ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

BY JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

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JOB PRINTING

of every description attended to on call, in the most tasteful manner.

St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula.

TIMES OF DIVINE SERVICE, &c., DURING NEXT WEEK.

Sunday, being the 2nd SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. Morning Service at 10½ A. M. Evening Service at 7 P. M. *Thursday*, being the FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY. Morning Service at 9 A. M.

JAMES BONNAR, D. D., Rector.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FARMERS' BANK OF ASHTABULA.

OFFICE HOURS

From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and From 1 to 3 P. M.

Exchange on New York half per cent. 470

Physicians.

FARRINGTON & HALL.—Physicians and Surgeons—Office at the old stand of Dr Farrington.

S. H. FARRINGTON, M. D.] [D. S. HALL, M. D.

Ashtabula, Jan. 1, 1856.

O PRENTISS, M. D.,—Monroeville, Huron county, O.

Attorneys.

HALL, KELLOGG, & WADE, Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Particular attention paid to Pension, Bounty-Land, and Patent Applications.

ALBERT S. HALL, Prosecuting Attorney.
ABNER KELLOGG,
DENIS WADE.

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SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

CHARLES BOOTH,—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAN, — Attorney at Law — Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House, Conneaut, O.

CHAFFEE & WOODBURY,—Attorneys, Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio. 419

N. L. CHAFFEE, E. B. WOODBURY.

Hotels.

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, Ohio—K. L. HOTCHKISS, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this house, to convey passengers to any point. 470

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Jefferson, Ohio.

ASHTABULA HOUSE,—Robert C. Warmington, Ashtabula, O.

Merchants.

PRENTICE, SMITH & COMPANY, General Dealers in Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

S. BENHAM, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass Ware, and all those articles usually found in a complete and well supplied country Stores. New Building, 23 door south of the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 470

EDWARD H. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ladies' Cloaks, Furs, Skirts, Corsets, Choice Groceries, Shelf Hardware, crockery, &c., &c., Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, O. 419

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., next door South of Ashtabula House, Ashtabula, O. 16

J. P. ROBERTSON.—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and every other class of Goods usually looked for in a First Class Country Store. Courtesy and fair dealing are the inducements offered for a share of public favor. Main street, Ashtabula Ohio.

ROOT & MORRISON.—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Post Office Building, Ashtabula. 419

GEORGE WILLARD,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, manufacturer of ready-made Clothing. Also, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula. 419

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods, Worked Collars and Sleeves, and Fancy Goods. Next door to the Post Office. 470

WELLS & FAULKNER. — Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit and Flour, Ashtabula, Ohio. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the Lowest cash cost. 470

Dentistry.

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 468

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. Colbrook, Ohio. 347

Watches, Jewelry, etc.

O. A. AMSDEN, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416

A. W. STEELE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware, &c. Mechanics' Row, Ashtabula.

Clothing.

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Ashtabula. 470

J. A. TALCOTT, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, of all kinds. Opposite the Farmers' Bank, Ashtabula. 470

Agents.

H. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, & Renting of Real Estate, Insurance, Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, &c. Property sold for Commission only, and no sale no charge. A sale, direct or indirect, constitutes a commission. Corner Main and Center streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, Notary Public. 470

ALEXANDER GARRETT, Land Agent No. 50 Water street, Cleveland, O. Lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, at $2 50 per acre, and upwards. 369

Manufacturers.

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and Dealer in Eastern Cooking, Parlor, Box and Self-Regulating, sheet-iron stoves. Iron Pumps, chain pumps, lead pipe, sheet iron, sheet lead, sheet zinc, sheet copper, sheet brass, tin plate porcelain kettles, dairy kettles, Eastern plows, cultivators and most other kinds of farming utensils. Also, sole Agent for the sale Stewart's Celebrated Air Tight Summer and Winter Cooking Stove, for the County of Ashtabula, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

R. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines. Saw, and other Mill Work, and Jobbing and Repairing done to order, on short notice, and in a workman-like manner, south Main st. Ashtabula. 416

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding Cheese Boxes, &c Planing and Matching and Scroll-Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop South side of the Methodist Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dressor, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Main street, near Tower's Machine shop; Ashtabula. 416

J. B CROSBY,—Iron Founder, and manufacturer and Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 68

W. W. SMITH.—Manufacturer of Sole, Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealer in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins 419

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, also Depot corner Main and Centre Streets, rear of B. Fassett's Office, Ashtabula. See advertisements. 416

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Fine Stationery, Toys, and Fancy Articles, at his Bazaar and Curiosity store, 3d door south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula. 470

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of & Dealers in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 419

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Drs. Farrington & Hall. Ashtabula, O. 419

Engineering & Land Surveying.

