

erthy man, who, in forming my mind, had laid the foundation of all my inward happiness. Still unwillingly did I bid adieu to the neighborhood of my father, from which I should now be fourteen miles distant. Now, everything which I had prized and loved as a child, became more dear. I visited again all the scenes of my sports; and as I was one day packing up for my journey, I did not neglect the little bag containing my playthings. I took out the smallest articles, as memorials and reliques of my departed childhood, and laid them near Homer and Horace in my trunk. Augustina's pewter ring was among them. Notwithstanding I made verses in which the moon above and tender love, the young heart gay, the sun's bright ray, hearts and smarts, figured largely, yet of the ring of the little maiden and the city, I retained no distinct impression. I looked rather for the eyes of modest virgins, on which I could honorably pay a couple of Petrarchian sonnets; but this I did with fear and trembling. And I cannot say that any one pair of the many eyes whose lightning glance I often met, ever inspired me to write an ode. And yet, among the products, and Institutions, and other forms of science with which I was surrounded, because my father desired to see me a head forester, my mind still sighed for something. I did not know what it was, but I did not find it.

I had advanced so far, during the three years which I had passed at the University, that I was able to become *Doctor utriusque juris*. I was desired, after having taken my degree, to apply for a professorship, and give private lectures. But my father, as head forester, considered no office in the State so honorable as a forest Counsellor; and through the influence of the Chamberlain, Waldern, I was established as Refendarius in a provincial city.

Before I went to my post, I wished to visit my parents. I had been to see them once a year, during all the time which I had passed at the University. My father wrote to me to meet him in the city, where he with my mother were going to visit our old friend Waldern. I had some farther directions respecting my office to receive from the latter.

I hastened thither, in compliance with these directions. On the journey I thought sometimes of Augustina, but always with aversion, as if I were ashamed of our childish jests. Meanwhile, I thought I, also must be pretty well grown, and perhaps she is still handsome. But the thought was odious to me, that our parents would, perhaps, make a serious matter of these jests, and might

couple us together in earnest. It seemed to me this meeting had been contrived for no other purpose. I took a mental oath this should never be.

And I kept my oath, but certainly against my will. For, after the first hearty embraces on entering Waldern's house, I looked round the apartment, and there, standing ready to salute every one, was a young lady, beautiful as a Hebe, with black, piercing eyes, into which I could no more look than into the noonday sun, without incurring the danger of being struck blind. Ah, I was already blind; I only saw that she saluted me with a bow and with blushing cheeks. What I replied to this, I do not know. I wished myself a thousand miles off, that I might collect my thoughts; and yet I would have rather died than have gone away.

I was fortunately relieved from my embarrassment by the embraces and questions of my parents and friends. I was obliged to answer, and thus by degrees recovered my self-possession. I heard Mr. Waldern say to the charming unknown, "Augustina, is supper ready?" Alas, thought I, is that indeed Augustina! I had not courage to believe that this unearthly creature was once, in times past, my little wife. Such a thought seemed almost blasphemous.

We went into the supper room. Mr. Waldern offered my mother his arm, my father his to Madame Waldern,—Augustina remained for me, I tremblingly advanced to give her mine. She had better have offered me hers, for certainly I needed a support.

"How you have grown," said she. "I should never have known you."

"And I,—and I,—," stammered I. "I wish we were still little." This I said in all sadness. It was the silliest thing I could have thought of, for what girl of nineteen would wish to be a little miss again?

"Indeed! why do you wish that?" said she, in astonishment.

"Then I was so happy; oh, happy as now I shall never dare to be." Here a sigh burst from me, and I touched my left hand to her right, which was lying on my arm. Augustina remained an answer in my debt. Perhaps I had again said something foolish. I was ashamed of myself.

At supper the company were gay and lively. I became accustomed to Augustina's glances. I could even give her a reasonable answer, but eating was in spite of all reason, entirely out of the question. The more I looked, the more beautiful she seemed. The next day she was still more so; and the third still more. It was manifest