then said to me in a whisper, "she neither eats nor laughs ; it is too bad."

But things grew still worse when, after dinner, while the few guests who were invited were assembling, Algernon, who was expected early, did not show himself. Madam H. looked incessantly from the company to the door, and came three or four times to me, and said, "I cannot conceive why Algernon does not come." The guests asked after him. Emily did not ask, did not look at the door, but it was very apparent that she grew every moment more and more serious and pale. Julia seated herself by me, told me the names of the strangers who came in, and made some remarks on them. "This pretty woman here, who came in so gracefully, is the

Baroness S. Who would imagine, that every time she enters a drawing room, she is so confused she cannot help trembling? See her animated eyes; but do not trust to them. She can talk of nothing but the weather, and at home, she is yawning all day long. Who is coming now, holding his hat so like a beggar before him? Ha, ha, uncle P. . . . He is a good old man, but he is in a lethargy. God grant that he may not begin to snore during the ceremony. See my Arwid, there, Beata, there by the fire place. Is he not an Apollo? But he seems to be warming himself with too much ease; he seems to forget that there is any body else in the room. The lady who is now coming in, is my cousin, Madam M. She is an angel—that little delicate body encloses a great soul."

"See how Emily receives them all—exactly as if she would say, 'you are very good, gentlemen and ladies, to come to my funeral!' I cannot conceive what is the matter with Algernon, that he comes so late! Mercy on us! how unhappy Emily looks!"

"See, there is the minister! Notwithstanding his warts and his red eyes, he has a pleasant expression, and I feel some respect for him."

"See how Charles is trying to cheer and amuse Emily—well done brother, but it is of no use now."

"Now, heaven be praised, here is Algernon at last! but how serious and pale he is!—and yet he is quite handsome. He is going up to her. See how proud she looks, he is excusing himself, I suspect—what? he has had a horrible tooth-ache, he was obliged to have a tooth taken out! Poor Algernon, tooth-ache on his wedding day, what a pity! See, they are all

sitting down now in a circle. A circle of people sitting down always makes me ill—what are they talking of? I really believe they are discussing the weather—a very interesting subject, to be sure, but it is not very exhilarating. Do hear how the snow and rain are pattering against the window. It is fearfully warm here—and Emily helps to make the air heavy—I must go and talk to her.”

Some one now came in, and said the stairs and entry were full of people who wished to see the bride.

A new trial for the timid Emily. She stood up, but quickly sat down again, and grew pale. “Cologne water, Cologne water,” cried Julia to me, “she looks pale, she is fainting”—“water,” cried the Colonel in a thundering tone. The tutor seized up the tea-kettle and rushed forward. I do not know whether it was this sight, or the reaction of her spirits, but it had the effect of restoring Emily from her weakness; she arose quickly, and accompanied by her sisters went out, while she threw a glance of uneasiness and discontent towards Algernon, who stood immovable at some distance, and looked at her with an unusual, almost severe earnestness.

“Are you mad?” cried uncle P., in a half whisper, as he pulled the arm of the master, who was still standing there, his eyes wandering, and the tea kettle in his hand. The master in alarm turned hastily round, and knocked over the little Thickeys like two pins thrown down by a ball. The kettle slipped in his hand, burnt his fingers, and he let it fall, with a cry of pain, upon the unfortunate boys, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of steam arose. If the moon had fallen, greater

confusion could not have been enacted, than was at the first moment produced by this catastrophe of the kettle. Axel and Claes made no noise, and their mother began to fear it was all over with them. But after Algeron and the Colonel had raised them up and shaken them, it was apparent that they were still alive. They had been so surprised and frightened, that in the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water which was spilled upon them, mostly came upon their clothes, and it was beside pretty well cooled, as tea had been over half an hour. Only one spot on Axel's forehead, and one on the left hand of Claes required treatment. The master was in despair, the children cried, they were carried to bed, and I promised as soon as I had time, to come and see them. The amiable disposition of Madame H., which would never allow her quietly to see a troubled face, led her to console the master. She succeeded in so doing by making him observe, with what real Spartan spirit the boys had received the first shock, and by declaring that she considered it a decided proof of the excellent education he was giving them. The master was very happy, and grew quite excited, and said, while he drew himself up, that he hoped to make real Spartans out of the lady's promising boys. The lady hoped this newly invented shower bath of hot water might not be tried again, but she kept her hopes to herself.

Meantime the exhibition of the bride had ended, and Emily, exhausted, had left the room, where, according to the old and singular Swedish custom, it had been necessary for her to show herself to a multitude of curious and indifferent people.

"They thought she had never looked so pretty," said Julia to me, in a dolorous tone, "and it was no wonder, to be sure, she was as dark and cold as an autumn sky."

We had taken Emily into a distant apartment, to allow her to rest awhile. She sunk down on a chair, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and was silent,

Everything in the drawing-room was ready for the ceremony—they only waited for Emily.

"Try the Cologne, Emily; drink a glass of water," said Julia, who now began to tremble.

"They are waiting for you, my dearest Emily," said Cornet Charles, who now came into the room, and offered to conduct his sister.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," said Emily, with a voice expressive of the most extreme anguish.

"You cannot!" cried the Cornet in the greatest surprise, "and why not?" He looked inquiringly round upon us. Julia stood in a tragical attitude, her hands folded over her head; Helen sat with an expression of displeasure in her placid face; and I—I cannot possibly remember what I did, but in my heart I sympathized with Emily. None of us made any answer to Charles.

"No, I cannot come," continued Emily, with an unusual energy; "I cannot take this eternally binding oath. I feel sure we shall be unhappy if we are united; we are not suited to each other. It may be my fault, but it is certainly so at this moment. I am sure he is displeased with me, he takes me for a capricious creature, he feels reluctant to bind himself to such a fate; his severe look told me all this. He may

be right, perfectly right ; and on this account it is best for him, as for me, that we should separate.

"But, Emily," cried her brother, "it is too late ; do you consider what you say ?—the Priest is here—the wedding guests—Algernon."

"Go to him, dearest Charles," cried Emily, with increasing emotion, "beg of him to come here. I will speak to him ; will tell everything. It cannot be too late to save the repose and quiet of our whole lives.—Go, I pray you go."

"Oh, heaven, what will become of us ?" said Julia, looking as if she would call heaven and earth to our assistance. "Emily, think of our father."

"I will throw myself at his feet, he will not desire the eternal misery of his child."

"If she could be in any way diverted from this—if she could for a moment be occupied with something else," whispered Helen to her brother.

Cornet Charles opened a door, as if to go out, at the same moment we heard the sound of a hard knock ; the Cornet cried out, "Oh, my eye !" An universal panic arose ; for this little deceit was so naturally managed, that at the first moment not one of us suspected any trick. Emily, always the first to hasten to the assistance of others, did so now, in spite of all her trouble. With a handkerchief dipped in cold water, she hurried to her brother, drew his hand from his eye, and began to bathe it tenderly and carefully while she asked anxiously, "Does it hurt you very much ? do you think you have injured the eye ? fortunately it does not bleed."

"It is perhaps only the more dangerous for that

reason" said the Cornet, with an altered tone ; but an unlucky traitorous laugh spoiled, at that very moment, the whole stratagem. Emily examined more closely, and was convinced that the blow was just what it was. "Oh," said she, "I see how it is ; one of your tricks, but it will not mislead me. I pray you, I adjure you, Charles, if you have the least love for me, go to Algernon, tell him that I beg him to give me a few minutes conversation with him."

"Why did not some of you have presence of mind enough to blow out the light?" cried the Cornet, in vexation, looking particularly at me. Helen whispered something in his ear, and he went out of the room, accompanied by Julia.

Helen and I were silent, while Emily, in visible anguish of mind, walked up and down the room, and seemed to be talking to herself. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" said she once half audibly. Now steps were heard approaching the room.—"He is coming," said Emily, and trembled from head to foot. The door was opened, and Alger——no, *the Colonel* entered, with an expression of imposing majesty. Emily struggled for breath, sat down, got up again, was pale, and then red. "See, you have made us wait too long," said he, quietly, but with some energy, "I have now come to fetch you." Emily folded her hands, looked beseechingly up to her father, opened her lips, closed them again, overpowered by the firm earnest expression of his face, and as he took her hand, all power of resistance seemed to leave her, and with a sort of desperate resignation, she arose and allowed herself to be led forward by him. Helen and I followed.

The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, and all the people assembled there had their eyes turned towards the door by which Emily entered, accompanied by her father.

She told me afterwards, that as she came in, she could not distinguish an object, and everything was black before her eyes. "Then it was not to be wondered at," said her brother, "that you looked as if you were going to sleep."

Algernon looked at Emily with a seriousness which was not calculated to increase her courage.

No one spoke. The ceremony began. The two young people stood before the minister. Emily was deadly pale, and trembled. Julia lost her courage entirely. "It is fearful," said she, and was almost as pale as her sister.

And now arose the voice which was to announce to the young couple their holy duties. This voice was deep and musical, and seemed to be animated by a divine spirit. It spoke of the sanctity of the marriage state, of the mutual duties of the husband and wife, to love each other, to lighten the troubles of life to each other, to soften its cares, and to set each other the example of a true fear of God; he spoke of their prayers for each other, which unite each to the other so intimately, and brings them near to their Eternal Father; he told how the highest happiness on earth springs from such an union, when it is begun and finished in conformity to the will of God. These tender, beautiful, peaceful words awoke in the soul of every one a holy and silent emotion. Every thing was so still in the apartment, that it almost seemed as if not

a breath was drawn. I perceived plainly that Emily became more tranquil every moment. The few words she was called upon to say, she spoke distinctly and with a firm voice. While she knelt she appeared to pray with hope and devotion. I threw, however, a glance around me. The Colonel was paler than usual, but regarded the young couple with an expression of tenderness and repose. Julia was greatly excited, though she moved neither hand or foot. Helen looked up to heaven with a supplicating glance. Cornet Charles moved about, that it might seem to be something besides tears which made his eyes so red. The blind girl smiled silently. The other spectators showed more or less emotion. The master was more than usually alive, and towards the end of the ceremony gave a loud sneeze. He fortunately found his handkerchief this time in due season.

The blessing was spoken over the bridal pair, in a voice as soft and majestic as if it came from heaven. The marriage was over. Emily and Algernon were for ever united. Emily turned round to embrace her parents, and she appeared to me to be an entirely different being. A mild beamy glance rested on her brow, and smiled from her eyes; clear and warm purple burned on her cheeks. She was at once changed into the ideal of a young and happy bride. "God be praised, God be praised," whispered Julia, with tearful eyes and folded hands, "now all is well."

"Yes, now it cannot be helped," said the Colonel, while he endeavoured to overcome his emotion, and assumed his comical expression, "Now you are safe, you cannot now say 'no.'"

"I would not wish to do it now," answered Emily smiling sweetly, and looked up to Algernon in a manner which called to his face an expression of animated and pure joy. A feeling of satisfaction and gaiety spread through the company. Every body looked as if they wished to sing and dance. Uncle P. was wide awake and active, he arranged the quadrille, and stamped away gaily by the side of the elegant Baroness S., who floated round like a zephyr. Arwid and Julia distinguished themselves greatly in the dance; it was impossible to keep one's eyes from them. I danced with the Master, who had asked me, I hope not from absence of mind. We distinguished ourselves, though in a peculiar manner. It seemed to me we resembled a couple of billiard balls, which always lie ready for others to push about. Certain it is that we were sometimes pushed about, and sometimes we pushed others, which I ascribed principally to the changes of my cavalier from right to left, and to the mistakes he made in all the figures of the quadrille. Meantime we laughed as heartily and as loud at our mistakes as the rest, and the master said he had never had such a fine *waltz*.

Helen played on the Piano for the dancing. Emily did not wish to dance. She sat in a little cabinet, the doors of which were open, and which joined the dancing room. Algernon was by her side. She spoke low, with animation and tenderness in her manner. I thought that in this moment the Gordian knot of all misunderstandings, all uneasiness and doubt which had hitherto separated them from each other, was for ever loosened. The mild rays of a single lamp, shining through the alabaster shade, threw a magical

light over the young couple, who seemed to be no v as happy as they were beautiful. They apparently had forgotten all the world around them, but not one of the company had forgotten them. Every one threw stolen glances into the cabinet, and smiled. Julia came up to me several times, pointed to the group of lovers, with a beaming glance, and said, "See, see."

Later in the evening a part of the company assembled in the cabinet, and the conversation became general.

Some recently published books, which were lying on the table, gave occasion to various remarks upon their value, as well as upon reading in general.

"I do not understand" said Uncle P., with his peculiar accent, "what has come over me lately. I am generally lively and wide awake as a fish, but if I just throw my eyes into the curs—books, they drop directly down upon my nose, and I cannot see the least thing!"

"Are you fond of reading, aunt?" said Emily to the Baroness S.

"Ah! indeed," replied she, and raised her lovely eyes to the ceiling, "I have no time for it, I am so busy," and she carefully drew her beautiful shawl around her.

"If I should ever marry," said a gentleman of about sixty, "I would make it a condition with my wife, that she should never read a book; at the most, nothing beside the Psalter and Cookery book."

"My dear departed wife never read any other books—but indeed—what a noble house-wife she was," cried Uncle P., while he dried his eyes and took a pinch of snuff.

"Yes, I do not understand, the thousand take me, why the women of the present day busy themselves so much with reading, the thousand take me if I can understand it," said Lieutenant Arwid, while he reached his hand to a plate of confectionary and helped himself.

Julia cast a severe look upon her betrothed, and I thought "the thousand take me" was not this time very pleasant to her. "I" said she, blushing with vexation, "would rather go without eating and drinking than be deprived of reading. Is there any thing that more ennobles the soul, than the reading of good books—any thing which more exalts the soul—I would say the thoughts—the thoughts—the feelings—any?"

My poor little Julia was never happy when she attempted the sublime. Her thoughts, her ideas, were something in the nature of rockets, which suddenly mount upwards like glowing sparks of fire, but in almost the same moment burst and are lost in ashes.

Cornet Charles hastened to spill a glass of water or wine on Lieutenant Arwid, and assumed an air as if his outcry on the occasion had interrupted the speech of his sister.

"I might have known that it would upset, I was trying to balance the glass upon the tip of my thumb. Your pardon, brother-in-law, but I believe you struck me somehow, my arm was not free."

"I shall certainly take care not to interfere with you another time," said Lieutenant Arwid, half gaily and half vexed, while he arose, and drying his coat with his handkerchief, took the precaution in resuming his seat, to choose the other side of the room.

Meantime Julia was not so soon relieved from her little embarrassment. The old gentleman who was such an enemy to books, turned gravely to her, and said, "I imagine that cousin Julia reads for the most part only moral books and sermons."

"No—not exactly sermons," replied Julia, somewhat embarrassed, and as, at the same moment she perceived the penetrating look of Professor L. fixed upon her, she blushed deeply.

"Probably, then, my little cousin reads history, that is certainly a very useful study."

"Not exactly history," said Julia, who had now recovered her self-possession and gaiety, "but on the contrary I am very fond of histories, the short and long of it is, if you must know, Uncle, the books for which I would give up eating, drinking and sleeping are romances.

The old gentleman raised his eyes and hands with an expression of horror. From his looks it might be supposed that Rousseau's declaration,

Jamais fille sage n'a lu de romans,

had had the effect of making him altogether abhor such dangerous reading.

Some dissatisfaction was betrayed in almost every face, at Julia's frank declaration. The Baroness appeared entirely shocked at her niece. The Professor only smiled kindly, and the Cornet said with much animation:

"It is certainly no wonder that people read such Romances as are now written. Madame de Stael's *Corinne* cost me a sleepless night, and Walter Scott's *Rebecca* took away my appetite for three days!"

Julia looked at her brother with great surprise. Emily's soft blue eyes were raised inquiringly toward him, but he thought proper to take no notice of their glances. "My Euphemia shall never read a Romance." said the Baroness S., on pronouncing which she drew herself farther back into the corner of the sofa, and cast a glance upon her elegant shawl.

"Ah dear aunt" said Madam M. smiling and shaking her head, "what shall she read then?"

"She shall not read anything."

"A very excellent idea," said the old gentleman.

"I really think," said Algernon, "that it is better to read nothing, than to read nothing but romances. Romance reading is to the soul what opium is to the body; the constant use of it weakens and injures it. Pardon me Julia; but I think that a young lady might do something better with her time than devote it to this kind of reading."

Julia looked as if she was not quite willing to excuse this remark.

Emily said, "I agree with Algernon that especially for young ladies this kind of reading is more injurious than useful."

The tears came into Julia's eyes, and she looked towards Emily as if she would have said, "do you too stand up against me?"

"I grant," said Madam M., "that it may be very hurtful when"—

"Hurtful" interrupted the old gentleman, "say rather, ruinous, poisonous, destructive at the very source."

Julia laughed. "Good Professor" cried she, pray

come to my assistance. "I begin to think I am a lost and ruined creature. I pray you say something in favour of reading romances, and I will then give you something good," and laughing merrily she held up a piece of confectionary.

"It certainly has its good sides" replied the Professor, "if it is used with discretion and moderation. I, for my part, consider the reading of good romances as both useful and agreeable to the young."

"Hear, hear," cried Julia, clapping her hands.

"But you must give your reason, my good sir," cried uncle P.

"Yes, yes, give your reasons," cried the old gentleman.

"Good romances," continued the Professor—"by which, I mean those that like good paintings represent nature with truth and beauty, possess advantages which are united in no other books in the same degree. They represent the history of the human heart, from which the young, if they are the subjects of the romance, may learn to know themselves and their fellow-men, and is not this in the highest degree valuable and interesting? The world is described in them in its various changing forms, and the young see here before them the map of the country in which they are about to begin their travels. The beautiful and amiable in every youth is pictured in romances in a poetical and attractive light; the young, lively imagination is here charmed with the right and good, which under more severe and earnest forms might have perhaps appeared revolting."

"In the same manner crimes and weaknesses are

also represented in all their deformity, and the young learn to despise them even when they are surrounded by the grandeur and pomp of the world—when one feels an enthusiasm for virtue, he becomes able to contend successfully with all the sufferings of earth.

“The true pictures of the reward of the good, and the punishment of the wicked among men, little as their actual lot bears the traces of them, are brought into romances with all the clearness, life and power, which one could desire to give to moral truth, that it may be made universally binding and fruitful.

“It is natural therefore, that the young of good and noble feelings should love romances as their best friends, as they find in them all those lively, grand and beautiful feelings, which arise in their own hearts and first suggest divine anticipations of happiness and immortality.”

Julia now rose hastily, her charming face expressing the warmest delight; she went to the Professor, and gave him, not the piece of confectionary, but an embrace of childlike emotion, while she said, “a thousand thanks! a thousand thanks! I am content, entirely content!”

The old gentleman looked up to heaven and sighed.

Lieutenant Arwid did not look “entirely content,” but quietly ate his sugar-plums.

Uncle P. dozed and nodded, the Cornet maintained it was not in sign of content.

The Professor on the contrary, looked well pleased, and kissed with a paternal expression the lively girl, first her hand and then her forehead.

Lieutenant Arwid pushed a chair aside with some violence ; at the same moment the doors of the supper room were opened, supper was announced.

A feast has always a peculiar interest for those who have been active in the ordering and arrangement of it.

Each dish, the child of our labors, has its share in our sympathy and satisfaction, as it stands invitingly and properly on the table, whence it is about to vanish for ever. Yet on such occasions, one has a heart of stone ; and I am convinced that Madam H. was as well pleased as I was, to see how all our first, second, and third courses vanished to the great pleasure and comfort of all.—The lady of the house now that she was relieved from her anxiety with regard to Emily, and saw how well every thing was served, did the honors with a grace and good humor, which was only now and then disturbed by a thought of the little boys.

The bride was mild and radiant. Algernon seemed to be the happiest of mortals. " Only look at Emily," said Cornet Charles, who was my neighbour at table, to me every ten minutes,—“ would any one imagine she was the same person who has plagued us so for half the day ? ”

Julia assumed, every time her lover spoke to her, a dignified and proud look. He also at last did the same ; pouted, but always with a full mouth. Uncle P. went to sleep but with a piece of blancmange on his nose, and in the midst of the talking and laughter of the company ; now and then a snore was heard, like the sound of a bass-viol speaking out among the squeaking of the little fiddles.

Towards the end of the meal, healths were drunk, not ceremonious and tedious, but gay and lively. The master, fired by the occasion, and wine-glass in hand, made the following impromptu in honor of the bridal pair:

Hurrah, hurrah! fill the glasses!
Drain the goblet of its wealth!
Let the foam fly to the ceiling;
To the happy couple health!

Fill, fill! and may our voices
Sound again the joyous lay,
When after fifty years we greet them
On their Golden wedding day.

Amid unusual laughter, and touching of glasses, the health was drunk. Afterwards the health of the Master; who now considered himself, I am sure, a little Bellmann.*

After supper, a most agreeable surprise was prepared for Emily. Upon a great table in the hall, were arranged the portraits of her parents, and brothers and sisters, painted in oil, and most striking likenesses. "In this manner, we shall accompany you to your home," said the Colonel, whilst he embraced her; "yes! yes! you will not get rid of us!" Gentle tears trickled down Emily's cheeks; she pressed her father, mother, brothers and sisters, to her arms, and for a long time could not speak her thanks. Thereupon every picture underwent a new examination by all the company, and there were

* Charles Michael Bellmann, a celebrated Swedish poet, died 1795.

remarks of every kind. One person found fault with a nose ; another with eyes which were too small ; another with a mouth which was too large ; then the artist had not attempted to flatter, rather the opposite, etc.

Poor artist ! This is the criticism which censoriousness, the most common of all maladies, makes upon your works ! Happy for you, that you are often deaf, and glad to put the money in your pocket, while you feel in your own soul the consciousness of your talents !

Emily alone, saw no fault. There was exactly her father's expression, her mother's smile, her sister Julia's roguish look, brother Charles' hasty demeanour, Helen's expression of kindness and repose ; and the little Thickeys, who were surprisingly like. It would be delightful to offer them sweetmeats.

The poor little Thickeys ! Burned and frightened, they had been obliged to leave the feast, which they had looked forward to for three weeks. During the whole evening, one after another of us crept up to them with apples, cakes, etc. At first, the master himself was most diligent upon the stairs, but after he had fallen down three times upon this unknown passage, he remained quietly in the parlor.

Their mother had, at least six times during the evening, said to me with an expression of the greatest anxiety,—“ My poor little children ! I must certainly watch with them to-night ; ” and I each time answered ; “ That you shall not do, I will watch with them.” “ But you will certainly fall asleep.” “ I certainly will not fall asleep, my dear Madam ! ” “ *Parole d' honneur ?* ” “ *Parole d' honneur*, dear Madam ! ” and actually driven to it by the anxiety of the poor lady, I went up to them

before the company departed, well provided with plasters, drops and sweetmeats.

The little boys were pleased with the last; and particularly delighted that, on their account, the light would be kept burning all night. Their adventure occupied them entirely, and they could not leave off telling me, how the master had knocked them, how they had fallen down, and what they felt and thought, when the master let the tea kettle fall. Axel had thought of the deluge, and Claes of the day of judgment. In the midst of the story they fell asleep.

At half past eleven I heard the sound of sledges, horses and carriages before the house. At twelve everything was quiet, as well in as out of the house.

"Soon every body will be sleeping sweetly," thought I, and began to feel myself growing indescribably sleepy.

Nothing is more painful than to be alone, to feel sleepy, and yet to be obliged to keep awake; while those you are watching are snoring beyond all bounds. And if I had not given my *parole d'honneur*, not to shut my eyes, I should certainly have done so. I knitted away, but was obliged to give it up, because every two minutes I was in danger of putting out my eyes. I read, and did not understand a word of what I read. I went to the window, looked at the moon, and thought of—nothing. The wick of my candle was too high—I undertook to snuff it, and unfortunately put it out.

By this means, my part of watcher was still more difficult to play. I now attempted to keep myself awake by fright, and tried to see a ghost or a white lady in the uncertain glimmers of the white stove. I thought of a

cold hand which suddenly seized mine, of a voice which whispered frightful things in my ear, of a bloody form which rose up out of the ground—when suddenly the crowing of a cock was heard, which, together with the dawn of day, drove away all imaginary ghosts.

The melancholy song of two little chimney-sweeps, who, from the top of their smoky castles in the air, greeted the morning, was the overture to awakening life.

In the region of the kitchen, friendly fires soon blazed up. The coffee infused its Arabian fragrance into the atmosphere of the house. Men began to move about in the streets, and through the clear winter air was heard the sound of church bells, calling to morning prayer. Purple clouds of smoke rolled up into the blue sky; and with joy, I saw at last the rays of the sun, which first greeted the cocks and vanes on the church towers, and afterwards spread its mantle of light over the roofs of human dwellings.

The world opened its eyes around me, I concluded to shut mine, and when happy voices called out to me, "good morning," I answered half asleep, "good night!"

DINNER. A RAGOUT OF MANY THINGS.

Even a wedding day has a morrow! A tedious day for those in the house of the wedding! Nothing remains of all the festivity of the day before, but what is left after a light has been put out—the smoke. And when, besides the festive splendor and pomp, a familiar

face (a star in its own heaven) is missing from the happy domestic circle, it is not surprising that the horizon should become dark. Yes, my dear little Julia, I thought it very natural that you should rise in the morning, like a rain-cloud, and overhang the whole day ; and that your brother, like a thunder-cloud, should wander from one room to another and hum to himself the songs of the stars which it was frightful to hear.

It had been agreed that the newly-married pair should pass this day with Algernon's old grandmother, who lived, retired from the world, with her maid, her cat, her deep eyes, and her love of the human race, which made her unwilling that any one should ever marry,—and she had even expressed this pious wish to her grandson, and to Emily, but in vain. In the meantime, in spite of her displeasure, she had expressed a desire to see the young couple at her own house, and had herself, as report says, put the apples into the apple-pie which was to crown her magnificent dinner. On the following day we were to receive the newly-married ones, and on the day following, they were to receive us at their own house.

In the mean while, we passed the day after the marriage in a sort of stupid silence. The lady of the house, during the whole day, eat nothing but a thin barley soup. After this dull day had come to an end, and each one had retired to their chamber, Julia, feeling a desire to enliven herself a little, sent for some walnuts, came in to me, and sat down to crack them and to praise her lover.

“ What unexampled neatness he has ! so orderly,

intelligent ; in such constant spirits, so quiet, so agreeable, . . . (a fine nut,) so attentive, so circumspect and orderly in his business—but not too avaricious, so good—but not too good—as—as good as he should be !”

I nodded assent to all this, wished Julia much happiness, and—gaped long. There are some things so perfect that they put us to sleep.

The next day we had rather a fresh wind. The newly married came at noon.

Her cap was very becoming to Emily. She was mild, gentle, amiable ; whilst, on the other hand, Algernon was more than usually gay, happy and talkative. This astonished and vexed Julia ; she looked at them by turns, and knew not why they were so. All the servants took much pains to call Emily “ my lady.” This new name appeared to give her no satisfaction, and when an old trusty servant said for the seventh time “ My dear miss—ah pardon—my lady,” Emily said, somewhat impatiently, “ Let it be, it is not so much out of the way.” The servants offered her at table no dish without adding, “ your commands, my lady.” “ Yes, yes, the fellow knows the world,” said the colonel. Emily looked, as if she did not find *this* world very pleasant.

Most anxiously, in the afternoon, Julia withdrew with Emily to another room, fell upon her knees before her, and throwing her arms around her, cried out, weeping, “ Emily, what is the matter ? Dear Emily ! My God, you are not gay, you seem cast down ! Are you not contented, are you not happy ?” Emily embraced her sister with warmth, and said, in a consoling

manner but with tears in her mild eyes, "I should be so, dear Julia, Algernon is so good, so noble—I must be happy with him."

But Julia, like all persons of lively temperament, was not pleased with this "I should be;" she wished to have "I am," and considered it very desperate—an unnatural and unheard of thing—that a young wife should not be entirely and indescribably happy. *She had read romances.* The remainder of the day, she behaved very coldly to Algernon, who did not appear to pay much attention to it.

After Emily, with tearful eyes had again departed, Julia gave free vent to her dissatisfaction, and was much excited about Algernon, who could be so indifferent and gay, whilst Emily was so cast down; he was "a piece of ice, a barbarian, a heathen, a—" (N.B. The Colonel and the "gracious lady" were not present at this philippic.) The Cornet had taken another view of the case—was displeased with Emily, who, in his opinion, expected certainly too much from her husband. Did not he, poor fellow, run to find her work-basket? Did not he put on her fur shoes, her shawl, and scarf? And if she had only thanked him for it?" Julia took the part of her sister, the Cornet that of Algernon, the spirit of contradiction infused one after another, bitter seeds into the dispute, and this good brother and sister would have become entirely at variance, if it had not happened, that while they both stooped to pick up Helen's needle, their heads knocked together, which shock ended the dispute by a burst of laughter; and the question of the rights of man and woman,—that sea, upon whose waves the two disputants found them-

selves unexpectedly launched—was quickly set at rest.

The following day was full of consolation for Julia. Emily was gayer ; and, happy to be able to receive her parents and brothers and sisters in her own house, she busied herself with unrestrained care, and with heartiness to entertain them well. The Colonel had all his favorite dishes at dinner, and joy sparkled from Emily's eyes, when her father a second time asked for some turtle soup, and added, " It is very excellent ! " Her mother was not a little satisfied with the arrangement of the meal, and with the preparations ; she stared a little anxiously at a pudding which had somewhat of a ruin on one side, but Julia quickly and unobserved turned the dish round, and the good lady who was somewhat short-sighted, thought the fault was in her own eyes, and was quiet.

