

THE HOME IN THE VALLEY

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The Home in the Valley by Emilie F. Carlén & Elbert Perce

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EMILIE F. CARLÉN & ELBERT PERCE

**THE HOME IN
THE VALLEY**

THE
HOME IN THE VALLEY.

BY
Emilie F. Carlén
EMILIE F. CARLÉN,

AUTHOR OF "ONE YEAR OF WEDLOCK," "THE WHIMSICAL WOMAN,"
"GUSTAVUS LINDORM," ETC. ETC.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SWEDISH, BY

ELBERT PERCE.

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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A few years ago, Mrs. Carlén was comparatively unknown to readers in this country; but the marked success which followed the publication of "One Year of Wedlock" encouraged the translator in the endeavor to present that lady's works to the American public.

In her writings Mrs. Carlén exhibits a versatility which may be considered remarkable. While in one book she revels in descriptions of home-scenes and characters, in another she presents her readers with events and incidents that bear a strong

resemblance to the startling and melo-dramatic productions of many of the modern romance writers of France.

This peculiarity, however, may be accounted for by the fact that she writes—as she herself confesses—entirely from impulse.

When her mind is clouded by sorrow—and she has been oppressed with many bitter griefs—she seeks to remove the cause of her despondency by creating a hero or heroine, afflicted like herself, and following this individual through a train of circumstances which, she imagines, would naturally occur during a life of continued gloom and sorrow.

On the other hand, when life appears bright and beautiful to her, then she tells a tale of joy ; a story of domestic life, for where does pure happiness exist except at the fireside at home ?

It must have been during one of these bright intervals of her life that Mrs. Carlén wrote “The Home in the Valley,” for the work is a continued description of the delights of home, which, although occasionally obscured by grief, and in some instances by folly are rendered still more precious by their brief absence.

*New York, August 15th, 1854.*



## CHAPTER I.

### THE VALLEY.

IN one of father La Fontaine's books, may be found a description of a lovely valley, the residence of a beautiful and modest maiden, and of the heroine of this Arcadia he writes :

"There stands our heroine, as lovely as the valley, her home, and as virtuous and good as her mother, who has devoted a lifetime to the education of her daughter."

But with the history of this maiden he weaves the workings of an evil genius, which in the end is triumphant; for even the pure are contaminated after they arrive at that period when they consider that vice has its virtues.

Our story is located near the beautiful Lake Wenner, in a valley which much resembles that described by La Fontaine. As we enter this valley, the first object that meets our view is a small red-colored cottage. A vine twines itself gracefully over one of the windows, the glass panes of which glisten through the green leaves, which slightly parted, disclose the sober visage of an ancient black cat, that is demurely looking forth upon the door yard. She has chosen a sunny spot on the window sill, for the cheering beams of the sun are as grateful to a cat, as is the genial warmth of the stove to an old man, when winter has resumed his sway upon earth. If we should enter the cottage, we would in all probability find the proprietor of the little estate seated in his old arm-chair, while his daughter-in-law—but more of this anon.

From the cottage the ground descended in a slight slope, which terminated in a white sandy beach at the margin of the lake. Near the beach were fastened the small skiffs, which swayed to and fro amongst the rushes, where the children delighted to sail their miniature ships. From the rear of the house the little valley extended itself in undulating fields and meadows, interspersed with barren hillocks and thrifty potato patches. In the fields could be heard the tinkling of the cow-bells, the bleating of lambs, and the barking of a dog as he gathered together his little flock. Carlo was a fortunate dog, for the farm was so

small that he could keep his entire charge within sight at all times.

Near the centre of the valley stood a large tree, the widely spread branches of which shaded a spring, which gushed forth from beneath a huge moss-covered stone. This was the favorite place of resort of a beautiful maiden, who might be seen almost every summer evening reclining upon the moss that bordered the verge of the spring.

“There stands our heroine, as lovely as the valley, her home, and as virtuous and good as her mother, who has devoted a life-time to the education of her daughter.”

But many years before the date of our story, Nanna had lost the protection of her beloved mother; yet the loss had been partially supplied by her sister-in-law, who occupied the places of a kind mother, a gentle sister, and a faithful friend.

Nanna was now in her sixteenth year; but to all appearances she was much younger. Unlike others of her years, her cheeks did not display the bloom of maidenhood, and her countenance lacked the vivacity natural to her age. Her features wore an expression of melancholy, which was perfectly in keeping with the pallor of her cheeks, the pearly whiteness of which vied in brilliancy with the hue of a lily.

Nanna was the child of poverty, and belonged to that class of beings, who, situated between riches and nobility