

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT"

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A Cale of Normay.

FEATS ON THE FIORD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER I.

Erlingsens "at Home."

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to in-undate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water: while the bays bet ween them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sear instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called flords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine-forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mir-/ ror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he mes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound, in their seasons, on the coast of

It is dificult to say whether these flords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shalows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely. than the faint light of the winter noons. of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface : but before the day is ever, out come the stars-the glorious stars, which shine like nothing we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the consicilations of the sky, as they silently glide orer from peak to peak of these rocky were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The car is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer, there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its cyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that meals through the pine forests wakes this music as it goes. The stiff piny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, 50 that every breath of the night wind, in Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through. This music, of course, drifting storm, a mass of snow too beary to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a cracking to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are this all. Wherever there is a mok between the rocks in the shore, where a
man may build a house, and clear a field

or two wherever there is a mok betled for life provided for till death, if
they choose to be commonly industrious
and house. two-wherever there is a platform bede the cataract, where the sawyer may ant his mill, and make a path from it to in some great road, there is a human mintion, and the sounds that belong to Thence, in winter nights, come mu-

tery season of the year. On a January night, a hundred years go, there was a great merriment in the e of a farmer who had fixed his de within the arctic circle. in Nordud, not far from the foot of Sulitelma, highest mountain in Norway. This telling, with its few fields about it, was a recess between the rocks, on the re of the ford, about five miles from slidalen, and two miles from the junc-tion of the Salren's Elv (river) with the nd. It was but little that Erlingsen's helds would produce, though they were thered from the coldest winds, and the omer's sunshine was reflected from rocks, so as to make this little farm

and laughter, and the tread of dan-

ers, and the hum of many voices. The

orwegians are a social and hospitable

defiance of their arctic climate, through

ple; and they hold their gay meetings,

were driven up the mountain, to feed on ed a weakness which she owed to her the floor was strewn with juniper twigs; the pastures there; and during the seven mother. Her mother, a widow, had and the spinning wheels, the cardingmonths of winter, they were housed and

At one extremity of the little heach of white sand which extended before the farmer's door was his boat-house; and on his boat he and his family depended, for a principal part of their winter subsistence. Except a kid or a calf, now and no meat was killed on the farm.-Cod in winter, herrings in spring, trout and salmon in summer, and salted fish in winter, plways abounded. Reindeer meat she should have reached. Erica never believed that she did reach this spot of was regularly purchased from the Lapps who trivelled round among the settlement of orders, or drove their fattened before of the Wood Demon having been offended by one of the family, Erica remarked this accident as a token of his ventral and butter, with anchoves, shreds of reindear ham or tongue, or thin slices. their sporting rambles, sometimes a young bear, sometimes wild ducks, or the noble cock-of-the-woods, as big as a Turkey, or a string of suppes, or golden plovers, or a string of supes, or golden plovers, or the plarmigan. The eggs of sca-birds might be found in every crevice of the islets in the fiord in the right season; and they are excellent food. Once a year, too, Erlington wrapped himself in furs, and drove himself in his sledge, followed by one of his housemen on another and a larger, to the great winter fair at Trouven, where the Lapps repaired to Tranyem, where the Lapps repaired to sell their frozen reindeer meat, their skins, and few articles of manufacture, and where the travelling Russian merchants. came with the productions of other cli-mates, and found eager customers in the inhabitants, who thronged to this fair, to make their purchases. Here, in exchange for the sait fish, feathers, and eider down which had been prepared by the industry his family, Etlingsen obtained flax and ool wherewith to make clothing for the puschold and those luxuries which no yorwegian thinks of going without —corn and y, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and spices.