G. B. HOLBROOK, — Practical Surveyor, East Ashtabula, Ohio. 40

Boots and Shoes.

D. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store, Fisk's Block, Sign of the Big Boot, Ashtabula, O. 470

Miscellaneous.

M. G. DICK, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer. Also, Dealer in Sheet-Music, Toys, and General Variety Goods, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 467

BUILDERS—LEWIS & CASTLE, Carpenters and Joiners, execute every distription of work in the best style of the profession. Shop in Willard's Blind Factory, Ashtabula, where they have the aid of Machinery, in facilitating their orders, with a Denham Planer for truing-up and bringing their work to a thickness.

NORTH'S Photograph and Fine Art Gallery, No. 79 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Life and Cabinet Size Photographs, Oil-tint on Canvas co-ordinated by Alumbo Paste, Plain Photographs, Ambrotypes, and Melainotypes, all taken in a style not to be surpassed. First Premium awarded at the Ohio and N. Y. State Fairs, for the best pictures.—N. B.—Pictures taken equally well in *cloudy as clear* weather. 467

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union is removed to the Drug Store of A. H. Stockwell, corner Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House. J. M. ALLEN, Manager. 467

SPENCERIAN WRITING.—A new sheet—royal size—of very correct and Splendid Exercises embracing both Business and Ladies' Styles—just published, fac-simile, from steel plate, and sent by mail for 25 cents. Price of the Whole-Loose Paper System—to one address—post paid, $1 25. ☞ More Really Good Writers have originated in this System than in all others.

Address P. R. SPENCER, Geneva, Ashtabula Co. O.

A. RAYMOND.—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, &c., Penfield, Monroe County, N. York. Orders solicited.

W. R. ALLEN.—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O. 470

H. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell, Daguerreotype and Ambrotype Artist. Also, E. Howell's new Paperotype, recently Patented. Lockets and Minature Pins filled at reasonable rates. Pictures taken on patent tea-ther, if desired. ☞ Rooms, first building south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

WILLARD & REEVES.—Dealers in Italian and Rutland Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments, Table Tops, &c., Ashtabula.

A. L. THURSTON,—Cartman, has taken the Establishment of David Camp, and will give his attention to Draying to and from the Depot, and about the village. ASHTABULA, April 1857. 15

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables.

Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatos, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 435

STANTON & BROTHER.—Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio An Omnibus Running to and from every Train of Cars.—Horses and Carriages to convey passengers to any part of the Country. Charges Reasonable.

LIME.—We shall sell Lime at the Harbor for the year of 1858, at 28 cents per bushel, and at the Depot at 35. HUMPHRY & HILL. 470

Commission Merchants.

HALL & SEYMOUR, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, and dealers in Salt, Flour, Fish, Plaster, Water Lime, &c. Also, Commission Dealers in Lumber and Staves. Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio. 470

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mails.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 1 o'clock and 30 minutes, P. M., and mail West will close at 4 o clock and 30 minutes, P. M., the Southern Mail closes at 6 A. M., and the mail to Jefferson at 3 P. M. Kelloggsville mail via Plymouth, Fridays, at 6 30, A. M. Office open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. on week days, and on Sundays, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. until further notice.

Ashtabula, May 10th, 1858. E. C. ROOT, P. M.

On and after Monday Nov. 2, 1858.

CLEVELAND AND ERIE R. ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING EAST.

