The Dead Man of St. Anne's Chapel.

by Otto Ludwig

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A CRIMINAL STORY....IN FOUR PARTS.

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PART I....THE SEARCH.

On top of an eminence forming the outskirts of a mountainous and woody region in the south of Germany, stands a small chapel dedicated to St. Anne, rarely visited except by passing peasants, or on the festivals of the Saints or other holidays, when crowds of pilgrims are in the habit of resorting to it. Early in the morning of the 26th of August, 1816, a peasant from a village at some distance was ascending the narrow footpath leading to the chapel. His little boy, who accompanied him, had run on before. As he reached the immediate neighborhood of the chapel, the child turned back with breathless haste, and in accents of terror urged his father to advance. The old man hastened forward in alarm; and his first glance, as he reached the level of the chapel, rested upon a corpse. Steeped in blood, and stripped to the shirt, the lower part of the body covered with long, loose, and light-colored pantaloons, covering boots with spurs—there lay upon the steps of the chapel the body of a well-shaped young man: his right hand rested on his breast, and on his finger sparkled a heavy gold seal ring.

The peasant instantly dispatched the boy to the nearest village to communicate the discovery, while he himself remained by the body. It struck him as singular, that so little blood should be found beside it. If a murder had taken place, this surely had not been the spot where it had been perpetrated. The trace of footsteps, still visible, though evidently artificially obliterated, pointed sideways into the wood, above which, at some distance, rose a rugged and lofty peak of rock called the Raubstein, on the summit of which the fragments of an old building were still visible, to which the usual traditionary tales of superstitious terror were attached. The direction which the inquiry was likely to take was quite sufficient to deter the peasant from further investigation, till the arrival of the *juge de paix* and the surgeon of the village, who, accompanied by a numerous tribe of those idlers who are always in attendance on such occasions, soon after made their appearance.

The body was examined, on which slight symptoms of incipient decay were already perceptible. Under the shirt a parti-colored bandage, apparently the fragment of a woman's shawl, was found carefully wrapped around the breast. Beneath it, and on the left breast, lay a second roll of cloth, adhering closely to the body by means of coagulated blood, and covering a broad and deep wound penetrating to the heart, and evidently inflicted with a sharp two-edged instrument, apparently a knife. The dissection of the body led to the conclusion that death had taken place after indulgence in wine, and probably to excess.

While the examination was proceeding, one of the spectators who had followed the trace of the footsteps in the direction of the Raubstein, returned and announced to the judge that the crime had undoubtedly been committed within the ruined building on the summit. The judge, the physician, and the spectators immediately hasted to the spot, which all appearances indicated to

have been the scene of the murder. Blood besmeared the floor and was sprinkled along the walls; round about lay the remains of a recent meal; crusts of bread, parings of fruit, and the remains of a broken bottle, in which some drops of a sweet and heavy wine were still left.

The traces of footsteps leading from the chapel towards the ruin were indistinct, but in the opposite direction leading from the ruin towards the highroad to Hilgenberg, they were plainly discernible; not far from the building was found another stripe of the same parti-colored silk which was wrapped round the body, and deeper in the underwood, suspended on a low bush, a woman's long glove, of *Danish* leather, finely wrought and quite new, but stained with some dark spots in which the physician recognized the appearance of blood. By degrees the footprints became less distinct, and were at last lost in the beaten highway leading to Hilgenberg.

In the hope that it might lead to a recognition, the spectators who thronged to the spot were allowed to view the corpse without impediment. The examination, however, led to no result, and with the approach of evening the body was conveyed to its last resting-place in the churchyard of the neighboring village of Hoffstede.

Next morning, however, the landlord of a small forest inn at a little distance made his appearance before the judge, who had seen the dead man the evening before after the body had been put into the coffin. He had recognized in him a stranger who had lodged in his house the night before the 24th August, and had left it early that morning. Of his name, his rank, his former residence, or his destination, he was ignorant. His own conjecture—which, however, rested on nothing more conclusive than that the deceased wore boots and spurs—was, that he was an officer of some of the corps which were cantoned in the neighborhood. Being urged still farther to describe any other articles of dress belonging to the stranger, the landlord mentioned a gold watch with a chain and key, a red pocket book, a green silk double purse which he had put in the landlord's hand before going to sleep, and had received from him again next morning; and two rings, one of which was a seal ring, the other a slender hoop-ring. The seal ring which had been found upon the finger of the deceased being shown to him, was recognized by him as that which had been worn by his guest.

