

ing, and bonting, for all of which I had a decided taste. With the assistance of an old Lutheran priest, he instructed me in the Latin, French, and English languages, and led me through a course of general and polite literature, which, though it amused and instructed me at the time, has proved of little service to me in after life. Yet, it has rather tended to sadden and depress the mind, which was called into restless action by the impatient and ill-controlled spirits it has been forced to command.

"I had attained my fourteenth year, and no particular event had occurred to change in the least degree the dull monotony of my secluded life, until the death of dear old Linda awoke the first deep pangs of sorrow in my young heart. Rude and unlettered as she was, homely alike in person and in mind, she had been a mother to me, and my heart clung to her, with all a child's confidence and overflowing love.

"It was summer, bright glorious summer, and my cousin Adolphus had arrived the day before with a set of gay lads from the university, to spend their holidays among the hills. How he laughed and joked me upon my foolish grief for the death of an ugly old woman, who outlived the age of man, and tauntingly asked me if I meant to follow her to the grave as chief mourner? This was more than my fiery spirit could bear. He was my senior by three years, but, injured to the hardly air of the hills, I was as strong as a mountain goat. I sprang upon him, and with one blow sailed all his court elegance and finery in the dust. Our combat was long and fierce. I proved the victor. We were parted by my uncle, and from my father I received a severe and unmerited chastisement, for giving my cousin a beating which he richly deserved. From that hour Adolphus and I cordially hated each other. A hatred which never ended until it was washed out in his blood.

"That year was the beginning of sorrow. From that hour an evil spirit became the ascendant in my destiny. Late in the autumn I was returning from a long ramble with my father among the hills. Night, dark and stormy, was closing around us. My father had sprained his ankle in descending the mountain range, and every few minutes he was forced to sit down by the way side, to rest. We were within half a mile of home, when he laid his hand upon mine. It was so cold that it made me start and look anxiously into his face.

" 'Fredwald,' he said, feebly, 'that fall, slight as it seemed, has hurt me more than I at first imagined. I feel faint and sick, and am no longer able to proceed. Leave the dogs with me, and run home for assistance.'

"I hesitated to leave him, but he seemed alarm-

ed at his own condition, and waved me impatiently forward. Nothing now remained but to obey his wishes, and without staying for a moment, even to imprint one kiss upon his pallid brow, I ran at full speed to the castle to obtain help. In an almost incredibly short time, I returned to the spot with the old Lutheran priest, who was likewise a physician, and the servants, bearing torches, and a litter to convey him home. But alas! too late to receive his parting blessing, or to close his eyes. In his fall from a small piece of projecting rock which slipped from under his feet in descending the hill, he had broken a blood-vessel, and now lay stretched across the narrow road, cold and weltering in his blood. I will pass over that night of lonely agony, and many a succeeding day and night which made the world appear a blank to me, and the dwellers upon it fools and madmen. I longed to lie down to sleep with my dear father, the long, deep, forgetful sleep of death. Linda was gone. My father was gone, and I was alone in the world. My uncle had always been evil to me; but I felt he did not love me, nor had I any affection for him, and my gay supercilious aunt, I held in abhorrence. I once heard her remark to one of her visitors in my presence 'that I was a handsome boy, but that I had no more manners than a bear. But what,' she continued, with a contemptuous smile, 'are we to expect from the offspring of a plebeian and a madman?' Oh, how I hated her for those words. She knew it by a thousand uncourteous looks and actions which I did not take the trouble to conceal, and she repaid with interest the ill-will and dislike I felt for her.

"My uncle and aunt were at Copenhagen at the time of my father's death; and during the month that intervened before they could arrive at the castle, I was addressed as Count Christenstien, and treated as the master of the domain, by the servants and the poor families upon the estate. To a mind naturally ambitious, and which had been denied by my poor father's strange misanthropy, the homage due to its station and prospects in life, this brief reign of power was highly gratifying, and the tyrannical and wicked injustice which deprived me of it, became more galling and intolerable to bear.

It was the beginning of winter when my uncle and aunt, their son and daughter, and a person of whom I had often heard, but never until that moment beheld—my grandmother—arrived at the castle. I went to the gate to receive and welcome them as the master of the house; and well do I remember the foolish pride which swelled my breast, when I thought that my proud aunt must now address me as superior in rank to her husband and son. They looked upon each other and