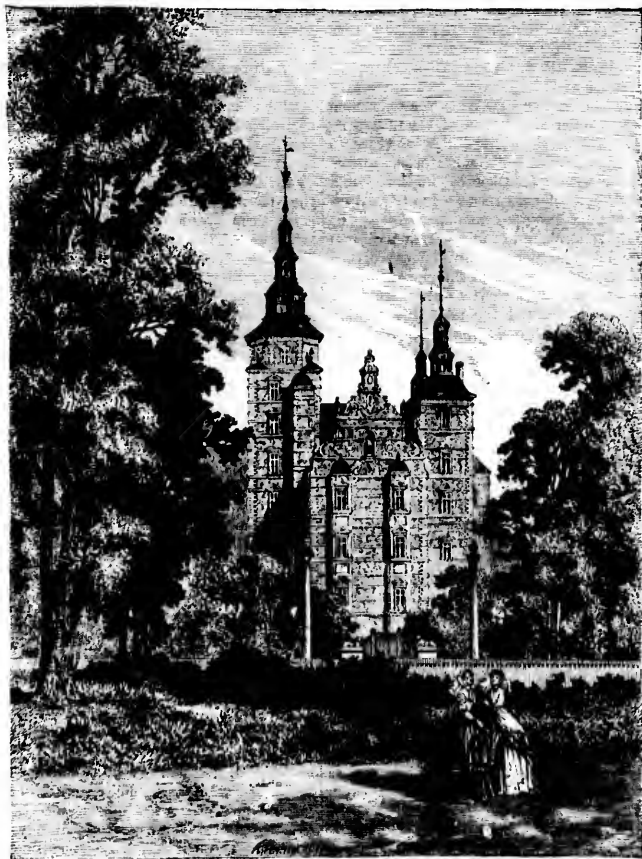


rich, and pretty, was too great a prize in the matrimonial market to escape the notice of the Swedish officers. A company was now quartered at the manor-house, and the whole corps, from the colonel down to the beardless ensign, commenced paying their addresses to her. Kirstine Rostgaard was a femme d'esprit, and well she played her cards. Reveal her husband's existence she dare not: the soldiers would have no longer treated her house and gardens with the con-

sideration they now showed, each hoping, in course of time, it might become his own possession.

When pressed by the most ardent of her adorers, she begged for time—she was so late a widow, and, though she had her troubles with Rostgaard, still she owed it to her own self to wait till the year of mourning was expired; and then she coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the whole band imagined himself to be the favoured one. "How," she asked,



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reproachfully, to the colonel, "can you imagine I could look for one moment on that beardless lieutenant, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, like a girl in uniform, when you, a proper man, are present? But be prudent; think of my good name." To the younger officers she termed the colonel "vieille perruque;" and so on, till the year elapsed and the peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence, thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and

chattels, introduced to them her resuscitated husband, Hans Rostgaard, and showed them the door most politely. Such is the history of Rostgaard. Kirstine died soon after and he married a second time. He is represented in his epitaphium with his two wives, a rose, and a skull.

The Esrom lake appears in sight; we arrive at the village of Fredensborg, halt at the inn, order dinner, and then proceed to visit the palace and its far-famed