dy to burn peat which they did not like ame Erlingsen's business to calculate how much of all these foreign articles would passes, are imaged on the waters so clearlight the fisherman, as he immoors his
boat for his evening task, feels as if he
light the fisherman task, feels as if he
light task, feels as if he
li be wrong, her husband came home from the winter fair heavily enough laden with good things. his own every-day household that he

brought. The quantity of provisions, especially corn-brandy, 16bacco, coffee, and sugar, consumed in hospitality in Norway, is almost incredible; and, retired as the Erlingsons might appear to dwell, they were as hospitable, according to their opportunities, as any inhabitant of Bergen of Christiana. They gave feasts at Christiana, and on every occasion that they dould devise. The occasion on the particular January day mentioned above, was the betrothinent of one of the house-maiders to a young farm-servent of the establishment. I do not mean that this festival was anything like a marriage. It was merely an engagement to he married; but this engagement is a much more formal and public affair in Norway (and indeed wherever the people belong to According to the ries of the Lutheran

church, there are two ceremonies one when a chaple become engaged, and another when they are married. In Norway, this betrothment gives the couple a certain dignity beyond that of the uneugaged, and more liberty of companionship, together with cortain rights in law. ceases when each tree, becomes laden This makes up to them for being obliged with slow; but yet there is sound in the to wait so long as they often must before midst of the longest winter night. There they can marry. In a country, scattered the rumble of some avalanche, as, after over with farmers, like Norway, where there are few money transactions, because people provide for their own wants on their own little estates, servants do not shift their places, and go from master to master, as with us. A young man and woman have to wait long—probably till some houseman dies or removes, before

and honest. The story of this hetroth-ment at Erlingsen's will explain what I have just said.

As Madume Erlingsen had two daughters growing up, I and they were no less active than girls of a Norwegian household usually are, she had occasion for only two maidens to assist in the business the dwelling and dairy.

Of these two, the younger, Erica, was the maider betrothed to-days No one perhaps rejoiced so much at the event as ber mistress, both for Erica's sake, and on the account of her own two daughters. Erica was not the best of companions for them; and the servants of a Norwegian farmer are necessarily the companions of the daughters of the house. There was nothing wrong in Erica's conduct or tem-per toward the family. She had when confirmed, borne so high a character that many places were offered her, and Madame Erlingsen had Haught herself very fortunate in obtaining her services. But, since then, Bries bad sustained s shock which hurt lepr spirits, and increas-

The rite of confirmation is thought much more

brought up her child in all the superstifed on the hay grown at home, and that tions of the country some of which re-which was brought from the incuntain. main in full strength even to this day, and were then very powerful; and the poor woman's death at last confirmed the lessons of her life. She had stayed too long, one autumn day, at the Erlingsens'; and, being benighted on her return, and suddenly seized and bewildred by the cold had wandered from the road, and was found frozen to death in a recess of there was the resource of game. Eding- garded this accident as a token of his ven-sen and his lousenien brought home from genuce. She said this when she first heard

of her mother's death; and no reasonings from the zealous pastor of the dis-trict; no soothing from her mistress, could slinke her persunsion. . She listened with submission, wiping away her qui-

Erlingsen and his wife always treated

her superstition as a weakness; and when

would do when offended.

she was not present, they ridiculed it.-Yet they saw that it had its effect on their daughters. Erica most strictly obeyed their wish that she should not talk about the spirits of the region with Orga and Frolich; but the girls found plenty of people to tell them what they could not learn from Erich. Besides what everybody knows who lives in the rural districts of Norway-about Nipen, the spirit that is always so busy after everydody's affairs -- about the Water-sprite, an acquaintance of every one who lives beside a river or lake and about the Mountain-demon, familiar to all who lived so Large mould cantles were also sold so cheap by the Russians that it was worth while to bring them home for the use of the whole family—even to burn in the stables and stalls as the supply of hears' fet was so precarious, and the pine treewas too precious, so far north, to be split up into torches, while it even fell so far short occasionally, as to compel the family would see her supported by her husband's would see her supported by her l unfearing mind, and occupied with domestic business more entirely than in her

mistress' house. So Madame Erlingsen

was well pleased that Erica was betroth-

ed; and she could only have been better

satisfied if she had been married at once.