Emily had the bearing of a hostess, and that is a great deal. The Cornet was delighted with his sister, and with all the arrangements in the new house. Every thing seemed Swedish ; the sofas, the chairs, the curtains, the china, etc. There was nothing foreign, and in his opinion this was the reason he felt so much at ease, and at home.

Julia was well pleased with Algernon, for although he did not devote himself to his young wife, he followed her always with loving eyes, and it was plain that his soul was bound up in hers, and by dear and loving looks flew to meet it.

How good coffee tastes, when snow blows without, and summer air within. So we ladies found it, when after dinner, drawn up round a fire, in the enjoyment of our coffee, we entered into a long conversation,

while Emily told us of domestic plans and arrangements, which she proposed to undertake, for the order and convenience of her household ; a part which she had already spoken of, and a part of which she should talk over with—with—her husband (this simple word Emily yet uttered with difficulty.) Every thing was indeed very prudent, very good, and very well adapted to the proposed end. We considered all these things exactly and maturely, in front of the fire, with our coffee cups. We added and subtracted, but could think of nothing which would have been better than what Emily had proposed.

A family resembles at the same time a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it, or the song of the feelings which streams through all the parts and unites them together, which wreathes flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes "the bare hills of reality" with the greenness of hope,—of this every human heart knows. But the machinery (without whose well-accompanied movements *l'opera della vita* is entirely unsupported) many consider as unimportant, and neglect it. And still this part of the plan of domestic life is not the least essential for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery, as with that of a clock. If the wheels, springs, etc., are in good order, the pendulum needs but a touch, and everything begins its proper motion. Everything goes on in order and quiet, as if of itself, and the golden hands of peace and prosperity point out all the hours upon its clear face.

This Emily felt, and she intended so to arrange her household from the beginning, that in spite of the little accidental shocks and blows of fate, it might re-

main in order and convenience until the end—until the weight had run down.

One very important thing for attaining this end is, the prudent and careful arrangement of the money affairs of the household. In Emily's house this was placed upon a good and sensible footing. Out of the great common treasury, were arrayed many little treasuries, which, like brooks from one and the same source, streaming rapidly to different places, make fruitful the domestic plantation.

Emily was to receive yearly, upon her own peculiar account, a certain sum of money, to expend for her clothes, and to defray other little expenses, not included in the household account; and as her dress would remain as simple and tasteful as it had until now been, she would be able to expend the greater part of this money, to please herself to spend for what, judge and say, my fair readers, for you must know.

A woman must have her own peculiar treasury, be it great or small. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand pounds—a proper proportion; but her own, for which she need only account to herself. Would you know the “wherefore,” you men, who oblige your wives to keep an account even of their pins to a penny? Well! it is for your own rest and convenience. You do not think so? Look then:—a maid breaks a cup, or a servant breaks a glass; or suddenly at once, teapots, cups, and glasses fall to pieces, which *no one* has broken, etc. The mistress of the house, who has no pocket-money, and who must keep in order cups and glasses, goes to her husband, tells him the misfortune, and de-

sires some money to make up the loss. He scolds at the servants, at his wife, who ought to see after the servants. "Yes, money—a little money—money does not grow up out of the ground, nor does it rain down from heaven—many little brooks make a great stream," and more of the same ; at last, he gives a little money, and gets into a very ill humor.

Now, if the wife has her own pocket money, no such little vexations come near him. Children, servants, and misfortune remain the same, but no disorder is observed ; everything exists as before—everything is in order ; and the head of the house, who perhaps with the greatest ease can give away at once a hundred pounds, need not, for the sake of a sovereign, lose the balance of his temper, which is a treasure as inestimable to the whole house as to himself.

And do you account as nothing, (you nabob without feeling !) those little surprises, those little birth-day joys which your wife can prepare for you ? Those thousand little pleasures, which, unexpected as meteors, like them shine in the heaven of the house, and which will be given you by the tenderness of your wife, by means of money—which you have given to her in a large sum, to receive it back, a rich income of convenience and joy in small ones.

Is it now clear ? Algernon had learned all this, and it had much influence on Emily's future happiness.

To every true woman's heart there is an indescribable joy *in giving* ;—in feeling one's self live in the prosperity and joy of another. This is the sunshine of the heart, which is perhaps more necessary here in the cold north, than elsewhere. Besides, the freedom of

action is indeed refreshing.

But where was I?—with Emily, at the hour of coffee. Let us go thence, and set out upon a longer journey on the wings of Time.

Whoever undertakes to write stories, must take care to deal frugally with the patience of his reader. Sometimes he can easily give them appropriate intelligence of to-day, to-morrow, and the next day ; at times he must take time and events in a mass, if he does not wish the reader to do the same with his book, and skip from five to eight chapters. As I certainly wish that such should not be the fate of my honored family, I hasten to make a leap over about three months, and to mention in a few words how my H. friends lived through them.

Julia and her lover passed it in daily walks. Every day, when the weather permitted, they went the whole length of Queen-street, exchanged greetings, and chatted with their acquaintances, examined the figures and dresses, with the agreeable consciousness how beautiful and marked were their own. At times they went into a shop, and bought some trifles, or eat tarts at Berend's. In the evening there was a supper here, or a play there, or a ball somewhere else ; and this always furnished something to talk about on the following day, so that the lovers had no want of food for conversation. Besides Lieutenant Arwid, who had everywhere admission into the *great* world, had some *little* thing to tell, some anecdote of the day, some word from this or that person, about this or that thing ; and see, this was all very amusing—Julia thought.

The Cornet had taken up some droll habits. He had applied himself to study. He studied the art of

war, mathematics, history, etc., and continually found that as his bodily eye became practised in looking in all directions over the earth and up to heaven, so was also his spiritual eye framed to look into the kingdoms of nature and knowledge, and recognize in them the light of heaven. It was peculiar, that the more he learned to see, the more afraid of darkness he became. He was very much afraid of ghosts! Yes, gentlemen, it is certainly true; and the ghosts which he feared have been known among men from time immemorial; *Ignorance*, a wonderfully large lady, clothed in glittering white texture; *Self Conceit*, her long-necked child, who always treads in the footsteps of her dear mamma; and *Boasting*, which must be the ghost of an old French language teacher, who in his life-time had been connected with these ladies, and had often been seen in their company.

Besides, he was anxious for the companionship of older and wiser men, was often at home with his father and Helen, and often allowed the young men of his acquaintance to knock in vain at his locked door. Sometimes indeed he was undecided whether to open it or not, thinking "perhaps my best friend is here to pay me back my money!" But then he thought again "He would not knock so loudly," and remained quietly at his work. The Cornet had two young friends for whom, at a given signal, his door always opened. These young men formed a noble triumvirate. Their motto, both in war and peace, was, "FORWARD! MARCH!"

Emily and Algernon took a journey in the beginning of April to Blekingen, where upon a great estate an old aunt and godmother of Emily lived. Emily received a

letter from her, soon after her marriage, begging her and her husband to visit her as soon as possible. She had, a short time before, lost her only child, a son; and she wished now, at the age of sixty years, to gladden her heart, or perhaps, desired to animate it by giving it something new to love and to live for. She begged the young couple to pass the spring and summer with her; she spoke of neighbors and of good and pleasant things which would make their residence there agreeable. She said she wished to make her will so that her property might fall to them after her death, if they would look upon her as a mother.

“’Pon honor! a beautiful letter,” said uncle P. “Go there directly, nephew, with your wife—have the carriage ordered. I wish I were in your shoes, child of fortune! Wait till the beginning of April? Madness! What if the old woman should die! That *would* be throwing away one’s happiness! I should not be drawn into that.—Dear Julia! wake me when the coffee comes.” When the travelling carriage stood before the door, and the weeping Emily sat by Algernon’s side, exchanging tearful glances and sad words of farewell with her parents, and brothers and sisters who were standing around the carriage, Algernon seized her hand and said, “Would you prefer to stay with these, or follow me?” “You,” answered Emily gently.—“With all your heart?” “With all my heart!” “Drive on!” called Algernon to the coachman; “Emily, we will accompany each other on the journey—through life!” The carriage rolled on. O, may the carriage of every marriage be tossed on such springs.

Quietly and sadly did the blind girl pass her dark days, Her health visibly decreased. Her soul was like the fire in a charcoal heap, whose flames are not visible, but silently and surely consume their dwelling. Only in song did she, at times, express her feelings, when she thought she was alone. She composed the words and the music. Both bore the stamp of an unhappy and unquiet heart. In company she hardly spoke a word, and only by her incessant occupation of winding a ribbon or a cord round her hands or fingers, did she betray her inward restlessness.

There is a certain disposition of mind in woman, which makes her do well whatever she does at all; which causes sweet peace to follow her wherever she goes, like a quiet spring day, so that wherever she dwells, grace and comfort, which is shared by every one who approaches her, dwell with her. This disposition of mind proceeds from a pure and devoted heart, which fears God. Happy are those who possess this, happy beyond all others (however richly endowed in other respects);—and happy was Helen, for she was thus *purely* endowed. In a letter which she wrote about this time to a friend, she herself represented her happy condition.

“ You ask me what I am doing ? ” she wrote at the end of her letter, “ I enjoy life every moment. My parents, my brothers and sisters, my work, books, flowers, the sun, the stars, heaven and earth, all give me pleasure ; everything makes me feel, with indescribable joy, the happiness of existence. You ask me what I do, when dark thoughts and despair overpower my soul. My dear, I never feel despair, never have

dark thoughts, I cannot have them: for I believe in God, I love him, I hope in him. I know no care nor anxious fear: for I know he will do all things well, that every thing will be, at some time, good and clear. Since I think thus, and feel thus, I must indeed be happy."

Curro, curri, currum, currere," repeated the little Thickeys, and "*Curro, cucurri, cursum, currere,* you scape-goats!" corrected the master, and in this way they passed nearly three months, (I never exaggerate). "Slow and sure," said the master in a consoling and confident manner to the mother.

The lady of the house—God bless the excellent lady! but if our journey into the country could only have taken place without so many cares and so many bundles, so many "Ho! Ho's!" and so many trunks. The Colonel said a word or two, half in joke, about this. "That is easily said," answered the lady gravely.

The Cornet, who never permitted the least remark upon his mother, in whose doings and lettings-alone he did not see the least fault, was in all her cares on her side, and contradicted us, who thought them unnecessary; and when it became altogether too troublesome, he went round singing "God save the king," (the only English which he knew,) to distract our attention from the lady.

A month before, and a month after the expedition, she labored and worked for the good of all—and on the day of the journey itself—O heavens,

What packing, what trouble,
(To describe who is able ?)
In the cellar, the kitchen,
There a chair, there a table ;
Was ever such bustle
Seen under the sun ?
How the mistress is scolding
And how the maids run !

The breakfast is over, the visits are made,
The packages close in the carriage are laid,
But how much is still to be done :
The talk turns to chickens, to friendship, to beef,
But nowhere the mistress can turn for relief.
She dresses, sighs, longs to be gone.
The carriage drives up, quick they run, loudly call,
Now forward—but stop—I've forgotten my shawl !

Notwithstanding all this trouble, we resolved to set out upon the journey.

And fly now to THORSBORG, the paternal estate of the Colonel, where we arrived in the middle of the month of May.

THORSBORG.

If I had a single drop of the fountain which sprung up from Sir Walter Scott's inkstand, which spread through all countries, and moistened with historical and antiquarian ink the pens of a hundred authors, I would now give a pompous description of the magnificent castle of Thorsborg, which was built during the thirty years' war, in the space of nine months, by a high-spirited,

excellent lady, surrounded with walls as strong as the hearts of that time, and with leaded window panes as small as the rays of light which emanated from the cloisters of that day. I would relate how the lady Barbara Goholm, the wife of the Admiral Stjernebjelke, (whose bust at Thorsborg shows her to have been a proud and dignified woman,) surprised her husband, who was fighting for the cause of freedom in Germany. During his absence she erected on a hill, where still sits enthroned in princely grandeur this noble edifice overlooking immeasurable fields and meadows, extending for several miles; and on occasion of the return of her hero, she caused lights to be placed in all the windows of the castle, to 'charm and dazzle his eyes. I would also add that this did not delight him as she had expected, and that the story goes that he was equally displeased at the proceeding of the Lady Barbara. I would relate farther, something of the fate of their descendants, who afterwards resided on the estate, one of whom having a poetical talent, to keep herself in remembrance, and for our edification, engraved upon a pane of glass, which remained in the parlor of the castle at the time of Colonel H.

"The lady Sigrid and her spouse
The greatest fools are in this house,"

and if I had descended the stream of time, from the volcanoes which burst out in the middle ages, to the quiet position of things at the present day, I would, searching about among the ruins of those times, spying into the remains of the streams of lava, and into the urns of remembrance, collect the ashes of extinguished

fires, and strew them over these pages ; (which means, to speak in a less figurative manner,) I would tell all about the old harnesses, helmets, and lances, which were still preserved at Thorsborg, and which Cornet Charles regarded with peculiar satisfaction ; of the bloody garments, swords, deadly balls, etc., and would point out the doors of the sleeping apartment of Gustavus Adolphus the Second, which were ornamented with a thousand wooden figures, transferred to them from the ancient castle. Moreover the immense hall, with the oaken floor, and the oaken rafters overhead, the bust of the Lady Barbara, sitting with the mason's trowel in her hand, her spinning wheel, etc., and not to leave the salt out of my soup, I would not forget to relate the ghost visits which have been made to the castle, and of which no one knew so much as the Master. He often heard frightful tones, like a mingling of the bray of trumpets, and the howling of wolves. He sometimes heard people in the night, tripping lightly round the billiard-room, the balls rolling, the bells ringing, etc. I might tell how the people in the house used to describe a ghost, who walked about the great oaken hall, on a clear moonlight evening, without a head ; or, how often, of a dark night, lights would suddenly stream from all the windows ; and there was not one of the family who had not heard tables and chairs moved about with great noise in the rooms, where there was nobody ; and that even the lady of the house herself Ah ! but I am beginning to get frightened, and I see clearly that I am only capable of describing common things with every-day ink. It is therefore more safe and pleasant

to relate how the little Thickeys, happy beyond expression at being in the country, sprung about over the ditches and stone walls, the remains of the old house, to look for treasures, and found gold beetles; how Julia, like a butterfly, ran after her winged sisters, in spite of her betrothed, who ran races with her, till she said that it did not pay for the trouble, for he did not try at all. "It was too warm."

He preferred to anything sitting on a soft sofa, with his little bride, resting comfortably on the plump cushions, in a sort of meditation—the comfortable side of life. He sometimes employed himself in hunting, alternately on the estate of Colonel H. and that of his own father. The latter was a cheerful, kind-hearted old man, who held in high honor five things on the earth; namely, his own noble name, his son, the friendship of Colonel H., his pair of white horses called the "Swans," and his pipe, for the purpose of lighting which, a fire was kept constantly burning, summer and winter, on his hearth. He was delighted with his future little daughter-in-law, who, however, played him many sly tricks, at which he was very angry, but soon relented. He was fond of telling stories, exaggerated not a little, swore stoutly, and was finally what is called a man of honor.

At Thorsborg the family arrangements were quiet and orderly. Madame H., to be sure, still went about with her bunch of keys and her cares, but no one was disturbed by them, for she was so thoroughly kind, that she never troubled or interfered with any body but herself.

The evenings were particularly agreeable. We then

all assembled in a little green cabinet, richly provided with pictures and flowers, and where the reading of the works of Franzen, Tegner, Stagnelius, Sjoberg, Nicander, and other Swedish authors, which we learned to prize more highly from the expressive eloquence and fine declamation of Professor L., enriched us with fresh ideas and feelings. A book was often chosen from among them, the design of which is to give clearness to the human mind on those most important subjects,—God and Immortality. I soon remarked that this was done with particular reference to the blind girl, on whose marble face the eye of the Colonel always rested during the reading of passages, where the rays of the Godhead broke out most clearly and warmly, though obscured by the veil of human weakness. The evening was often spent in conversation on such subjects. Professor L., the Colonel, and Helen, for the most part, shared in it. The measures which the Colonel, in common with the Professor, took for the moral improvement of his tenants, by means of schools and other arrangements, made for their advantage and pleasure, gave an easy occasion to these conversations. Man—his organization, his education, his destiny, his dignity, his weakness, God's strength—the advancement of man, by means of a rightly preached gospel; to bring this life into union with the future; these were subjects which were treated with equal animation, beauty, clearness, and power, by Professor L. His animated and energetic manner, which so well expressed the fullness of his mind, the happy skill, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, of making clear the most abstract ideas, by examples drawn from the

dominions of history, morality, and nature ; the quiet beautiful wisdom, which was the result of his doctrines, the benevolent power of which went irresistably to the hearts of all his listeners, the fine tone of his manly voice, the dignity and impressiveness of his manner, all these were combined in such a way, that we listened to him with delight for whole hours. And when he, entering more deeply into his subject, with increasing warmth and more energetic language, expressed still higher and bolder ideas, we felt, as it were, raised from the earth, and brought nearer to heaven. It was an apotheosis of thought and feeling, and the heavenward journey of the moment always left behind it, in the soul, some sparks of the eternal fire.

It was on such evenings, that I perceived in Julia something higher and more noble than until now I had seen in her childish and flighty manner. I saw her bosom heave, her cheeks grow red, while she listened to discourses on truth and virtue ; and while her expressive eyes hung upon the lips of their noble interpreter, to draw in every word he might utter, she would answer her *lover* shortly and with indifference, when he sometimes asked her opinion on certain little paste-board labors, in executing which he had certainly considerable skill. The blind girl generally remained silent, during the conversations, and her statue-like face seldom betrayed any of the emotions which were given to her inner feelings.

We had also, some evenings, conversations of another kind—lighter, but still not unimportant. In these Madame H. and Cornet Charles distinguished themselves. One evening, when Professor L. and the

Colonel were absent, Lieutenant Arwid made a long address upon the best manner of salting venison, and on the sauce which was best suited to it. Julia asked whether Arwid's speech had not given them an unusual desire to eat an early supper, and go to bed soon. All agreed that it had.

One day as Julia and I were sitting at work, by an open window, a pot of roses standing on the table between us, after we had been sitting in silence for some time, Julia said hastily, "Do not you think—" and then again was suddenly silent.

I looked up at her, and asked, "What then?"

"Yes—that—Professor L. has something noble in his countenance, especially about the forehead."

"Yes," I replied, "we read there his noble soul, his mild wisdom."

Julia bent her head over the rose bush, a bud of which, at this moment, seemed to strike her cheek.

"Aha," thought I. Julia resumed; "Do you not think—?" a new pause.

"That Professor—" said I, leading the way.

"Yes, that—that Professor L. has a very melodious voice, and speaks extremely well. He makes everything so clear, so rich, so beautiful, it seems as if one were made better by listening to him."

"It is true. But do you not find that Lieutenant Arwid has a very handsome moustache, and an uncommonly fine voice, particularly when he says "The Thous—"

"Now you are wicked, Beata," said Julia, blushing deeply, and, getting up, she ran away. As she passed by, she awoke Lieutenant Arwid, who was taking his

afternoon nap, on a sofa, in the next room ; whereupon he grumbled a little, while he stretched out his arms and legs with nonchalance, he demanded a kiss, by way of satisfaction. He received—nothing.

Meantime Julia grew more serious every day ; her former constantly gay and kind temper became variable, and sometimes unkind ; her manner was more quiet and earnest, and sometimes a light trace of grief rested on her charming face. But for a long time no one of the family observed this change. The members of it had all too many affairs of their own to look after.

Madam H., whose active nature and industrious kindness always kept her employed, found, when in the country, every hour occupied. She was the comforter, the counsellor, and the teacher of her dependants, in great as well as in small matters ; and was, besides, the physician of the whole neighbourhood. She did all this, with an ease and presence of mind which one would hardly have attributed to her, when the careful way in which she managed the smallest affairs of her household were borne in mind. She went herself to the people with drops and encouragement, soup and good advice, and the former gave to the latter spirit and strength. She was the favourite of the whole region. Old and young, rich and poor, they all praised her ; she was “ too good,” “ too kind.”

The Colonel applied himself apparently more in the passive, but he was in fact more active, more busy, with the wellfare of those who were subject to him. He was, for his tenants, as well as for his house servants, a good and just, but severe master. He was everywhere more feared than beloved ; but all acknowledged, that

during the time he had governed the estate, immorality, drunkenness, and all crimes had every year decreased; and that, on the contrary, good order, morality, social intercourse, and consequently prosperity and content, had increased, and even spread to neighbouring places. The excellent establishments he had made, the schools he had founded, and which he endeavoured every year to improve, gave hope of the advancing cultivation and happiness of the rising generation. Professor L. was now a most valuable fellow-worker with him.

This is the place to say a few words of farther explanation respecting Professor L. They shall be short and good.

Professor L. was the son of a rich man, and was himself in easy circumstances. He had become a clergyman, as being, in his opinion, the way in which he could be most useful to his fellow men. He was, in the most beautiful meaning of the word, the father of his flock. It was singular, that he was as attentive, and perhaps even more attentive, than I was to Julia. His eye followed her so kindly, so earnestly, so inquiringly.

Helen had the oversight of the girls' school in the parish, an important office, which she fulfilled with as much pleasure as diligence.

The Cornet had the supervision of the boys' school does any one believe it? No, Heaven forbid! And it was as well for him as for the school that he had not. He was suddenly seized with a violent passion for botany, went out early in the morning, was often absent all day, and came home at evening very tired, his pockets full of weeds—

flowers, I should say. He talked a great deal of the interest, the value and the uses of botany, pointed out to Julia incessantly the difference between Pentandria and Octandria, etc. He was particularly anxious to find the *Linnæa borealis*, which he had heard grew in that neighbourhood, but which he had not been able to discover. For this he was seeking early and late.

"It is strange to see Charles," said Julia, "when he comes home from his botanizing rambles; he is either so gay that he embraces every body, or he is cross enough to bite one."

"He is getting too crazy after his botany," said the Colonel.

Helen laughed and shook her head, and I did the same, and you will certainly do so too, my fair young reader. I suppose he was—but silence, silence, until—We will not betray the secret, it will come to light in due season. In the mean time, we will go in the great family carriage to make some

V I S I T S ,

The Colonel, Madam H., Julia, the Cornet, and I. Madam H. who sometimes had ideas which seemed to have fallen from the moon, had lately taken up the opinion that I was beginning to grow melancholy, which she thought proceeded from my having brooded too much over the Book of Revelations. She had sometimes found me with the Bible in my hand, open at the last part, where the coming of the New Jerusalem is

described. Now nothing made Madam H. more anxious than brooding over books. She sometimes thought my reason was in danger, and to divert me, and withdraw me from "such things" she wished me to accompany them in the visits they were making in the neighborhood.

On a fine afternoon we started all in good health and spirits.

We drank coffee with Madam Mellander, who with her husband (the pendant to his wife,) rented a little place of the Colonel. Madam Mellander was uncommonly ugly, she was pock marked, and had a bearded chin; she turned up her nose very high over her silent husband, who acknowledged most humbly her worth and her power, and harangued her two pretty but somewhat awkward daughters, whom the Cornet compared to drooping birch trees, the whole day long, upon their manners and morals. Beyond this she was regular, moderate, and domestic, kept her household, her husband, her daughters, a maid, and three cats in good order, and thought that on this account she possessed an excellent head for management.

"Yes, yes," she would sometimes say, with a sigh, "now people say Count Platen is dead! Next year, they will perhaps say Madam Mellander is dead."

"That *would* be terrible," said the Colonel, if he were present.

While Mr. Mellander conducted the Colonel into his little garden to shew him a new plan or some newly made arable land, which had been reclaimed from an old potato field, we learned all the news from Madam

Mellander. First that she was reading a very pleasant book, about a young man named Fritz.

"Is it a romance?" said Madam H.

"Yes, it is a romance. It is very pretty. The lady whom Fritz is in love with is named Ingeborg."

"Who wrote the book?" asked Madam H.

"Oh, I do not know indeed, he must be a preacher. and it is so delightful, how she goes out to sea, and how she clasps her little white hands."

"Can that be Frithiof?" cried the Cornet aloud, in surprise.

"Frithiof—yes, Fritz or Frithiof, that is his name."

"By Tegner," said Madam H.

"Ten—yes, yes, I believe I have heard such a name."

Julia raised her eyes to heaven.

Madam H. who now first saw that it was desirable to turn the conversation from such subjects, asked Madam Mellander whether she had heard that the Countess B. had already come to her estate in the country.

"No," answered Madam Mellander, sharply and decisively, "I know nothing about her. There is no intercourse between us now. Can you imagine my lady, that she and I were brought up together. Yes, we were every day together when we were young, and she had a straw hat with yellow ribbons, and I had a straw hat with red ribbons, and I said to her, "Do you hear Jeanette!" and she said to me "Do you hear Lisette," and we were the best friends in the world. Then she went her way and I went mine—to my uncle Counsellor Strissberg, at Norrtele. Your grace certainly knows him."

"No," answered "Her Grace." Oh my goodness! not know the rich Strissberg—who married Mamsell Britmund, of Stockholm. Your grace must know certainly the brother-in-law of Lonnberg—he who lives near the market."

"No, I do not know him,"—answered Madam H. smiling, but somewhat confused.

"Indeed, indeed," said Madam Mellander, somewhat displeased, and perhaps with decreased consideration for the acquaintance of the lady. "Well," she continued her narrative, "then it happened that we did not see each other for several years. But after I married Mellander, I saw once at a concert at Stockholm, the companion of my youth, who had now become the Countess B. I bowed and bowed to her—but would you believe it, she stared directly at me and never bowed at all, and behaved as if she did not recognise me—Aha, thought I. Now, when she passes my house, here in the country, she will stick her head out of the carriage window, and bow and nod. But I—I mind my sewing, what do you think of that, Madam H."

What that lady thought, Madam Mellander did not find out then, for at that very moment her better half came in with the Colonel, who proposed taking leave, as it was already five o'clock, and it was nearly a mile to Lofstaholm, where we were to make the next visit to the Landholder D. Each of the company meantime were compelled to take two cups of coffee, with the exception of the Cornet, who begged to be excused. He and Julia had during this time done their best to amuse and enliven the Misses Eva and Amalia. The Cornet in a gay, good-natured way, paid them all sorts of little

compliments. Julia praised their flowers, promised to lend them books, patterns, etc. all which had the effect of arousing the pretty drooping birches as if they had been shaken by a fresh breeze, or enlivened by a refreshing rain, to raise their branches and begin to wave their leaves—that is, Amalia and Eva were quite animated, and the apples of their eyes moved east and west.

At Lofstaholm, the Colonel and his family were received with the most lively and clamorous joy. Great attention was paid to Cornet Charles, who from his cheerful character, his gay humor, and his pleasant manner was universally beloved by all the neighbours, and stood in especial favor at merry Lofstaholm, where balls, plays and amusements of all kinds were constantly following each other, and where he sometimes danced twenty four dances in a night with twelve ladies, and sometimes took part as Captain Puff* or Cousin Pastoreau, or the Burgomaster in Carolus Magnus, and gave universal pleasure. He “never had been able to play the part of a Lover,” which was very natural, because he had never been in love, and could not represent what was so opposite to his nature.

To celebrate the birth day of Mr. D. his three gifted sons gave this evening a little concert, to which a rather numerous assembly of listeners were invited, and to which the H. family made a welcome addition.

Madam D. who had the reputation of being a highly educated woman, who talked about Weber and Rossini, of

* “Captain Puff,” a favorite Comedy of the Swedish Comic Poet, Oloff Kexell.

education and instruction, poetry, coloring, taste, tact, etc. set about making a speech to Madam H. upon her views on education, and the system on which she had brought up her children, and in which Weber as well as Rossini—education, taste, tact—tact more especially—were all brought in.

The Concert began. Eleonora D. timid and blushing sat down at the piano, and played "*con tutta la forza della disperazione.*" In every chord she struck she gave the ears of the listeners two or three notes into the bargain, and the trills—thanks to the Bass Pedal—went over the key board like a stroke of india rubber over a drawing. The conclusion was very effective, the whole Piano groaned. The blue eyed Theresa then sang an air from the Barber of Seville. Splendid staccati tones powerful trills produced with great strength of touch, called forth loud expressions of gratitude from the audience,—in return for so much labor.

Landman D. a little fat and gay old man, foolishly attached to his children, whom in his paternal heart, he compared to the seven wonders of the world, went immediately up to Colonel H. and nibbling his hands, asked with sparkling eyes, "now brother, what do you say, what do you think, what, what?"

The Colonel, who had a good natural taste, and had in his life listened to too much good music, not to know what it was, had recourse to his good-natured, roguish laugh, and to an equivocal speech, "She plays confoundedly well—she plays wonderfully;" which expressions, the happy father received with the most lively pleasure.

In the duet which followed, between Adolphus D.

and one of his sisters, they "fell out," (as the Colonel called it,) somewhat, and a duet of ungracious glances took place between brother and sisters, during which the song sometimes ran into this accompaniment.

The Finale, a chorus, sung by all the seven virtuosos together, about "loves and doves," "blights and delights," and many more, singular rhymes, which with the rows of words placed before them, were composed by Adolphus D., I thought would shake the house down.

