

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
von Ossietzky Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
May Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

The Wedding Guest

T. S. (Timothy Shay) Arthur

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: T. S. (Timothy Shay) Arthur
Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)
ISBN: 978-3-8491-5399-1

www.tredition.com
www.tredition.de

Copyright:
The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

THE WEDDING GUEST:

A FRIEND OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

EDITED BY T.S. ARTHUR.

CHICAGO, ILL.:

1856.

THERE is no relation in life so important—none involving so much of happiness or misery, as that of husband and wife. Yet, how rarely is it, that the parties when contracting this relation, have large experience, clear insight into character, or truly know themselves! In each other, they may have the tenderest confidence, and for each other the warmest love; but, only a brief time can pass ere they will discover that the harmonious progression of two minds, each of which has gained an individual and independent movement is not always a thing of easy attainment. Too soon, alas! is felt a jar of discord—too soon self-will claims an individual freedom of action that is not fully accorded; and unless there is wisdom and forbearance, temporary or permanent unhappiness is sure to follow.

Much has been written on the true relation of married partners, and we cannot do a better service to the bride and bridegroom, than by gathering words of wisdom on this subject from all sources within our reach, and presenting them in as attractive a form as possible. And this we have done in the present volume, to which, as the title-page indicates, we bear only the relation of editor. In it will be found pictures of life, serious counsel, earnest admonition, and hints and suggestions, which, if wisely followed, will keep the sky bright with sunshine, or scatter the gathering clouds ere they break in angry storms. May this "WEDDING GUEST" receive as warm a welcome as we desire.

CONTENTS.

THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE
THE WIFE
MARRIAGE
THE BRIDE'S SISTER
LOVE vs. HEALTH
THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER
TO AN ABSENT WIFE
THE WORD OF PRAISE
LETTERS TO A YOUNG WIFE FROM A MARRIED LADY
THE WIFE
BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE
A TRUE TALE OF LIFE
MAN AND WOMAN
THE FAIRY WIFE – AN APOLOGUE
A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL
ELMA'S MISSION
LIVING LIKE A LADY
LADY LUCY'S SECRET
A WORD FOR WIVES
NO JEWELLED BEAUTY
THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY
ONLY A FEW WORDS
THE TWO HOMES
LOVE'S FAIRY RING
FANNIE'S BRIDAL
THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND
NELLIE
A HOME IN THE HEART
A LEAF FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL
TRIFLES
DOMESTIC HAPPINESS
A SYLVAN MORALITY; OR, A WORD TO WIVES
PASSAGES FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY
HINTS AND HELPS FOR MARRIED PARTNERS

THREE WAYS OF MANAGING A WIFE

THE WEDDING GUEST.

THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE.

"WE shall certainly be very happy together!" said Louise to her aunt on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says *we*, it may easily be guessed whom of all persons in the world she means thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt. "See only that you *continue* happy together."

"Oh, who can doubt that we shall continue so! I know myself. I have faults, indeed, but my love for him will correct them. And so long as we love each other, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Alas!" sighed her aunt, "thou dost speak like a maiden of nineteen, on the day before her marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of fair hopes and happy omens. Dear child, remember this—*even the heart in time grows cold*. Days will come when the magic of the senses shall fade. And when this enchantment has fled, then it first becomes evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died away, and with the brightness of domestic life, more and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise, and not till then, can the wife say of the husband, 'He is worthy of love;' then, first, the husband say of the wife, 'She blooms in imperishable beauty.' But, truly, on the day before marriage, such assertions sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would say that our mutual virtues alone can in later years give us worth for each other. But is not he to whom I am to belong—for of myself I can boast nothing but the best intentions—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the young

men of the city? Blooms not in his soul, every virtue that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it. Virtues bloom in thee as well as in him; I can say this to thee without flattery. But, dear heart, they bloom only, and are not yet ripened beneath the sun's heat and the shower. No blossoms deceive the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken root. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?"

"Ah, dear aunt, you really frighten me."

"So much the better Louise. Such fear is right; such fear is as it should be on the evening before marriage. I love thee tenderly, and will, therefore, declare all my thoughts on this subject without disguise. I am not as yet an old aunt. At seven-and-twenty years, one still looks forward into life with pleasure, the world still presents a bright side to us. I have an excellent husband. I am happy. Therefore, I have the right to speak thus to thee, and to call thy attention to a secret which perhaps thou dost not yet know, one which is not often spoken of to a young and pretty maiden, one, indeed, which does not greatly occupy the thoughts of a young man, and still is of the utmost importance in every household: a secret from which alone spring lasting love and unalterable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. "Dear aunt! you know I believe you in everything. You mean, that enduring happiness and lasting love are not insured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only by those virtues of the mind which bring to each other. These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old."

"As it happens, Louise. The virtues also, like the beauties of the body, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How, dearest aunt! what is it you say? Name me a virtue which can become hateful with years."

"When they have become so, we no longer call them virtues, as a beautiful maiden can no longer be called beautiful, when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But, aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."

"Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid indolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes imperious rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar haughtiness."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband can never degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is for ever. A deep sense, an indestructible feeling for everything that is great and good and noble, dwells in his bosom. And this delicate susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me also, I hope, as well as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for our happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you; if it should change to hateful excitability; and excitability is the worst enemy of matrimony. You both possess sensibility. That I do not deny; but beware lest this grace should degenerate into an irritable and quarrelsome mortal."

"Ah, Dearest aunt, if I might never become old! I could then be sure that my husband would never cease to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, dear child! Wert thou always as fresh and beautiful as to-day, still thy husband's eye would by custom of years become indifferent to these advantages. Custom is the greatest enchantress in the world, and in the house one of the most benevolent of fairies. She render's that which is the most beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom which hinders the husband from perceiving the change. On the contrary, did she remain young, while he became old, it might bring

consequences, and render the man in years jealous. It is better as kind Providence has ordered it. Imagine that thou hadst grown to be an old woman, and thy husband were a blooming youth; how wouldst thou then feel?"

Louise rubbed her chin, and said, "I cannot tell."

Her aunt continued: "But I will call thy attention to at secret which—"

"That is it," interrupted Louise, hastily, "that is it which I long so much to hear."

Her aunt said: "Listen to me attentively. What I now tell thee, I have proved. It consists of *two parts*. The *first part*, of the means to render a marriage happy, of itself prevents every possibility of dissension; and would even at last make the spider and the fly the best of friends with each other. The *second part* is the best and surest method of preserving feminine attractions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louise.

"The former half of the means, then: In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take thy bridegroom, and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a solemn vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, *never, not even in mere jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humour. Never!* I say; never. Wrangling, even in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humour merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, *never to have a secret from each other* under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must, continually and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep *nothing secret from each other*, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state and heart, from *father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world*. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two! That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if

many a young pair had on their wedding day known this simple secret, and straightway practised it, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardour. "I feel that it must be so. Where this confidence is absent, the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so; without this, there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled, and said: "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than an ill-looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what we call beautiful, what in the men pleases us, and in us pleases the men, is not skin and hair and shape and colour, as in a picture or a statue; but it is the character, it is the soul that is within these, which enchants us by looks and words, earnestness, and joy, and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose those virtues of the mind to exist in us which the outside promises; and we think a malicious man disagreeable, however graceful and handsome he may be. Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve her beauty, preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first drew her lover to her feet. And the best preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging and keep it ever young, is *religion*, that inward union with the Deity and eternity and faith—is piety, that walking with God, so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to mortals.

"See, dear heart," continued the aunt, "there are virtues which arise out of mere experience. These grow old with time, and alter, because, by change of circumstances and inclination, prudence alters her means of action, and because her growth does not always keep pace with that of our years and passions. But religious virtues can never change; these remain eternally the same, because our good is always the same, and that eternity the same, which we and those who love us are hastening to enter. Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic; I am thy aunt of seven-and-twenty. I love all in innocent and rational amusements. But for this very rea-

son I say to thee—be a dear, good Christian, and thou wilt as a mother, yes, as a grandmother, be still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee, angel!"

THE WIFE.

ROSA LEE was dressed in her bridal garments, and as she knelt in all the bloom of her maidenly beauty, angels must have rejoiced over her; for the spirit of the maiden was in a heaven of love, and she knelt in the fulness of her joy, to pour out her gratitude to the Heavenly Father, that "seeth in secret." Yes, alone in her chamber, the young girl bowed herself for the last time, and as the thought flashed over her mind, that when next she should kneel in that consecrated place, it would not be alone, but that manly arms would bear up her drooping form, and two voices would mingle as one in the holy prayer, a gushing tenderness flooded the heart of the beautiful bride, and light as from Heaven pervaded her whole being, and she could only murmur, "Oh, how beautiful it is to love!"

But bustling steps and voices approach; and Rosa hears one step that sends at thrill to her heart. In the next moment, the maiden, with the rosy glow of love upon her cheek, and the heaven-light yet beaming in her eyes, stood face to face with her lover. Her eyes met his, in that calm, confiding look of an unbounded affection, and, as her hand rested on his arm, strength seemed to flow into her from him, and she looked serene and placid as pure water, that reflects the moonbeams of heaven; and yet, her smiles came and went like these same waters when the ripples sparkle in the glad sunshine.

The bridal party moved forward to the festive hall, where sympathizing friends were gathered to greet them, as a married pair, and the heart of Rosa opened to the holy marriage ceremony with a sense of heavenly rapture.

To her it was as a new and beautiful revelation, when she heard the oft-repeated words, "In the beginning created He them male and female." Ah, yes. It was beautiful to realize that she was created for her beloved Paul, and that in all the vast peopled universe of God, there was not another being so adapted to him as she was.

Ah, this was the beautiful marriage joy, that earth so seldom witnesses. These were of "those whom God hath joined together." And Paul Cleves felt it in his inmost soul, as he turned towards his congratulating friends with his delicate and beautiful bride leaning upon his arm.

Ah, how he watched every vibration of her feelings! suddenly she had become the pulse of his own soul. As a maiden, he had loved her with a wondrous tenderness and devotion. But now, as a wife! There was at once a new and quite different relation established between them.