For this marrying, however, the young people must wait. There was no house, or houseman's place, vacant for them at present. There was a prospect, however, The old houseman Peder, who had served Erlingsen's father and Erlingsen himself for fifty-eight years, could now no longer do the weekly work on the farm which was his rent for his house, field, and cow. He was blind and old His aged wife Ulla could not leave the house; and it was the most she could do to keep the dwelling in order, with occasional help from one and another. Housemen who make this sort of contract with farmers in Norway are never turned out .-They have their dwelling and field for their own life and that of their wives.-What they do, when disabled, is to take in a deserving young man, to do their work for the farmer, on the understanding that he succeeds to the houseman's place on the death of the old people. Peder and Ulla had made this agreement with Erica's lover, Rolf; and it was understood that his marriage with Ericashould take place whenever the old peo-

ple should die.

It was impossible for Erica herself to fear that Nipen was offended, at the out- ty a partner as M. Erlingsen has-if she set of this festival day. If he had chosen to send a wind, the guests could not like come; for no human frame can endure travelling in a wind in Nordland on a January day. Happily, the air was so calm that a flake of snow, or a lock of eider-down, would have fallen straight to the ground. At two o'clock, when the short daylight was gone, the stars were shining so brightly, that the company who came by the fiord would be sure to have ghost from the grave has scared her, I an easy voyage. Almost all came by the fiord, for the only road from Erlingsen's house led to so few habitations, and was in her that she has so little faith. I nevso narrow, steep, and rocky, that an ar- er met with such a case. I hardly know rival by that way was a rare event. The how to conduct it. I must begin with of the same season of our lives. path was now, however, so smooth with the people about her abolish their sufrozen snow, that more than one sledge perstitions—and then there may be a attempted and performed the descent .-Erlingsen and some of his servents went out to the porch, on hearing music from the water, and stood with lighted pinctorches to receive their guests, when approaching from behind, they heard the sound of the sleigh-bells, and found that

It was a pretty sight—such an arrival. In front, there was the head of a hoat driving up upon the white beach, and figure after figure leaping out and hasten-ing to be welcomed in the porch; while, in the midst of the greeting, the quick and regular beat of a horse's feet was heard on the frozen ground, and the active little animal rushed into the light, shaking his mane and jingling his bells, till suddenly checked by the driver, who stood upright at the back of the sledge, in with the back of the sledge, will agass of punch in furs that not bing could be seen of them furs that not bing could be seen of them common where they threw off their pelisses and chaks. Glad had the visitors been, whether they came by land or water, to arrive in-sight of the like rows of yellow sturs, contrasting will last fill some time after you are dead. And, what is more—I should not wonder the like rows of yellow sturs, contrasting with the blue ones overhead; and more glad still were they, to be usberted into the great room, where all was so light, till suddenly checked by the driver, who the rocks, so as to make this little farm much, more productive than any near which were in a more exposed situation. A patch of tye was grown, and some beans and owts; and there was a strip of pasture, and a graden in which might be seen turnips, radiobes, potatoes, lettuce and beins, and even some fruits—a few mapberries, and a great many charries. There were three or four borses on the farm, five cows, and as small flock of gots. In success, the tattle and flock the roaring and crackling fires; for the tian?

The free were of pine wood. Rows upon rows de of capables were fastened against the "A busined years ago, Norland was included in as he looked earnestly into her face. It walls, above the heads of the company; the discuss of Trooysia.

boards, every token of household labor was removed, except the loom, which remained in one corner. In another corner was a welcome sight a platform of rough boards, two feet from the floor, and on it two stools. This was a token that there was to be dancing; and indeed Oddo, the herd-hoy, old Peder's grandson was seen to have his clarionet in his with his foot upon the ground, to carry belt, as he ran in and out on the arrival off his impatience at being instructed.