Day Freight—No. 1	leaves at	12 55 P M
Day Freight—No. 2	"	1 27 P M
Mail	"	2 44 P. M
Accommodation	"	7 37 P M
Night Freight	"	1 12 A M
Stock Express	"	1 40 P M
Night Express	"	11 07 P M

Mail train will stop at all stations except Wickliffe, Perry, Unionville, and Saybrook.

Night Express will stop at Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only.

Accomodation Train East, will stop at all stations.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING WEST.

Day Express	"	8 42 A M
Day Freight—No. 1	"	10 55 A M
Day Freight—No. 2	"	11 08 A M
Mail	"	5 20 P M
Night Freight	"	11 07 A M
Emigrant	"	1 12 A M
Express Freight	"	1 40 A M

MAIL train will stop at all Stations except Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe.

Day Express West will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Kingsville, Ashtabula, Geneva, Madison, Painesville, Willoughby and Euclid, and will stop to leave passengers, and on signal, to take passengers, at Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe. A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.

Our Idol.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away.

Music comes floating
Down on the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home,
Come, stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper,
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky;
Cross the hands gently
O'er its white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

THE FOUR SISTERS:

A Tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden.

BY FREDERICKA BREMER—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

Dedicated to the Memory of A. J. Downing.

"'The woman must regenerate us socially,' was a favorite saying of yours, my friend, a saying precious to me as coming from a spirit so just, so observing, and discriminating as your's; and it seemed to me to express a feeling inherent, though only half conscious, in the people of your country—the great New World, the land of promise and of hope to millions of hearts in Europe.

'It also corresponded deeply to the faith of my own heart. But if woman shall be able to accomplish the great work which we believe intrusted to her by the great Author of life, our laws and customs, institutions and education, must not counteract the normal development of her noblest faculties, of her will and aspirations; they must rather be to her the very soil and sun in which the tree of her life can grow, and develop its branches, and bear its fruits, in full correspondence to its inward essence. You will certainly assent to this, my friend, you, whose skilful hand loved to raise plants of every kind so as to propitiate their full growth and God-given beauty or grace. But is it so with regard to human institutions, for the growth of woman's mind, and the full development of her God-given gifts?

'You know, my friend, that it is not so; you observed it already on earth, and must know it better still in that blessed society where men and women commune as angels before the face of God. Even in your native land, which a friend and countryman of mine calls 'The promised land of woman, and of the child,' and where the women are indulged and left fancy-free certainly more than in any other country on earth, it is not so.—There, even there, indulgence has not yet become justice, and the love for women not reverence to her mission, so as to command a training for her mind, and opportunities for its development corresponding to that mission—training and opportunities which alone can make her acquire her full worth. Nor has she yet been propitiated so far in any country on earth, though superior natures have, in almost all countries, shown the worth and influence she is capable of.

'Of her situation in my own land, with reference to our laws and social customs, I have drawn a picture in the work under the name of 'The Four Sisters,' and which I dedicate to you; then by men such as you, and to you congenial, I should wish my work to be judged. Its bitter parts must be excused on the score of bitter pain, not of a selfish kind. The patriarchal bonds which keep back the growth of woman's mind and social life in Sweden, and which sometimes amount to the most crushing tyranny, I have shadowed forth in these pages, often with a heavy heart.

'But I have done it for love for the moral growth and worth of my people, in strong faith and hope that when its noble spirit came to look facts in the face, and knew the suffering ad debasement, or the bitterness of spirit arising from this state of things, it will rise and carry out, in the liberation of woman, the noble motto of our present king. '*Truth and Justice.*'

'My people was the first among the Scandinavian nations to liberate its slaves, when the blessed voice of the Redeemer was heard in the North, proclaiming the brotherhood of all men and the freedom in the *father*, God. Certainly, it cannot long be one of the last to liberate the loving companion of man, *woman*, from a state of tutelage and bondage, which other Christian countries have already shaken off for her. More than this liberation I do not at present hope for. But when the day will come, when the sons of the earth will better know their true welfare, they will give much more still to her who is to be the Mother and first teacher; in fact the inspiring Egeria of the future generations, the coming Man! From your heavenly home, my friend, methinks I see you smiling down, 'Amen.'