For some time no further clue was found, either to the person of the victim or the cause of his death, though the investigation was actively pursued by the *Ober-Procurator*[*] of the criminal tribunal, which then held its sittings at Hainburg—In the course of the month of November, however, a communication was made to the tribunal from the president of the police of the department of K——, to this effect: That a certain Herr Von Bresiach, said to be a native of the province of B——, who had for some time resided as a private individual at K——, and was in the habit of making excursions from thence—sometimes for days at a time—into the mountains, had disappeared towards the end of August, and had never returned. His housekeeper, who, alarmed at his absence, had made application to the police, was now summoned to Hainburg, and from her information there seemed little reason to doubt that the deceased and Von Breisach were the same person. She came accompanied by an invalid soldier who had been for some time in the service of Breisach, and who at once recognized the boots as having frequently passed through his hands. Both of them, of their own accord, particularized the gold watch and the two rings of which the landlord had spoken: though they could not absolutely identify the seal ring,

[*] Public Prosecutor.

they thought it the same which their master had worn; the other ring they described as a plain one, resembling a marriage-ring.

The accounts given by them and others as to the habits of Breisach were far from favorable. He had led a retired, but, as it appeared, discreditable life in K——. Report spoke of his connection with an actress of that theatre, a connection which had abruptly terminated some time before his disappearance; the actress had afterwards quitted the town—for what quarter was unknown.

Promising as these explanations at first sight appeared, they were not found materially to advance the inquiry. Who was this Herr Von Breisach? The name was totally unknown in the district; it was not to be found in any of the registers of nobility; the arms upon the seal ring, though shown to many, were not recognised by anyone; both name and arms might be the mere assumption of an adventurer.

A fortunate chance, however, removed the difficulty which had baffled inquiry. The name of Breisach happening to be mentioned in a private circle, in the presence of an ex-diplomatist distinguished for his skill in heraldry, he remarked that there might be a mistake in the writing of the name; that he knew a nobly family of the name of Preussach, and was himself in possession of their coat of arms. The remark was communicated to the official persons who were engaged in the inquiry, and the stranger was requested to exhibit to them the arms of the noble family to which he had alluded. They corresponded in the minutest particulars with those engraved upon the seal rings.

One branch of this family it appeared was settled in the province of B——, the alleged birthplace, it may be recollected, of the personage who, toward the close of August, had disappeared from K——.

The Ober-Procurator immediately put himself in communication with the government of that province, and in a short time a written answer was received from a Ferdinand Von Preussach, who announced himself as the second son of the old Baron Anselm Von Preussach, proprietor of an entailed estate in that quarter.

The eldest son, Hermann, had gone abroad about two years before, and for a considerable time past the family knew nothing as to his residence.

“Everything,” continued Ferdinand Von Preussach, “everything indicates that the deceased is my brother Hermann.—The family are deeply interested in the ascertainment of the truth. I am the next heir to the family estates; for my brother left but a single daughter, the fruit of his short marriage. I shall present myself personally before the court, and afford every information which may tend to throw light on this melancholy event.”

In January, 1817, Ferdinand appeared in Hainburg. He read the documents which contained the results of the investigations which had taken place; and expressed his unhesitating conviction that the dead man was his brother Hermann. He applied to the court for an attestation of Hermann’s death, which would open the succession to him on his father’s death—an event which he regretted to think could not be far distant; but he was given to understand that, however

little doubt they might entertain as to his testimony, the evidence of a single witness, and that too the person most interested in establishing the death, would not justify the granting of an official certificate to that effect. He was advised to place his case in the hands of an advocate of the court, and as the readiest means of obtaining his end, in the event of any clue being found to the perpetrator of the deed, to appear in the criminal proceedings for his interest as private complainer.