My advice would be, sir, with all res-

of reindeer ham or tongue, or thin slices of salt cheese. When these trays disappeared, and the young women who had served them returned into the room, Oddo. was seen to reach the platform with a hop, skip, and jump, followed by a dull-looket tears as they discoursed; but no one could ever get her to say that she doubted whether there was a Wood Demon, of that she was not afraid of what he drew to a smaller room, where card-tables were set out; while the younger men selected their partners, and handed them forth for the gallopade. The dance was led by the blushing Erica, whose master was her partner. It had never occurred to her that she was not to take her usual place; and she was greatly embarrassed; not the less so that she knew that her mistress was immediately behind, with Rolf for her partner. Erica might, however, have led the dance in any country in Europe. All the women in Norway dance well; being practised in it from infancy, as an exercise for which the leisure of their long winter, and the roominess of their houses, afford scope. Every woman present danced well; but none better than Erica.

Very well! very pretty! very good! observed the pastor, M. Kollsen, as he sa, with his pipe in his mouth, looking on. M. Kollsen was a very young man; but the men in Norway smoke as invariably as the women dance. Very pretty judeed! They only want double the number to make it as pretty a dance

as any in Tronvem. What would you have sir?' asked old Peder, who sat smoking at his elbow. Are there not eleven couple? Oddo told me there were cleven couple; and I think I counted so many pairs of feet as

they passed."
Let me sec yes, you are right, Peder. There are eleven couples." And what would you have more, sir ! In this young man's time-'
'Roll's father's ?'

'No, sir-Erlingsen's. Ah! I forgot that Erlingsen may not seem to you or any stranger, to be young; but Ulla and I have been used to call him so; and I fear I always shall, as I shall never see the furrows in his face. It will be always smooth and young to me. My Ulla says there is nothing to be sorry for in that, and she does not object to my thinking so of her face. But, as I was saying, in the elder Erlingsen's time we thought we did well when we set up nine couples at Yule; and since then, the Holbergs and Thores have each made out a new farm within ten miles; and we are accustomed to be rather proud of our eleven couples. Indeed, I once knew it twelve, when they got me to stand up with little Henricathe pretty little girl whose grave lies be-hind, just under the rock. But I suppose there is no question but there are finer doings at Tronvem.'

· Of course—of course, said the young clergyman. But there are many youths in Tronyem that would be glad of so pretwould not look so frightened.'

Pretty she is, said Peder. As I remember her complexion it looks as if it was made by the reflection of our snows in its own clearness. And when you do get a full look into her eyes, how like the summer sky they are-as deep as the heavens in a midsummer noon! Did you

say she looks frightened, sir?' Yes. When does she not? Some suppose; or some spirit that has no grave to lie still in, perhaps. It is a great fault. chance for her. Meanwhile I have but a poor account to give to the bishop* of the

religion of the district.' ' Did you say sir, that Erica wants faith ? It seems to me that I never knew any one who had so much.

You think so because there is no idea company was arriving both by sea and in this region of what faith is. A prodigious work indeed my bishop has given me to do. He himself cannot be aware what-it is, till I send him my report. One might suppose that Christianity had never been heard of here, by the absurd credulity one meets with in the hest houses -the multitude of good and evil spirits one hears of at every turn. I will blow them all to the winds presently. I will

> twenty miles.' You will, sir ?

However that may be, said Peder, 'I have some knowledge of the people about us, having lived nearly four score years in the parish; and perhaps, sir, as you are young, and from a distance, you would allow me to say a word. May I?