Madam H., who had sat through all this, as if she had been at evening mass, with a devout and somewhat plaintive countenance, did her best to satisfy the thirst for praise of the musical family. The Colonel repeated his strong expressions, and the company sung a chorus of bravos, in many cases given with somewhat equivocal glances. This conduct displeased the Cornet; he could get along easily, for he could and did say merely, that he knew nothing of music, and could not, therefore, give any opinion. Others, who, on account of their musical taste, (or for their sins,) are called upon to give their opinion at such concerts, are badly enough off. Artists by trade, may venture to criticise, they have purchased this right; but amateurs can only praise, to this they are held pledged, and if they cannot do it with a good conscience, the truth is not always well received, or it is received perhaps with a wry face.

It was not to be thought of that we should return home before supper. It was eleven o'clock when we were seated in the carriage. It was a mild and uncommonly beautiful spring night. Madame H. soon fell

asleep, lulled by the gentle motion, and our conversation ;—we were all silent. The Colonel's face was shaded ;—the Cornet sat and looked at the moon, which looked down pale and mild over the green quiet earth. There was a sort of enthusiasm in his expression, which I had never remarked before. Even Julia was thoughtful. The coachman and horses must also have been thinking of something, for we passed very slowly through forests and plains. It was about midnight when we came in sight of the Parsonage, the residence of Professor L. We saw lights glimmering from one of the windows. The Colonel saw it and said, "there sits L., watching and working for the good of his fellow-men. He hardly allows himself his night's rest—and yet it may be fifty years and more before his works will be rightly understood and valued. And such nights follow days, the hours of which have all been devoted to the various duties of his office."

"He is like his light," said the Cornet, "he consumes himself to illuminate others."

"He must be a most noble man," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed he is," replied the Colonel, "I know no one more so—but he cannot live long as he now lives."

"Has he not," asked Julia, "any sister or mother, or some one with him at home, who looks after him, loves him, and takes care of him?"

"No, he is solitary."

"Solitary," repeated Julia, in a low and sad tone ; and while we made a circuit about the parsonage, she leaned out of the carriage window, and held her head still turned in the same direction.

"What are you looking at, my child?" asked the Colonel.

"At the light, father—it glimmers so beautifully in the night."

The next day there were some visits to be made in the neighborhood—but it was altogether impossible for the Cornet to accompany us. He had heard a report that the *Linnæa borealis* was to be found in a wood, about half a mile east of Thorsborg, and to convince himself of the truth of it, he was obliged to leave us before noon.

"I do not understand," said Julia, "on what Charles lives some days. He never takes any food with him, although I beg him to do so, when he goes on his botanical pilgrimages, and it seems to me he is really growing thin."

"He is running again now into the woods," said the Colonel, when he saw his son taking great strides across the court, "I fear his *Linnæa borealis* is turning his head."

Our visits this day were less fortunate. At L. and Vik, the little children had the measles, and on account of our little boys, we turned away immediately on receiving this intelligence.

At M. the Countess was not at home.—In a little summer-house in the garden her canary birds were singing, starving in splendid cages, and seemed with their thrilling tones, now plaintive, and now joyous, to endeavor to draw attention to their wants.

Madam H. gave them corn, water, sugar, birds' grass, and said a thousand kind words to them,

"With all these things," remarked the Colonel, "we shall get no tea to-night."

Not to get his tea between six and seven in the evening, was a real deprivation to the Colonel, and Madam H. who well knew this, sat in the carriage with an anxious mien as we proceeded on our homeward ride, which would take us at least another half hour. To shorten it, as he supposed, the coachman took a new road, from which we had, too, some new views of the country. We stopped to let the horses breathe at a wild place, overgrown with shrubbery. On the right, and at a distance from the road, we saw over the tops of the trees, a slight pillar of smoke rising, which, a gentle breeze blew over towards us.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "I could almost think they had tea ready for us there. Look, Julia, can you not see a white wall through the woods?"

"Yes, I see something of a greyish white—there is actually a house there, the smoke appears to come from it. It is plain there is a fairy there who is expecting us, to entertain us—a fairy and tea—how charming."

"My opinion is," said the Colonel, "that if there is a fairy there, there are also real men and women, who would give us a cup of tea in their best manner, if we,—what do you think, Charlotte? Shall we not make a visit to the little inviting castle in the woods? We can tell the inhabitants that we wish to make their acquaintance, and that we—in a word, that we are thirsty."

Julia laughed heartily. Madam H. looked quite shocked.

"My dear," said she, "that would not do."

"It would do very well for me," said the Colonel, "to get a cup of tea."

"Besides, dear mother," said Julia, "we might perhaps make an interesting acquaintance. Think, for example, if Don Quixote did not die of his loss of blood as has been reported, but travelled to the north, and should be living here with his fair Toboso, and should now receive us—or if we should meet a hermit, who should tell us his story, or a disguised princess."

"What and whom you will," said the Colonel, "if he will only be christian enough to give us a cup of tea."

Though the Colonel brought out certainly for the fourth time, his cup of tea, yet Madam H. recoiled so much from this visit to Don Quixote, as she called it, that the thoughts of it were given up, and it was concluded to proceed on our journey.

Just as the carriage was again put in motion, crack! off went one of the back wheels, the carriage sunk slowly down, and with different exclamations, we, one over another, rolled down into the road.

Madam H. lay upon me, but made an effort before she thought of getting up, to draw out her reticule, which by accident was under me, which I assured her it was entirely impossible to do, as I could not move a limb.

At last we were all on our feet. Madam H. was very pale, and we all surrounded her, and anxiously asked her a thousand times whether she was bruised, very much frightened, etc. But as she answered all these anxious questions with "no," and as we on our side were able to say that we were neither frightened, nor

had suffered any fractures or bruises, (I could not say so much for squeezing,) Julia burst out into such a hearty and ringing laugh, that all the company were obliged to join her in it. The coachman and the maid though uninjured as well as ourselves, did not immediately recover their smiling faces.

With their assistance the Colonel now attempted to raise the old heavy coach. The sand in the road was very deep, and the carriage was as it were buried in it. The coachman was an invalid, the maid superannuated; they strained and cried "oh, oh,"—the Colonel alone worked, and the coach did not move from its hole.

A visit to the grey house, (the only human dwelling visible,) was now necessary; and the Colonel, who was so fixed upon this visit, and his cup of tea, was quite merry about the accident to the carriage; and saying "we must all go together in sorrow and joy," gave his wife his arm, and led her with unusual cheerfulness and good humor through the narrow path which wound through a grove of pines and firs, and appeared to lead to the grey house, which has been so often mentioned.

"It is going to rain," said Madam H. looking anxiously up to the sky—"my bonnet! could we not wait here under the trees, while Gronwall runs along and gets some people for the carriage."

"It is not going to rain," said the Colonel.

"It is raining now," said Madam H. "Let us make haste to get shelter," cried the Colonel, and hurried gaily forward, holding his hat over the head of Madam H.

At last we reached the little grey house. It had a dark ruinous appearance, and with the exception of a

small kitchen garden, every thing about it was wild and uncultivated. The silver sources of a stream, glimmered at some distance through the dark pine wood.

Just as we entered the house it began to rain violently. A door stood open which led directly to the first story. It opened upon the temple of cookery. As the Colonel went in, a girl started from a corner like a hare from his hole, stared at us with sleepy eyes, and stammered—"Be so good—please to walk up stairs, the family are at home."

We ascended a narrow and dark staircase, and when we reached the top, the Colonel opened a door, which gave us a view of a small room, which on all sides was filled with clothes. Tables, chairs, and baskets were filled with ironed and unironed articles. The air was moist, and hot as that of a heated oven.

"Forward, just go forward," said the Colonel kindly to Madam H.—who paused upon the threshold.

"My dear, I cannot step into the clothes baskets," answered she, somewhat displeased. The Colonel and I cleared the way, and we passed through the laundry to another door, on opening which we all stood still for a moment, in astonishment and wonder.

A perfectly beautiful woman, of a majestic form, dressed in black and rich laces, stood in the middle of a room, which was tastefully ornamented with beautiful chrystals, vases of flowers, mirrors, and other articles of luxury. Something stood behind her, though it only seemed to float on the air; a young,—yes, actually only a young girl, but so enchanting, so angelically beautiful that one might well doubt if she were of terrestrial origin. She could not be more than

sixteen. Her bright hair was confined with a golden arrow, and she wore a white crape dress which floated like a bright cloud round the lily white, lovely, ideal shaped, angelic creature.

The older lady came forward to meet us, while her dark blue eyes looked proudly and inquiringly on the unbidden guests. Madam H. stepped backwards and trod upon my toes. The Colonel whose noble bearing, and open and free manner made a pleasant impression on every one, soon brought an amiable smile to the lips of the beautiful lady of the wood, while he related to her in a manner as polite as it was comical, the cause or rather the causes of our unexpected visit, prayed her to excuse it, mentioned his name, (which seemed to make a peculiar impression on the fair unknown) and presented his wife and daughter. He forgot me; but I forgave him. Who speaks of the gravy to the meat? that follows of itself, like an appendix. The fair lady of the wood answered in broken Swedish, but with a voice, which was music itself. "You are very welcome, you shall have assistance to repair your carriage, and you must take some tea—such as I have. My daughter, my Herminia," added she, while she stroked the locks of the Sylph from her forehead.

While Madam H. was advancing to the sofa, she stopped and bowed very politely to a gentleman, who had stood until then half hidden by the window blind, but who now stepped forward, took the hand of the amazed Madam H., shook and kissed it, while smiling, but not without embarrassment, he said "Dear mother;" it was—the Cornet!

Madam H. exclaimed, and seated herself in haste,

and in great surprise upon the sofa, folded her hands and looked up at her son. The Colonel stretched open his eyes, made a highly comical grimace but said nothing—a somewhat perplexing restraint arose in the company.—The Cornet who seemed to be standing on pins, soon went out to look after the carriage.

The fair lady of the wood also went out, and we remained alone with the Sylph, whom the Colonel regarded with apparent delight. He, with Madam H. and Julia sought to make her talkative by questions and remarks upon different subjects, but it did not succeed. She said but little, and avoided answering their questions. Child-like innocence, inborn grace, and an almost divine repose appeared in her whole person and impressed every thing which she said. She spoke tolerably good Swedish, but with an accent the melody of which betrayed the Italian language. Julia was charmed, and was constantly whispering to me. “She is an angel, an angel, see her mouth—no—see her little hand—no—see her foot—her eyes—ah—brother Charles—now you are fixed—she is a veritable angel.”

A harp and a lyre stood in the small, tastefully arranged chamber. To Julia’s question to Herminia, whether she played one of those instruments, she answered by taking the harp and playing a Canzonetta of Azioli with such grace and sung the words with such feeling and beauty that the eyes of all present filled with tears.

She had hardly finished, when her mother entered: soon after came the Cornet and tea. The business to which this last gave place, made the pauses which occurred in the conversation less remarked.

I could not avoid noticing, (and this may be pardoned in a house-wife) the meanness of the furniture of the tea table. The cups were of Rorstrand's* coarsest ware, (three were tinned) the sugar was ordinary, very dark brown; of bread or cake I saw not a trace.

I was afraid that our fair hostess remarked that I looked round a little, and that Madam H. did the same, and exchanged glances with me; for her face exhibited a painful confusion, and she stammered out something about the difficulty of getting wheat flour. With her usual kind forethought, Madam H. offered immediately to send her some of her treasures, but she received for answer a cold and decided "No," at which Madam H. was somewhat discouraged and troubled.

The Colonel was sipping with satisfaction his second cup of tea, when all at once a violent noise was heard, and some one hastily ascended the stairs. Our hostess grew first red, then pale, rose and made some steps towards the door, when that was hastily pushed open, and a man with a wild expression of restrained anger, a pale, powerful and decided countenance came violently in, proudly and carelessly saluted the company he found in the parlour, and seated himself by a window where he remained silent, often throwing wild, angry and penetrating glances toward our fair hostess, who visibly trembling, took her place again silently beside Madam H. Yet by degrees her manner became more quiet, and she twice answered the angry look

* RORSTRAND, a great manufacturer of Porcelain in the neighbourhood of Stockholm.

which was thrown upon her, by a returning glance of pride and even scorn.

The Colonel who measured the new comer with searching looks, addressed to him some question about the weather. At the sound of his voice, the unknown turned hastily round, looked sharply at the questioner, and while a pale red coloured his sunken cheeks, answered, as it seemed, without knowing what he said "Yes, yes, it does not rain any longer—people can go their ways!"

He looked again out of the window and repeated, "it has entirely left off raining—there is no danger in going out now." The Colonel who seemed on that day to be possessed with a spirit of contradiction, said against all probability, for the sky was becoming still clearer every moment, "Oh—it is still dark, and it is beginning to rain worse than ever."

Madam H. now turned a somewhat beseeching look toward him, and at this silent prayer he rose, and saw at last that the rain had ceased, and that we might be on our way. With thanks and apologies we took leave of the lady and her daughter, who had great tears in her beautiful eyes, and silently bowed to Mr. Deerslayer, (as Julia named him) who shot at us with his eyes and appeared to wish us farther.

"Are you going with us Charles," said the Colonel to his son, or are you still seeking for the Linnæa bo—"

"I will run on before, and see whether the carriage is in order," cried the Cornet, and rushed off like a tornado.

When we were again seated in the carriage, the

Cornet was stormed with questions. He declared he knew no more of the fair foreigners than we did, he had made their acquaintance during a wandering in their neighbourhood—he knew that they were beautiful and amiable, that they lived apart from every body and appeared to be poor. More than this he did not know—nothing more. “Poor!” cried his mother, “and so dressed, with such laces.”

The Cornet blushed and said, “They are always well dressed.”

“But who in the world was that rude man;” asked Julia.

“The master of the house;” answered the Cornet, “he seems to have an unhappy and irritable temper—I do not know anything more of the family.”

The Colonel looked sharply at his son who was visibly confused.

We were still in the carriage. Madam H. shook her head as an accompaniment to her thoughts.

The Colonel suddenly broke the silence by saying good humoredly, while he smiled, “I have still her Kling, Kling, in my ears.”

“Kling, kling!” cried the Cornet blushing. “Yes,” answered the Colonel dryly, and silence again prevailed.

Julia, to be sure, had her heart and her eyes full of animated words about the two fair foreigners, but she did not well know on what footing her brother's acquaintance with them stood, and she seldom dared in presence of her father, to let her transports take air, for fear of his sarcastic expression of which she had an almost panic dread.

"It is remarkable," said the Colonel again, "that just in this forest region, west of Thorsborg, the singular *Linnæa* bo—"

"Do you not think, father," interrupted the Cornet, hastily, "that I had better draw up the window, or perhaps father you had better not—speak much—the cold fog comes in?"

"Thank you for your caution, my son—there is no danger for me—I am more afraid for you—lest in your botanical excursions you should make yourself ill, that you should get cold—have chills—"

"Chills!" said the Cornet, laughing, but at the same time blushing, "one would expect to have a fever rather."

"I would be your doctor," said the Colonel, "and as I see very decided symptoms of illness, I order you—"

"I most humbly thank you, dear father, but there is as yet no danger—that I assure you—I have however still much—respect for the remedies!"

The Colonel was silent. Madam H. sighed—Julia winked mischievously at me. The carriage stopped. We had reached home. It was already very late in the evening.

During supper the Colonel said to his son, "Now Charles, when were you so fortunate as to find your *Linnæa borealis*?"

The Cornet replied, with precipitation, "This very day father," at the same moment he drew from his pocket book a little plant, saying, "this little northern flower, which, except in Sweden and Norway, is only found in Switzerland and on a mountain in America,

has a peculiar odor, particularly at night. This is beginning to dry, but it still smells good—smell of it Julia.”

“My dear Charles,” exclaimed Julia, “this smells exactly like wormwood—but no—what am I talking about—it smells—”

“Wormwood,” said the Cornet, surprised, and looking in confusion at his sprig of wormwood, “I am mistaken—I have lost—I had—”

The Colonel laughed sarcastically, “It must be confessed” said he, “that this *Linnæa borealis* is a very singular plant.”

But the person who first succeeded in finding out more about the *Linnæa borealis*, was Madam H. Between the mother and son there prevailed such extreme tenderness, that the questions of one always called out the confidence of the other, if it were not before given voluntarily. Above all her children Madam H. was attached to her eldest son, though she would never allow that she made any distinction between them. He was the one among them, most like herself, as well in person as the intrinsic goodness of his heart. Beside that, the very careful nursing which she had devoted to his extremely delicate and sickly childhood had cost her much of her own health and strength, and this had perhaps more than any thing else, chained the child to the heart of the mother, who had preserved him through so many sacrifices. What costs us much becomes more valuable to us. She was now rewarded by the most affectionate love of her son.

If Madam H. did know a secret, it did not help the rest of us out of the dark. The Colonel did not seem

to know any more than we did, for he often in a playful manner joked about botany and the *Linnæa borealis*, of which words the Cornet stood in most righteous fear, and the conversation on which he always endeavored to interrupt by bringing on the tapis some new subject,—the first was the best.

Meantime he continued his peregrinations undisturbed, undertook even a little pedestrian tour through the neighbouring country, which lasted about a week, and for—but of this hereafter.

The Colonel said, in his usual quite manner, “in fourteen days, the young gentleman goes to camp. The expedition will then keep him in Koslapæn all summer; his love for Botany and the *Linnæa borealis* will pass away in that time.”

Meanwhile Julia for her part was in considerable trouble. Lieutenant Arwid, who in the country missed the subjects of conversation, to which the city life alone gave occasion, began in his *tete a tetes* with his bride, to have nothing further to say than “My little Julia.” After the lovers had sat near each other for some time in silent observation, Julia began to yawn. Then Arwid would say: “You are sleepy, ‘little’ Julia?” “Yes,” she would reply; “and thanks to you for it,” she thought.

“Lean on me my angel, and take a little nap,” said, in a tender voice, her future earthly support, “lean on me and the sofa cushion, which I will fix; I will lean on the other cushion, and take a nap too, that will be divinely beautiful!” With a somewhat troubled look, Julia followed his advice, and soon morning and noon the lovers were seen together fast asleep. Julia

said, sometimes, it was a sin and a shame to sleep away one's life so, but her bridegroom was of opinion that it was the best way to enjoy one's self, and that whoever would make a good wife, must while betrothed, follow the wishes of her lover; so he held Julia to her morning and afternoon naps. She was once heard to answer, half in joke and half vexation, to Lieutenant Arwid's prayer that she would consider him a cushion, "I assure you that I begin to think so in reality."

THE BLIND GIRL.

"I see only darkness,"

Madame H., who had fully assured herself that the reason of my supposed melancholy was a tendency to consumption, ordered me a milk diet, and long walks in the open air, early in the morning.

Perhaps she did this, to keep me, without the appearance of restraint, as a companion for Elizabeth, for whom the physicians had prescribed the same diet. Be that as it may, four things, were decided: I was melancholy—I was in a consumption—I must be cured—and I must walk.

I began also to drink milk, and went with Elizabeth during the early morning hours of spring, into the beautiful park, where the birds at this hour joined in a concert which was disturbed neither by the gentle steps of the two wanderers, nor by many words from their mouths.

Elizabeth's demeanor was at first cold and unfriendly. She was almost always silent, and the few words which she did utter, bore the impress of a weak and sensitive spirit. She often asked; "What o'clock is it?" And at my answer, there was always an impatient sigh; "No later?"

I was silent, because I—because I actually did not know what to say—because I feared I might trouble her anxious, sensitive, unhappy soul by an inconsiderate word. I saw that she was suffering—would most willingly have consoled her, but did not know what tone to assume to carry consolation to her heart. Besides, it seemed to me that human words could be no more fitted to alleviate her sorrow, than the mild, fresh, life-giving spring air, which surrounded us; than those melodious choruses which rose from the murmuring hedges; than those rich, lovely, fragrant odors which seemed to be the breath of young nature drawn into our inmost soul. Ah, what could I say which would be more penetrating, more full of love, more soothing than this beautiful and wonderful poetry of nature?

By degrees Elizabeth's demeanor became more mild. My quiet but unobtrusive attentions were no longer opposed in an unfriendly manner. She talked often and more quietly.

One day she said to me; "You are calm and friendly, like nature; it does one good to be with you." As I had never sought to penetrate into her inmost soul by a single question, she seemed to forget that she was surrounded by anything else than this nature, into whose bosom the most unhappy being is not afraid to

pour out his sorrow, and which is often the best and the most consoling friend. She often expressed half-uttered sounds, which were now full of deep sorrow, now fearfully wild and murmuring; at times they were monotonous, but a sort of lullaby, as if she wished to calm the stormy feelings of her heart. This melancholy song often created in me that very illness which Madam H. wished to cure.

In her gestures, Elizabeth showed the relaxation of feeling hitherto repressed. She often stretched out her arms, or made gestures with them, as if she was motioning away something frightful; at times she pressed her hands against her breast, or folded them over her bosom with an expression of indescribable suffering. Often her motions were so quick and wild, that she seemed nearly bursting out into madness. But as we finished our morning walk, and approached the house, she immediately resumed her cold, reserved and naturally stiff manner.

One morning when we were sitting upon a bank, she suddenly said to me; "We are sitting in the sun—are we not? I feel the warmth. Let us go into the shade. I do not love the sun, it has no sympathy with me."

I led her to a bank, where a luxuriant hedge of elder kept off the rays of the sun.

"It must be very pleasant to-day," said Elizabeth, "It seems to me I have never felt such a delightful breeze." And now she began to ask me questions about the color of flowers, about trees and birds, about everything around us which was beautiful, invisible to her, and in a tone so gently mournful, that

my heart was overpowered with deep inward emotion; a few tears which I could not restrain fell from my eyes upon her hand that was resting upon mine. She drew her hand quickly away, while she said; "Are you weeping for me? Do you feel compassion for me! No one shall do that—no one shall pity me, no one shall commiserate me;—I do not deserve it! You must no longer be deceived in me, learn to know me—learn to despise me! this heart has planned crime, this hand has committed murder! I am going now, I know it, I feel it, to meet death,—but a silent death, almost without suffering,—and I have deserved to end my days upon the scaffold, under the executioner's hand.

At these words I felt as if day had grown dark around me. I was silent with horror. Elizabeth also was silent, but with an expression of wild despair, and with a smile of scorn upon her pale lips. At length this changed to an expression of dark dejection, while she softly and slowly said, "Is any one near me?" "I am here," I answered as quietly and mildly as possible, for I felt how much more the unhappy guilty woman needed the kindness of her fellow-creatures, than the innocent sufferer.

"Soon," said Elizabeth, with her hands upon her breast, "soon will the flames of hell which are raging here, be let loose! Silent death! I feel your friendly approach. This tormented head will soon rest benumbed in the cold earth—mother earth! you will press to your bosom the tired child, who through all the long, long days of life has learned to know and to bless no mother's heart, no father's breast, no friend's

supporting arm? But why do I complain? For the sake of receiving as charity, mere contemptible compassion? And I do not even deserve that! I am a wretched creature!" She was silent, but began again, after a short pause; "It is strange—to-day—to-day—after so many hundred days of misery borne in silence, my heart will speak out,—will like an enchained prisoner, breathe a freer air, will go forth into daylight, indifferent to the feelings of disgust and horror which the sight of a wretched criminal excites in others. The flame will once more blaze up, and spread around itself a horrible brightness before it is extinguished for ever.

"Turn your face away from me, Beata! Follow the example of the sun,—it is no matter—or rather it is better so—I have still something to lose—your compassion. Well I deserve this punishment."

She was again silent,—sorrowful feelings seemed to shake her very soul, and an indescribable expression of enthusiasm and melancholy was painted on her beautiful countenance, while she stretched out her arms with longing, and called out;

"Fatherland, Freedom, Honor!—could I have tried, struggled, and died for you, I should not have been the wretched, degraded being I now am. Had I been a man, my heart would not in vain have beat for you, for you; the worthy goal for the soul's eagle flight. This flame, which now consumes my wicked breast, would then have been kindled on your altars, would have blazed up on high, a clear and holy sacrificial flame. But now—O how unhappy is the woman, to whom nature has given a soul full of fire, strength of feeling,

and enthusiasm. Unhappy the woman who sees in the narrow circle in which she is called upon to live and to work quietly, and monotonously, only a joyless station, a prison, a grave of life !”

“ I was this unhappy one. O how I suffered in the struggle with destiny ! This was the dragon against which I strove,—which I thought I was chosen to conquer—and he has thrown me down to the dust, has dashed me in pieces, has trampled on me like a worm.”

“ In the overflow of youthful feeling, I was proud of the fire, the depth, the strength of my preceptions, and disdained to walk circumspectly—to recognise as law any other power than my own will. I felt that I had wings,—I wished to fly, to rise over everything, I—am fallen !

“ O that my dying voice might be heard by every woman, who, ardent and full of passion, believes that she was created to become something great, splendid, and wonderful ; who believes that the breadth and strength of feeling with which she is endowed, justify her in despising the quiet world in which her lot is cast, with the rest of the human race ; in despising the modest holy reserve of feeling, which divine as well as human laws command ;—and could she see me, how I have fallen by trampling upon these laws, and hear my warning voice say : Bewildered, pitiable creature, struggle against yourself ! Your passionate soul is the dragon against which you must strive ;—whose fire will consume you, and become the destruction of others if it is not suppressed. Yield to destiny and human laws—struggle against yourself, or you will suffer as I have suffered, and be dashed to pieces.

“It is too late for me to struggle—the power has gone—the will has gone! The fire has gained the victory—the temple burns, burns, burns—and will burn—until the wind finds nothing else but ashes. I have myself lighted my funeral pile—I shall be consumed and I suffer!

“Thou world full of harmony, beauty and song, now surrounding me with caressing arms like a waking, smiling child—in vain thou smilest, in vain thou flatterest—I understand thee not, I suffer!

“When I was young—that was a hundred years ago—heaven and hell ruled alternately in my breast; still I was somewhat nearer the first, now I no longer see heaven. When I was young, still very young, I loved with the whole strength of passion. My first love was my father-land. You smile perhaps, you think this feeling laughable in a girl—others have done so—and yet—my father-land! Noble beloved soil of Sweden! Had all thy sons possessed my heart, the heart of a tender maiden, thou would'st have still been what thou once wast, the home of heroes, the lion of Europe.

“You have read and heard of martyrs, of the frightful sufferings, the almost incredible horrors, which the friends of freedom and of country have suffered at all times, and you turn away your eyes and thoughts with horror. I also, read them, and I also heard the fate of each; but I thirsted to share it,—I pondered over all their sufferings and hellish torments; they seemed to me heavenly blessings if suffered for thee my father-land! Blessed of heaven the glory, the pleasure of the same sufferings. While the blossoms of my youth were unfolding, and my feelings were swelling like the

spring flood, the murderous chariot of war thundered through Europe—only an echo of the sound of weapons which flashed forth from contending masses reached our peaceful land. But this reached my heart and awakened the wildest, most overpowering feelings. Ah! I was only a woman! they laughed at, and mocked my enthusiasm. I wept tears of the bitterest indignation, and concealed my fire in my breast.

“Peace was declared, and the words *father-land freedom*, which had shone so brilliantly in the brightness of the flames of war, lost many of their dazzling beams under the shadow of the olive branch. Their beautiful names also lost their magic power in my breast, when thoughts of danger, strife, and honourable death were no longer bound up with them. Peace was declared, the hearts of all were relieved. The world around me became still more common-place and monotonous than before. But my heart remained the same; it wished to live and to act. I was even more desirous than before to seize upon the glittering heights of life, and was pushed back to my *non-existence* by men, by arrangements of society, common-place customs and forms. No galley slave was ever so unhappy as I was. My soul was agitated, as restless as the spirit of the tempest; it grasped at the world; it wished to rise to the stars; penetrate the veil of all feeling, raise the curtain of all knowledge,—and my body and my attention were enchained by the smallest and most trivial things of life. I lived two existences in one,—and one was the torment of the other.

“The world allows to woman only one passion—its unfolding is generally promoted by the reading of

romances, sentimental poetry, and the like. It is love. I learned to know it. It is said to ennoble women, to create her happiness; it has brought me to crime, it brings me now to the grave.

“ My father died. He never understood me, never loved me, never made me happy! Why did he give me life? Had my mother lived, oh, she would have understood me, and would have loved me! I have heard much of her; she suffered much—struggled much. I was the offspring of her last sigh, which I drew in with my first breath, in the first and last mother’s kiss. For this reason, perhaps, has my whole life been like a death struggle, a combat, an eternal conflict. It is nearly over.

“ My uncle, from whom I had until now been separated, took me home. You know him—but no! you do not know him! You take him for a God upon earth, and he is a severe, inflexible man; an implacable, harsh judge. Oh, how severe has he been to me. How I loved him! I had no one, nothing upon the earth. He was my all. I saw no one and nothing but him. I told him this; oh, if he had only had some kindness, some mercy for me. But he was too severe. His look was cold, his word a punishment. I despaired, but adored him.

“ I was beautiful, intellectual, full of youth, and life and feeling. As the waves beat in vain against the rock, which opposes them, and throws them back, so in vain all my feelings; all my natural gifts were sacrificed upon his altar. Ah! the waves are permitted to moisten with tears the hard breast which breaks them and pushes them back. I dare not wet with my

tears the hand which repulsed me—which extended to me the cup of death. He whom I honored and loved above all things—he called my passion for him a crime. I do not know whether it was so then. Perhaps it was not fit for earth. Formerly, I should not have feared to have angels look into my heart; they would have understood me. The angels in heaven love indeed, and must love in a higher degree than the children of the earth, for they love the highest good—they love God! Ah! he was a God to me! Why was he only an angry severe avenger? His condemnation made me despise myself,—and adore him still more.

“Worldly pride arose for a moment in my heart. I wished to conquer my passion, and to punish the inflexible harshness of the object itself.

