

a funeral knell—but the more melancholy, as it rang for the living, not for the dead. Preparations for an approaching execution were now distinctly visible. Even the private soldiers, rough as they were, and accustomed to scenes of slaughter, could not behold these formal arrangements unmoved. They were restrained from asking any questions by the presence of their commander; and having received their billets at the gate of the Golden Hart, they dispersed silently to their respective quarters, and Leopold entered the inn with a pensive brow, and a heart saddened by the dismal images which presented themselves on every side.

If Captain Raigersfeldt had heard the fate of the once highly-honored Count Altdorf at a distance, he would probably have been but slightly affected. The struggles and intrigues, the rise and the fall of political combatants, are seldom interesting to men who pursue glory only on the field of battle, and never seek for victory except over the enemies of their country. Humanity might have wished the sentence changed to the milder doom of banishment; but the subject altogether would have soon faded from the mind of one who troubled himself very little with the affairs of state. Happening however, to arrive at Dresden on the very morning when an unfortunate and persecuted individual was to be sacrificed to the brutal revenge of an enraged faction, feelings of the deepest commiseration sprang up in Leopold's generous breast, the tide of his emotions was entirely changed, and he became at once absorbed in the fate of a man who was an entire stranger to him except by name.

Altdorf had made himself peculiarly offensive to the aristocracy, whilst he disdained to court the applause of the vulgar. A daring and ambitious spirit had given an advantage to his enemies, which they pursued with unrelenting hatred; and his most determined foe, the potent Baron Von Schwerenburg, having

subdued the scruples of his weak master, they hurried their victim to his trial, and condemned him to the block. The citizens of Dresden, who had at first united with the nobles, in their endeavor to remove an unpopular minister, were not prepared for the utter disgrace and ruin of the man whose measures they had disliked; yet, ashamed to confess their secret sentiments in his favor, they looked about with an astounded air, sorrowful, but not daring to object to a sentence which their enmity had so greatly contributed to produce. Altdorf was thus left entirely to his fate; and though the multitude who thronged the streets were deeply shocked by the melancholy and undeserved catastrophe which awaited him, not a voice was raised, not a hand exalted, to save him from an untimely and ignominious death.

Captain Raigersfeldt's apartments were situated in the front of the inn overlooking the street. He would have been better pleased with accommodations in the rear of the building, but he forbore to request an exchange, from an unwillingness to give way to his feelings, or to indulge the sensibility which he thought unbecoming to him as a man and as a soldier. A sickening sensation came over him as the tramp of footsteps announced the approach of the expected procession. The soft wind, which had been so delightful in the country, became hot and oppressive; and the golden beams of the cloudless sun were obscured by volumes of dust. Leopold had often seen men march to certain death, and had escaped himself by little less than a miracle. The sound of the battle-cry and the sight of danger, were gratifying excitements to the soul of a young and dauntless warrior. He had also been present at the summary executions of the Prevost Marshal, and had assisted in the condemnation of spies and traitors. Though little delighting in such scenes, he had borne them without shrinking.— Had he been called upon in his mili-