O, certainly.
But while M. Kollsen gave this permission, he took his pipe from his mouth and beat time with it upon his knee, and

pect to you, said Peder, that you should lead the people into everything that you think true and good, and pass over quietly whatever old customs and notions you do not understand or like. I have so much belief in the religion you are to teach as to feel sure that whatever will not agree with it will die off out of its way, if let alone. But if religion is brought the musician. Hund does seem dull longing to his office. He had discharged in to hurt the people's feelings and no enough, to be sure, said she, smiling; his office in the morning, in betrothing tions, that religion will be the thing to

suffer.' utter. I must judge for myself about such matters, of course, said M. Kollson. He was meditating a change of place, to escape further lecturing about his duty, when Peder saved him the trouble of leaving his comfortable seat by rising, and he has missed poor fellow! But yet I er number of guests, moving away towards the fire. Peder's think you might feel a little more for him. It was settled in a moment that Nipen pipe was smoked out, and he was going It would show that you know how to val-should have his cake, which so shocked pipe was smoked out, and he was going for more tollacco to the place where tobacco was always to be found—in a little recess above the fireplace. He fell his way carefully, that he might not interfere with the dancers, or be justled by them; but he had not far to go. One friend begged to be sent for anything he wanted; another, with a quicker eye, brought him tobacco; and a third led him to his seat again. All looked with wonder at M. Kollsen, suprised that he, Peder's companion at the moment, young and blessed with eyesight, could let the blind old man leave his seat for such a reason. M. Kollsen whiffed away, however, quite unconcious of what everybody was thinking.

'This waltz, said Peder, when the dancers had begun again, does not seem o go easily. There is something amiss. thing it is in the music the fault lies .-My hoy's clarionet goes well enough; no fear of Oddo's being out. Pray sir, who plays the violin at this moment? A fellow who looks as it he did no

like his business. He is frowning with his red brows, as if he would frown out the lights.' His red brows! O, then it is Hand.

I was thinking it would be hard upon him poor fellow, if he had to play to night.— Yet not so hard as if he had to dance. Itis weary with dancing with the heels when the heart is too heavy to move .-You may have heard, sir, for every one knows it, that Hund wanted to liave young Rolf's place; and, some say, Erica herself. Is she dancing, sir, if I may

Yes with Rolf. What sort of a man Rolf with regard to these superstitions, I mean? Is he as foolish as Erica -always frightened about something? No. indeed. It is to be wished that Rolf was not so light as he is-so inconsiderate about these matters. Rolfins his troubles and his faults; but they are not of that kind." 'Enough,' said M. Kollsen with a voice

of authority. I rejoice to hear that he is superior to the popular delusions. As to his troubles and his faults, they may be left for me to discover all in good time.

comfort in him. He lives with us, sir, country was handed round, cut up, and the night; and appealed to the company from this night forwards. There is no little but the bones was left of a score of fear that he will wish us in our graves, birds. Then there was preserved fruits, though we stand between him and his and berries eaten with thick cream;—al-

marriage.;
That must be rather a painful consid-

were all the happier, we think to this day, getting his supper, he thought to himself for having had four such years as these young people have before them, to know lightly as Brica—no one carved so neatone another in, and grow suitable in notions and habits, and study to please one another. By the time Rolf and Erica are most respect and attention were owing. certain, the pleasant feeling of having done his duty by us. It is all as it should

The pastor made no answer. He had not heard the last fow words; for what pered as they were, would never, by any Peder said of being undergraund had plunged him into a reverie about Peder's funeral sermon, which he should, of course, have to preach. He was pondering how he should at once do justice to Peder's of the countenance Peder gave to the superstitions of the region in which he lived. He must keep in view the love and respect in which the old man was held by everybody; and yet he must bear witness against the great fault above mentioned. He composed two or three paragraphs in his imagination, which he thought would do and then committed them to memory.

The cake and ale are here, Rolf, Will you carry them?

'Othe treat for old Nipen. Yes, I will carry them," replied Rolf, rising from his grandfather might not be made to feel his rheumatism by any draught as he sat virtues, and mark his own disapprobation He was roused from this employment by root out every superstition in a circle of a loud laugh from the man whose funeral he was meditating, and saw that Peder was enjoying life at present, as much as

nimion the shoulder and said. How it? Make your friends merry.