“I was betrothed to a young man—good and amiable, I believe, who loved me. I remember but little about it. I wished to punish, and believed I could do so by this means, for I entertained for a time the belief I was beloved by him, who was everything to me. Was love the only flame that did not possess the power to warm the object upon which its burning rays were collected? And besides I was so beautiful—and he was, I knew, I saw, weak in his admiration of female beauty. What do I say? When was he ever weak? When did I ever see him waver?—him, the proud, noble, strong one? Oh, I—I was the weak—the erring, the foolish, the wretched one!

“Preparations were made for my wedding. The wedding clothes were ready. I was surrounded with presents, caresses, and flatteries. I looked at him whom I loved; he was very pale.

“The wedding day came, the hour for the ceremony arrived. I looked at him—he was pale, a dim flame burned in his eyes, but he said nothing. At the last important moment I looked at him. He turned his face away from me; he turned from me his beautiful, noble, beloved face—with a look—O, memory! I said “yes!” Hell was in my heart.

“The same evening I went out, and hid myself from every one. There were strange sensations in my head and breast. They sought for me. Ha! ha! ha! then everything was in confusion.

“I had some money with me, and I succeeded, under a feigned name, in reaching one of the sea-ports of Sweden.

“I saw the sea! It was raging in a storm. The east was covered with red flames. I remember it now. Ah! it was beautiful. I sat upon a rock, and looked out upon the sea. The immeasurable sea opened wide its arms; wave rolled upon wave, roaring, foaming, away, away, to the infinite distance, where sea and heaven embraced each other. It roared and foamed. Ha! it was fearful and magnificent. How the fresh breeze cooled my troubled breast. I felt myself refreshed, strengthened. The language of the waves did me good. They beckoned, they whispered—“hither! hither!” For half a day I sat upon a cliff, and looked down into the sea, and listened. I saw the sun rise out of the waves; I saw the sails with white wings gliding away upon the blue sea, under the blue sky, to a distant coast of peace; I heard the warning voices of the ocean, and resolved to obey their call.

“I wished to go to America. I wished to go far,

far away from the ground which he trod upon, from the air which he breathed, from the language and manners which were his.

“The day, the hour of my departure had come. I was about to enter the ship of my salvation, the streamers were gaily fluttering in a favorable wind, soon I should be tossing upon the cool waters, which sung so melodiously; in the midst of their song suddenly I heard the sound of a voice, I felt myself seized by an arm, and dragged away by force. Frightful words were spoken to me by a beloved voice; I hardly understood them; all appeared strange, incomprehensible. I was carried back, like a prisoner, to my husband. Then I felt again strange sensations in my head and breast; a dance, a whirl, and also a gnawing sorrow. This increased more and more. I became, as they call it, mad!

“The same hand which led me away by force from the shore of salvation, chained now my hands. *He*, whom I loved so infinitely—for whom I would have given up my life a thousand times, *he* placed me in chains, and carried me to a—madhouse.

“Time rolled on without a sign. Day, night, morning, evening were alike; all was a blank. From this time I remember nothing, but that once I heard a well-known voice call my name and once some one near me said, ‘If she would only weep!’ I thought much of this, wondered what it could mean, and repeated often with a kind of confused disquiet, ‘Weep!’

“One day—I do not know whither I had been, nor with whom I was. Every thing hovered, in confused wild masses, before my eyes. Then I perceived a roar-

ing as of the sea in a storm ; but this roaring kept up a melody, a tone ; it swelled in wonderful, powerful harmony, then sunk to a lovely and serious melody.

“ With this a voice united, which sang clearly and gently,

“ ‘ O, Lamb of God : that takest away the sins of the world.’

“ As a cloud full of heavenly moisture sinks down upon the hard, harsh earth, so did this holy harmony sink into my hardened soul, and free the burnt lava.

“ Urged by a miraculous power, I began to sing loud and courageously ; and I sang with a full recollection of the words and the music. It was the same which I had heard the first time I partook of the Lord’s Supper, when I knelt with holy feelings, and saw heaven open before me. At the words ;

‘ Give us thy peace ! ’

my tears began to flow, and from this moment I regained my consciousness. Yes, I regained this ; but peace—Ah ! that I did not gain ; and always, and perhaps for ever, the dove of heaven tarries far from me.

“ Ah, I did not deserve that it should enter into my breast ! There was no resignation, no sanctification, no desire for it there.

“ My husband was dead. I was glad of it. I returned to my uncle’s house ; I wished to do so ; my heart was changed, and I thought that I hated him as much as I had formerly loved him. I wished to see again the man for whom I had suffered so much—to see him, to defy him ; to see him, and to make him feel as much as possible,

that I, too, could be proud, cold, and contemptuous ; I wished to humble him. I saw him living happily in the bosom of his family, adored by his wife and children, whom he loved with the same tenderness. To every one, to the humblest he was kind ; to me he had but one expression, prouder, colder, harsher than before.

“ I felt all the chords of my soul tremble. A frightful feeling took possession of my breast. His zeal increased my assumed coldness ; his strength increased my weakness ; his quiet my eternal disquiet. He had acted harshly with me. It seemed to me that, in his happy pride, he trampled me under foot like a worm. His image followed me—sleeping or waking, I saw only this before me. It stood before me like a giant. It smothered me, it deprived me of air. If *he* were not—I might breathe. If *he* were not—I might live. If *he* no longer existed, the torment of my life would cease also. Were *he* blotted out from the list of living beings he would soon cease to exist in the memory of the living. I should then be relieved—should revenge myself—punish him. To-day, to-day his quiet look defies me—to-morrow !——

“ Crime is like a word—created by thoughts, it springs forth, and often appears harmless ; but its consequences stretch through eternity.

“ One evening, I mingled arsenic with a glass of almond-milk which my uncle was to drink.

“ I kept some in reserve for myself ; for I thought that I might possibly feel remorse.

“ Did you ever feel remorse ? ”

I had not spirit to answer.

Elizabeth continued; "After I had committed this frightful deed, I went up to my room. I felt quiet and cold—my body was cold as marble—my heart appeared so—its beatings were benumbed. I was standing before the fire, to warm my icy hands, when I perceived a great commotion and excitement in the house.

"Anguish seized upon me. I went down and saw my victim reclining, pale as death, almost without sensation, upon the sofa, surrounded by his wife and children, who were sunk in the depths of despair.

"When I entered, my uncle gave me a look, which I shall never forget! Then a burning spirit of hell took hold of me, and grasped my heart with sharp bloody talons.

"Loudly I confessed my crime—called for the curses of those whom I had rendered unhappy. I crouched upon the ground, and bowed my forehead to the dust. No one raised against me an accusing voice; but no hand lifted me up. I dragged myself to the feet of him whom I had murdered. I wished to kiss them: but another foot pushed me back. It was the foot of his wife. I kissed it, and happily lost my consciousness.

"I remained a long time in entire confusion of mind. When I regained my senses, I saw my uncle standing by my bed side—heard him announce his recovery, and grant me pardon.

"So deeply had I sunk, that I would rather have heard his curses. It seemed to me that it would have made my unworthiness less deep, and he would have been less noble.

"The wildest storm of passion raged in my heart. I cursed the light: and the light took away its beams

from my unworthy eyes, and eternal night shut in my body as well as my soul.

“The storms of nature are short, and are followed by quiet, clear days. In the breasts of men, the tornado of passion rages long, and pauses but for a few moments. Such momentary rest I knew, but it was the rest of night—the stunning of life—numbness—the lullaby of darkness. It left off, to rise again anew, consuming, burning fire, which ever-flowing tears could not extinguish. I felt an endlessly pressing, burning desire for reconciliation.

“O death of the cross—torments, endless sufferings—to suffer you, and be reconciled through you—that—that would have been a joy! But blind, a mummy among living creatures, a criminal, a cipher, in power a non-entity, I stood there, contemptible—despised—O misery, misery!

“To punish myself at least, I resolved to live—to live an object of scorn to those whom I loved and honored—to repulse every compassionate hand—and to torment myself as much as should be in my power.

“I left once more the family, whose happiness I had nearly destroyed, and dragged on, for some years, a wretched existence. I came back, when death had laid his hand upon my breast. My uncle wished it. He will rule over my being till its last breath. I have no more power over it. It is a decree of fate. I have no more power—it is all gone—gone.”

She was silent. I spoke gently, some quieting and admonishing words. I spoke of patience, of resignation—I spoke of prayer.

“Prayer,” began Elizabeth, with a bitter smile;

“listen, Beata, I have prayed through years,—day and night, every hour, every moment. I have continued kneeling, until the cold has turned my limbs to ice, and prayed: ‘O Father, take this cup from me!’ As a stone which has been thrown up, and falls down and wounds the breast of the sufferer, prayer has been to me. I shall never more pray.”

“O pray, pray!” said I, weeping, “only pray with a pure heart. God is merciful—grants strength to the pure will.”

“God?” said Elizabeth, with a hollow voice; “O world, which I can no longer see—sun, which no longer lights my eyes, you speak of a God! Heart, eternal unrest! in thy beatings sounds His name—sounds an avenging conscience! Thou announcest an avenger! Fire of love!—Thou life of my life! in thy flames I see thine eternal source. But thou bright angel, *Faith*—who should point out to me a God, I do not know thee. I early plunged into the abyss of despair. I deny nothing, but I believe nothing. I see only darkness!”

“And the brightness of the Redeemer? and the beaming glory of the crucified one? and Jesus?” I asked with astonishment and horror.

Elizabeth was silent a moment, with an expression of utter melancholy; then she said:

“I read over a vision, or a dream, and often the ghostly forms of it rose in my mind, filling me with horror: *

“At midnight the gates of a church sprung open, shaken by invisible hands. A multitude of dismal

* See Jean Paul's dream.

shades crowded around the altar, and only their breasts heaved and panted violently. The children rested still in their graves.

“Then there descended from the high places upon the altar a radiant form, noble and lofty, which bore the impress of an imperishable sorrow. The dead cried out: ‘O Christ, is there no God?’ He answered, ‘there is no God.’ All the shades began to tremble violently, and Christ continued; ‘I have penetrated the clouds, I have risen above the sun—and there is no God there. I have descended to the uttermost bounds of creation, I have looked into the abyss, and have called out, ‘Father, where art thou?’ But I heard only the rain which was falling drop by drop into the abyss; and the eternal tempest which is guided by no order, alone answered me. Then I raised my eyes to the vault of heaven and found there nothing but dark, empty, infinite space. Eternity rested upon Chaos, and was gnawing it and consuming itself. Renew your bitter and heart-rending complaints, and vanish; for all is over.’ The disconsolate shades disappeared. The church was soon empty, but at once—O horrible sight! the dead children, who were now awakened from the church-yard, hastened forward, prostrated themselves before the majestic form, and cried out; ‘Jesus, have we no Father?’ And he answered, with a flood of tears; ‘we are all orphans.’ You and I, we have no——”

Here the poor blind creature stopped, as if sick with horror, and delirious fancies. She was silent a moment, folded her hands, and stretched out her arms slowly, while she raised a wild, penetrating cry, full of the deepest despair.

At this moment, hasty steps approached us, and the Colonel stood suddenly before us, and fastened an anxious, inquiring look upon me. Elizabeth, who knew his step, let her hands fall tremblingly, but soon raised them to him, with a heart-rending expression; "Be merciful, be kind to me! I am so unhappy! If I become mad again, do not carry me to the mad-house. Soon all will be over with me. Let loving hands close my eyes!"

Compassion and deep sorrow were visible upon the Colonel's face. He gazed long at Elizabeth, seated himself near her, placed his arm round her, and laid her head upon his breast.

It was the first time I had ever seen him so tender towards her. Her tears trickled slowly over her pale cheeks. She was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a fallen angel, whose expression of despair and deep shame showed that she felt herself unworthy of the mercy which was extended to her.

I now saw Madam H. approaching in the distance. When she saw Elizabeth in the Colonel's arms, she paused a moment, but soon came up to us, although some astonishment was pictured on her face. The Colonel remained quiet. Elizabeth did not seem to know what was going on. As the lady came up, the glances of husband and wife met, and were melted in a clear and friendly glance. Moved by a common emotion they extended to each other their hands.

Madam H. caressed Elizabeth, and spoke lovingly to her; she answered with sobs. After a moment the Colonel arose, gave one arm to Elizabeth, the other to his wife, and gently, and with tender care, led them to the house.

I remained in the park. In the midst of anxious and troubled feelings I looked up to the mild blue sky, with inward longing that its clearness would beam upon my soul.

During my wanderings in a quiet lot, in which I myself have been spared the shocks which befall so many of the pilgrims of life, and have borne in a peaceful breast, a living faith, a holy hope ; the sufferings and the despair of my fellow creatures, have been the only clouds which at times, have dashed my fair sun, the joy of my life ; which have made me look up to heaven with a sorrowful "wherefore?"

But the answer was not long wanting, when it was called for by the simple voice of prayer. Gentle airs breathed through my excited soul, and whispered ;

"The clouds disappear, the sun remains. Crime, sorrow, and the errors of men cannot darken the goodness of the Creator. We see but a small part. Men die—are changed, God is unchangeable."

It is in vain for us to despair, to murmur, to disquiet ourselves. Every labyrinth of life has its outlet. When we think the darkness is deepest around us, we are perhaps nearest to the light. After the midnight hour has struck, the morning hour strikes next,—and were it the death signal which announces the hour of deliverance, what more consoling thing can we say to ourselves, if our path of life is dark and narrow, than ; "A door will be opened, and we shall go out—into light." Does it appear to us ever so narrow, ever so confined,—we know, "A door will be opened for us !" Now then—let us wait, let us hope !

Elizabeth's frame of mind became from this day still more restless. She had sometimes attacks of actual insanity, and it was necessary to redouble our care and watchfulness over her.

Her sufferings and her troubled life often spread a gloom over the whole family. It appeared to be especially prejudicial to the health and spirits of the Colonel.

Not to weary the attention of my readers by dwelling too long upon such a sombre picture, I will lead them to another. It is a clear calm picture ; in it is united the youth of the earth and of the human heart. We call it,—

SPRING AND LOVE.

“And I too was born in Arcadia.”

Innocent joys, innocent sorrows, ye friends of my youthful days, ye angels who amid smiles and tears opened to me the gates of life, I call on you to-day ! And ye too, thoughts, pure as the blue of heaven, warm as the rays of a May sun : hopes, fresh as the breath of the spring morning, I call upon you, come oh come to animate anew my weary spirit !

I will sing of spring and love, youth and joy, lovely and fresh memories. Ye, nightingales of the hedges of youth, raise your voices, I will set your melodies to music, and be again kindled by your song.

On the twenty-second of May, the spring sun rose clear, and rested with its golden rays on the eyelids of Cornet Charles. The stars of the Order of the Sword shone in numbers before his dreaming eyes. He anx-

iously tried to see more clearly, he endeavored to open his eyes, he awoke and saw the stars vanishing away before the glorious beams of the day, on whose prisms of light, millions of atoms were dancing.

A quarter of an hour after, he was seen, with a gun on his shoulders, striding along across the neighboring field. It was a spring morning, so beautifully described by Boltinger :*

Creation lies in sweet repose,
The hills and vales, how fair ;
The lark pours out her cheerful notes
The flowers perfume the air.

The brook flows softly through the vale,
While on the lake's pure tide
The stately swans, among the reeds,
In silent pleasure glide.

The eagle boldly takes his flight
To greet the glorious sun ;
The bee, within the red rose cup,
Her work has just begun.

The butterfly has gained her wings,
While the meek turtle dove
Sits on the bough beside her mate,
To hear his tale of love.

A youth, of hope and courage full,
Forth to the green wood hies ;
The joy of spring is in his heart,
While love beams from his eyes.

* * * * *

* Boltinger, one of the young Swedish poets, who is much admired, particularly for his lyric poems.

In this youth we now see Cornet Charles, who, in the fullness of amiable and fresh feeling which is only bestowed on the morning hours of life and of nature, looked round, sometimes up to the clear blue sky, sometimes down to the grass, sparkling in the diamonds of morning dew, sometimes into the distance where light rose-colored clouds pursued each other.

A lovely balmy odor, borne on the wings of sporting zephyrs

So far had I written under the influence of the growing warmth of my feelings, when I suddenly perceived such a powerful odor of essence of rose that my head was quite affected, and at the same time I heard a great humming and buzzing. I raised my pen, which seemed at this moment, as if possessed, from the paper, and looked about me. What a sight! the room was full of little sparkling cherubs, garlands of roses in their hands garlands of roses on their heads, and with their ever trembling wings making the most remarkable humming. The longer I looked at these wonderful beings, the more dazzling appeared to me the colors in their eyes, on their cheeks, and their wings. And as I turned my eyes from them to other objects, behold, my ink was white, my paper black, my yellow walls were green, I myself (in my looking glass,) rose color. No wonder, therefore, that the odor of roses mounted to my head.

Now I knew the little rogues again; I had seen them before, and who has not seen them? Who does not know them? It is they who play tricks with young girls of seventeen, and turn their heads a little. It is they who bewilder the eyes of young men, and make

them read in the tablets of their future life, *pleasure and usefulness*, instead of *usefulness and pleasure*. It is they who are to bear the blame when people take so much trouble for nothing, run after a Jack-o'-lantern, and another time, do not see clear enough to raise their hands, and to seize the happiness which is passing close to them. It is they who go about like April days, deceiving every body, and playing their fool's tricks with all the world. It is owing to them that P. marries, B. remains unmarried, and that thus both do wrong. It is their fault that A. says "yes," and B. says "no," and that both make mistakes in what they say. It is they who pass even into the counting house of Banker Reckonwell, confuse his head and make him write seven instead of two. It is they, finally, who buzz and hum, and chirp so unmercifully about the poet, and often cause him to bring out every thing but healthful reason make him paint reality in false coloring, and mislead himself and others. Charming phantasmagoria of the imagination, ye little rose-colored rogues, who does not know you? But who, having once had experience of your tricks and deceits, will not fly from you, will not drive you off? They especially who are placed on the ground floor of every day life, living and weaving, and who would throw their shuttle carefully and methodically into their simple web, must, no less than others, be on their guard that the rosy vapors do not cloud their brain, nor bewilder their thoughts. I saw my danger; what a hazardous course my pen was beginning to take. I laid it by, stood up, drank two glasses of cold water, opened the window, breathed the April

air, still chilled with snow, looked up to the clear heavens, and then down into the yard, where they were beating clothes.

I then turned my attention to three cats who were very decently sitting at a dormer window opposite me, looking about them with philosophical glances and slight motions of the head; in a word, I suffered my eyes to rest on the every day world, that I might release it from the world of fancy, which, on the wings of my youthful memories, rose up and spread itself out around me. One of the pretty little rogues had whispered in my ear, "One may allow a little untruth if it only gives a fine effect;" and if I had not betimes looked about me, the reader might perhaps have seen a "Spring and Love," such as there never was, except in Arcadia.

As I turned back again from the window, the air in the room was fresh and pure. The little, rose-colored deceivers had vanished, and I saw every object again in true and natural colors.

A picture of real life should be like a clear brook, which, in its course, gives back every object mirrored in its waters, in purity and truth; through whose crystal stream we can see the bottom and all that rests upon it. All that can be granted to the painter or the author in the representations of his fancies is, that he may play the part of the sun's rays, which, without changing the individuality of an object, gives to all its coloring a more brilliant glow, makes the points of light sparkle like diamonds, and with its clear brilliancy enlightens the sandy bottom of the brook itself.

In this view, I will now, quietly and discreetly, play the part of sunbeams, at my fancy, and pour out their

light over a true representation of Spring and Love. But sun-light, like every thing else, may tire if it continues too long (for example, see Egypt;) on that account, I will, during our wanderings through the Elysium of youth, only look out now and then to enlighten those spots, where, I imagine, my reader would most like to pause, or where I feel myself a desire to sit down, to warm and rest myself. Let us now step out of the shade into

THE FIRST SUNBEAM.

It is shining through the dark pine wood, and gives us a view of an open space. In the back ground we see the little grey house which served to form the scene in a preceding chapter. Further back, are the green banks, which are washed by the clear waters of a stream. The granite rocks, among which it takes its source, rise in irregular forms, and stand, like sentinels, about the heavenly blue palace of the water nymph. Young birches bend over them with their green tufts of leaves, and move their pliant branches in the western breezes which sport about them. All is full of life and pleasure, in a word, full of SPRING.

On the border of the lake, in the green birchen grove, we perceive a young man and a young lady, sitting near each other on the flower-bedecked grass. They look happy; they appear to enjoy nature, themselves, every thing. He is relating something to her. His eyes sparkle, sometimes they are raised to heaven, sometimes they look out with a proud expression of blessed consciousness, as if they would read her soul.

He strikes his breast, he stretches out his arms, as if he would embrace the whole world. He speaks with the warmth of a deep and entire conviction, and must, therefore, certainly convince her. She listens kindly to his words, they seem to please her, she smiles, sometimes through her tears, sometimes with an expression of surprise and wonder. She folds or raises her hands with lively joy, and appears to be still more convinced.—Convinced of what? Of the love of the young man?

“The shot has failed !
But soon it may be Love !”

No, convinced that Gustavus Vasa is the greatest king, Gustavus Adolphus the Second the greatest knight who ever lived, that Charles the Twelfth was a far greater hero than Napoleon, and that the Swedish nation is the first and most excellent of all the nations on the face of the earth.

Perhaps some one of my fair readers, who has a particularly good memory, or an uncommon skill in guessing, may have seized upon the rocket-like idea, “that we have here Cornet Charles, and his *Linnæa borealis*, or the fair Herminia.” And so it was.

“But how did they become acquainted?” asks some one, perhaps.

I answer, open the Old Testament, at the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, at the introduction of the servant of Abraham to Rebecca. The modifications brought about by the difference of customs and forms of speech in ancient and modern times, between a rural scene in Mesopotamia, in the time of the Patriarchs,

and one in Sweden in the nineteenth century, are not so important as to induce me to give a new picture of a scene, which would only give occasion to repeat Solomon's trite, but true proverb—

“ There is nothing new under the sun.”

and would excite in me, particularly, the unpleasant feeling of giving a feeble copy of a beautiful original ; short and good. Here, too, was a weary wanderer, a fountain, a young maiden, who came to draw water, and gave the traveller drink. The latter had, to be sure, no camels, but he had a tender, grateful, universal love, and, moreover, a Christian, susceptible heart. And this beautiful pliability and noble strength induced him to follow the maiden to her home, and to carry her pitcher of water.

Having now taken a sip of light, (I will not call it a whetting of the appetite, for fear of offending the temperance societies), from the first sunbeam we will now proceed to

SUNBEAM SECOND

which gives a view of the family in the wood, and an insight into the heart of Cornet Charles.

If Herminia might, with propriety, be compared to Rebecca, the Baron K., her step-father, had not the least likeness to the hospitable Bethuel. He received the young wanderer in an exceedingly cold and unfriendly, almost repulsive manner. His wife, who has been before mentioned, as the fair lady of the wood, was not much more accessible. She seemed to feel fear

and vexation at being discovered in her retreat. But fear could not long remain of such a young man as Cornet Charles, nor was it possible to maintain long towards him a cold and unfriendly demeanour. His frankness, his amiable and fresh cheerfulness, the kindness which was expressed in all his bearing, his simplicity, united to a noble grace of manner, inherited from his father, his careless, free, gentle expression, which always shone quietly and lightly for others, made him generally acceptable, even to persons of different temperament, character, and disposition. One felt irresistibly attracted to bestow confidence upon him ; and the wish arose to live in his presence, as we love to live in the open air, because we feel that we breathe more freely, and imagine ourselves happier and better ; for as we—Yet where is the use of making a memorandum of what everybody knows by heart ?

Cornet Charles was desirous to interest the Baroness K. and her husband in his favor, and he succeeded so far in his wishes, as to obtain from them permission to re-visit them again, if (and this was made an express condition,) he would promise them never to discover to any one, not even to his family, his acquaintance with them, and their place of abode.

This the Cornet promised, because—because he felt an incomprehensible pleasure in returning thither.

A few days were sufficient to show him the peculiar and unfortunate relations which prevailed in this family, but it was longer before he understood the causes of them. Baron K. was a Swede, his wife and step-daughter were Italians ; they had come to Sweden with him, about two months before the time when the Cornet

made their acquaintance. Their dress was rich, and highly elegant ; their manners, their conversation, their education, their accomplishments, made it evident that they belonged to the highest and most refined society, and yet they lived in destitution of many of the necessities of life. (N.B., such as the pampered children of the world consider necessities.) Except in one room, where was collected everything brilliant which had been saved, perhaps, from a shipwrecked fortune, everything in the house bore the marks of actual poverty. The daily food of which the fair Italians partook was no better than that used by every peasant family in Sweden. The Cornet, however, maintained stoutly, that there was no better eating than herrings and potatoes.

Between Baron K. and his wife there was almost always stormy weather. Sometimes the most violent love seemed to prevail, sometimes marked hatred, which, with the Baroness assumed an expression of proud scorn, and an angry air. Scenes often occurred between the unhappy pair, in which they exchanged mutual reproaches and complaints, and these would arise from the most unimportant trifles. A rage almost without bounds, on his side, and on hers, exclamations of despair and tears, generally put an end to these conflicts. The character of the Countess seemed to be noble at the foundation ; but she was, at the same time, inflexible, proud, and extremely passionate. Her husband, both weak and despotic, had also a passionate and savage temper. Only the momentary breaks of a kind of penitent repose, which he sometimes exhibited, could lead one to suppose, that he possessed anything belonging to a more noble

nature ; anything that deserved to be loved.

Patient, kind, and gentle, like a suffering angel, Herminia stood by them, and the snow white wings of her innocence spread themselves out, as if to reconcile the contending parties in these conflicts of passion.

She possessed what we call a beautiful spirit, but this was not like her outward figure, naturally hers. She was formed by early suffering, by early experience of domestic cares and burdens, and more especially by an early developed religious sentiment, which enabled her to endure with patience, to resign with a smile. She offered her sorrows to heaven ; and, full of love, labored unweariedly upon earth. To lighten the troubles of her mother, and to provide her with more conveniences, she put her own hand to the rudest household labors, which all devolved upon a single housemaid. It was touching to see this beautiful, delicate, ideal being, working like a slave, and bearing burdens under which she sunk to the ground ; that is, she would have sunk, if Cornet Charles had not received her burden, and borne it on his own shoulders. From the time of his coming, everything was changed for Herminia. As Jacob served for the fair Rachel, so Cornet Charles served Baron K., that he might lighten Herminia's labors. He hunted and fished, to furnish treasures for the kitchen, and was only with difficulty restrained from making himself the cook, when he saw how Herminia was compelled to burn her fair face and her pretty hands, at the kitchen hearth. Any other kind of assistance he dared not offer, to these proud and haughty people in their poverty.

Herminia had served her mother like a slave, but

without being rewarded with the tenderness which she so well deserved. The Baroness K. seemed accustomed to receive sacrifices without returning any thanks for them, much less did she appear to wish to offer any service in return.

She bore hardly the inconveniences of the humble station, and the poverty in which she found herself placed. She desired that Herminia, as well as herself, should be always richly and tastefully dressed, and this wish was made practicable by a very splendid wardrobe, which they had brought with them from Italy. She seemed to seek, in these relics of departed pomp and grandeur, some consolation for her present fate ; or, perhaps, she believed that this fate could not be real, but only a momentary enchantment, which would be broken at some future time, when the wand of a fairy would change the little grey house into a palace ; and she therefore held herself ready, in a costume suited to her rank and dignity, to receive compliments and congratulations.

By her stepfather, Herminia was treated at once with indifference and harshness, and it was perfectly plain that what he did for her he did not by his own will, but the will of God.

From the moment the Cornet entered the house, he gained a power there which daily increased, and he used this power to make Herminia's life more happy.

Baron K. was generally absent during the day, and did not return until evening. Sometimes he remained away for two or three days at a time. During these absences, the Cornet was able to procure for Herminia

more freedom than she had ever before known, and which she now enjoyed with childish delight. He persuaded her mother (who had a taste for the beauties of nature) to take long walks in the wild but romantic neighbourhood of their dwelling. Botany had formerly been a great source of pleasure to her, the Cornet revived her interest in it—saw flowers everywhere (I believe even where there were none), that he might persuade the fair Italian who was so enthusiastic about the luxuriant vegetation of her own native country, that Sweden is as rich in flowers as it is in heroes and ice. At least it is certain (and he suffered for it afterwards) he was not afraid to speak of everlasting, trefoil, henbane, marsh rosemary, sorrel, tansy, monkshood, wormwood, &c., as the most uncommon and remarkable productions of nature.

He described as the most beautiful thing in the world, that wonderful plant which has received its name from the greatest of naturalists, the Swede Linnæus. He had inspired the Baroness and Herminia with the most intense desire to find this wonderful plant. Every day he had new presentiments that he should perhaps discover it in a new place—he searched long, long and carefully, but did not discover it until the moment when he discovered his love.

These walks gave the Cornet opportunity to be constantly with Herminia. He gave her his arm as they walked, when they rested he sheltered her from the rays of the sun. By degrees he induced her to run about and climb the rocks, in a word, to enjoy the free fresh life of youth, of which her days, until now, passing in cloister-like stillness, had given her no idea.

As she now with the bloom of health and youth on her cheeks, moved about, fair and light as an Oread, in the spring and sweetness of charming nature, and often turned her angel face, beaming with grateful affection up to him who was the cause of this new enjoyment of her life,—it was then that the Cornet had some strange feelings about his heart, a warmth, a pleasurable sensation, something very different from anything he had before felt.