Ferdinand accepted this advice, and chose for his counsel the advocate Senkenberg, a man of great ability and activity, whose local knowledge and numerous personal relations in the district, peculiarly fitted him to advance the views of his client. The importance of the task assigned to him, and the rank of his employer, concurred to stimulate the zeal of the advocate.

Whether it was owing to chance, or that the exertions of one personally interested were more effective than the operations of the police, certain it is that, with the appearance of Ferdinand, light began to be thrown on several points which, but for his activity, might either have remained undiscovered, or at least their bearing upon the case but imperfectly appreciated.

Ferdinand's first visit was to K——, the last residence of his brother. After some hesitation, the effects belonging to the deceased were removed from the place where they had been sealed up, and exhibited to him. He examined with eagerness every paper that might help to throw light upon his brother's fate. Amongst others, a page of paper in the form of a letter came into his hands; the address was torn away, but the contents, which were in French, and written in a delicate hand, seemed important. We quote it as it stood, with its characteristic orthography.

"Je vous accorde cette entrevue pourvu qu'elle soye decisive. Vos mennaces ne pourrant jamais m'epouvanter, je saurais me defendre moryennaut les armes lesquelles me preteront l'honneur et la vertue. Voici ma derniere. La corespondance segrete ne peut se continuer.
"Bl. cc. 21 Juill.

A."*

Preussach communicated the document thus found to the Ober-Procurator, (public prosecutor) to whom he at the same time stated the view he entertained as to its connection with the subject of the investigation.

"The tribunal," he observed, "had hitherto gone on the idea of robbery. Such had never been his belief. Any circumstances that might seem to countenance such a notion were the result of artificial contrivance to disguise the truth. The hand that dealt the blow, he was persuaded, was a woman's. Several passages in the precognitions alluded to a woman's having been seen in the neighborhood of the chapel about the time in question; fragments of a shawl had been wrapped round the body; a woman's glove found in the neighborhood; the handwriting of a letter of 21st July was decidedly that of a woman; it spoke of a decisive interview; the interview had taken place near the chapel, too decisive unfortunately for the deceased.

* "I grant you this interview on condition that it be decisive. Your threats will never terrify me. I can defend myself with the weapons with which honor and virtue will supply me. This is my last. The secret correspondence must terminate."

“I will not willingly cast suspicion on the innocent,” he proceeded; “but I cannot disguise what no stranger can be so well acquainted with as myself. Sensual and unbridled passion was a prominent trait in the character of my otherwise estimable brother. This was the cause of separation after his short marriage; his excesses afterward, when he was left without control, involved him in difficulties which had more than once threatened a tragic termination. In K——, report spoke of his connection with an opera dancer, who had disappeared from thence nearly at the same time. The point as to the presence of a woman in the neighborhood of the scene of action about the time of the murder, ought to be more narrowly inquired into.”

The Ober-Procurator was struck with the justice of some of these observations. The inquiry at which Ferdinand pointed was resumed, and the following additional particulars were the result. They related to the 24th of August, the day on the morning of which the deceased had left the forest inn, and which the witnesses were enabled to recollect, as being the birth-day of one of the reigning princesses, which had been celebrated by fêtes in the neighboring villages.

A Swiss youth of twenty, but of weak intellect, who had occasion to ascend the path leading to the Raubstein for the purpose of cutting wood for the village bonfire, early in the forenoon, had seen a man and woman at some distance before him in the wood; the man in the dress of a Jāger, the woman in a particolored gown with a straw hat and parasol. The particular colors he could not describe. They disappeared among the underwood. He caught sight of them only once more. They were then close to the Raubstein, behind one of the projections of which they were soon concealed.

The information given by the bathkeeper at Schlingin, a small village almost connecting with the outskirts of the watering-place of Hilgenberg, was more distinct and important. About noon a lady, finely dressed, tall and slender, with a pleasing countenance, but pale and worn out, with dark hair falling down in curls, entered their house, and begged the bathkeeper to dress a wound on the palm of the right hand, which she held covered with a handkerchief. The bathkeeper dressed and bound up the wound, which was broad but not deep, and apparently caused by a sharp instrument; and his wife, at the stranger’s request, furnished her with a clean handkerchief. The lady placed a ducat in his hand, and hastily retired. At the garden-gate she was received by an old man in the garb of a woodman, in company with whom she took the path towards Hilgenberg.