Rolf bowed and smiled, and his master.

O, Rolf, there is something so much octter than merriment.!' 'Yes, love; but where is it? Not in your heart to-night. Erica.

'Yes, indeed, Rulf.' You look as dull—as sad—you and

till her lover reminded her that Hund was times to hear him speak on matters be-I hope I do not often look like that." I see, said Rolf, brightening when he found how entirely Hund had been absent from her thoughts. I am more sorry for Hund than you are; and with good reason, for I know what the happiness is that

he will fix his love on somebody else. Perhaps we shall be dancing on his betrothment-day before the year is out. Then I hope his girl will look merrier It, appeared, however, that he could than you do to-night, mustered Rolf with not go. Not a man would row him after a sigh. 'O Erica! I wish you would what he had just said of Nipen. All were trust me. I could take care of you and sure that a gust of wind would blow the means. I know you love me, and all that, but you are always tormenting yourself-

But where is the use of that, if you but he was so earnestly entreated to atwill not believe that I can keep off all trouble from you that nothing in the universe shall touch you to your burt,

O. hush! hush! said Erica, turning pale and red at the presumption of this speech. See, they are waiting for us. One more round before supper.

And in the whirl of the waltz she tried absence, though unable to recover the to orget the last words Rolf had spoken; mirth which he had put to flight. Erica but they rang in her cars, and before her had been shedding a few tears, in spite of eves were images of Nipen overhearing strong efforts to restrain them. Here was this defiance—and the Water-sprite plan, a bad omen already, on the very day of ning vengeance in its palace under the her betrothment; and she saw that Hundice—and the Mountain-Demon laughing thought so; for there was a gloomy satisin scorn, till the echoes shouted again—faction in his eye, as he sat silently watchand the Wood-Demon waiting only for summer to see how he could beguile the rash lover. Erica finished her dance; but when the company, and the men of the household were seated at the supper ta-

Long was the supper, and hearty was the mirth round the table. People in Norway have universally a hearty appemost every dish thought of made of the rich cream of the north. Erica recovered eration to you? herself as the great business went on; and and seeing him off, putting him in mind.

Not at all sir, at present. Ulla and I while her proud lover watched her, for that the dancing could not begin again till. ly no one handed the dishes so gracefully, or was so quick at seeing to whom the what we were, one or both of us will be Perhaps this last thought was suggested underground, and Rolf will have, I am by Rolf's perceiving that, either by her by Rolf's perceiving that, either by her own hand or another's the hottest dishes and the nicest bits were found, all supper he, sir; and I pray that they may live to time close to his elbow. Madame Erlingsay, at our age, what Ulla and I can say sen, he decided, with all her experience, did not do the duties of the table so well and the young ladies, kind and good tem-

long feast-the sweet cake, with which dinner and supper in Norway usually con-coat, and his for clude. While this was sliced and handed over his cars. round, Rolf observed that Erica looked

of Norway to give the spirit Nipen a share have run as fast as he could perhaps 41p-at festival times. His Christmas cake is ping or falling, and spilling the ale and richer than that prepared for the guests; when his errand was done he would have

Certainly. I suppose so. Why not?' do, the herd-boy, came running to claim she replied. 'If you see anything wrong, anything omitted, be sure and tell me.— and M. Kollsen, from his seat, declared that he could not countenance any super-stitutus observances—would not, indeed, permit any so gross as this in his presently on love, would faucy it to be appeared to the herd-boy, came running to claim the office of carrying out Nipen's cake; and M. Kollsen, from his seat, declared that he could not countenance any super-stitutus observances—would not, indeed, permit any so gross as this in his presently out love, would faucy it to be appeared to the could not countenance any super-stitutus observances—would not indeed, permit any so gross as this in his presently out love. at you, love, would fancy it to be your own day. You look anything but merry.—
Hardly a smile from you to night! And that night looked in consternation at their that is a great omission. that night looked in consternation at their host. If such language as M. Kollson's were allowed they looked for nothing less than to have their way beset by offended spirits—so that Erlingson might hear in the morning of some being frozen, some lost in the fiord, and some tumbled from precipices M. Erlingson made haste to Hund, as if—' speak. He did not use any scruples with Hund!' repeated Erica, glanced around the young clergyman. He told him that the room for Hund, and not seeing him every one present would be happy at all.