The Baroness appeared to consider the two young friends as children, whose sport she permitted, because they offered her all their joy, all their flowers as a sacrifice. The Cornet had the happy gift, of putting people in good humor with themselves, and thus enabling them to maintain an equanimity towards others.

But he had been able to administer the most comfort to Herminia at the time, when the frequently recurring unhappy scenes of this house would draw forth her bitter tears. She would then generally retreat to the kitchen. Here he would follow her, console her with the tenderness of a brother, or induce her to go out with him, and would strive by interesting conversation, or pleasant stories, to divert her attention to more agreeable subjects.

Herminia had been once wanted in the house, and called for. She was not to be found, and this gave occasion for some harsh reproofs from her father. The Cornet took this as a gauntlet thrown to himself, and the manner in which he took it up, brought far more freedom to Herminia, than she had ever enjoyed. He was now able frequently to go out alone with her. Her

education had been neglected in the more solid parts. He became her teacher, (particularly in Swedish history) he was like a brother, and she soon gave him that tender name; and as they were one day studying the Swedish grammar, they came to the conclusion that "Thou," is incomparably prettier than "You," and that they would always address each other in this most familiar style.*

Herminia, on the contrary, was to Cornet Charles, it cannot exactly be said a teacher, and not exactly a sister, but she became without his observing it, the light of his eyes, the joy of his life. She was his It is high time my readers, brave and fair, should be informed how it stood with Cornet Charles—he was—in love!

No one could ever have guessed it. He himself neither believed nor suspected it, yet it was betrayed to him by the

THIRD SUNBEAM,

as it shone one evening at sunset on the border of the clear fountain. Herminia was hanging on his arm. She was silent and pale—that paleness which shows that

* As the reader will know, in the Swedish as well as several other languages, the use of the "Thou," and "Thee,"—the singular number of the pronoun of the second person—is considered more familiar and endearing than that of the plural. In English this is so far from being the case, that the opposite is nearly true; and in this translation, the familiar "thou" of the one language, has been rendered by the familiar "you" of the other; so that in this passage where this tutoyant was pointedly referred to, some explanation seemed necessary.

the heart is joyless, but that the heart suffers, though the sufferer is resigned.

A scene highly distressing to a gentle spirit, had just taken place between her parents. Cornet Charles had led her away almost by force, and was now seeking, but without success, to amuse and cheer her spirits. After some time had passed, they seated themselves under the birch-trees, on a moss-grown rock, and looked silently at the fading red which was reflected on the water, and colored the hills on the opposite side of the stream. Herminia first spoke, while she turned her eyes, moistened with tears, to the Cornet, "You are very good, brother," she would have said more, but her voice trembled, she seemed struggling with her emotions, while with her face half turned from him, she continued, "You stay here on my account, out of kindness to me, and you pass for my sake many unpleasant and oppressive hours; and you might be so happy. You have a father, a mother, who are so good, so excellent—sisters who are so dear to you, they must miss you,—return to them, and stay with them, be happy, do not come back here!"

The Cornet sat in silence and looked into the water, and as in a mirror of the soul he saw his own heart.

"Why should you continue to come here?" resumed Herminia, with the most persuasive expression of her sweet soft voice. "You give yourself a great deal of trouble, a great deal of fatigue, and you cannot alter my fate. My father, to-day, spoke bitter threatening words to you. Ah, leave us! Why should you stay? Do not be uneasy on my account, Charles; God will help me and give me strength."

"Herminia!" said Cornet Charles, "I cannot leave you—but it is as much on my own account as yours—"

Herminia turned her face upon him with an inquiring glance, while large tears streamed slowly down her cheeks.

"Because, because," continued the Cornet, deeply moved, "Herminia, Because I love you beyond all expression, because I have no joy in the world if I do not see you, cannot be with you."

Herminia's angelic face beamed with surprise and pleasure.

"Is there any one who loves me—and is it you, my brother? How good God is to me"—and she reached her hand to the Cornet.

"And do you also love me?" asked he, with secret trembling, as he held her little white hand between his own.

"How could I help it," answered Herminia. "I was never happy till I learned to know you. You are so excellent, so good; you are the first who ever loved me."

"And the first whom Herminia has loved?" asked the Cornet, somewhat timidly.

"Yes, truly, except my mother."*

* I feel very deeply what a heap of romance-gold I this moment leave behind me. I see clearly how this little crumb of romance might be carried out into something far better, more interesting, more brilliant; how the beginning as well as the end of this part of my book might serve a double purpose. But this would require more words, ergo more lines, ergo more paper. And my publisher is so very anxious lest my work be too thick, that I am forced to compress my lines as well as my ideas, that it

A deep feeling of happiness pervaded the two young lovers, and as if Cupid himself had descended to them from the rosy clouds, there floated about them an odor so sweet, so transporting (Olympus certainly has no finer ambrosia) that Cornet Charles, in the midst of his soul's ecstasy, sprung up and cried, "Here is the *Linnæa*. The flower of my life is found. It actually grew in verdant rows along the sides of the moss-grown rock." A wreath was soon woven for Herminia. Who can describe the scene of pure and ardent happiness, and innocent joy which followed?

Herminia was no longer pale—no farther questions were asked as to why Cornet Charles did not return to his family. She was his, he was hers—they would be always together. Nothing could any more divide them—they belonged to each other—to the earth—to heaven.

Nature appeared to sympathize with them; gentle and full of love she enclosed them like a tender mother in her loving arms.

Who would not willingly give ten years of harvest for one moment of Spring and Love.

SUNBEAM FOURTH

shines grimly over the Cornet's anger. On a warm day in June, the Cornet arrived at the house in the

may come within the regular price of the trade. My publisher thinks the Swedish public will not spend much on such everyday histories. I believe that he is right, that the public is right, and that I do right to conform myself to it.

wood, heated, tired, full of pressing anxiety, and thirsting for a glimpse of his beloved, and a refreshing drink of water from her hand. Before he entered the house, he heard the music of the harp, he ran in and perceived Herminia more beautiful than ever, and more than ever tastefully dressed, seated, her harp in her lily-white arms; and beside her,—oh horror,—oh thunder and lightning; work of the lower powers; beside her sat, not Cerberus, the three-headed monster, no, worse; not the wicked one, no, no, far worse; not Polyphemus with his one eye, no, far worse; ah, was it “the Beast” sitting near “the Beauty;” no, it was a young man, handsome as a statue, and a second prince Azor.

The handsome, proud, calm, refined and delicate Genseric G. looked with surprise at the heated, dusty, and moreover highly astonished Cornet H. He soon, however, raised his Apollo form, went with graceful politeness towards the new comer, reached out his hand to him with friendly condescension, expressed his pleasure at seeing him in the country, and reminded him of the last time they met at Stockholm. The Cornet did not seem to be much pleased, and did not express a single word upon the subject. Genseric returned to Herminia, and begged her to sing. The Cornet made some excuse for passing over to her, and whispered to her “Do not sing?”

With a commanding tone and look the Baroness ordered her daughter to sing. Herminia sang, but with a trembling voice. The Cornet seated himself at the window, and wiped his dusty forehead with his handkerchief. During the whole time Genseric was present

the Cornet scarcely spoke three words, partly because no one spoke to him, and partly because young G. was talking all the time. And he talked so well, and gave to his speeches so many well chosen and pretty turns ; told a story with so much interest ; had so much knowledge and penetration, that it was a real pleasure (real *pain* for the Cornet) to listen to him. Besides, he had a consciousness of his own value, which raised him still more in the thoughts of others.

" I am—I have—I do—I grant—I think—I will—I would—I have said it" formed the theme about which the rondo of his thoughts and words was always playing, and to which he always came back. The sum of all was, this *I* was so great, so important, swelled to such dimensions, that Cornet Charles saw his " I" was likely to be melted into it, or be pressed down by it. He felt himself near suffocating in the oppressive atmosphere, and was obliged to try the open air. Filled with despairing thoughts he walked up and down the garden.

" What infernal wind, certainly it must be the Simoon of Sahara, has blown the young law commissioner, the fatal Genseric hither. The Baroness treats him with extraordinary ceremony, and bestows high compliments upon him. What does it all mean ? He is rich, he is handsome, he is well educated, he holds an important office, he is, oh heaven, what is he not ! He seemed greatly to admire the lovely Herminia, particularly (I shall go mad) when she was singing.

" And Herminia, why need she have sung when I besought her not to do it ? Why did she allow a strange man, (and he a law commissioner,) to pay

compliments to her? Why did she hardly bestow a single friendly look upon her only friend? Why did she avoid taking a single step, to give him as much as a glass of water, but left him thirsty and languishing, suffering torments of body and soul."

No one answered the questions of the unhappy lover. The sky grew dark over head, and his foot became entangled in the trodden pea vines. Suddenly he perceived the trampling of horses' feet. Genseric rode off, and the Cornet returned hastily to the house, to receive an explanation and satisfaction. He obtained neither. The Baroness met him in a cold and repulsive manner. Her piercing and watchful eyes rested on Herminia, who was seated at her needle. It was in this moment of restraint and discontent, that the Cornet was surprised by the visit of his family. How matters went then, the reader knows.

Now came sad times for the Cornet. He never could visit his beloved at her home without finding Genseric there. His rival was openly favored by Baron K. and the Baroness. The Cornet was always treated with the greatest indifference. Herminia alone was gentle and kind, but she was cast down, silent and retiring, and evaded his questions.

To be able to watch the proceedings of the family in the wood better, the Cornet resolved to set out on a pedestrian expedition, which consisted in quartering himself in the cottage of a hay-maker which was near their place of abode. There he passed his nights, during the day he hovered about Herminia's dwelling as a bee does over the flowers.

A man may be happy at a haymaker's, and even lying

on straw may fancy himself in heaven. But if the thorns of grief and discontent are already planted in his heart, then the barn and his bed of thistles only increase his pains. This was the experience of the Cornet.

Gradually a great change was made in the forest house. Plenty reigned there, in food, wines, and other articles of luxury ; several servants were added to the establishment. Baron K. was in brilliant humor. The Baroness grew more and more proud and dignified. The Cornet was more and more superfluous and overlooked. Genseric G. rose over his head. The greatest antipathy began to prevail between the two young men, but the Cornet vexed, bitter, and sarcastic appeared to disadvantage beside his refined rival, Genseric, who was always coldly polite, and generally tranquil. The Cornet felt it and read it in every face ; and was thereby still more troubled.

He played in fact, as they say a "rather pitiful part," and not to weary the reader longer, we will look about us in the

FIFTH SUNBEAM.

Discontented as usual with Herminia, their broken friendship, her retiring manner ; out of humor with himself, with the whole world, Cornet Charles strayed one evening in a thoughtful mood into the silent pine wood. He came to the fountain where he first saw Herminia, and with sad feelings he stood and viewed, in the clear mirror, his sunburnt, discontented, not very handsome face, and compared it in thought with the handsome, clear, and bold countenance of Genseric.

Suddenly he saw in the water a face beside his own. It was fair as that of an angel, it was that of Herminia's. A thrill of joy ran through the frame of the Cornet, but was soon stifled by a more bitter feeling.

"Herminia," said he, "it must have been Genseric whom you were seeking here."

Herminia was silent for a moment, then laid her hand gently on his arm and only said, "Charles, have we ceased to understand each other?"

He looked at her, and her gentle, loving but tearful eyes met his.

Lovers, if the silken thread of your happiness becomes entangled, and you would disentangle it, say nothing. Look at each other.

It seemed suddenly to the Cornet, as if a veil had fallen from his eyes. The mist had vanished from his soul. Everything at once was clear, divinely clear to him. The young lovers stood long silent, and drew light, and peace, and happiness, from each other's eyes.

When almost every spark of uneasiness had left their souls, the lovers began to exchange explanations and assurances.

"Are you not," said Herminia, "are you not he who loved me first, who made me feel that there is pleasure in love, and was it not you . . . how could you think that I could prefer a cold egotist like G. to you?"

"But he is handsome enough to drive one mad," said the Cornet, still in embarrassment.

"Is he? I never observed it. He does not please me. I know one who does please me. One, the

sight of whom gladdens me. One whom I think handsome. Should you like to see his face?"

She led him to the fountain. The Cornet saw, there with satisfaction, his own sun-burnt face beaming with joy.

"But your parents favor Genseric."

"And I favor you."

"He loves you."

"And I love you."

"Herminia!"

"Charles!"

If a man has left this earthly life, to pass to a better one in heaven, people say with confidence, "Peace be with him;" and then we turn away to think of something else.

So when two lovers have come out of the valley of sorrow, into the bright kingdom of reconciliation, we say, "Peace be with them;" and then we think of some other subject.

Yet we will for a last "Peace be with you," throw over them a

SIXTH SUNBEAM.

This smiled over the joy which, during some happy days, was allotted to Cornet Charles. His trust in Herminia was firm, and her silence, her reserve, her politeness to Genseric, his numerous visits, his individuality, his lover's compliments, the coldness of Baron K. and his wife towards him (the Cornet) no longer troubled him. The Spring in nature reflected the spring in his soul. The woods, the flowers, the waters, the

winds, the birds, all sang in him, and for him, "joy! joy!"—joy? Ah, Rinaldo, Rinaldo, listen! The sound of the trumpet calls thee from Armida, and thou must relinquish thy joy.

The trumpet's sound! Not from the fields of Palestine, not from the promised land—but from Ladugards' field, and the Ladugards' country.* Much the same—a new Rinaldo, Cornet Charles, you must leave her who is more virtuous, modest, and on that account more lovely than Armida. You must tear yourself from her charmed palace, (the grey house.) The immovable General-in-chief of all the royal regiments, FATE, who pays no regard to the demands of the heart, so wills.

The trumpet sounds—duty calls—to camp! to camp! and

SUNBEAM THE SEVENTH

shone on the parting tears of the lovers. To spare our own tears, we command our thoughts. Right about march, back to Thorsborg. There shall we, with old acquaintances, meet with new adventurers.

DIGGING THROUGH THE EARTH.

One evening, as we were all sitting around the sick bed of the blind girl, Professor L. read aloud to us

* Ladugards' landet is a considerable section in the city of Stockholm, in which the barracks, artillery grounds, etc., are situated. The large Ladugards' field, which lies beyond it, serves as a parade ground for the troops.

from a translation of "Herder's Ideas." The subject was the perfection of man in another world; the plain indications of transformation, which are given us by all the changes that we perceive in the lower kingdoms of nature, and which are all a gradual rising to perfection.

Professor L. concluded with this remark upon the subject. "The flower appears to us at first as a seed, then a sprout; the sprout becomes a bud, and now the flower unfolds itself. Similar changes are shown us by other objects in nature. See, yonder creeps the despised crawling caterpillar; the hour comes, and the feebleness of death falls upon him, he gathers himself up, and weaves the cocoon; this web forms his shroud, while the organs of his new being, are already enclosed within him. Now the rings appear, the inner powers are struggling now; the change goes forward, and decay appears; his ten feet remain upon the old skin, and the new creature lies, with its limbs yet unformed. By degrees these come forth in order, but the creature does not awake till all is perfect; now he presses towards the light, and the last change is quickly made. A few minutes and the tender wings become ten times larger than when beneath the death-shroud; they are gifted with an elastic strength, and glitter in every ray of the sun. His whole being is changed; instead of the gross leaves for which it was before created, it now sips nectar-dew from the golden cups. Who would perceive in the form of the caterpillar the future butterfly? Who would recognise in both, one and the same creature, if observation did not teach it us? and both existences are only one life, and the two beings are one and the same earth, in which the organic circle constantly re-

peats itself. What beautiful developments then must dwell in the lap of nature, when her organic circle is wider, and the life which is formed, embraces more than a world! Hope then, O man! and prophecy not, the prize is laid before you, struggle for it. Throw behind what is unmanly, strive for truth, goodness, and god-like beauty, then you cannot fail to reach the goal.

“And in this analogy of a new condition of unconscious being, nature shows us why the slumber of death has a place in her kingdom of changes. It is that beneficent stupor that surrounds a being, while the organic powers are striving for new perfection. The creature itself with its higher or lower grade of knowledge is not strong enough to oversee and direct the struggle; it falls asleep, and awakes only when it is re-created. So the sleep of death is a fatherly benign dispensation; it is a wholesome opiate, during the operation of which nature collects her powers, and restores her stupified invalid.”

Here L. ceased. A deep, sweet sensation had stolen over us. We sat there silent, our eyes fixed upon our poor invalid, down whose cheeks the great tears flowed gently, while long plaintive sounds pressed from her lips. Madam H. caressed her with tenderness; the Colonel as if blessing her, laid his hand upon her head.—A heavy, loud and continuous *snore*, at this moment of our fixed attention, broke forth from Lieutenant Arwid, who was lying at his ease on a corner of the sofa, and had fallen asleep with open mouth and uplifted nose. This trumpet tone was a signal for the departure of Julia, who hastened with burning cheeks from the room. After a few moments, I went

out to look for her, and found her on the door-step, leaning with her arms supported on the iron railings and her eyes raised to the clear sky where the pale stars were beginning to appear. "Julia!" said I, throwing my arms around her.

"O, Beata," sighed Julia, "I am unhappy—must I be so during my whole life?"

Before I could answer, Lieutenant Arwid came out upon the steps and cried, gaping; "What the thousand are you doing here, Julia? Are you standing here to take cold, and get a pain in your chest? Come in again love. I believe too, that they are beginning to lay the table. Come in."

"Arwid," said Julia, "come here a moment," and she seized his hand kindly, and spoke with quickness: "See, how beautiful the evening is; let us go out into the park—there, where you know, we met once—I wish to speak with you there, to ask you something."

"We can talk as well in the house."

"Yes—but the evening is so lovely, just look around us! Listen to that little bird, how lovingly he twitters—do you not hear the horn far away in the wood? Look yonder, where the sun is setting—what a soft glow—ah, it is indeed a lovely evening!"

"Charming, my angel," answered Lieutenant Arwid with a repressed yawn; "but—I am ravenously hungry, and I smelt a glorious flavor of cutlets, as I passed the kitchen, I am longing to find it again in the hall. Come, my angel!"

"Arwid!" said Julia, as she withdrew her hand. "I see our inclinations are so unlike, our tastes so different——"

“Are you not a lover of cutlets?”

“Heaven bless you and your cutlets. I was not speaking of them—but of our inclinations, our feelings—that do not agree—”

“Yes—to that I cannot.”

“Nay—but I feared that we should not accord—that we should be unhappy—!”

“Oh, my little Julia, all will be well. We should not lay up cares for the future. It spoils one’s appetite. Come, let us eat our evening meal in peace. Come, my little wife.”

“But I will not, and I am not your wife,” said Julia, moving from him; “and,” she added in a lower tone, “I will no longer be your betrothed——”

“You will not?” said Arwid, calmly.—“Nay, but do you not see there are difficulties in going back in such affairs—I have your ring, and you have mine. Indeed, I am not afraid. Girls have their caprices. No, no, all will be right in the morning. Adieu, Julia! I shall go and eat the cutlets; stifle these humors!” And he entered the house. Julia took my arm and led the way to the garden, weeping bitterly. I walked silently by her side, and waited till she should allow her heart to give vent to its complaints of her betrothed.—But she was silent, she pressed my hand often and continued to weep.

As we turned into a side alley, a figure in a cloak slowly approached us. Professor L’s voice was heard, and he joked Julia with friendly raillery, upon her romantic taste for strolls in the evening. As he drew nearer, he perceived her weeping eyes, and became suddenly silent and serious.

"Professor L." said Julia, half gaily, with the tears yet upon her cheek, "tell me what ought we to do when we find that we have committed a great folly, and it cannot be helped?"

"Then," said Professor L., "wisdom must bear the consequences of folly."

"And must we then live unhappy for ever?"

"We should never allow ourselves to become unhappy, but better and wiser; and we should use one past fault as a step, by which we may ascend nearer to perfection."

"This sounds finely, and very instructive; but in the mean time we should weary of wisdom and perfection, our whole life—and should find each day insupportable."

"None but an utterly weak being," said Professor L. gently, "can so sink into weariness and disgust of life. The saddest and most joyless position in life has its bright moments, if we will only look for them. Yes, in ourselves, through all care and sorrow, we may find the purest source of hope. If what surrounds us distresses or harasses us, there is left refuge in ourselves and a rich inward life. Then may we say with Hamlet; 'O I could be bounded in a nut shell, and count myself a king of infinite space!' To learn to know this world that lives within us, to rule it, to bring it to purity and progressive perfection, is an enjoyment, which we shall soon acknowledge to be enough to make us love the coldest earthly life around us. To learn to think, is to live, and to learn to enjoy—"

"But," sighed Julia, "can we learn to think with a—"

"With a man who thinks only of cutlets?" added I mentally.

"Good books," continued L., "are good comforters, guides, and friends. With their help, we may, if we are in earnest, most certainly bring our inmost mind to an equilibrium." He was silent a moment, then continued with warmth and emotion; "My books! for how much have I not to thank you!"

"You have been unhappy?" said Julia, with heartfelt sympathy.

"All that I have loved most tenderly upon earth, I have lost: yet not by death only, this trial has pursued me. From my childhood, all that my heart has most ardently clung to, has been snatched from me. Many bitter hours passed away, before I was firm enough to bow myself before the will of Eternal Goodness, and yet—"

"O, what could console you!" cried Julia, with a hearty childlike impulse. "I have sought" continued L. to harden my heart, that it might not suffer too deeply. I have long fought against all emotion,—I am no longer young—and now—(he said this smiling sadly,) I must perhaps go back again to my books, to seek consolation."

"I might be a book," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

Professor L. looked upon her with fatherly—no, not quite fatherly, but still with an indescribable tenderness.

"Good, lovely maiden!" he said, in his gentle, harmonious voice; after a moment he went on more calmly; "It is weakness to complain; we shall find strength

to endure in prayer, and in the performance of our duties. From these sources we should seek to gather strength."

He gave his hand to Julia, who, weeping, placed hers in his.

At this moment we met with a barrier. Two black figures seemed to rise from the earth before our astonished gaze. Scarcely were we less astonished, when we recognized the little Thickeys, and one of their companions, who stood buried half way in a ditch, and were sunk in deep thought. To our repeated questions as to what they were about, followed at first, silence, then a confused sound, at last the discovery and somewhat incomprehensible explanation of their great secret. They had, it appeared, undertaken to dig through the earth, and so prepare a surprise for the family, especially for the Colonel.

What now hindered them, was not indeed the difficulty of the undertaking. No, indeed! but a most noble thought, which had arisen in the brain of little Clæs; that, if they should dig through the earth, they might possibly fall through themselves at the same moment, and where should they stop;—that—that would Professor L. he so good as to tell them?

We could not help laughing, The Professor deferred the explanation till the next day, and with kind playfulness sent the pigmies with their giant plan into the house. At the same time a message was sent to us and them, to warn us that we were waited for at the supper-table. The little triumvirate bounded on, in a quick gallop. We followed more slowly; but now Lieutenant Arwid's "cursed fog," which rose like a

wall between the garden and the court-yard surprised us. We observed now for the first time, that Julia was without a shawl. I was not much better provided. L. took his cloak, and would have wrapt it round Julia. She would not on any account consent, for L's health surely was not of the strongest. They would have continued still longer arguing and protesting, had I not come between them with a conciliatory project, suggesting to them, that they might both make use of so wide a cloak. This plan was adopted, and the tender zephyr-like form of Julia disappeared beneath a fold of the cloak, in which she smilingly hid herself, and the procession went forward midst the night and the fog. "This was rather a rash plan!" thought I afterwards. "The late Madam de Genlis, still less La Fontaine, would never in their world of romances have allowed two lovers to meet under one cloak, without making use of so excellent an opportunity, and turning it into a declaration of love; and I should wonder much if mother nature did not this time bring something to pass, and—perhaps a sigh—a word—"

I listened attentively as I followed the wearers of the cloak; but they were silent,—no word, not a sound! But now—what was that? Julia sneezed. L. now said, "God help us!" and this might have helped him to something else; but no—he said nothing.

We are out of the garden, we cross the court yard. Will no one speak? Now—no! We are upon the steps, we enter the door of the house, now perhaps—no! The cloak falls from Julia's shoulders, for which she expresses thanks, and makes a courtesy; L. bows,

As we entered the hall, Lieutenant Arwid sat eating cutlets. They had been waiting long for us. I related the strife about the cloak, for our excuse.

During all supper time, Madam H. shook her head every time she looked at Julia, to reprove her for her unheard of imprudence in going out so late without a shawl.

When Lieutenant Arwid perceived Julia's eyes, swollen and red with weeping, he appeared to be a little alarmed; but he probably thought; "all will be right when she has eaten something, and has had some sleep:" for he did not hurry his meal, nor even made an opportunity to converse with his betrothed, but rode off at the accustomed time, and with his usual immovability.

But Julia's discontent did not cease. It appeared on the contrary to gather strength. In vain Arwid begged her to take a nap, and to use him as a cushion; she appeared to find no rest even in this. In vain his father, the old General P. came, with his magnificent pair of horses, and begged his future daughter-in-law to take a ride with the "Swans,"—nothing availed. There came up daily some little quarrel between the lovers, which in spite of Arwid's unparalleled coolness, assumed a constantly more serious character. Madam H., who was now more observant, began to feel indeed anxious, and was always ready, with a good natured joke, or a conciliatory word, to knit together the broken threads of harmony. This succeeded for the moment, but—each day the threads became more knotted.

So matters continued for a long time. Cornet

Charles journeyed to the distant camp at Roslegen. From there he wrote home very despairing letters, about the dust and heat, hard work, fatigue, etc. He said not a word of botany.

Elizabeth's condition continued the same, the summer through, and Madam H. continued to consider the milk diet, as necessary for my chest and melancholy.

The Fates spun the life-threads of the rest of the family of ordinary thread, mingled with some tow, but yet more silk ; towards the end of August, but—lo the shears ! We shall see.

WHAT NEXT ?

After an oppressive, sultry day, a mass of thunder clouds appeared towards evening, and covered the whole western part of the heavens. An almost death-like silence brooded over the country. No sound was heard of the homeward speeding cattle, not a bird twittered, the leaves of the aspen were still, and even the swarms of gnats did not venture to rejoice as usual at the setting of the sun ; all nature apparently stood as in painful anticipation of a terrible and unusual scene.

Late in the evening the fearfully beautiful spectacle began.

Faint shocks of lightning every few moments illumined the whole region, which, between each flash was hid in a close darkness as of night ; and by their light

we saw how the masses of clouds were assuming gloomier colors, and were gathering in more threatening forms above the castle. Now and then a sudden gust of wind whistled through the air, but it was succeeded by a death-like calm. We heard on every side the thunder chariots rolling with a hollow crash, continually increasing in violence.

Madam H. went round from latch to latch, from window to window, to make sure that all were closely shut. Julia and Helen stood with their father by a window, and drew closer together as each new flash of lightning, each thunder-clap came nearer.

I went up to the blind girl. She sat upon a couch in a crouching posture, which expressed utter uneasiness of life, and was singing in a low and mournful voice :

“ It is night ! it is night !
My eye is dark, faint throbs my heart,
It longeth for rest.

“ Give me rest, give to me
A place in that home where the worms dwell,
Angel of death !

“ Peaceful sleep give to me,
I am so tired of care, of sorrow here,
So weary of life !”

Here her arms and her head sank wearily upon the pillow. A moment she was silent, I saw her smile bitterly, and she began again, with a clearer voice and a more composed tone, to sing :

“ When the morning first dawns,
With the sound of the song, that at the judgment
Wakes me from the grave,

“ Shall I dare look on thy glory,
To Thee, radiant Lord, from this clod of earth,
Lift up my brow !”

Here her tears began to flow, and in a sadder tone,
weeping, she sung in broken stanzas :

“ Mother, O ! mother ;
In thy sheltering arms
Fold thy innocent
Penitent daughter !
Teach her to pray,
Teach her to hope,
* * *
Give her caresses,
O ! give her rest.

O mother, O mother,
Take me to thy bosom,
Press me to that heart
That tender, warm heart !

“ O let me feel
How, in love,
Heart to heart
Throbs as in heaven !

“ Ah, ne'er have I felt it
Here upon earth !
* * *

“ Alone I have lived,
Alone I have loved,
Alone I have suffered,
Bitterly, how bitterly !

“ And now in death
I love all alone.

“ O mother, O mother !
Take me, O take me
Away from the earth,
Away from its misery !

* * *

“ O wake from its load
This glimmering spark,
O snatch me from darkness,
Raise me to light !”

A more violent clap of thunder, that echoed through the whole house, interrupted her song. Others more violent and more frequent followed this ; and at the same time a wild tempest began to rage.

“ Is no one here ?” asked the blind girl. I drew nearer to her. She said, “ I hear a sound of music that pleases me ; take me to the window.”

When she came to it, she crossed her arms upon her breast, and turned her eyes towards heaven. A flash of lightning streamed across her pale, beautiful face, while a fearful clap of thunder seemed to threaten with destruction the being who with a kind of trusting joy met the spirits of devastation with an unmoved brow.

By degrees Elizabeth’s feelings more and more excited, seemed to be longing to break forth, and the struggle of nature found an echo in her soul. She cried out suddenly, “ I see ! A fiery hand presses its burning fingers upon my eyes !”