Paul was so filled with this new perception of blessedness, that he would fain have left the gay company, that he might pour out the beautiful thought that possessed him, to gladden the heart of Rosa; and when he looked his wish to her, she smiled, and whispered to him, "Eternity is ours, and we are not to live for ourselves alone." And here was a new mystery to him. She was revealed to him as another self, with power to read his every thought. And yet it was it better self, for she prompted him to disinterested acts; and away went the glad Paul to shower his attentions upon all those to whom life came not so joyously. And an aged grandmother, and a palsied aunt, almost feared that the handsome bridegroom had forgotten his fair bride, in his warm and kindly interest for them.

Happy Paul! he had found an angel clothed in flesh and blood, who was for ever to stand between him and his old hard, selfish nature. Something of this thought passed through his mind, as his eye glanced over the crowd in search of his beloved and beautiful one. But she, on the other side, was quite near. He felt her soft presence, and as he turned he caught the light of her loving smile.

Yes, she appreciated his self-sacrifice, and as he gazed upon her, his delighted mind and satisfied heart felt a delicious sense of the coming joy of the eternal future.

And the gay bridal passed away, but its light and its joy seemed to overflow all the coming days. And Paul Cleves at length found himself in that reality of which he had so often dreamed, and for which he had so passionately yearned. Yes, he was in his own quiet home, with Rosa by his side.

Months had passed; he had settled into the routine of his business, and she in that of her domestic life; and now it was evening. Paul had come to his home from the labours of the day, with a beautiful hope in his heart; for to him his *home* was the open door of Heaven. He carried into it no hard, selfish thought, but entered it with the certainty of blessedness, and peace, and love.

Rosa's heart was in her eyes, when it was time for Paul to come. How carefully she foresaw his every want! And when she had prepared everything that her active love could suggest to promote his pleasure and comfort, then she took her place at the window to watch for his coming. This evening watch was a beautiful time to the young wife, for she said "Now, will I think of God, who made for me a being to love." And at this time, it was always as if the great sun of Heaven shone upon her.

And now, Paul passes the bridge, to which Rosa's eye can but just reach. And—is it not wonderful?—Paul's figure is distinguished, even if there be many others, in the dim twilight, crossing that bridge. Ah! how well she knows his figure; to her it is the very form of her love. She sees her whole thoughts and desires embodied in him. And now, he passes the corner of a projecting building, which for a time partially conceals him from her sight.

And how her delight increases as he approaches; the nearer he comes, the more her heart opens to the Divine sun of Heaven. She feels as if she could draw its radiations down upon him. She waits at the window to catch his first glad look of recognition, then she flies to the door, and no sooner is it opened and closed again, than Paul clasps her to his heart, and presses upon her warm lips such kisses as can join heart to heart.

The evening meal being over, then Paul turns to his peculiar delight—to listening to Rosa's thoughts and feelings. All day, he hears of worldly things; but with Rosa he hears of heavenly things. Her heart feeds upon his thoughts, and assimilates them into new and graceful forms of feminine beauty, and Paul sits and listens, full of love and wonder, to his own thoughts, reproduced by the vivid perceptive powers of his wife. For instance, this morning Paul was reading in the Bible, as he always does to Rosa, before he leaves for his business, and he paused on the words, "then Abraham gave up

the ghost, and died in a good old age, and full of years, and was gathered to his people;" and he remarked that in this verse there was a most striking affirmation of a future existence; for that Abraham being gathered to "his people," must imply that these people yet lived, or why should mention be made of that fact? And now, in this beautiful evening hour, when Paul asked Rosa what she had been thinking of all day, behold she had a whole Heaven-world to open before him. With her arms clasped around his neck, and her clear, bright eyes looking into his, she answered —

"Oh, Paul, I have been so happy all day. Do you remember what you told me about Abraham being gathered to 'his people' this morning? Well, I have been thinking about it, with such a delight in the thought of those living people, to whom we will be gathered after death. You left me with a beautiful thought, dear Paul, and it seemed as if the angels gathered around me, and told me so many more things, that I have written all my thoughts down."

"Where are they?" said Paul, feeling such a delight in the possession of these written thoughts. And Rosa, drawing a paper from her pocket, leans her cheek upon his head, and reads: —

"'Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, and full of years, and was gathered to his people.' How beautiful is this verse of the holy Word of God! It seems to open to us a glimpse of Heaven.

"After death, we are told, that he was 'gathered to his people.' What a blessed rest and enjoyment comes over us, even in this world, when we find ourselves with '*our* people!'

"When congenial spirits meet, all strife and contention ceases; and how each hastens to give to the other of the fulness of his thought and feeling! Such moments in our life are as if Heaven had come down to us, and fleeting and transient as the moment may be, its memory lives with us as a heavenly light, fed from above; and when we realize a continued existence of the harmony of thought and feeling of an ever-flowing communication of pure sentiments, of kindly affections, and of that delight in perceiving good and truth in others, which makes them one with us, — then we have a glimpse of that Heaven to which Abraham ascended, and in which he was 'gathered to his people.'