A neighbor who, from behind the hedge of his garden, had witnessed the interview between the lady and her guide, before she entered the bathkeeper’s house, described her as expressing, with a burst of tears, the deepest anxiety and alarm; to which he heard the old woodman distinctly reply:

“God in Heaven! be calm. Weeping will not bring him to life again—with me you are safe. I shall be silent—silent as the grave!”

The dress of the lady, according to their recollection, was a green silk gown, a straw hat with flowers, and a parasol of light colored silk.

Preussach was well satisfied with the result of these inquiries.

“We shall have light soon,” said he to Senkenberg. “The glove is a strong piece of evidence. It is clear the wounded lady must have lost it. It is for the right hand. We have the glove, we shall have the hand presently.”

The active Senkenberg again set the police in motion. He procured a description of the suspected opera dancer; which, as is generally the case, suited *tolerably* well with the description given by the bathkeeper and his wife. At last he was fortunate enough to discover her place of residence. But the anticipations of Preussach were not in this instance to be realized. The opera-dancer was in a condition to establish an unquestionable *alibi*. Her passports and certificates were completely *en regle*: she was proved to have left K—— by the middle of July, and to have never been in that neighborhood since.

The glove, which she had been requested in the course of the investigation to put on, was found to be far too small for her hand. It was with difficulty indeed that it could be drawn off without tearing. But in doing so a circumstance came to light which showed that the investigations had not been made with such minuteness but that more might yet be discovered. In removing the glove it was turned inside out, and close to the sleeve was discovered a name stamped upon the leather—Wilh: T. . ffe. The intermediate letters were illegible.

Attention was now, of course, directed to the discovery of the person whose name was thus stamped upon the glove—The name might be that of the proprietor, or it might be that of the maker of the glove; but even in this last case, i[t] might lead to further discoveries. With this view the glove was put upon the hand of a confidential agent of the police, for the purpose of making farther inquiry among the dealers in such articles as to the name.

Meantime a singular circumstance occurred. The festival of St. Anne was at hand, and the clergyman of Hoffstede, according to his usual custom, had gone up to remove from the little chapel the offerings which had been deposited during the year in the poor’s chest. The box on this occasion contained an unexpected addition—a green purse, damp and mouldy as if it had lain there for some time, containing a good many silver and gold coins. A strip of paper was fastened to the purse, on which was written in pencil, and apparently in a disguised hand, with large and straggling characters, the words—“Bury the dead as a Christian and a Catholic. God will reward you.”

The clergyman communicated the fact to the authorities; they recollected the statement of the landlord as to the purse belonging to his guest; he was again summoned, and declared that the purse now shown to him closely resembled that worn by the stranger.

“I saw from the first,” observed Preussach, when this new circumstance was made known to him, “that robbery was out of the question; gold and silver no robber could cast aside. Some other passion, jealousy perhaps, or revenge for disappointed love, guided the murderer’s hand; remorse followed the act; the same hand which dealt the blow was now employed to obtain Christian burial for the victim; and these lines were assuredly written in the hope that they would be found at the same time with the body.”

In the meantime, letters from home arrived which obliged Preussach for some time to leave the further prosecution of the inquiry in Senkenberg's hands. Decisive steps had now become urgently necessary with regard to the *civil* consequences of Hermann's death; for the old baron was visibly dropping into the grave. Ferdinand was advised to repair in person to the capital, where it was thought likely that his personal influence with the central power might remove those obstacles to the obtaining a formal judicial recognition of Hermann's death, which in the provincial court were found to be insurmountable. In this object at least—however little cordiality otherwise subsisted between the families—he was likely to be assisted by the relations of Hermann's wife; since, upon the death of Hermann being ascertained, the widow would step into the enjoyment of an annual income from the estate, considerably exceeding the allowance which had been made to her after her separation.

The idea of this renewed intercourse, however, with a family with whom, since the separation, now three years past, he had had no communication, was anything but agreeable to Ferdinand. His sister-in-law he had never liked, and the stern obstinacy of her father, Colonel Siegfeld, who had steadily repulsed every attempt made by Hermann towards a reconciliation with his wife, had sorely wounded the pride of the house of Preussach. There remained, however, no alternative; and in August 1817 Ferdinand set out for the capital.