'Since we parted on American shores, the homes of my country have drawn nearer to those of your land in sympathy and love, their noble hearts, their beautiful life; and I am happy to know that I have some part in this, though only as the well who give back the images of the flowers and stars looking down in her mirror.

'Your noblest poets and prose-writers begun to be translated in my native tongue. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin has been read passionately by rich and poor, in the palaces and cabins of my land; Longfellow's poems are translated by a graceful Swedish muse; and Washington Irving's 'Wolfert's Roost' is now read in our daily papers throughout the land, with that peculiar pleasure and charm awakened by this delightful writer—ever young, ever pure, writing as no other, romantic interest with classical purity and elegance, beloved by all classes, read in all lands.

'Even your books, my friend, are spreading in my country, and are this moment helping my brother-in-law to build a house and plant a garden for his Summer residence.

'At my parting with you, I promised to give the right of publication in America of a work of mine to a friend of yours, whose generous spirit even I had learned to know and to appreciate. In now giving my 'Four Sisters' in the hands of the publisher, I am conscious that I intrust to him the work, which, of all my writings, has the deepest root in my own life and consciousness—a work which sacred duty commanded me to write. And I am happy to fulfill my engagements to him and a wish of yours.

"FREDRIKA BREMER."

AN EVENING PARTY.

'Nowhere,' says the proverb, 'do things happen more oddly than in this world.'—And nowhere in the world did things happen more oddly than on a certain evening in our good town of Kungskoping; for there was a great party there, and people were heard talking in this style:

'Now, ladies and gentlemen, we must set to and arrange everything! Every group in order! Camellias, mignonettes, and roses, you all stand in that corner; good fairies and hobgoblins in the opposite one. Gods and godesses, stand forward—Olympus to the right, Valhalla to the left!—Jupiter, Colonel Jupiter, where is he?—'Pon my honor, standing and shaking hands with Odin. Colonel Jupiter, do you hear? What have you to do with Valhalla? You belong to the Olympian division. Mrs. Frigga, be so good as to take charge of Odin and his people. We must keep order in the world.'

'Yes, certainly; only don't forget that Odin must dance with Juno, and I with Jupiter.'

'Of course, in the grand Polonaise. But now every one must go to his own post.—Colonel Jupiter, be so good and stand here beside your worthy offspring, Mars and Vulcan, Apollo and Bacchus! General Odin, march forward!—if I may be so bold. Lieutenant Thor—superb! Assessor Balder; very good! Miss Iduna, be so obligiug!—Ironmaster Brage—where the deuce is he gone to? Ha! ha! he stands bowing to the graces of Olympus. Do you hear, my good sir, leave all that till the great polska. Your place for the present, is in Valhalla, and on this side. The Parcæ here; the Nornor there; that is as it should be. Good fairies and goblins, let me see you in your own region! No deserters now. It is enough to turn one's head. Apropos of head, where have we a Mimer's head? Where can we get a Mimer?'

'Professor Methodius!

'Our one-eyed uncle! Splendid. But where is he?'

'There! standing with his forefinger to his nose, demonstrating his system to the Countess P. He is, no doubt, at this moment amid the creation of the world. I can see it in his face.'

And that was true enough. The Professor, called Methodius, was really standing before the Countess P., and replying to her somewhat mischievous inquiry of 'How the system was going on?'

'Thank you for the inquiry; oh yes, it rocks to and fro like the seamen aground in his vessel.' And the Professor laughed heartily at his own conceit. 'The fact is, that as yet I cannot get it rightly in order, cannot set it to work, as they say. Nevertheless I have got part way. And if one is only sure of the foundation, one may feel quite safe in building up the house and putting the roof on. In the same way, if one will improve the state of the world one must know something about the beginning of the world, and therefore must begin at the beginning of the world. One must go methodically to work. Suppose now that we imagine the beginning. I mean the creation. Imagine then, my gracious Countess, a movement—yes, just a movement, as of an immense mass of meal porridge, which fills all space; and the whole of this mass moves and moves and seethes, just as one sees porridge heaving and seething in a big pot. But through all this heaving and this seething, the grains (the atoms, as the learned call them, but we will express ourselves in a popular manner) collect or mass themselves together into small lumps and clumps, and these again lump themselves together into still larger and larger lumps and masses—and so it goes on till—till at last all the poridge-grains have adhered in one great lump or mass, which we call the earth. Now it is ready; now there it lies, like a great ball, and now it gets a good sound blow or bang on its side, which sends it spinning round and round into infinite space, till——'

'But, my dear Professor, who gave it the blow?' inquired the Countess.