Rolf and Erica; he was now resting from I am more sorry for him than you are, his business, as a guest at that table; and

love. and annoyed M. Kollsen that he declared 'Indeed, I am very sorry for him; but he would not remain to sanction anything more for his disappointment about the so impious, and requested that his boat-house than any other. To-day once over, men might be called from their suppers. and desired to have his boat ready immediately. No entreaties would soften him:

trust me. I could take care of you and sure that a gust of wind would blow the make you quite happy if you would only boat over the moment she was out of believe it. Al! I know what that look reach of the land; on that a rock would spring up in deep water, where no rock but you are always tormenting yourself—' was before; or that some strong hand 'I think I know one who is eleverer would grasp the boat from below, and still at tormenting himself,' said Erica der with a smile. 'Come, Rolf, no more tormenting of ourselves or one another! No prophesied; and, of course, M. Kollsen's more of that after to-day What is to-day worth, if it is not to put an end to all question, unless he would row himself-doubts of one another? At first he declared he should do this

pt nothing so rash, that he vielded th point with a supercilious air which per-haps concealed more satisfaction than he chose to avow to himself. He insisted on retiring immediately, however, and was shown to his chamber at once, by Etling-sen himself, who found, on his return, that the company were better for the pastor's

ing all that passed She could not help being glad that Oddo renewed his request to be allowed carry out Nipen's cake and ale. She gerly put the ale can in his hand, and the ble, and she had to help her mistress and the young ladies to wait upon them, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand. It was so very wrong for Rolf to be always defying the spirits!

Begin put the ale can in as name, and the cake under his arm, and Oddo was going out when his grandfather, hearing that he should be better pleased if it were somebody else; for Oddo, though a good boy, was inquisitive, and upt to get into mischief, having never a thought of fear. Everybody knew this to be true; though With all my heart, sir. They are nobody's business but his own; and, may be, Erica's. Rolf has a good heart; and I peared first; and then joint after joint of doubt not Ula and I shall have great tite—such an appetite as we English have frightened as anybody sometimes. Moreover, he asked what there was to pry into on the present occasion, in the middle of the control of the present occasion, in the middle of the control of the present occasion, in the middle of the control of the present occasion. whether Nipen was not best pleased to be served by the youngest of the party.— This was allowed; and he was permitted to go, when Peder's consent was obtained. his mistress going to the door with him

he returned to take up his clarionet.

Oddo's Walk. The place where Nipen liked to find his offerings was at the end of the barn, below the gallery which ran round the outside of the building. There, in the summer, lay a plot of green grass; and, in the winter, a sheet of pure frozen snow. Thither Oddo shufflet on, over the alip-pery surface of the yard and across the paddock, along the lane made by the snew plough between high banks of snow and pered as they were, would never, by any he took prodigious pairs, between one experience, become so graceful as Erica. slip and another, not to spill the ale. He At last appeared the final dish of the looked more like a proveling cub than a boy, wrapped as he was in his woll-skin cont, and his fox-skin cap doubled down

As may be supposed from Odde's delt is the custom in the country regions at the table. A cowardly boy would

to offend him. Pray Roll, to please me, do speak respectfully. And promise me to play no tricks, but just set the things of such; for Nipen would be disuded if down, and come straight in, and do not look behind you. Primise me, Rolf.

Roll did not promise, but he was stopped by two voices calling upon him. Comparison of the wondered no longer.