She stood for a long time, as if in intense expectation, and then as with a kind of hushed ecstasy : “ How nobly, how nobly they sing beneath the clouds ! Listen ! harmonies call to you, my heart ! Here in my breast is the first voice ! there swells forth now the

second. Now there is unison !—now come love and joy. Flame of heaven ! Oh, my mother's breast ! Clasp me in thy burning arms ! Mother, is it thy voice that I hear ; thy hand that I saw ? that I see—that I shall always see ? Dost thou beckon to me ? Dost thou call me ?” “ Air !” she cried wildly and imperiously ; “ take me out into the free air ! I will hear the voice of my mother—I will fly to her breast and be warm again. There are wings of fire there, they shall carry me away. A chariot is there—hark, how it rolls ! It shall bear me away. Away, away, seest thou not the hand ? it beckons me. Hear the voice ! It calls, ah, hearest thou ?”

I embraced her tenderly, and begged her to be quiet. She broke from me and then said solemnly : “ God will not listen to thy last prayer, if thou deniest mine. He will bless thee if thou grantest it. Take me into the free air ! It will be the last time that I ask any thing of you. You know not how my whole weal and woe are bound up in this hour. Take me out into my kingdom—into the kingdom of the storm—there, only there, can I obtain rest. Beata, good Beata ! see, I am quiet and calm, I am not mad. Hear me—listen to my prayer ! I have been in chains my whole life—let me be free but one moment, and all my many bloody wounds will be healed !”

I had not the strength to resist this voice, these words. I took her out upon the terrace, which was built upon the rock that projected round the castle. Elizabeth's waiting woman did not accompany us from fear of the thunder and lightning.

I soon repented my compliance. We were scarcely

in the midst of wild, excited nature, when Elizabeth broke loose from me, leapt forward some steps ; then remained standing while she burst forth into loud cries of scornful, frantic joy.

The scene was fearfully beautiful. The lightning crossed the whole country with its glowing streaks ; the storm raged around, and the thunder, now rolling, now crashing, increased above our heads. The blind girl stood upon the cliff, as though the spirit of the storm, with a wild, terrible countenance. Soon she laughed and clapped her hands in frantic delight, then she turned round with outstretched arms, and in a voice growing more and more strong and clear, she sang :

“ Lightning and flame !
Fiery floods from the blazing world !
Ye storms, ye raging thunders,
All ye universal powers,
Behold in me your queen,
In me, a woman ! and hearken
To the cry of my voice.

“ Your lightning flames bring
A song of rejoicing ;
Hail to the day of freedom
* * * *

“ The song of victory rings around,
Life spreads her wings !
* * * *

I am free !

Again she laughed wildly and cried aloud, “ How noble ! how noble ! how majestic ! How joyous am I ! Now my day of power has come ! A crown—a crown

of fire will fall from the dark clouds to be placed upon my head. My day is at hand, my hour has come !”

At this moment to my indescribable comfort, the Colonel stood by the poor girl.

“ You must come back to your room,” he said.

With an impetuous motion, Elizabeth freed her hand from his, and instead of becoming, as always before, submissive to his will, she stood now proud and scornful, with the air of a Medea, and repeated, “ my hour is come ! I am free ! Must ? Who dares to utter that word to me, here on this spot ? Do I not stand in my kingdom ?—Does not my mother hold me to her bosom ? See you not how her arms of fire embrace me, and would bear me away ?”

The Colonel, who feared an increased outbreak of her frenzy, was about to take her in his arms to carry her back to the castle, when Elizabeth suddenly flung her arms around his neck with great tenderness, and said—“ now while I clasp you in my arms, and you embrace me with yours, my mother will take us both to her castle of fire. What pure, heavenly happiness ! To-day is my day,—my hour is at hand ! I am free and you are the prisoner. I defy you, I defy you ; you shall never more be free !”

Whether it was the word “ defy,” that awakened his pride as a man, or whether it was a feeling of some other nature, the Colonel hastily shook himself from Elizabeth, and stood as if terrified, a step from her.

“ Yes, I defy—I defy you,” she went on. “ You have fettered my body, you have bound my tongue, and now I stand before you, powerful and strong, and like the pale lightning will hurl down upon you the

fearful words, 'I love you!' You can no longer forbid me, your anger is powerless. The storm is with me, the thunder and lightning is on my side. Soon shall I be with them for ever. Like a cloud in yon heaven, will I follow you through your whole life; like a pale ghost will I hover over your head; and when all others are silent to you, you shall hear my voice cry aloud, 'I love you! I love you!'

A strange and deep emotion seemed to have stolen over the Colonel; he stood immovable, with crossed arms, but a dim light glowed in his eyes.

With a hushed transport Elizabeth continued. "O, how have I not loved you. More deeply, more ardently, has mortal never loved! Ye heavens which rage above me.—Earth, that will so soon open for my grave,—I call upon you as witnesses! Hear my words! And you, dearly-loved, anguish of my life, noble, high object of all my thoughts,—my love—my hatred,—yes, my hatred—listen now while I say, 'I love you!' With the most fervent, the holiest life of my whole being, I have loved you—deep as the sea but pure as heaven was my love. You could not understand it,—no one upon earth can understand it—my mother knows it—and He, who is above all. Had we lived in a world where word and deed could be innocent, as feeling and thought—O, there might I, like a clear, warm flame have embraced and beamed round thy being—have filled you with happiness,—have burnt for you only, like a holy flame of sacrifice. Such was my love. But you understood me not—you loved me not,—you thrust me from you, scorned me,—and I was guilty—but I loved still—and love now—and shall ever—and

eternally—and alone !”

“ Alone !” cried the Colonel, while a powerful emotion seemed struggling for utterance.

“ Yes, alone !” the blind girl began again, alarmed and trembling ; “ who besides is there ? I have sometimes longed for it—but—my God, my God ! were it possible ? O say, is it possible ? By that eternal happiness which you deserve, and which can never be mine,—by that light which you can see but I can never behold,—I conjure you,—tell me, tell me, have you ever loved me ?”

A deep silence for a moment ruled all nature. It was as though it was longing to hear that answer, which, I, too, awaited in trembling anxiety. Only the pale, lingering lightning hovered above us.

Suddenly, with a strong compressed tone, the Colonel said :

“ Yes !”

The blind girl turned her face upwards ; it beamed with an unearthly ecstasy, while the Colonel continued with deep, violent feeling.

“ Yes, I have loved you, Elizabeth, loved you with all the energy of my heart, but the power of God in my soul was more mighty, and preserved me from ruin. My harshness has saved you and me. My love was less pure than yours. It is not the poison that your hand prepared for me, that has broken down my life, it is the struggle with suffering—with longing,—it is grief for you, Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! you have been infinitely dear to me—you are so still, Elizabeth——

Elizabeth heard him no longer ; she sank, as though the weight of happiness had bowed her down, and at

the moment I rushed towards her, she fell like a corpse to the ground, while her lips, with an indescribable burst of happiness murmured, "He has loved me!"

The Colonel and I could scarcely bear her back to her room. I trembled; his strength was, as it were palsied. Drops of anguish stood upon his brow.

Elizabeth did not for a long time recover consciousness, but as she raised again her eyelids, and the stream of life again ran through her veins, she whispered only. "He has not despised me! he has loved me!" and she continued calm and quiet, as though she had closed her account with the world, as there was nothing left to wish for.

During the rest of the night the storm raged fearfully; the lightning shone upon the face of the blind girl, beaming now with fervent ecstasy.

From that hour, and during the few days that she lingered, every thing in her was changed. All was tranquillity and gentleness. She spoke seldom, but pressed, kindly and thankfully, the hands of those who drew near her bed, where she lay immovable, We heard her frequently say, in a low tone, "He has loved me!"

One day Madam H. was standing by Elizabeth, who appeared not to be aware of her presence, when she repeated, with a peculiar sweet delight, the words so dear to her. I saw an expression of pain upon the gentle kind face of the dear woman. I saw her lips tremble, and a tear steal down her cheek. She turned hastily and went out, I followed her, for she had forgotten her bunch of keys. She went through the drawing room, the Colonel sat there, his head leaning

upon his hand, and he appeared to be reading. He sat with his back turned towards us. Madame H. stepped gently behind him, kissed his brow, and as she went into the bed-room, stifled a rising sigh. The Colonel, astonished, looked after her, then looked upon his hand, which was wet with his wife's tears, and sank again into his thoughtful posture.

After a moment I followed Madam H. to the bed-room, but she was no longer there; her prayer book lay open upon the sofa; the leaves bore the traces of tears. At last I found her, after I had passed through all the rooms to the kitchen, where she was reproving the cook for forgetting to cut off the cutlets from the breast of lamb that was crackling before the fire. This oversight was, indeed, unpardonable, for I had told her twice already, that we should have the breast of lamb at noon, and the cutlets at night. "One can never depend upon another as upon one's self," said Madame H., glancing at me, as I gave her the bunch of keys.

I now left Elizabeth neither day or night. Her earthly being appeared to hasten towards its dissolution with unwonted suddenness. It seemed as though the first word of love that she had heard, had been a signal for the release of her weary soul.

So it is with many children of earth. They struggle against the sharp sword of suffering, many, many years—they live, suffer, and struggle. The sword is broken, and they fall powerlessly down. Success reaches to them the goblet; they touch their lips to the purple edge, and—*die*!

Besides Helen and myself, Professor L. was constant-

ly by the side of Elizabeth. Part of the time he read aloud, and at times he conversed with us about the means by which we might quicken the fear of God slumbering within her, and strengthen her faith in those dear truths, which like angels stand around the bed of the dying.

Once he questioned her upon the state of her soul. She answered, "I have not the power to think clearly—I have not the power to examine myself. But I feel—I have a hope—and look forward to light!"

"The Lord shed down the light of his countenance upon you!" said Professor L., with a gentle voice of trust.

The next day Elizabeth begged that the whole family might be assembled.

When all of us, including Professor L., had gathered around her in fearful silence, Elizabeth called him by name, and begged him to come up to her bedside. She seized his hand, kissed it, and uttered in a supplicating tone, the word "forgiveness." It pierced us all. No one had power to speak, and the sad word "forgiveness forgiveness!" was the only sound that broke through the murmuring of deep sobs.

The Colonel and his wife stood together at a little distance, Elizabeth was silent a moment, and breathed heavily, and with difficulty, at last she said "will my uncle come to me?"

The Colonel drew nearer, she stretched her arms to embrace him, he bowed down to her—they kissed each other. Such a kiss! the first and the last—the kiss of love and death!

Not a word was heard. Pale as a corpse, and with

tottering steps, the Colonel retired. With a trembling voice Elizabeth said: "Lift me from the bed, and bear me to my aunt."

We obeyed. She seemed endued with an unusual strength, and supported by two persons, walked towards the other end of the chamber, where Madam H., who did not seem to perceive her purpose, sat weeping.

"Help me to kneel!" said Elizabeth.

Madam H. rose hastily to prevent her; but Elizabeth, still more quickly, threw herself at her feet, kissed them, and sobbed convulsively, "Forgive! forgive!"

We bore her almost lifeless to her bed.

From that moment the Colonel never left her. During the night, and the following day, she lay quietly, but seemed to suffer bodily pain. Towards evening, as Professor L., the Colonel, and I sat, silent at her bedside, she awoke from a gentle slumber, and said aloud, in a clear voice: "He has loved me! Earth, I thank thee!"

She sank again into a kind of slumber, or stupor, which lasted perhaps an hour. Her breathing, which had been quick, became fainter by degrees. A long pause,—then a sigh;—a still longer pause, and then again a sigh. At one moment her breathing seemed to have ceased. It was a fearful moment,—a slight spasm convulsed her limbs,—again a heavy sigh, followed by a mournful, plaintive sound,—and all was still.

"She is dead!" said the Colonel in a choked voice, and he pressed his lips upon her death-cold brow.

"She sees now!" cried Professor L., as he raised a radiant glance to heaven.

The wandering breeze of a summer evening played around the open window, and the birds sang gaily on the hedge beneath. A soft roseate glow, a reflection from the sun now setting, lighted up the chamber, and shed a glorious radiance upon the lifeless one.

Calm and untroubled she lay there now; she who had struggled and despaired so long;—peaceful, quiet, now! Her rich brown hair floated over the white pillow to the ground. A strange smile, expressive of a higher consciousness, hovered around her lips. I have seen this smile on the lips of others, after death: the angel of eternity has pressed them with a kiss.

Peaceful moment, when a heart, that has throbbed long with trouble and sorrow, lies calm in rest! Peaceful hour, when every enemy is reconciled to us, every friend brought again to meet us; when forgetfulness steals over our faults, beams of glory hover over our virtues; when the eyes of the blind are opened, the bonds of the soul loosened. Beautiful, peaceful hour, borne as it were, on the wings of an angel of light, thou smilest upon me, like the glow of morning; and many times when I have seen thee summon others, have I longed that thou mightest have come to claim me!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Elizabeth was no more. She had risen like a dark thunder-cloud, and had shadowed the clear heaven of those about her. She had gone. All felt a sensation of peace and tranquillity. Many tears were shed to her

memory, but no heart called her back. Unfortunate Elizabeth, the first moment of peace that was granted you, your heart enjoyed, alone, in the grave.

We see every day, those who were in life good and peaceful, though undistinguished and unimportant, go forth from the world more loved, more regretted than one more talented, more richly endowed, who has misused his powers, who with all his beauty, his genius, his warmth of heart, has not made a single being happy.

The Colonel for a long time remained gloomy, and was more reserved than usual towards his wife and children.

Their tenderness, and constant attention, and the beneficent passage of time were by degrees dissipating his gloom, when an event in the home circle occurred, which agitated his tranquillity anew, and excited the more powerful emotions of his nature.

One day Arwid's father, General P., rushed into the Colonel's room in a great rage. At first he gave vent to his feelings in a load of curses, and when the Colonel asked coolly, what was the matter, he burst out with "What is the matter! What is the matter? Thousand d—ls! the matter is, that your—your—your daughter is a——"

"General P.," said the Colonel, in a voice which brought the angry man to his senses; he went on somewhat more calmly; "the—the matter is—that your daughter has trifled with truth and faith, has played a false game! may seven thousand—that she wishes to break her troth with my Arwid—to return him the betrothal ring—may seven—that Arwid is beside himself—that he will shoot himself—he is so wild and violent

—and that I shall be a miserable, childless old man!" Here two tears ran down the cheeks of the old man, while he went on in a voice, in which anger and sorrow strove for utterance; "she has been sporting with the peace of my son—with my grey hairs! I loved her—like a father—I had placed upon her all my hopes of peace in my old age—it will be my death. She said almost in my Arwid's face, that she would not have him—to my son's face—may the seven thousand—! He will be the laughing-stock of the whole country; he will shoot himself, he will shoot himself—and I shall be a childless, miserable old man!" etc.

The Colonel, who had listened to all this in perfect silence, rang the bell hastily. I went into the room, to reconnoitre a little, and that Julia might prepare for—what she already anticipated.

The Colonel's air expressed anger and determination. He bade me tell Julia to come down to him.

I found Julia in great anxiety, but prepared, from this visit of the General to her father, for what was coming.

"I knew, I knew—" said she, growing pale at my message; "it must come, it could not be otherwise."

"But have you actually," I asked, "broken with your betrothed?"

"I have; I have, indeed," answered she, distressed and anxious. "I cannot tell all, now; yesterday evening words passed between us; he was cold and insulting; I was hasty, he was passionate, and rode away in anger."

Again the Colonel's bell was heard.

"My God!" said Julia, as she pressed her hand up-

on her heart, "I must gather up my courage and go. Ah! were it not for his scornful look. Say, Beata, was my father very angry?"

I could not tell, but begged her not to be hasty, and to remember her promise, solemnly given, as well as the strong feeling of the Colonel, respecting the sacredness of such a promise.

"Ah! I cannot, I cannot," was all that Julia was able to say, while trembling and pale she went down the stairs that led to the Colonel's apartment. At the door, she stood a moment, as though summoning up her courage, then said, "I must," and went in.

After the lapse of about half an hour, Julia came into Helen's room, where I was sitting, and seemed utterly disconsolate. She threw herself upon the sofa, laid her head upon Helen's knee, and began to cry loudly and vehemently. The kind-hearted Helen sat silently, while the sympathizing tears streamed from her eyes, and fell like pearls upon Julia's golden ringlets. When Julia's grief seemed to be somewhat allayed, Helen said gently, while she passed her hand through her sister's fair locks, "I have not put your hair in order to-day, dear Julia. Sit up a moment, and it shall be soon done."

"Oh, cut off all my hair! I will be a nun!" answered Julia; but she got up, wiped her eyes, and arranged her hair, partly with Helen's aid, partly herself; and became more calm. So true it is, that the little employments of every day life have often a wonderful power in softening the burst of grief.

Julia answered our questions as to exactly what had happened, "This has happened, that I am doomed to

suffer during the rest of my life for the indiscretion of a moment; to become a most miserable being, that is, if I submit to my sentence;—but this I will not do; in spite of my father's displeasure—in spite of—”

“Oh, Julia, Julia,” interrupted Helen, “think of what you say.”

“Helen, you know not how I have suffered; how long I have struggled with myself. You know not how plainly I foresee the wretchedness of my lot, if I am Arwid's wife. O! I went forward, as in sleep, and in sleeping I gave him my hand; now I have awakened and should not dare draw back, but that I see, that I am a—”

“Arwid is good, Julia!”

What do you call good, Helen? One who is not bad? Arwid (I have tried and proved it,) appears good, because it is not possible for him to be base; calm and quiet, because he troubles himself about nothing but his own ease; sensible, because he sees no farther than the end of his nose; and he is made up of negations. Why, then, should we fear to add to the collection, and to give him my ‘no?’ Do not imagine that it would trouble him long; he loves not; he cannot love me; he has no feeling. No! he is like a wet stick of wood, which my little flame would strive in vain to light; the flame would gradually turn to smoke, and at last be wholly extinguished.”

“Dear Julia, if Arwid is not such a man as you deserve and whom you could joyously make your husband—why could not your flame burn clearly? Arwid is not indeed so bad, as to become a spirit of torment to you. How many women there are, who, although united to

men, that beyond all comparison fall far below him, yet live an honorable and excellent life, procure for themselves prosperity and ease, and enjoy a life of happiness by a beautiful consciousness of performing their duty. There is our cousin, Madam M., is she not worthy of love and esteem? And what a husband she has! Look at Emma S. and Hedda R.

"Yes, and look at Penelope, Sisters and Co. Ah, Helen, these women have my deep respect, my esteem, my admiration. I might be like them,—but I know plainly that I cannot. That independence of opinion and understanding, that calmness, that clearness, and severity of firm principle, which is so necessary if we must take the leading part in marriage,—all this I have not—none of it. I am a vine, and require the oak for a support. Just now, I feel clearer ideas of life bursting forth. I feel a higher being waking within me, a new world opens to me! Would I could wander through it, hand in hand with one whom I could love and esteem; who with his own heart should reply to the pure flame in mine: who with the clear light of his understanding should illumine the twilight of my soul;—("Aha! Professor L.," thought I.) Then might I become a noble being, and reach a goal which I now long for, rather than see. But with Arwid, Helen, with Arwid—my world would become a store room—I, myself a mouldy piece of cheese."

"What a comparison, dear Julia!"

"It is truer than you think. Ah, marriage is a sad affair. It is with many, as it may now be with me; they have drawn up the marriage bond in a foolish moment of fancy; have believed they should reach the

island of blessedness, and are stranded, and all life long sit upon a sand-bank; like oysters, they crawl about in their shells, to seek a little sunshine, till a merciful breeze comes——”

“Julia! Julia!”

“Helen! Helen! It is a sketch of every day life; each day confirms its truth. How many noble natures have there not fallen in that way? And so will it be with me, if I cannot in time sail by the sand-bank.”

“Julia! I am afraid that this cannot be, our father’s prejudices are immovable. He will allow no contradiction. I believe too, that he is right. In what concerns the violating a troth, the retracting a given promise of marriage, there lies something so deeply wounding to womanly delicacy, that I believe——”

“Delicacy! nonsense! I consider it wholly indelicate, and besides wholly absurd, to sacrifice the happiness of a whole life for mere delicacy.”

“Could you be happy, Julia, if you should lose the affection of your father, your friends—the esteem of the world?”

“The esteem of the world, I should care little for that, but the esteem of those I love. Oh, Helen, Beata!—is it possible for one to lose that? If so, it were indeed better, that I should doom myself to be unhappy.”

“You would not be unhappy, Julia,” said Helen, as with tearful eyes, she threw her arms around her sister,—“you would not——”

“You know not that, Helen,” Julia interrupted, with decided impatience; “I know that I should be unhappy; there is something besides Arwid’s un-

worthiness, which will make me so. It is the consciousness of having failed in my destiny; the consciousness that I might have shared a higher, happier lot; that I could have lived upon earth for the enjoyment of a nobler, more elevated state of being. Yes, I am sure of it. I might, like a lark, have soared aloft in freedom, light and song; and now, now shall I, as I have dreaded, crawl about the sand-bank of life like an oyster, dragging my prison with me!"

Upon the repetition of this terrible comparison, a new, and more violent attack of melancholy overpowered Julia. She threw herself again upon the sofa, and remained there the rest of the day, without eating, or consenting to listen to any consoling words. Madam H. going sometimes herself, sometimes through me, was constantly sending up stairs drops and cologne.

Julia was indeed ill, though not seriously, and continued in her room three days, during which she did not see her father. Neither Lieutenant Arwid nor the General, to Julia's great comfort, sent to inquire for her all this time.

Madam H. always had at hand, her own peculiar house tactics or politics, for disputes arose frequently between her husband and her children. If, for instance, she were talking with him, then good words were always on their side; and she argued with, and proved to them that *he* must indeed be right. Her heart was, I think, often a deserter to the side of the weak; for while she was attempting to make an impression upon the iron determination of the Colonel, Madam H. always caressed her children with redoubl-

ed tenderness. She had now spoken to her husband on Julia's side to free her from her betrothed, but had found him inflexible, and when she saw Julia so unhappy, she became, unconsciously, towards him—not harsh—God forbid! but yet somewhat less gentle; this apparently, (I said to myself, it was not so indeed), somewhat troubled her tranquillity and pleasure in a multitude of little things. A want of ease, a something, till now entirely unknown to the family, pervaded the house for some days.

“The mountain will not come to Mahomet; Mahomet must go to the mountain!” said the Colonel to me one morning, with a good natured smile, as he turned to go up the stairs that led to Julia's chamber.

At the same moment horses feet were heard in the court yard, and Cornet Charles, excited, and with a disturbed countenance, sprang up stairs, embraced his father and mother and sister, with silent impetuosity, and immediately begged for a short conversation with his father.

An hour passed before the Cornet with pale and troubled countenance, came out alone from his father's room. As if unconsciously, he passed through the parlor and the hall, came into Madam H's room, and without appearing to be aware of her presence or mine, sat down in silence, leaned his elbows upon a table, and covered his eyes with his hand, as if the day-light were painful to him.

Madam H. watched him with a mother's anguish, then arose and stroked his cheeks caressingly with her hand, as she said; “My dear boy, what is the matter?”

"Nothing," answered Charles in a low, choked voice.

"Nothing!" repeated Madam H. "Charles, you make me anxious—you are so pale, are you unhappy?"

"Yes," answered the Cornet in the same low voice.

"My child, my son! What has troubled you?"

"Everything!"

"Charles! and you have yet a mother, who would give up her life for your happiness!"

"My dear mother!" cried the Cornet and he clasped her in his arms, "forgive me!"

"My dearest child, tell me, what can I do for you; tell me what is the matter with you, tell me all! There must be some way—I cannot live while I see you so wretched."

"I shall be wretched unless I can have to-day, the sum or security for the sum of two thousand pounds. If I do not obtain this, then Herminia---my Herminia is in a few days the bride of another! Good God! I can buy the happiness of my whole life, and that of another being, for a paltry sum of money, and it is denied me! I have spoken to my father, I have opened my heart to him---have told him all. He has this sum, I know it, and he——"

"Has he refused it?"

"Decidedly. He says that it is the portion of the unfortunate, the needy, and for the sake of unknown sufferers, he makes his own son unhappy!"

The Cornet rose impetuously and walked up and down the room with heavy strides, while he exclaimed, "What vile being has dared to slander my Hermimia

to my father---that holy angel of God? Could she deceive me! Could she love that hated G.! Only he or his creatures could——”

The Cornet here dashed to pieces a waggon with horses attached, (an equipage of the little Thickeys), and Madam H. terrified, saved from her son's approach a vase of flowers, while attentive to his grievances, she asked :

“ But how ? where ? ”

“ Ask me nothing now ! ” cried the Cornet impatiently. “ I can say only this ; the whole happiness of my life depends upon my obtaining to-day the sum I have told you. I may become the happiest being upon earth, or the most wretched, and not I alone——”

“ Charles,” said Madam H. solemnly, “ look at me ! God bless those honest eyes, my son ! Yes, I know you ; you would not let me take a step whose consequences I should repent ? ”

“ Mother ! could you repent having built up my happiness for life ? ”

“ Enough, my child, I am going to speak to your father. Wait here for me.”

The Cornet awaited the return of his mother in a deeply excited state of mind. I saw that he was in one of those moods of youthful willfulness, when it seems impossible to bear any opposition to one's wishes or determinations. In such moments the word “ impossibility,” cannot be conceived. We fancy we can command the sun, we fancy we can root up mountains, or, what is the same, the deeply rooted prejudice of men's souls.

It was long before Madam H. returned. Julia and

Helen followed her. She was pale. Tears glistened upon her eyelashes, and her voice trembled when she said; "Your father will not; he has his prejudices; he means to do what is right, and to do it firmly. But, my dear child, I can help you. Take these pearls and jewels; they are mine: I can do without them; take them. You can obtain a considerable sum for them in Stockholm."

"And here—and here, dearest Charles!" said Julia and Helen, as they with one hand gave him their Jewels, and threw the other around his neck; "take these too, Charles, we beg of you—take them, sell all, and be happy!"

A deep red glow stole over the countenance of the young man, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At this moment the Colonel came up, stood at the door, and cast a piercing glance upon the group within the room. An expression of anger, mingled with scorn lowered upon his face. "Charles!" he cried in a deep voice, "if you are so base as to profit by the weakness of your mother and your sisters, to satisfy your own blind passions, you have *my* contempt, I will not acknowledge you as my son!"

Utterly wretched before, and now so entirely misunderstood, a most bitter torrent of anger swelled in the heart of the young man. He grew pale as death, pressed his lips together convulsively, stamped violently, and went through the door like lightning. In a few minutes, he was upon his horse and rode at full speed from the yard.

THE CORNET. THE CORNET. THE CORNET.

“Hallo! it echoes through the wood!”

Hallo! the echo! the hunted flies, and the hunters follow. What is the game?—a wretched human soul! And who are the hunters? The furies, hatred, despair, and rage. How they ride! A matchless hunt! The hunted flies, but the hunters follow. They spare not the spur,—they follow him through the thickest wood, over hill and through vale—hallo!

Onwards! onwards! the hunted spurs on his snorting steed, which leaps foaming over brake and hedge. A wild fury burns in his soul. Wrapped in a cloud of dust, he bounds over the highway, through gloomy, forest-grown regions, all the time seeking to stifle each feeling, each thought of his soul, and hearing only the warning “onwards! onwards!” that rings out with every throb of his pulse.

The quiet inhabitants of the cottages which he passed like a storm-wind, stood amazed at their doors, and asked in wonder, “what horse passed so fast?” and one of them (Stina Anders, of Rarum,) declared he had seen a hound and a hare come forth, one from a hut, the other from a wood, who crouching opposite each other, gazed at the wild rider with staring eyes, and then confused and alarmed, ran back, the hare to the hut, the hound to the wood.

The wild rider, Cornet Charles, stopped not till he reached a well known house in the forest, threw himself from his horse, and sprang up stairs. All the doors in

the second story were shut, all was still. He sprang down stairs again. All the doors below were shut, all was still and silent. He crossed the court-yard to a little outhouse and opened the door. A little shrivelled old woman sat in a little room, humming a psalm tune and spinning flax at her whizzing wheel.

"Where is the master of the house? Where is the lady Herminia?" cried the Cornet, panting, and almost breathless.

"How?" answered the old woman, spinning. "Where is the master of the house?" cried the Cornet, with a tremendous tone and glance. "Eh, what?" answered the old woman as she stuck a snuff box into his face.

The Cornet stamped his foot. (A plate fell clattering from the cupboard, and the glass on three broken shelves rattled.) "Are you stone deaf?" cried he *fortissimo*, "I want to know what road your master took from the house?"

"The road!—does the gentleman mean...to Thorsborg?...it goes right over the field yonder, and—"

"I ask," cried the Cornet, with the whole collected strength of despair, "where your master has gone from here?"

"To Wreista? Why, here,—there it goes—"

"Is she mad!" cried the Cornet in despair; "one might as well talk to the tooth-ache!"

"Just so, oh; indeed!" ejaculated the old woman, puzzled and terrified when she perceived the Cornet's anger, and she went back to pick up the pieces of the broken plate.

The stranger flung in her face a six-shilling piece, and vanished.

"God preserve me! God guard me!" murmured the terror-stricken, but now pleased old woman.

Another door in the same building sprang open before a powerful blow of the Cornet's hand.

By the hearth in the room, sat a stout looking gossip who was feeding her little shock-headed boy with pap.

The Cornet repeated his question with violent impetuosity, and received as an answer:

"Yes, yes, they are gone."

"But where? say where—how? Was there no message, no letter left for me?"

"Letter? yes, I have got one to give to Cornet H., and I was just thinking of going down to Thorsborg with it, as soon as I had given a spoonful of pap to the little one—poor little worm—eat little one!"

"For God's sake, give me the letter, quick, go this instant, I say, go—"

"Yes, yes, I am going, only let me give the little one one more mouthful. He is hungry, poor little worm. Here, little one!"