'Blow here and bang there!' exclaimed Major von Post, the lively *maitre des plaisirs* of both the town and the present company, interrupting at this point the history of creation; 'pardon, good uncle, but since you helped our Lord in the creation of the world, be so good as to help us a little in bringing our Valhalla into order, and lend us your head for Mimer's head.'

The good Professor seemed at the first moment somewhat confounded by this unexpected proposal, but immediately replied with a good-tempered smile:

'Most willingly, if I can only be sure about what is going to happen to my head. For as I remember, Mimer's head had to undergo some extraordinary operations, such as being cut off, being boiled, and—'

'Ah, dear papa, there is no danger. I'll be answerable for your head,' interrupted, laughing, an elegantly attired lady, over whose full, but still youthful contenance, such a sunshine of joy and kindness was diffused, that it seemed as though it could never have any wrinkles; and while Mimmi Svanberg endeavored with her white and soft hand to smoothe down the Professor's disorderly gray-streaked locks, she continued: 'we assume here many dissimilar shapes, but always remain ourselves nevertheless. 'I am going to be one after another, first a witch, then a goddess, and lastly Pax Domestica, with a whole train of sweeping-brooms and dust-pans; papa, be a splendid Mimer!'

'Well, just as you like, my dear Mimmi; but—'

'Everybody must come; one go after another. Let us begin, let us begin, ladies and gentlemen, or we shall never be ready!' exclaimed the Major.

'One moment; just one moment more, my dear Major,' besought the lady of the house; 'let us first have tea. It is just ready. And everything will go on with much more spirit when people have had some refreshment.'

We hope that by this time we have corrected the suspicion which our readers at the beginning might have entertained, namely, that they were in a company of fools. They are now aware most likely that they are in company with very rational people, assembled to amuse themselves with a merry scheme. The company have this evening met in Merchant Dufva's large drawing-room, for the rehearsal of a great fancy-ball, which was to take place a few days later in the splendid new Assembly Rooms of the town, and which was to be the crowning festivity of all the festive occasions of the present Winter; 'altogether most exquisitely, most divinely amusing,' said the young girls.

People had enjoyed this Winter many public festivities in the good town of Kungskoping, which, although not properly belonging to the small towns, yet, nevertheless, under ordinary circumstances, participated in the ordinary mode of life peculiar to small Swedish towns, which has been described by a lady residing in a small town as follows: 'One day is so terribly like another that people dont know how to distingush one from another.' For this reason many an inhabitant of a little town, that he may not drop fast asleep from sheer weariness, endeavors to keep himself awake by drinking punch, playing at cards, and many other such pastimes, which have the result of making the purse light, and the heart heavy. The ladies again, when they do not partake of the gentleman's pastime—which sometimes happens—generally endeavor to amuse themselves with coffee-parties, novel-reading, and petty scandal, by way of a little spice to the thin, spiritual soup of daily life. And this especially during our long northern Winters. But this Winter in Kunskoping formed a brilliant exception to ordinary Winters. The railroad, which was being laid down just outside the town, had brought to its social circles a number of young engineers, for the most part lively and intelligent men, who had given a new spring to every pleasure, and people had especially afforded them opportunities for cheerful exercise at their balls, and their suppers, which had taken the character of balls. In short, nobody could remember there ever having been so gay a Winter before at Kungskoping.

People talked also about three marriage engagements which were on foot, besides one which was a settled thing. This last was between the eldest daughter of the house where the company were now assembled, and the rich ironmaster, Tackjern, 'a very good match,' said everybody, because Eva Dufva would have her own house, her own carriage—to say nothing of having a very respectable man for her husband.