Shortly after his arrival he announced himself at the residence of Colonel Siegfred. Albertine, the widow, was not at home; his reception from the colonel and his wife was at first of the coolest character. The intelligence, however, which he brought, produced an immediate change. The honorable character of the colonel, and the refined feelings of his wife, made them receive the melancholy tidings with that sympathy which, in noble minds, overpowers every hostile feeling. The colonel readily promised his aid in promoting the object which Ferdinand had in view; and Preussach was about to take his leave, when Albertine's carriage drove up to the gate. The mother had just time to entreat him to conceal from Albertine on the present occasion the death of her husband, promising to break the matter to her as soon as they were alone.

Albertine entered. She paused a moment a the sight of Ferdinand, who was advancing respectfully to meet her; then, as if suddenly recognizing him, she became deadly pale, staggered back, and, without a word of salutation, disappeared in the anti-room. Her mother followed her. Preussach felt deeply annoyed at this public and unequivocal indication of dislike—a feeling which, in his own heart, he was conscious of reciprocating; but which at least, he thought, need not be manifested so openly. He stood before the old man silent and confused. The colonel hastened to relieve him from his embarrassing situation, shook hands with him, as if to give him a hint of departure, and said, "We shall see each other frequently; let us do what we have to do as men, calmly and considerately." He laid a strong emphasis on the words "*as men*," and "*calmly*," as if he felt annoyed that Ferdinand should have been a witness to this recent display of female irritability.

Three days afterwards the colonel returned the visit, but the intelligence he brought was by no means encouraging. In regard to the succession to the Preussach estates, two courses only were open; either to procure a formal judicial attestation of Hermann's death, proceeding on strict legal evidence; or to go through the form of edictal citation of the deceased; who, after the expiry of the legal period, would be legally held dead. This, however, would require an interval of

years, and should the old baron die in the mean time, the estates must be put under a provisional management, an arrangement which the family naturally felt would be extremely disagreeable. The colonel had, with a view to the interests of his daughter, employed his utmost interest at court to have the proceedings shortened; but had little hope that the prince, who entertained strict notions on such matters, would be induced to interfere to obtain any relaxation of the rules of law in a peculiar case.

From the colonel's conversation, Preussach farther gathered that the intelligence of the death of her husband had been communicated to Albertine, and that she had been more deeply affected by it than her father seemed willing to allow.

In the course of the tedious proceedings and audiences of ministers which the affair demanded, Preussach had occasion to be more than once in company with Albertine. She appeared in a widow's dress—a mark of respect for the memory of her last husband, for which he could not but feel indebted to her. Nor, with all the deep-rooted dislike which he felt for his sister-in-law, could he disguise from himself the exquisite beauty of her face and form, attired in all the bloom and fullness of youth, and set off to advantage by the mourning garb she wore; the grace and elegance of her movements; or the refined gentleness of her manners, though her bearing towards himself was reserved and formal.

In September he received a letter from Senkenberg. "I have a novelty in its way to communicate to you," the advocate wrote, "in regard to our painful inquiry. Our well-known glove had been found its fellow—the left. It resembles the blood-spotted one as one twin does another; the stamp is the same, though more legibly impressed. The name is Tieffe. It is generally supposed to be the name of the maker; but it has led to what I have now in a few words to communicate.

"In the course of his inquiries the police agent had occasion to exhibit the right hand glove to a milliner here—Madame Lax; one of her customers, a lady—Madame Zeltwach—who had seen the glove in her possession, and had learned that it formed the subject of some inquiry by the police, took it up and examined it. Madame Lax must, in the course of conversation, have mentioned my name; for, two or three days afterwards, Madame Zeltwach waited upon me, and presented me with its counterpart, the left hand glove. She is intimate, it seems, with the family of the Protestant clergyman in Blumenrode, about three leagues from hence. On a late visit there with her daughters, and in the course of some cabinet council among the young ladies as to matters of dress, the second daughter of the clergyman happened accidentally to pull out from her drawer this left hand glove—there was some jesting as to the name, Wilhelmine Tieffe. The name had struck Madame Zeltwach, so that she had immediately recollected the incident when the right hand glove was shown to her by Madam Lax. She had since pressed the clergyman's daughter for an explanation how she came by it. Her account is, that she had received it from the waiting woman of a lady who had been on a visit to the baronial family in the neighborhood the summer before.