"I will feed the child, give me the spoon; go, bring me the letter!"

At last the woman went to her chest, the Cornet stood upon the hearth, took a spoonful of pap from the pot, blew upon it with an assiduous air, and put it in the open mouth of the boy. The old woman rummaged round her chest—sought and sought; snuff boxes and earthen dishes, stockings and petticoats, her prayer-book and a loaf of bread, came out one after the other, and lay on the ground at her feet—the letter came not.

The Cornet raged, and stamped his foot, in impatience.

"Quick! What are you doing there? eh!"

"Presently, presently! Wait a few minutes—here—no, here—no, wait a little—only wait."

Wait! It can be easily imagined whether the Cornet was inclined to "wait a little," now. But the letter came not. The woman answered in a low voice, between her teeth, "It is gone—it is lost!"

"You can't find it?" cried the Cornet, and in his anger he thrust a spoonful of hot pap down the throat of the youngster, who sent up a loud shout.

The letter could not be found. "It must have fallen into the hands of the little one, and been torn in pieces or burnt." And the mother, who cared more for the wants of her little one, than those of the Cornet, said angrily to the last, "Go to Lofstaholm, that is your message. My master has gone there, and Lady Agnes was to-day with Lady Herminia!"

The Cornet reached her a crown, as a plaster for the burnt throat, cursed, half aloud, the goose and her gosling, and threw himself upon Blanca, who had meanwhile, been feeding on the yellow, autumn-grass, that grew here and there in the court-yard.

Now for Lofstaholm! A mile further to ride. Blanca feels the spurs and dashes on at full gallop. A torrent crosses the road; the bridge has been carried away and is not yet restored. There is indeed, another road; but it is four miles circuit.

Blanca now panted above the waves, that washed the froth from her neck and nostrils, and touched the feet, too, of the rider in the saddle.

Two travellers looked from a distance upon the scene.

"Do you know, friend," said one with a thoughtful

countenance, "I believe it is Nick himself, who has crossed the stream on his black mare."

"But, do you know, friend," said the other, "I think it is a bridegroom, who is riding after his beloved."

"Believe me, gossip!"

"Believe me, neighbor!"

And believe me, reader, the rider now stands on the other bank, and onward, onward, rides again through wood and wold.

Poor Blanca! as the white walls of Lofstaholm glistened through the green trees, you were just ready to fall to the ground; but at sight of them the violence of the rider abated in some degree, and upon approaching the house, Blanca dared to stop and take breath, at the side of three other horses, which showed there were strangers at Lofstaholm just now.

Mr. D. sat in his room and contemplated with the air of an unprejudiced critic, a head done in crayons, by his much beloved daughter, Eleanor; and Madam Emerentia D., (formerly J.,) stood by and was reading with pleased attention, a poem upon the charms of a country life, and solitude, written by her hopeful son, Lars Anders, (who in the family was called the young Lord Byron,) when Cornet Charles hastily entered the room. After a slight apology, and without troubling himself with what they would think of him, his abruptness and his questions, he begged that they would tell him what they knew of Baron K. and the sudden departure of his family.

"Nothing more," said Mr. D., as he knit his brow, "but that yesterday noon, they passed by here, and that Baron K. was so good as to come in and speak to me

with great readiness, and to pay me a fourth part of the sum that I lent him, out of pure good nature for ever. A Dido—Cornet H. of my Eleanor's."

Madam D. joined in; "the Baroness, or she whom they call so, (for it is my opinion, that she is no more of a baroness than I am,) did not trouble herself yesterday, to take any notice of me, from her carriage.—Yes, yes, one has fine returns for all the civilities one bestows upon people; no, she sat as stiff as a princess in her carriage—*her* carriage, did I say? Nay, I think—it was the equipage of young G; he sat there himself like a bird imprisoned in a cage; and this was what made her so haughty."

"G's chariot? G. with her?" cried the Cornet, "Herminia!"

"Sat there and looked around her contumaciously. Yes, I have been sorely deceived in that girl. I took some pity upon her, and allowed my daughters to take some little *soin* with her, and to encourage her musical powers. Therese too, was quite *engouee* with her. But I soon found I had committed an *imprudence*, and that she as well as the whole family, were not suitable society for my daughters! Besides, there are certain reports about, among people of rank; she has conducted herself in a way——"

A servant came in now with the pipes, which he placed in a corner of the room. Mr. D. took this opportunity to put in a sentence in French.

"Oui, c'est une vraie scandale," said he, "une forgerie de tromperie! un vrai fripon est la fille; je sais ca,—et le plus extremment mauvais sujet est sa pere."

"Son pere," said Madam D. correcting him, "et la

pire de toute chose o'est son mere, un conduite, oh! Ecoute cher Cornet; dans Italie le mere et le fille et la pere."

There now arose from the adjoining chamber, a fearful crying, screaming, laughing, roaring, and rejoicing, all at once. There was a sound of fiddles, a clashing of shovels and tongs, a singing, a whistling, and amid this hubbub, and outcries of all kinds, these sounds were heard with peculiar distinctness: "Papa! papa! We know the piece now! the play is ready! Hurra! hurra!"

The shouting troop now rushed into the room like a raging torrent; but as soon as the excited band saw Cornet Charles, their joy knew no bounds. An unanimous cry burst forth.

"Iphigenie! Iphigenie! Hurra! hurra! Cornet H., Cornet Charles shall be our Iphigenie! hurra! Long live Iphigenie the Cornet! long live Cornet Iphigenie! Long live——"

"Death and hell!" thought the Cornet, while the wild band all seized upon him, crying out, "Come, Iphigenie! come Cornet Charles, quick, quick! we want to have a rehearsal. The Cornet may read his part,—come, do come!"

"Hocus Pocus, Cornet Charles! fall upon your knee, and rise up Ephigenie!"

This shout was trumpeted forth by the charming little Agnes D., who stood on tiptoe to hang a veil over Cornet Charles' head, but she could not reach above his face. Lieutenant Ruttelin came to her help.—Eleanor D. and Mina P. had already thrown a great shawl over his shoulders, and three young men at-

tempted to fasten a table-cloth round him, to answer for the skirt of a dress. Among the assistants of Miss D., Lieutenant Arwid might be seen.

The Cornet resisted: it was in vain. He raised his voice, cried out in vain: he could scarcely be heard amidst the noise, still less make himself understood.

Despair and vexation utterly overpowered him, and brought him to a desperate resolution. Using all his strength, certainly not in the most courteous way, with both arms, he flung the crowd from him to the right and left, and—ran off; ran through a door which he saw open; came upon a long succession of rooms; looked neither right nor left, but ran on, on, on! He overthrew a maid servant, three chairs and two tables, passed from one apartment to another, till he reached a dining room. On the other side of this room was the passage. This the Cornet knew, and was upon the point of hastening there, when he heard with terror the shouting multitude coming through it, to meet him with the loud cry of "Iphigenie! Iphigenie!" In great anguish of mind, and just as he was turning back, the Cornet perceived near him a door half open, which led to some narrow spiral stairs. He shot like an arrow through it. The stairs were very dark and long; now turned to the right, now to the left. The Cornet's head was growing dizzy, when his foot at last, touched the ground. He stood in a little narrow passage. A ray of light shone through an iron door close by. The Cornet went through this door. The faint autumnal rays of the setting sun, gleamed through an iron-barred window opposite, and shone upon the grey, cold stone walls of a little vault. The Cornet found

himself—in a prison ? No, in a store room.

The Cornet looked round for some outlet. He found, indeed, a door in the little passage, which led to the smaller cellar, but this required a key to open it, and there was no key there. The Cornet looked and looked in vain. He seated himself upon a chest of bread in the little cellar, shook off the shawl and veil, and heard with joy that the wild hunters were rushing round above, and that they went into distant parts of the house to seek traces of him, yet they were always near enough to prevent the Cornet from making his exit. Unhappy, indignant, tired, at enmity with the whole world, he sat and looked thoughtlessly around him. A dish of pastry, the remains of a pie, some roast veal, and currant jelly, which stood on a table in the sunshine, kindly and invitingly attracted his attention.

The Cornet experienced a singular emotion. In the midst of his despair, and although a prey to a thousand painful thoughts, he felt—hungry !

Poor human nature ! O man, crown of creation ! Clay—king of clay ! Though heaven and hell roll around in your heart, still you must eat. One minute an angel, the next an animal ! Poor human nature ! And yet :—

Happy human nature ! Happy bond, which alone can preserve the unity of being. The animal refreshes the spirit, the spirit the animal, and so only can *the man* live.

The Cornet lived, was hungry, saw eatables, and was not long in allaying his hunger. The pastry must suffer for the farce.

Pardon ! pardon, young reader. I know a lover, the

hero of a romance besides, should not be so prosaic, so earthly ; and our hero is, perhaps, in danger of losing all your kind sympathy. But think, think ye, lovely creatures, who live upon the scent of roses and sentiment, he was a man, and what is worse, he was a Cornet ; he had had a long ride, and had not eaten a mouthful the whole day. Think of this ! “ But is it proper that he should eat in this way in other people’s store rooms ? ”

Ah, my dear mistress of ceremonies ! when we feel provoked and tired with the world, we easily believe that everything is proper that is proper and agreeable to us, and offends nothing but the *conveniencies* of others. Every one takes at such a time real pleasure in treading such *conveniencies* under foot like weeds, and in such a frame of mind, nourishes a real cosmopolitan spirit, that would say to the whole world, “ Make way for me ! ”

Cornet Charles had made some way through the pastry, when the hubbub above increasing in strength, renewed the loud cry for the luckless “ Iphigenie ! ” This, together with a rattling, and noise upon the stairs, showed that the band of hunters was on the track. He sprang madly against the window, seized one of the iron bars with all his strength to loosen it, and cost what it would, make his escape. The bar shook, but remained firmly in its place. The shouting troop came nearer and more near. At this fearful moment, a key that lay in the window-seat, shone in the sunlight.

O blessed sunlight ! The Cornet seized the key, fitted it to the lock, the door opened, and as though chased by furies (the Cornet at this moment called up in his mind a confused image of the lovely, pleasing Miss

D., with a Medusa's head), rushed through a long passage to the hall, threw himself down the steps, across the court yard, and upon Blanca's back. He was hardly seated in the saddle, when like a swarm of bees flocking out from the hive, the shouting band broke forth from the door, singing in chorus, or rather screaming out :

“ Iphigenie ! Iphigenie !
Tell us what is the matter, say,
Lovely maid, why hasten away ?
Come back and stay with us, Iphigenie !”

The Cornet dashed off, and soon vanished among the trees from the sight of the chorus singers. The three young men, who in the joy of their heart, saw in all this nothing but an uncommonly droll joke, in the twinkling of an eye were mounted on their horses, and followed the deserter.

But when the Cornet saw the chase was continued, he suddenly slackened his pace, much to the astonishment of the triumvirate pursuing him, who soon caught up with him, and surrounded him with loud laughter, and cries of—

“ Aha ! aha ! we have the Cornet now, there is no escape ! Deliver yourself prisoner, Cornet H., and return with us !” and one of them snatched the reins from his hand.

But his arm was thrown off suddenly, and the Cornet, looking proudly and haughtily upon his pursuers, said in anger :

“ If you gentlemen had possessed the slightest penetration, you would have seen that I am in no mood for

joking, or being joked with. You would see, indeed, that all your foolish tricks are no joke to me. I wish they were all at the devil, and you too. Let me alone !”

“ ’Pon honor, that was rudely enough said,” cried one of the triumvirate, as he forced his horse to keep pace with the Cornet, whilst the two other young men stopped a few minutes, and after a short consultation rode back, laughing loudly.

The Cornet rode on slowly, and cast angry and inquiring glances upon his uninvited companion, who from a pair of clear blue eyes returned his glances with a kind of ironical calmness.

The two silent riders came at last to a place where a cross-road led off. The Cornet turned haughtily to his companion and said :

“ I presume that we separate here. Good night, sir !”

“ No,” answered his companion carelessly, “ I have a few words to say to you.”

“ When and where you please !” said the Cornet, impetuously.

“ Oho ! oho !” returned the other ironically, “ do you take the matter so to heart ? ‘ When and where you please,’ are words we use to lead on to a challenge—for when and where you please to take another’s life. Now, for my sake, this can hardly be done ‘ when and where you please.’ But I will look upon it not quite so much in earnest. I will follow you only to keep you company ; to see whether I cannot cheer you up a little, excite you a little, talk with you about those——”

“ With certain people,” said the Cornet, “ I can talk with sword in hand,—it keeps at a distance——”

“ A sword ?” said his companion, carelessly ; “ why

a sword ? Why not rather pistols ? they speak louder, and answer better for the purpose of keeping people at a distance. I seldom draw my sword."

"Perhaps you prefer a pin ?" asked the Cornet, disdainfully.

"Yes, a pin ; or, perhaps, a hair-pin," his companion answered smiling, as he took off his hat and loosened from it the richest tresses that ever adorned a maiden's head, and took from them a long hair-pin, to which he, or rather she, attached a little billet, which she delivered to the Colonel, and said in an entirely different tone :

"If you should find it more painful than a sword thrust, you must at least pardon those, who must needs bring it against their will."

And the blue-eyed rider Therese D., cast a kind compassionate glance upon the Cornet, bade him farewell, turned her horse quickly, and soon disappeared from before his gaze of astonishment.

Another feeling followed this, as soon as he recognized, in the address of the note, Herminia's hand writing. With sensations that can be easily imagined, the Cornet opened the note, and read :

"My only friend on earth ! Farewell ! farewell ! You come too late. I have yielded to the despairing entreaties of my mother. To-day I go to Stockholm ; to-morrow I am the wife of Genseric—if I live. My brother, friend, my all—Ah, forgive me ! Farewell !

HERMINIA."

The letter was dated the preceding day. "How, at Stockholm ?" said the Cornet, forming the desperate resolution, either to win her or to die. "Heaven be praised, there is yet time.

The evening was growing stormy and lowering. The Cornet observed it not, heeded it not, but rode at full speed, to an inn.

"A quick, swift horse! This moment!" said the Cornet in a voice of thunder; "I will pay what you please."

A noble steed was soon panting beneath the wild rider, who, with voice and spur, yet more excited his mettle, and with the fury of blind impatience drove onwards, ever on. But let us take breath a moment.

HOOT! HOOT!

It was night. The silver moonbeams streamed silently upon the castle of Thorsborg, where everything seemed hushed in repose; for not a ray of light glimmered through the deep casement, to give signs of a wakeful eye, of a heart that could find no rest. And yet!—in the Colonel's room a night-lamp beamed, and shed its dim rays upon some family pictures, in gilt frames, whose forms, by the gleaming of its pale blue light, seemed to awake to life from the night of the past, in whose shade their joys and sorrows, their hatred, their love, and their prayers, had long ago expired; and who now seemed, with a peaceful dreamy smile, to look down upon the struggles of their descendants, with the darker powers of life, and to whisper:

"Thou shalt forget, and be forgotten;
The conflict of day, in night shall cease;
Rest shall follow the strife of earth:
Soul! think on this! in this take peace."

Peace? Gentle spirits! you would fill us with trust, but there are moments, when at the thought of these words, "grave" and "heaven," the bitter tears flow.

The Colonel was standing by the window, and looking out upon the moonlight-night. His lofty brow was paler than usual, and a dim light shone out from his deeply sunken eyes.

A gust of wind rustled, now and then, across the castle yard, and bore along heaps of autumn leaves, that recalled to the people of the castle the gay dances that their gloomy looking princes used to enjoy in the old fortress. The tower flags flapped heavily; and a fearful restless whistling, such as accompanies storms in large buildings, sounded mournfully here and there through the house. Such tones might well serve as omens of misfortune, for they called up gloomy forebodings. Clouds, of peculiar fantastic shapes, were coursing the heavens, they hurried on, like armies, with tattered streamers flying.

Cloud-veils floated over the queen of night; she broke through them soon with her blessed rays, and they gathered, at last, in dark grey masses, far away, above the horizon.

With disturbed gloomy thoughts, the Colonel watched the wild struggle of nature. He felt, with bitterness, that the spirit of discord had disturbed, with her poisonous breath, the peace of that family before so happy and united. He who loved his own so dearly, who would be loved by them so tenderly, had become at once like a stranger to them.

Wife, children, kept themselves at a distance, turned their glances away from him; and it was his fault; he

had denied their prayers; they were unhappy through him; and in this moment, when his conscience bore him witness that he had been firm in his opinions of what was right, and had acted without wavering, on the same strict but elevated principles, at this moment there arose painful feelings in his heart, that seemed to accuse him of having erred in the application of these principles, and of having thus caused suffering that he might have prevented. He had embittered the life of beings whom it was his duty to bless and make happy. A physical pain, under which he had suffered for a long time, and that was felt most when his soul was most deeply excited—a weight upon his lungs, that made his breathing laborious, came on with unusual power, along with these sad thoughts. He was alone. No one to show now a feeling of kindness for him; the thoughts of not a single being hovered above him, on the peaceful dove-like wings of prayer; he was alone! A tear trickled from his manly eye, and he looked up on high, with the gloomy desire to leave at once an earth where *sorrows reign*.

A white cloud, which assumed the form of a human being with outstretched arms, hovered alone in the starry vault, and seemed to be sinking lower and lower, and its extended misty arms seemed to approach him.

He thought of Elizabeth, of her love, of her promise to be ever near him after her death. Was it not her spirit that would embrace him now, when all others had forsaken him? Was it not her spirit, that now when all voices of love were silent to him, had risen, and alone called to him through the night, "I love you! I love you?"

The spirit-like cloud came nearer and nearer, with sad longing, the gaze of the Colonel followed it, and unconsciously he raised his arms towards it. It was now suddenly caught by a strong wind; the extended arms were torn from the cloud-body and in a strange wild form the white cloud floated like an image of phantasy over the tower. The room was desolate, the Colonel laid his hand upon his breast, all was desolate there. A deeply labored sigh went forth. In this bitter moment some one approached him with light step, an arm wound itself within his, and he felt a head sink gently upon his shoulder. He did not look down, he asked not; he knew that she was near who so many years had shared his joy and grief. She alone could care for his secret sorrow, she alone would come to him in the still night with consolation and love. Silently he laid his arm around the companion of his life and pressed her head to his heart, where soon all outward and inner pain was hushed. The two stood there long, and saw the storm pass over the earth and chase the clouds. They spoke not a word in explanation of what had happened, not a word of exculpation. Reconciliation held them in her heavenly arms. Heart throbbing upon heart, they stood there; they were one.

The storm that was now increasing, raging, flapped its wings around the tower, the clock of which now struck twelve. The strokes fell heavily on the ear. The Colonel pressed his wife closer and shuddered involuntarily. She looked up to him, his eyes were fixed upon one spot, and her's, following the direction of his, soon remained fixed there too.

On the high-road, which from this place was visible at some distance from the castle, there moved a black body, which as it drew nearer the castle, assumed a greater extent, and a more singular shape. Soon, by the light of the moon, it was apparent that it was composed of a number of persons, pressed closely together in a strange manner, and who moved forward slowly but in company. Now it was hidden by the trees in the avenue; now it appeared again and nearer. A number of men seemed to be carrying, carefully, something very heavy.

“It is a funeral procession!” whispered Madame H. “Impossible, at this hour,” answered the Colonel. The dark mass came nearer and nearer. Now it entered the castle-yard. The winds raged wildly, and carried off the hats of some of the bearers, but they did not turn to recover them. The procession continued towards the principal building; now came up the steps slowly, carefully,—a loud knocking at the door! All remained perfectly quiet, and the procession entered the house. Without uttering a word, the Colonel left his wife, went quickly from the room, closed the door and sprang down stairs. The bearers laid down their burden between the pillars in the hall. It was a bier. A dark mantle covered it. With a sad air the bearers stood around. “Whom have you here?” said the Colonel in a voice that struggled to be firm. No one answered. The Colonel drew near and raised the covering. The moon beamed down through the high Gothic windows. A bloody corpse lay there! The Colonel recognized his son! O, a father’s grief! O, angel of Heaven! cover with thy wings thy smiling face, look

not down upon the grief of a father ! Beaming lights of heaven, expire ! Come, dark night, hide with thy holy veil that grief that knows not tear or word. O never may a human eye profane with curious glance the sorrow of a father !

Noble, miserable father ! as we saw thee fix thy gaze upon thy son we turned away, but offered up for thee our heart-felt, ardent prayers.

All the people of the house, as well as myself, were aroused by the arrival of this sad news ; we stood silently around the bier. At a sign from the Colonel, and the words, " A surgeon," all were put in action. A messenger was sent to the city for a family physician, and the lifeless body was borne from the bier to one of the apartments. The tears of the bearers fell upon their dear young master. The Colonel and I followed the slow, sorrowful train. I dared not look up to him, but heard the deep gushing sobs, through which he breathed with difficulty. When the body was placed upon the bed, we began hopelessly, to try all the means that are ever used for the restoration of those who have fainted or are senseless. His feet were rubbed, and his temples, breast and hands, were bathed with spirit. Blood ran slowly from a wound in the head ; it was bound up. Occupied in this way, I ventured to throw an anxious, inquiring look upon the Colonel, but I turned away again shuddering. His face was deathly pale, a spasm had convulsed and disfigured his features, his lips were pressed closely together, and his eyes were fixed. Suddenly I felt a light, sudden shudder pass through the stiffened limbs ! I could scarcely breathe, it was repeated ; I looked up to the Colonel.

He pressed one hand closely to his breast, and placed the other upon his son's mouth. He seized my hand and placed it there; a gentle breath was felt. There was a slight pulsation around the temples, a sigh, the first intimation of restored life; his breast heaved, and a faint glow of life shone upon his face. The Colonel looked up to heaven. O what an expression! O, a father's joy! Thou art worthy of it, worthy to have bought it with thy sorrow!

Look down, O angel of heaven, with beaming eyes upon the blessed heart of a father! this is the moment for your smiles.

The eyes of the slumberer were now opened, and met his father's gaze, that rested upon him with the deepest expression of anxious joy; they remained a moment open, then slowly closed. The Colonel again alarmed, placed his hand above his son's mouth, to feel if his breath had become more faint; the pale lips moved as if to kiss his father's hand, and an expression of peace and reconciliation played upon the face of the young man. He continued, with his eyes still closed, to lie like one asleep. His breathing was weak but gentle, and he made no effort to speak.

While the careful and tender Helen sat by the bed of her brother, the Colonel left it to go and seek his wife; he made a sign to me to follow him, and I hastened up stairs, pinching my cheeks, that I might not look like a messenger of death. Madame H. sat fixedly with hands folded; by the light of the moon she looked not unlike one of those old pale forms, that from their family circle, looked down upon her. As we approached her she said with smothered anguish,

“Something has happened! What is it? Tell me—tell me all!” With wonderful coolness, with heartfelt tenderness, the Colonel prepared his wife for the sight that awaited her, and attempted at the same time to infuse a trust, a hopefulness greater, indeed, than he himself felt. He led her to the chamber; without uttering a word or cry, without shedding a tear, the unhappy mother went up to her son, who seemed now nearer death than before. The Colonel stood at the foot of the bed, and still preserved his unmoved, manly bearing. But when he saw his wife bend her head to the bloody pillow of her son, and with an entirely indescribable expression of motherly love and a mother’s anguish kiss his pale lips, while the unusual resemblance of the two faces was growing more striking, beneath the shade of death that seemed gathering above them both, he bowed his head, hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Yes, we all wept bitterly. It seemed as though the spark of hope that we had at first nourished had now expired, and none of us believed that the mother would survive her son.

And yet, earthly cares, wasting sorrow, those sharp swords that pierce the inmost soul, do not kill; The wonderful germ of life can draw nourishment from sorrow: can, like the polypus, be cut apart, grow together again, and live and suffer. Mourning mother, wife, bride, daughter, sister; hearts of women which care ever crushes and wounds the deepest, bear witness to it. You have seen your beloved one die, have longed to die with him, and yet live and cannot die. What do I say? If you can resign yourself to live, is it not true, that a breath from heaven will pour con-

solation and strength into your soul? Can I doubt of this and think of thee, noble Thilda R., mourning bride of the noblest of husbands! Thou didst receive his last sigh, thou lost with him thy all upon the earth; thy fortune was dark and joyless, and yet thou wert so resigned, so gentle, so kind, so good! Thou didst weep, but saidst trustingly to thy sympathizing friends, "Believe me, it is not so very hard to bear!" Ah, that was a peace which the world cannot give. And when thou saidest, to dissipate thy grief, "I will not disturb this peace with my sadness," we believed that he from his grave cared yet for thy happiness, encompassed thee still with his love, and strengthened and consoled thee; "And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him."

Patient sufferers, blessings on you! You reveal God's kingdom on earth, and show us the way to heaven. From the crown of thorns, we see eternal roses spring.

But I go back to the sorrowing mother, who had subdued the first, sudden pang of grief. She supported herself during a long time of trial, for her loved one hovered long between life and death. But she wanted sufficient strength and resolution to nurse him constantly. Had it not been for Helen, had it not been for the Colonel, had it not been for me, (I blush to say it,) then—but we were all at hand, and so (and through God's mercy,) the Cornet continued to live.

In the time of sorrow and care souls draw near to one another. When outward adversity storms around us, we gather together, and the most beautiful flowers of friendship and intimacy spring up and grow beneath

the tears of sorrow. In the family circle, a common source of grief destroys all little dissensions and disagreements, and brings all hearts, all interests to one point. Especially if the death of one of the family is threatened, then all discords are silent; then all hearts throb harmoniously though mournfully, all thoughts agree and form a soothing garland of peace, in whose bosom the loved invalid rests.

After Cornet Charles's accident and during his sickness, all uneasiness, all variance in the H. family had vanished; the care, the feelings, the thoughts of all were united upon him; and when his life was out of danger, and he began to grow better—O how joyous every one felt, how all loved each other, and felt such a longing to make each other happy, how we all feared to darken in any way the heaven now growing so clear.

It was touching to see. But I do not know what has possessed me, that I grow so pathetic, and would fain bring my reader to tears over my joys, as though there did not fall enough unnecessary tears into the urn of sentimentality. Let us make a visit to the D. family, and see if we cannot meet with something more lively. By virtue of my magic wand, (the wretchedest goose-quill on earth,) I will bear us, that is, my reader and myself, in a moment, to

LOFSTAHOLM.

It was the breakfast hour. The table was surrounded with people. Bowls were standing upon the table, and it was proposed to drink healths.

"The thousand take me," said a voice, (which the

reader will probably recognize,) "I shall be delighted to drain the glass to Lady Eleanor's health."

His neighbor, with a deep blush, said, in a friendly warning manner, "What will Julia H. say to that?"

"Julia H.? I care very little, the thousand take me, about what Julia H. says. Lady Julia must take care how she takes whims. I may take it into my head, the thousand take me, to send her back, some day, the ring of betrothal; yes, yes."

"Skal,* Arwid!" cried Lieutenant Ruttelin; "Skal for independent men."

"And for their upholders," cried the little Lord Byron; "I meant upholderesses," whispered he to Eleanor, "but it did not sound well; do you understand?"

"Ah, I am not troubled," answered she.

"Lieutenant Arwid, Lieutenant P., may I have the honor of drinking your health?" called Mr. D.

"And I, and I, and I," repeated many voices.

"Fill your neighbor's glass, Eleanor."

"Gentlemen and ladies, I propose the health of Lieutenant Arwid's lady-love; that she may recollect herself, and receive him again to favor."

ALL. Yes, yes, that she—

ONE VOICE. Gentlemen and ladies—the thousand take me—Gentlemen and ladies, that is something which I do not wish. I should take great pleasure in not receiving her into favor. I—but—but in sending back to her the ring of betrothal; the thousand take me.

* Skal is, in Sweden, the common expression in drinking healths.

ALL. Skal for independent men. Skal for Lieutenant Arwid.

"And Skal for maidens without whims! Skal for my Eleanor and her sisters," shouted Mr. D.

ALL. Skal! Skal!

"Very well; very well;" added the little Lord Byron, with a grimace.

TEA AND SUPPER.

I had the honor of seeing my readers at a little breakfast; I would now beg the honor of entertaining them at a little supper. Nay, nay; do not be frightened; it will not be great nor magnificent; not like a visit to his Excellency, Ennui, which will keep you till midnight in waking torment

I disclose a little table in the blue room at Thorsborg. In the middle of the table, Helen has placed a basket of grapes, and wreathed it with asters, gilliflowers, and other flowers which have been colored under the pale beams of the autumn sun. Around this splendid Bacchic crown is seen every kind of simple dish, which can be found in the story of Philemon and Baucis, as well as in all the Idyls, where suppers are the subject. I will not waste paper in an enumeration of the milk and cream, and other rural dishes.* The lady

* "Ah! God bless me." I remember now that Baucis, when she received some unexpected guests, ran to sacrifice her only goose for their entertainment. And I—who have invited a crowd of guests to supper—I cannot serve them with either a calf or turkey. I am ashamed to death.

of the house will not, I fear, forgive me, for passing her so silently. A dish of honeycomb, from which dropped a fragrant juice, or a plum tart, (in the preparation of which she had busied herself,) lighter and more delicate than—the Colonel, indeed, asserted, that after he had eaten a piece, it oppressed him a little. “You never know what oppresses people. Men have curious notions.”