Eva Dufva, however, looked pale, and not very happy. But she was one of many sisters of a family not rich, though tolerably well to do—and they all, parents and sisters, had been delighted with this wealthy offer. She would be able to make them all happy; could invite her parents to dinner, and her sisters out into the country to visit at her country-house. Eva Dufva said *yes* to the iron-master Tackjern, who offered her all this. The wedding was therefore to take place in May, upon the silver wedding-day of her parents, and the golden wedding day of the old grand parents; and in preparation for this great occasion Mr. Alderman Dufva repaired, added to, and put in order his house, and the approaching three-fold marriage festival cheered the house and the minds of all with every kind of happy preparation. Mrs. Dufva herself, a handsome woman, who loved to do everything on a magnificent scale, appeared to be the moving soul in everything, arranging and determining all with the utmost pleasure; only now and then she cast a stolen and troubled glance at the pale and grave bride elect, her daughter. But thought she to herself, 'when she is married, and sees herself possesssed of everything so splendid and good, then—'

And so thinks many a mother

Now whilst tea and other refreshments are carried round, and the gods and goddesses, good fairies and goblins, seat themselves in window-nooks and at little tables, and enjoy themselves and talk together, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with some persons and groups of the party, and listen to the conversation which is going on amongst them.

We will first approach a married couple, who look particularly comfortable, because we love comfortable people and married couples, and we can see plainly enough that they are such; that little clergyman, with his somewhat undersized figure; his broad chest, his almost child-like sound, and open countenance, and that little lady whose appearance gives us a foreknowledge that she unites in her own person both Mary and Martha, and who now, laying her hand so confidentially on the pastor's shoulder, says in a low voice:

'Now, my little old man! Now I think it is a good opportunity for you to bring forward your proposal.'

'Now? How so!' sighed the little pastor, with a comic expression of terror, 'my dear little old woman, let me strengthen myself first; let me get a little power and courage by the help of this good tea, and these good biscuits, and—and—a little glass of rum! Do you see—this is a subject which it is not so easy to introduce. Do you see—Here comes Mimmi Svanberg; only don't talk about that proposal. Sit down and drink tea with us. What would you like? what would you have? A pair of old boots? I would very willingly keep them for myself. Mother don't you forget that Mimmi is to have my old boots—*nota bene*—only I must wear them out first.'

'Ah, what is it that you good people are laughing at?' asked a lady with a singularly dark and mournful physiognomy, as she advanced toward the trio. This was the widow Ulrika Uggla.

Mrs Uggla and Mimmi Svanberg are the greatest contrasts in the world. The latter smiles, and is always endeavoring to make life more easy for herself and others; the former sighs over everything, and sees everywhere only that which is painful and unsightly.'

'I do not know,' continued she, 'how people can be so merry when there is so much sorrow and vexation in the world.'

'For that very reason,' replied Mimmi Svanberg, 'one must endeavor to make it more cheerful. Besides, there is also a great deal which is very good, and which makes one very happy.'

'Yes, so it seems to you; but to those who think a little more seriously on things in general—in this very house, for instance it seems to me that all this joy is really sorrow in disguise.'

'In this house! But where, in all the world, can one find a more comfortable home—a more agreeable family—a more beautiful understanding between parents and children—more amiable young girls?'

'Yes, those seven Miss Dufvas!—it is really a cheerful prospect to have so many girls; poor girls to be got rid of; what is to become of them all?'

'Oh, time enough for that yet; such nice girls as they are. Besides, one of them is already engaged.'

'Yes, but how does she look? As if she were ready to make away with herself.—Nothing but sorrow will come out of that marriage, that I can foresee; and all the other girls—they will, all of them, be like sugerfluous cards.'

'There are no longer any such cards in the world,' said Mimmi Svanberg, laughing; 'now-a-days all people are needed for the well-being of the public, and may each one take his proper place and help the others in private or public societies.'

'Psha! with your public societies; they are the most troublesome things that I know, and, if I have my will, Ingeborg shall have nothing to do with them. They are all downright nonesense, and good-for-nothing schemes. Girls can make fools enough of themselves in the world without adding these public societies to their folly!'