"This took place yesterday. Today the clergyman—his name is Rauch—with his daughter Adelaide, appeared before me. They were both anxious and distressed at the idea that they might be suspected of any unfair acquisition of the unfortunate glove. I begged the girl to tell me in the minutest manner how she came by it. She told me, with perfect simplicity, that she had it from a

third party. A young widow from the capital, a Madame Sussfeld, had been long on a visit at the house of Baron Kettler, in the immediate neighborhood of the parsonage: Adelaide, who had a turn for music, had occasionally played with the lady, and had formed an acquaintance with her waiting-woman. On Madame Sussfeld's departure, Adelaide had assisted the attendant in some of her preparations: in a small dressing-box, among other odds and ends, lay this single new glove, which the waiting-woman, not thinking it worthwhile to take with her, as its fellow was wanting, had thrown upon the floor. Adelaide, pleased with the fineness of the work, had taken it up and said, in jest, she would keep it as a remembrance—which she had done.

"I am inclined to believe the story, both because Mademoiselle Rauch is a girl of good character, and also because some things led me to the conclusion that your unfortunate brother had some connection with Blumenrode.

"Under the apocryphal *French* letter found at K——, you well remember the letters *Bl*——, and an A. Strangely enough, however, the Christian name of the waiting-woman, to whom the glove belonged, was Agatha, her surname Roger. An A and a *French* name. She is described to me as tall and slender, (Adelaide is neither.) As to the lady, I have learned nothing more that she was a young widow, of high connections, and resident at court.

"You have often manifested, in this melancholy investigation, a penetration which I readily acknowledge: you are possessed of information as to your brother's course of life, with which I am but imperfectly acquainted. Possibly you may find the clue where to me the connecting links are wasting."

Preussach laid down the letter with indifference—"Strange!" he could not help saying, "that the cautious Senkenberg should attach such weight to this discovery. If the stamp be but the signature of the firm, how many hundreds of such gloves, exactly resembling each other, must be now in circulation through the world! I shall write him to that effect, after I have paid my last visit at the colonel's, on the subject of this wearisome succession question."

PART II….THE SUSPICION.

Ferdinand paid his visit. On this occasion Albertine's mother was alone. The conversation turned on Hermann's death, and the discovery of the body, of which she now learned the details for the first time.

"Your brother, then," said she, "is buried where he met with his melancholy end?"

"He is. He rests in the churchyard of the village of Hoffstede, not far from Hilgenberg!"

"Hilgenberg! If Albertine had suspected this! How near she was—at that very time—to the scene of this atrocity!"

"How! was your daughter then in Hilgenberg?"

“She was on a visit to the family of Baron Kettler, at their estate of Blumenrode; from whence she often visited Hilgenberg.”

“Blumenrode!” repeated Preussach thoughtfully. A thought began to arise in his mind, to which he felt reluctant to give admission. “Albertine!—a third A!—and this time perhaps the right one.” He saw that his absence of mind attracted the lady’s attention, and took his leave as soon as he could find an opportunity.

He returned to his lodgings; he read over Senkenberg’s letter again; a new light seemed to flash upon him. The billet of 21st July, the glove, were Albertine’s. She was the wounded lady at the bath-house; her appearance corresponded sufficiently with the well-remembered description given by the witness. Madame *Sussfeld*—and young *widow*; this also admitted of explanation. The separated wife might prefer appearing among strangers in the character of a widow; the name might be mistaken, as has already been the case with that of the leading sufferer in this tragedy. Siegfeld was the real name. The colonel, in the first vehemence of his indignation against the family of Preussach, had insisted, as he knew, on his daughter’s resumption of her family name; and though, from both the married parties being Catholic, he could not effect a dissolution of the marriage, Albertine in private circles, even in the capital, bore the name of Madame Siegfeld. The extraordinary reception he had met with was now accounted for. It was the fear of discovery, the feeling of conscious guilt, which had overpowered her presence of mind.

