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LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

“Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.”—SHAKSPEARE.

IT was on a beautiful morning in the month of May, that a small party of dragoons, after advancing in a brisk trot along the road to Dresden, checked their horses as they gained the pine wood that clothes the ascent leading to that picturesque city, and rode gently to the summit of the hill. The sun shone in cloudless majesty; a gentle breeze from the south-west came loaded with spring's sweetest odors, and the glad birds were carolling joyously on the forest boughs.

Leopold Raigersfeldt, who commanded the troop, though in the service of the Elector, had never yet visited the capital of Saxony. Enchanted with the accounts he had received of its elegance and gaiety, he indulged in anticipations of pleasure, which were not a little heightened by the beauty of the scenery around him, and the exhilaration which a brilliant day in the most lovely season of the year, seldom fails to produce in the hearts of the young. On quitting the confines of the wood, he found himself on the brow of a hill, overlooking the narrow but most delightful valley through which the Elbe flows. On the opposite eminence, crowning the rocky ledge which bounds the fissure wherein the sparkling river has worn its passage, appeared the splendid city of Dresden, with its towers, palaces, and bridge; and, as he descended the

hill, the prospect, already so magnificent, was improved by the development of the verdant meadows which expand below the city, on the left bank of the stream. It was altogether the most charming combination of the works of nature and of art that he had ever witnessed. He paused for some minutes in unmixed admiration; then once more giving the spur to his horse, he cantered, at the head of his party, along the broad road, and over the bridge, into the city.

At his entrance, Leopold was struck by a strange expression on the countenance of the inhabitants. The shops were for the most part shut, and the people, assembled in small groups, stood silently gazing upon each other. Nothing of that animation was visible that usually characterizes a holiday, and even the glittering trappings and brilliant accoutrements of the troopers he commanded, failed to attract more than a vacant glance from the loungers, who are generally so much delighted with the pomp and pageantry displayed by mounted soldiers. The young dragoon felt depressed by the deep gloom which met his eye, contrasted by the clear blue sky and glorious sun above him, and by the calm felicity of the woods and valleys he had left behind. Advancing farther into the city, the dull heavy tones of a bell, slowly and solemnly tolled, smote upon his ear. It was