Mrs. Uggla's doleful countenance, and mode of expressing herself, seemed so absurd to Mimmi Svanberg, that she burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter; the clergyman, however, took up the subject more seriously, and replied:

'I do not think so. If girls make fools of themselves in the world, it is their own fault and the fault of their mothers. Would to God that I had twice as many daughters as Mrs. Dufva; I should find ways and means and employment for them all, partly at home and partly from home, precisely in some of those excellent societies for the well being of the community, which offer to all and every one an opportunity of being useful, and serving our Lord, each one according to his several talents and turn of mind.'

'It is all talk!' said Mrs. Uggla, with an angry expression; 'a girl ought to get married and have her own family and domestic affairs to look after. And that Ingeborg might have had, if she had not in her youth been a romantic simpleton, and refused a good offer, merely because she was not in love with the man. For that reason she now sits there like a piece of furniture, and is red-nosed, and old, and never will be anything but an old maid It is altogether nothing but stupidity and vexation.'

She, of whom these hard words were spoken, was a young woman of about thirty, or somewhat more, and whose appearance and manner betrayed a painful consciousness of a youth which was passed, a a restless endeavor still to retain it. She had handsome teeth, and therefore she often-times smiled, although her smile was deficient in gladness, while her dress was more youthful than became her age and appearance. When her mother's restless and gloomy eye was fixed upon her, she might especially be seen to assume a gayety and liveliness which evidently did not proceed from the heart. Hence it followed that she appeared effected, and was considered to be so.

Mimmi Svanberg, who understood and valued Ingeborg Uggla better than her splenetic mother did, said:

'Ingeborg is not a common character, and may yet marry well if she likes. In the meantime I think that she showed her good taste, and her noble, right feeling, by remaining rather in her mother's house than marry a man whom she could not like.' With these words Mimmi Svanberg, as if afraid of further contention on the subject, rose up to speak with some other persons in the room, calling forth, for the most part, wherever she came, cheerful conversation and laughter.

We will now listen to what that group of young men are saying.

A.—'It is dreadfully slow here. There won't be a single card-table this evening.

B.—'I doubt it. Let's make the best of a bad business. I'll go and talk with the ladies.'

A.—'The deuce you will! It is such hard work making polite speeches. No, I'll be off to my club, smoke a cigar and have a bowl of punch, which you're very welcome to empty with me.'

B.—'Not a bad idea; but—I'll just have a little talk first with little Miss D. She is a very nice little girl, and is said to have in expectation her fifty thousand banko.'

C.—'Introduce me to her, my good fellow! Be so good to introduce me; but stay, tell me first, for I am only just come to this place, which are the richest girls here this evening.'

B.—'I can't exactly say—not precisely; let's look round. First, there are the young ladies of the house; my friend Von Tackjern is betrothed to one of them, but the other six or seven are yet to be had.'

C.—'The sweet little doves! but are they worth anything? you understand me!'

B—'Not much to speak of, I fancy, except handsome feathers—a good outfit.'

C.—'Well, we'll let them fly. There are two very pretty girls sitting there, as much alike as if they were sisters.'

B.—'The Miss Roses; the Roses, as they are generally called; most charming girls; they are very accomplished——'

C.—'Yes, but have they any money as well?'

B.—'They have nothing but hearts and roses.'

C.—'Well, we'll leave them sitting there then. Now let's go on in the fair.'

B.—'Besides them sits Miss Uggla; not exactly poor, and rather a nesh sort of girl; but she's getting old now; has been at balls for I don't know how many years, so that she is quite faded passee.'

C.—'Pass her by then and go to somebody else. Who is that who sits beside her, dressed in black? she has a fine figure but she looks so cursedly positive.'

B.—'Be on your guard against her, for she has a sharp tongue! She is nevertheless worth her twenty thousand banko, that is to say, when papa, old Falk, is dead; because, so long as he is alive, he won't part with a single stiver, that's a certainty.'

C.—'Twenty thousand banko! nay, that is too low a figure for me to put myself under the petticoat government of such a ruler. Such bondage as that must be pretty well gilded.'

B.—'Here comes the bridegroom elect, the future son-in-law of the house, my friend Von Tackjern, a rich and capital fellow—coming to speak to me.'