At the moment, for which I have invited the attention of the reader, the lady of the house had just left off, the fifth time, attempting to rub from the stopper of a decanter a spot, which at last was discovered to be a blemish in the glass itself, and therefore immovable. In the lighted room, assembled one by one, Julia (without the betrothal ring,) Professor L., the Master, with his pupils, and at last entered, between his father and Helen, Cornet Charles, who now, for the first time since his fall from his horse, joined the family circle at the evening hour. His mother met him, with tears in her eyes, kissed him, and gave him no rest until she had placed him upon the sofa, between the Colonel and herself, comfortably supported by soft cushions, which she wished to place around his head, in a way in which they could only remain by the help of the flying cherubs. The Colonel observed, with a malicious pleasure, and a laconic “there, there,” how the cushions rattled down right and left. The lady asserted he blew them. When she had arranged them, in some measure, as she wished, she seated herself silently, gazed with a tender, sad smile, at the pale face of her son, whilst tears, which she herself did not observe, slowly trickled down her cheeks. The Colonel looked at her, with a mild, grave

expression, so long, that she was induced by it to recollect herself, and conquer her emotion, so that she should not disturb the quiet of her sick favorite.

It was pleasant to see "the little Thickeys," with open mouth and longing eyes, carrying to their brother some of the good things which Helen had placed upon the table; and how very unpleasant it was to them to give up the dish. Julia kneeled by her brother's side, and chose from a dish which she placed upon the sofa, the largest and most beautiful grapes, to reach to him.

I should like to ask Professor L. what book he was reading so attentively and devotedly. He would either have answered "Julia," or he would have been embarrassed and have turned to the title page of the book; which would have seemed very suspicious—as to what the reading in the book amounted to. There was, in the faces of the greater part of the little company, something uncommon,—an intensity of expectation, in a word, something like that which sparkles in children's eyes, when on Christmas eve, they are looking forward to the Christmas celebration.

Cornet Charles alone was dejected and quiet. The indifferent, languid expression of his eyes testified to a joyless heart, and although he answered gently and mildly to all the proofs of tenderness, by which he was overwhelmed, there was something so sad in his smile, that it called fresh tears into the eyes of his mother.

Meanwhile, the master went about, attempting to fish out some one to play chess with him. He had more than once, placed and displaced all the chess men upon the board, and coughed at least seven times, to give a kind of signal, that rivals desirous of combat might now

present themselves ; but as no one seemed desirous of the contest, he set out on a crusade to choose and challenge one. Professor L., who was himself first threatened with a defiance, stuck his nose so deep into his book, that the master lost courage to venture upon him, and turned to Julia,—who escaped to the other end of the room.

Then he turned to Helen, but she was busied in helping at table ; he came now with a determined expression to me.

“ I must look out,” said I, “ to see if the moon shines this evening.” (The night before was the last of the moon !)

The poor master then, with a deep sigh, cast a look upon the little Thickeys, who were busied with the tarts, and told them to be quick, because he proposed to teach them the moves of the chessmen !

The Colonel who sat blowing his tea, and looking with a smile at the motions of the little company, now raised his voice and said, with a peculiar intonation to every word ;

“ I have heard to-day, that our neighbor, Lieutenant Arwid P., is about to seek for, (and will also find) in Miss Eleanor D., consolation for the inconstancy of another young maiden.”

Oh, how Julia blushed ! Professor L. let his book fall to the ground.

“ I think,” continued the Colonel, “ that this will do very well. Eleanor D. is, I believe, a sensible girl, who is clear in her own mind, and knows how to manage in the best way with others. Arwid P. is a good

match for her, and she a good match for him. I wish them all possible happiness."

"And I too!" said Julia, half aloud and bending towards her father, delighted to find in his words a consent to the dissolution of her betrothal. She looked at him for some time, with an expression in which hope, joy, tenderness and despair alternated; but when his smile of fatherly kindness met hers, she threw her arms around his neck, and gave him more kisses than I can count.

Professor L. threw his arms round himself, (perhaps feeling the necessity of embracing somebody,) and gazed at the little group with a look—oh, how eloquent a look is at times!

"Give me a glass of wine, Beata!" called the Colonel, "I wish to drink merry healths, full of joy. A glass of Swedish wine, of course!"

(Friendly reader! he meant berry wine, prepared by me. Pardon this little boasting.)

I filled the Colonel's glass.

"Your health! son Charles!" cried he, with beaming looks.

At the same moment, there was heard the beautiful music of a harp from the adjoining room. An electrical shock seemed to affect all in our room, and a kind of illumination was kindled in every eye. The Cornet wished to jump up, but was restrained by his father, who laid his hands upon him, whilst his mother, in anxiety at his wild excitement of mind, poured over him more eau de cologne, than was pleasant or agreeable. This music of the harp was followed by another and

still another air. Like the fragrance of a spring morning, was poured out by degrees, a ravishing stream of beautiful and pure melody, which now rose, now sunk, in infinite beauty; and pressed to the innermost heart, so that it seemed as if an angel was touching the strings. To these tones was soon added another still more ravishing. A young female voice, pure, clear, and lovely, which at first trembled, but by degrees gained security and ever increasing expression, say :

When first thy heart another found,
Thou canst remember well
A glow on all life's waste around,
From Love's clear sunshine fell.

It was so sweet, it was so bright
The world, it was so fair,
That both our burning heart's delight
Burst forth in thankful prayer.

Then came the bitter hours and broke
Thy heart from mine away ;
And tearfully the words we spoke,
We were so loth to say ;—

“ Farewell, farewell, O world so fair,
Farewell, O joy of soul ! ”—
But now farewell to all despair,
For peace now crowns the whole.

See thy beloved one is near,
With over running heart !
She lingers now and whispers here,
And we shall never part.

What did the Cornet do in the mean time ? Joy and rapture sparkled in his eyes. His feet moved, he

stretched out his arms ; but, restrained by the arms of his father, his prayers and his looks, he could not move from the sofa. His soul was calmed by the song ; sensations of quiet happiness seemed to overpower him, and he looked up to the ceiling as if he saw heaven opening.

His mother, who in the meantime had left the room, when the song ceased, came back again leading by the hand the enchanting singer—the beautiful—Herminia.

The Colonel arose, and went to meet her. With true fatherly tenderness, he embraced the charming being, and presented her to the company as his fourth, his beloved daughter.

Let no one blame the Cornet, that he did not immediately spring up and throw himself upon his knees, before his beloved. He could not do it. The feelings of intense happiness was too strong for his languid powers, —and momentary faintness came over him when he saw his mother lead in the beloved being, whom he had thought lost to him for ever. His mother emptied a whole bottle of Eau de Cologne over him.

When he again opened his eyes, they met those of Herminia, which were resting upon him full of tearful tenderness. The Colonel took the hands of the two lovers, and joined them. The whole family formed a circle around the two happy ones. No word was spoken but those looks, those smiles of love and happiness—Oh, how much better are they than words !

CHORUS OF ALL MY READERS.

“ But how ? ” “ What ? ” “ Why ? ” “ When ?
How happened it ? How did it come to pass ? ”

I shall do myself the honor, immediately, and in order, as becomes a family counsellor, to give my

EXPLANATION.

When a jelly is nearly made, they put in the white of an egg to “clear” it, (as it is called in technical language.) So also when a romance, a little narrative, or any other literary medley, is near its termination; then we add an arrangement or explanation to “clear” the muddy sediment; and this has commonly much of the properties of the white of an egg, namely, it is glutinous, clear and clarifying, and nearly as tasteless.

I see already what faces will be made over my white-of-an-egg chapter, and I am myself somewhat restless and anxious as about every thing tough; I believe I shall succeed best, if instead of my own twisted words, I lay before my readers a conversation which took place on a beautiful November afternoon, between Madam D. and Madam Mellander, who was a newspaper and advertisement to all the country round. To prevent my reader from being misled by the errors and false conclusions of the two ladies, I will (unknown to both) bring upon the stage a prompter, that is, a breath from the spirit of truth, which is always an important assistant, who cannot be bought too dearly, either to travel over the history of the world, or to go through the

smallest crevice in the door of domestic life. My prompter is unlike those who are employed in the royal theatre, for he does not bring the actors, but the audience into the right track. But to the business.

The Scene is at Lofstaholm, in Madam D's parlor. (Madam D. is sitting at her coffee after dinner. Madam Mellander enters.)

MADAM D. Now my dear Madam Mellander, at last—welcome! I have waited at least half an hour. The coffee is nearly cold. I must have it warmed.

MADAM M. My dear Madam, cold or warm, it's all the same to me.

MADAM D. (While she fills the cup.) Now Madam Mellander, is there any news?

MADAM M. Yes, my dear lady, and now, God be praised, I understand every thing. A little sugar, if I may ask.

MADAM D. Now tell it, tell it! I have heard that the little woodbird there—Herminia, has been received into the H. family, as their own child, that she and the Cornet are betrothed and will soon be married.

PROMPTER. "Three years from now," Colonel H. says. "The Cornet must first travel and see the world;" "and Herminia" Mrs. H. says "must first learn Swedish housekeeping, and three years are necessary for that."

MADAM M. It seems to me as if somebody spoke near us,—are we alone?

MADAM D. No living soul can hear us.

MADAM M. Then I must tell you, my dear lady, a frightful story—just see—I do not wish it to be said I said it——

MADAM D. No living soul shall hear it. (*The Prompter doubts.*)

MADAM M. Well, then, this is it. The present Baroness K. was married in a foreign land to a Swedish nobleman, and had by him a daughter—that pretty thing there, Herminia, about whom both father and mother were much troubled, for you see, they wanted a son, and the maiden was unhappy at home. Now comes Baron K. to Italy, or whatever the place was, and happens to see the beautiful woman—Herminia's mother—he falls violently in love with her, and she is in love with him. This the husband noticed: a frightful confusion ensued, and a quarrel occurred between the two noblemen.

PROMPTER. A duel!

MADAM M. The end of it was, the Baron must leave the land. He came back to Sweden, and led such a wicked life, gambled and was so dissipated, that his affairs fell into disorder. He learned one day, that the husband of the beautiful woman had died abroad, and immediately he travelled off, thinking he should get a pretty wife, and with the pretty wife money to pay his debts. Now he sues for the widow—she gives her consent—marries him in secret, and expects to be forgiven afterwards by her old father; but he (a rich and eminent nobleman) is enraged, and disinherits her. Yes, the newly married pair had nothing to live upon there in a foreign country. Then they came here; and at the same moment a mercantile house became bankrupt, in which were the rest of Baron K's possessions. And now his creditors assailed him on all sides, and he was obliged to hide himself from them,

and for this reason, he lived in the little house in the wood there, and would see no one; and if people accidentally went there, he became frantic, and was cross to his wife, whom, he thought, enticed people there. Yes, he must have led an unhappy and wretched life!

MADAM D. But how came young H. there?

MADAM M. Heaven only knows! I have not been able to discover that; but he came, and the two young people fell in love with each other. About the same time the handsome and rich Commissioner G. came, and also fell in love with Herminia.

MADAM D. That is entirely incomprehensible! The girl is not beautiful! no *fraicheur*—no color——

MADAM M. Ah! what is she by the side of the sweet Misses D.? Like a radish near red turnips.

MADAM D. (*Offended.*) Madam M. you mean possibly roses.

PROMPTER. Peonies.

MADAM M. Yes, I mean so—of course—where was I? Ah, I know now. Young H. went a journey in the mean time, and was absent the whole summer, and G. went constantly to the K's, and—one day he offered himself, and what do you think? Herminia would not have him, and declined his addresses. Now there was trouble enough in the house.

MADAM D. The girl always seemed to me a romantic creature.

MADAM M. In the autumn Baron K's creditors thronged around him, resolved to have their money or throw him in prison. You see, my dear lady, this is the business; through the summer he went secretly to

Stockholm, gambled and won, with part of this he defrayed his household expenses, and with part kept off the creditors for a time. But all at once his fortune turned, and he was in frightful distress. Then he swore a strong oath, and said to young G., "Pay for me immediately two thousand pounds, and you shall have Herminia for your wife." And he answered, "as soon as she is my wife, I will pay the sum immediately." At first the Baron wished to intimidate Herminia into giving her consent. But that did not succeed. Then he threw himself upon his knees and begged, and the Baroness did the same; and the maiden wept and only said, "Give me three days for deliberation." Her parents did not wish, but were obliged to yield; and during this time she wrote to Cornet H, that he must come immediately.

PROMPTER. Not entirely true.

MADAM M. That he might pay the money and have her for a wife.

PROMPTER. She did not write so.

MADAM D. An intriguing creature!

MADAM M. Yes, truly. Now, the Cornet went home distracted, expecting to get the money from his father, who said—no.

MADAM D. The old man was miserly. I know the rest; words were exchanged between father and son. Madam joined in, and foolish things were said.

PROMPTER. False!

MADAM D. Yes, there was a real family quarrel. The Cornet rode away desperately, came to the woodland cottage, found the K's gone away, became nearly mad, rode hither and thither the whole day, and met at last an acquaintance whom he challenged.

PROMPTER. False !

MADAM D. Yes, and at night was carried home like one dead, to his parents. But where were the K's gone ?

MADAM M. That's the thing. There came some people who wanted to take Baron K. prisoner. Then he and the Baroness besieged Herminia with prayers, so that at last she consented to say "Yes" to all. G. spoke with the creditors, and promised to pay them in a few days. And so he carried her to Stockholm, that the bans of marriage might be published on the following Sunday, and soon after to be married ; all was going on quietly and hastily, for all, especially G., were afraid of young H.

MADAM D. But how came it that nothing came of the marriage ?

MADAM M. Yes. Because Herminia became very ill, was almost delirious, like Clementina in Grandison (a romance, you know dear lady,) and was on the point of putting an end to her life.

PROMPTER. False !

MADAM M. How wicked !

MADAM M. Then her mother became anxious, and allowed Colonel H. to come, with whom she had been before very well acquainted.

PROMPTER. False ! false ! false !

As the prompter seems to be one of the three speakers, who knows the course of the piece the best (possibly because he holds the manuscript in his hand), he may come alone on the stage, and set the affair right.

PROMPTER. My good friends, the affair is thus : Herminia's mental sufferings, under which she had long

struggled, caused actually on the appointed day a silent wandering of mind which frightened all who saw her. Genseric G. who learned in Stockholm the desperate state of K's affairs, and observed Herminia's dislike to him, withdrew himself from the business and disappeared for a time, without any one's knowing whither he had gone. Baron K. soon saw that nothing could save him from destruction, and resolved to fly. In this hour of hopelessness a new star rose to the husband and wife. They drew near to each other—they wept together; the veil of forgetfulness was thrown over the past, they vowed to support each other upon the painful wandering; their early love was re-awakened, and made them feel that if they could guard its fire they should be able to find, even in the depth of misery, some happiness. The Baroness's heart, whose ice appeared to be melted by suffering, bled for Herminia, and she shuddered at the thoughts of her wandering over the world with her parents, a prey to necessity and misery. One evening she was sitting by her, and observing the beautiful pale girl, wasted by grief and mental suffering, who was now lying in a quiet sleep; she felt her heart breaking. She seized a pen, and wrote the following lines to Madam H.

“A despairing mother calls to a mother for mercy. In twenty-four hours I shall leave Stockholm, to fly from Sweden. I will not, and cannot take my daughter with me, for I go to encounter misery. Your estimable character, the kindness which I myself have seen shine from your face, have given me courage to turn with my requests to you. (O could you hear them from my trembling lips, could you see in my breast,

the torn and repentant mother's heart, you would grant my request), take her, take my child into your house, into your family. In mercy take her! Take my Herminia under your protection, take her as a maid in waiting, for your daughters; for that, at least, the Marquis Azavello's grand-daughter must be fit. Now she is weak and ill, weak in body and mind. Now she is not fit for much, but have patience with her. Ah! I feel it, I am bitter, and I should be humble. Forgive me, and if you would save me from despair, hasten, hasten like an angel of consolation, and take to your protecting arms my poor child. Then will I bless you and pray for you; O may you never have a moment as bitter as this.

EUGENIA A."

Madam H. received this letter a few days after her son's accident. She showed it to the Colonel. They both travelled immediately to Stockholm, and returned with Herminia, whom they looked upon from this time with parental love, and who soon, in the atmosphere of peace and love which surrounded her, bloomed beautiful and full of joy.

(The Prompter goes out to make room for Charlotte Beata, who seems anxious to speak.)

Few persons like dumb parts upon the stage of life. Each one wishes to come forward and say something, if it is no more than "I am named Peter"—or, "I am named Paul! look at me." And as I, Charlotte Beata, will not be so unjust to myself as to appear more modest than I am, I come forward and say "Listen to me."

Baron K. suddenly disappeared from Sweden with his wife. They directed their course to Italy, where the Baroness wished to make an attempt to be reconciled to her father. They expected, on this journey, to be obliged to struggle with all the difficulties which want and labor can create; but it was very different. In many places on their journey, many people, unknown to them, came out to welcome them entirely unexpectedly.

In various places, money was placed at their order; a good angel seemed to accompany and watch over them. This news was contained in the letters of the Baroness to her daughter.

"All this is the work of my husband," said Madam H. one day to me, with a beaming expression of pride, tenderness and joy, "K. was, in their youth, his enemy, and did him much injustice. Although they have been separated since that time, I know that my husband has not forgotten it, for he cannot forget, but this is his vengeance. He is a noble man, God bless him!"

I said "Amen."

THE LAST CHAPTER.

August, 1830.

The Provost's widow, Madam Bobina Bult, sat in her chariot, and held the reins and whip fast in her hand. Around her, and in the straw at the bottom, in

baskets and buckets, was packed a mass of provisions—and in the midst of all this, your good friend Charlotte Beata. The August evening was mild and lovely, the road good, the horse lively, and yet it looked badly for Madam Bobina's progress—for just before her was a country boy with an empty baggage wagon, who seemed to have made up his mind to try her patience, for he drove his wagon at a walk, and prevented us from passing him; when we turned to the right, he turned to the right, and when we tried to pass on the left, he was there before us. All the while he was singing at the top of his lungs, disagreeable songs, looking back upon us, and laughing scornfully. I looked up to Madam Bobina Bult, for I, alas, am a very small body, and she is as tall and as strong as a mast—and I observed that her under lip protruded in a way that I knew expressed anger; I saw her chin and the end of her nose assume a deeper red, and her little grey eyes shot forth arrows of displeasure. We had several times, with kind and unkind words, exhorted the boy to leave the road open—but in vain! The Provost's widow, Bobina, bit her lips without saying a word, gave me the reins to hold, took a long stride, and . . . one, two, three . . . stood by the side of our tormenting spirit, and with a strong arm seized him by the collar, threw him from his wagon to the ground, before he had time to think of resistance, and gave him a blow upon his head, with the heavy end of her whip, while she told him to beg pardon and promise to amend, or she should prove still farther the strength of her arm. Probably he had become sufficiently convinced of that strength, itself

not very ordinary; for he was suddenly submissive, and repented, and promised everything that was wished. The Provost's widow permitted him now to stand up, held forth a short but forcible sermon of repentance, the conclusion of which was so fine that it moved me, herself and the country boy too, who wiped the tears from his eyes with the brim of his hat, "I know you," added Madam Bobina at last; "Your father has been sick a long time, and you can come to me on Sunday morning, at Lofby, and I will give you something for him."

We went on now undisturbed, but here and there met with some delay. In one place we helped an old woman, who had been overturned in her cart; in another place the Provost's widow alighted, to let loose, with great trouble, a great swine that had been caught in a hedge, and whose inharmonious screams touched her to the heart.

We saw the beams of a sunset glow shining upon Lofby. Slender pillars of smoke rose from the chimneys of the houses, dispersed in the clear evening air, met in a light transparent cloud, and hovered like a rose-coloured canopy above the little village. Its neat cottages, green gardens, and its murmuring clear stream, presented a charming picture, while we were slowly ascending a hill where the road soon separated into two branches, one of which led to our house, about fifty paces distant from the village.

The cows came home in a long file from the pasture to be milked, with their bells tinkling, and with peaceful countenances. The horns rang in the woods. The country maidens sang with clear loud voices, and

with these sounds mingled the ringing of the church bells, which bade "good night" to Sunday evening and announced a day of rest. Madam Bobina Bult's countenance was serene and calm. Every one greeted her courteously and respectfully, and she returned all their greetings kindly. As we passed by our little school-house, a swarm of children burst forth with loud cries of joy, and embraced her with evident delight and tenderness. Caresses and gingerbread were given to all.

Many affairs now demanded the attention of the Provost's widow. One of the maids had begun to weave a fresh piece, another had just finished one. The Provost's widow must see to all this.

A servant had cut himself to the bone; the Provost's widow must bind it up; a sick little fellow in a neighbouring house could have no peace (so his mother declared) till he could see the Provost's widow. A loving husband and wife had fallen out, and had come to blows,—the Provost's widow must bring them to terms, etc.

The Provost's widow spoke to all her little scholars, and prayed with them, wept with a little one who was profoundly repentant for a serious fault, that he had committed, exhorted a second, praised a third, praised and blessed them all, and then went to other duties about the house. When the clock struck eleven she had bound up the wound, first reprimanded properly the husband and wife, and then reconciled them, had consoled the little boy, etc. When she came back she looked at the weaving, arranged what should be done for the next morning, ate in haste two potatoes and

salt, and then went to the other end of the village, to convey to a sick and wretched mother the joyful intelligence of her child's returning from the ways of sin.

I sat meanwhile in my room. Four little maidens, with rosy red cheeks, lay in bed near me, and slept soundly on the snow white sheets.

The peaceful beautiful summer night, which was so warm that I could have my window open, the silence and quiet around me, the gentle breathing of the sleeping children, diffused something lovely and peaceful, and awakened in me those deep sad feelings that spread a calm over the present, and hover around us with the remembrances of past years. The moon, that friend of my childhood and my youth, rose and beamed pale and kindly over the beech grove into my room. Its light streamed lovingly on the closed eyelids of the children, then shone upon a face that the day of life had left to wither,—upon a breast,—whose feelings the passage of years had not yet silenced. Oh, how wonderful! in the friendly beams hovered all those joyous and sad circumstances of my past life, to me so dear—how clearly they rose up in the night—and pressed upon my heart, living and warm! All those with whom I had dwelt in intimacy during my life, and who had become dear or of importance to me, seemed to collect around me, and again to shed their influence in word and look. The H. family, with whom I had spent nearly a year, came at this moment so near to me, that it seemed to me I could speak to those lovely friends, ask them if all was well at home—if they were happy, and whether they remembered me still! Yes

—whether ? For I had not for a long time received from them the slightest token of remembrance, not a line, not a word. That childish painful dread of being forgotten, of not belonging to any one ; of being to those whom we respect and love, so little,—so nothing almost—for a moment took possession of my heart. I wept, and was still sitting with my handkerchief before my eyes, when the widow Bult, who had seen me at the window, from the yard, came in. She asked me seriously, what was the cause of my trouble, and I confessed my weakness submissively. She blamed me for this severely, exhorted and kissed me with motherly tenderness, and bade me go to bed, and for her sake to preserve my health, lately impaired.

She left me,—but I obeyed her not ; struck a match, lighted my lamp, and sat down to write a moral lesson for myself. I heard during this, the clock strike twelve, and half past, then there rose a sudden noise in the house, and it sounded as though there was some one on the stairs that led to my room. My door opened gently, — and the Provost's widow Bobina Bult in her night-cap and slippers, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, stood before me, her eyes sparkling with joy—and a thick letter in her hand, which she reached me. “From the H's., the H's !” whispered she, “I was not going to sit up longer for the post, but just as I was going to bed I heard it come—I had a presentiment ! Good night ! good night ! God bring you joy !” and away went Madam Bobina Bult.

And it was joy to me, Julia's letter ran as follows :

August 13th, 1830.

“ It is a little parson’s wife who writes to you. For months, I have been,—no longer Julia H., but Julia L. I had not the spirit to write sooner. For a long time I have felt a dizziness in my head, and anxiety at my heart. The cause; in the first place a fearful awe, which I have cherished for my dear husband—yes, I knew not for a long time, how I could reconcile my feeling of his superiority over me, and my own precious self love, which would not allow Julia H., what shall I say?—to fall in my estimation. And then,—this rural economy!—cows and sheep, and eggs and butter, etc., and a deluge of little matters,—and then my mother, who would make herself uneasy, helping me. But—now—by degrees, all has come into such wonderful order, the little god with bow and arrow helped me. My good L. takes more pains, I believe, to please me, than I him,—indeed, he was and he is, God be praised, truly in love with me. As soon as I discovered this, there was no more trouble. I took courage—Cows, calves and hens prospered, a vigorous flame burned beneath the great, household kettle—and my mother was at rest, thank God; and my husband—then of course, he was happy, for I was happy with him.

Beata, do you know what I pray, morning and evening, ay, hourly, from the bottom of my heart? “O God! make me worthy the love of my husband, grant me the power of making him happy.” And I have received such power, for he is (so he says, and so he seems) very happy. If you knew how well he looks, how gay. This is because I take so much care of him; then he does not dare take so little care of himself, as before; and

then, he works no more in the night, he has weaned himself of this. And so he thinks and writes (he acknowledges, himself,) more freely and powerfully than before. Then I am very careful not to interrupt or disturb him, when he is in his studies, writing or reading. Oh, when I would just get a glimpse of him (he is so beautiful, Beata) I steal in gently, and play him a little trick. I place a flower upon his book, kiss his brow, or do some such thing, and go quietly back again, and when I turn round to shut the door, I always get a glance from his eyes, that follows me as though it were stolen.

Besides I labor to make myself a pastor's wife, truly worthy of esteem. I would that L.'s wife should be a pattern for housewives in the parish. Do not fancy, that in the midst of all this, I forget or slight my little outward person. O no: I often ask counsel of the mirror, but do you know, what mirror I prefer to ask counsel of? That one I see in L.'s eyes. It is so pleasing to see one's self *en beau*.

O Beata, how ennobling it is, to be united to a man who is esteemed and honored, and at the same time is so good. As Arwid's wife, which Nothing I would never be, what a life of nothingness I should have led! Now, with heartfelt peace, I feel myself every day rise, higher in my own and in my husband's esteem. It is a glorious feeling to rise!

Do you know that Arwid has been married the last three months? His wife, Eleanor D. looks very wakeful, and he looks lively—if it can be called so—when he must. I fear that his dear peace is a little disturbed. Poor Arwid! The young pair were married with feast-

ng and banqueting. Old P. passes every day (certainly intentionally) with his pair of horses, the Swans, and with his daughter in law, in the beautiful landau, and drives slowly past, as if it were to solemnize the funeral of my happiness; but I feed my ducks with gay and careless heart, nod sweetly to Eleanor, and thank Eternal Goodness for my lot.

It is Saturday evening, I wait at home for my husband. In the shade of my window I have placed our little supper table; the meal consists of asparagus from our own garden, delicious raspberries and milk; his favorite dish. The angelic Herminia *Linnæa* is now decorating the table with flowers. How beautiful, how good, how indescribably lovely, no one can imagine! She has supplanted us with our father and mother; but we forgive her so willingly. Ah, brother Charles, thou hast found a beautiful pearl! Soon he leaves the shore of the southern seas, to enjoy the pearl of his life in his dear North, and to shut her up in the shell of married life. How came I upon such a strange figure? Yet it may stay. If the sun of love only beams within the mother of pearl dwelling, it will toss to and fro on the stream of life, like an island of blessedness. Charles writes such beautiful and interesting letters. His soul is like a museum, among its jewels Herminia will dwell. Do you know what happened to my brother before he left us? He went to sleep one night,—a Cornet, and woke—Lieutenant. Was not that charming? Tomorrow morning my father and mother, and sisters visit us. It will be a day of joy.

I have told you how happy I am, and yet I have one wish, the gratification of which will fill up the measure

of my happiness. My good Beata, here in our house there is a little chamber, pretty and agreeable, with green carpets and white curtains, (just such as you like) with a view over the meadows, where fat cows are feeding, which give the most beautiful milk. In the chamber is a bookcase, a—. But it is tedious to describe; come and see it, if you like it; and if you think you can find yourself at home in it, call it yours. Come. Now I hear L. coming in the distance. He comes into my room. I will appear as if I neither saw nor heard him. We must not spoil men, and make them think we listen to their steps. Yes, only cough—only embrace me. I will not move, will not let my pen fall. One must not always yield, and must not spoil his wife; [*L writes,*] and, for this reason, Julia *must* give me the pen; and, while she sits upon my knee, I will write what will trouble her.

Our dear friend, Beata, come to us! We wait you with open arms. You must be happy in our house. Come, and see how I keep Julia in check. To give you a proof of it, she shall not write a word more, notwithstanding her great zeal.

I will write.—

Aug. 14th.

I weep, I laugh, I am beside myself—and still I must write. Do you know who is here? who has just come? Guess, guess. Emily is here, my sister Emily! the good Emily, the gay Emily, the beautiful, the happy Emily! And Algernon is here, and the little Algernon, the most magnificent little child in the world. Mother dances with him, father dances with him, Algernon dances, L. dances—.

Wait, wait; I must go and sing, and I cannot write any more, as truly as I am called

JULIA.

“ P.S.—Beata, come back to us’

“ Beg

“ THE H—FAMILY

Amiable, happy family, I thank you, but Beata will not come. To-morrow I will write this answer. Innocent children, who are sleeping around me, I will stay with you because I can do you good. A joy refused gives often a higher kind of contentment—gives peace. O might I feel it uniformly, during the silent hours of each day, yet gently rolling on, and leading me quietly to the silent shore—and every day will be blessed.

Night mists rise over the meadows, announce the morrow, and warn me to repose. Over the hills of my life rises, also, a cool mist. When it comes nearer, I will write again, and take leave of the H. Family.

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