C.—'Introduce me to him, my good fellow; I am only just come to the place, and should like to become acquainted with the respectable——'

The introduction took place. Mr. Von Tackjern was a formal substantial gentleman, who liked evidently that people should bow down before him, but was very much inclined to bow to others. He looked as if an iron poker were run through him fro' head to foot. To the congratulations of his friend on his betrothal with so amiable a young lady, he replied boldly:

'She is a good girl, and will, I hope, be an excellent wife, and make me happy. I look for the reality in happiness as well as in life.'

B.—'A very right and prudent way of thinking; it would be well if every one thought as rationally.'

Von Tackjern.—'Yes, people would render themselves and their country better service in that way than by giving themselves up to every kind of fantastic and philanthropic whim. That philanthropy, with all its societies and collections, it totally ruins——'

B—'Don't speak so loud, for here comes a lady very formidable on this score, one of our fellow citizenesses——'

'Say formidable, because she is irresistible by her good heart and her good temper, this tutelar saint of the poor,' said a young man who stood near the speakers, 'and one cannot possibly say no to anything which she desires.'

'It is one of my principles never to put my name down to any subscriptions,' said Von Tackjern, and buttoned up his coat.

'And it is one of mine always to do so,' said the former speaker, 'when they are promoted by persons whom I know to be really the friends of the poor, as is the case with my cousin Mimmi Svanberg.'

Mimmi Svanberg came up to the last speaker at this very moment and asked in a merry and low voice:

'My good Yngve, your father was a warm friend of his country, and you are his worthy son, and—you have no doubt an old pair of boots! I want a pair this week.'

'They shall stand before your door tomorrow morning, my dear cousin; because if I have not any, some of my friends have, which will be quite at your service. Whose old legs are you going to make happy with them?—though it is all one to me. But do you not want two pair? Go and ask our rich ironmaster here——'

'No, thank you; I shall take care not to do so. I know to whom I go. Thank you dear Yngve. But I have not done with you yet; I want to turn this evening to good account; and you must help me to do so. I want the price of the tickets to be applied to the benefit of our infant school. Cannot you propose it, Yngve? We must speak to our good pastor about it and endeavor to interest Mrs. Tupplander in the subject. Where is she?'

Mrs. Tupplander safe in the middle of the sofa, glittering in full feather and pomp of attire, enthroned like a queen, or rather as one who would enact the queen. Mrs. Tupplander would in fact be very willingly queen-regent of the town, the greatest chicken in the hen-coop, as she saying is, the first lady in company, and as yet no one has contested the place with her, because she is a rich widow, who gives liberal alms, and extremely good dinners, to which her housekeeping companion, a lady of good family, the Honorable Miss Krusbjorn, greatly contributes. Miss Krusbjorn has a genius in this line, and manages Mrs. Tupplander's house both in a clever and splendid manner, which is precisely according to Mrs. Tupplander's notions. Mrs. Tupplander and Miss Krusbjorn divide the rule of the family, as in a constitutional government, into the upper and lower house; but in case of difference of opinion, which frequently occurs, the lower house generally carries its own point. Mrs Tupplander bears the name, but Miss Krusbjorn has the power. Yet Mrs. Tupplander and Miss Krusbjorn could not live without each other. But enough for the present about these ladies.

Mimmi Svanberg, who saw the weaknesses of her fellow creatures, and smiled at them rather than let them annoy her, was nevertheless sometimes annoyed by Mrs. Tupplander, though she always kept up a good understanding with her for the sake of her neighbors; and therefore she listened with great patience to the description of a dinner which Mrs. Tupplander was about to give, and of all the delicate dishes and wines, the whole sprinkled with the praises of Miss Krusbjorn and her talents. When, however, Mrs. Tupplander approached the end of her dinner details, Mimmi Svanberg attacked her on her weak side, as the friend and patroness of the poor, and obtained the promise of her help on behalf of a needy family, as well as her advocacy and co-operation in a plan which would be brought forward that very evening. In this way, compelled to a certain degree, Mrs. Tupplander gave her consent, but added with a little pepper, as