The suspicion, once fairly admitted into his mind, he pondered day and night how to put the proofs into such a shape as to induce the authorities to proceed against his sister-in-law as an accomplice in the assassination of her husband.

Agatha Roger, the waiting-woman, he had known before; but she had left the Siegfeld family, and he was afraid of exciting the suspicions of Albertine by venturing on any inquiry after her present residence.

At last he resolved on having a conversation with Albertine, in hopes that, during the interview, something might occur which would bring the matter more distinctly to a point. He found both the ladies at home; and introduced the subject of the investigation which was going on as to the circumstances and the author of Hermann’s death. Albertine listened, with evident interest, but without embarrassment.

Preussach turned suddenly to his sister-in-law. “You are acquainted, I believe, with the family of the Baron Von Kettler of Blumenrode.” Albertine answered in the affirmative.

“You are perhaps acquainted, then, with the daughter of the Protestant clergyman there.”

“The clergyman has several daughters.”

“I mean the second, named Adelaide.”

“I know her well: what of her?”

Preussach hesitated; he was in some confusion. He secretly wished that he possessed that penetrating glance for which Senkenberg had given him credit; he felt how difficult it was to steer his way, but he resolved to venture.

"I would willingly," he resumed, after a pause, "learn some particulars as to that girl. She is involved, in a very peculiar manner, in this investigation; the police have discovered"—

"For the love of Heaven what?" exclaimed Albertine—"The poor unfortunate girl! She is innocent, wholly innocent!" She trembled as she uttered these words; every drop of blood had vanished from her cheeks; her mother hurried to her side, thinking she was about to faint.

By a strong effort she regained her composure. "O, mother!" she exclaimed, "is it possible? I must hence. I must—I *can* save the unfortunate."

Her mother rang: a female attendant entered. Albertine was conducted to her room. At that moment the colonel entered. He stood in silence opposite to Ferdinand. "Another scene!" he muttered to himself.

Preussach clasped his hand, "You will blame me, colonel; but by heavens" ——

"Nay, I blame you not; but you are not acquainted with the irritable nerves of females. One thing only I beg of you: avoid such scenes during the rest of your stay—we have had enough already."

"Enough indeed," said Preussach. "I take my leave, colonel. I regret the pain I have been the means of causing. I regret it more than you can believe."

He took his leave; but in the capital he could rest no longer. "What need of of further witnesses?" he said to himself. "Albertine undertakes to prove Adelaide's innocence; who can do that but one who knows the *real* perpetrator of the crime?"

He wrote to Senkenberg. "You praised my penetration, because from a woman's glove I inferred the presence of a woman's hand. You shall hear more. You found the second glove, I have found the hand that fits it. Stop all further proceedings against the clergyman's daughter; let there be no further disturbance made in Blumenrode. In eight days at the farthest I shall be with you."

On mature consideration, Preussach thought it advisable to ascertain to what resolution Albertine had come: he was therefore glad to receive a message that she would wish to see him before his departure. She received him with composure; and pressed him earnestly to explain what had occurred to attach suspicion to Adelaide. Preussach dexterously evaded the desired explanation till he should discover how far she was acquainted with the state of the proceedings—Perceiving her entire ignorance, he spoke in dark and doubtful language: told her his advocate wrote vaguely and indefinitely on the subject: thus much only was certain, that *grievous suspicions* rested on the girl.

Albertine instantly announced her resolution of repairing in person to Hainburg, in order to save the unfortunate Adelaide. Her testimony and that of the Kettler family would be sufficient, she thought, for that purpose. A written interposition, which her mother had at first proposed, appeared to her insufficient. Of this her mother was now convinced, and would accompany her on her long journey.

Preussach encouraged the ladies in their determination—Nothing could suit better with his plans. Once within the sphere of the tribunal of investigation, Albertine would be more easily reached than under the protection of her paternal mansion. In the provinces, too, the forms of the French law prevailed, while in the capital the old German forms were still in use. All his efforts were directed at this end—He advised Albertine to address herself at once to the Ober-Procurator, and to offer every explanation she might have to afford—generally, and without specifying the person to whose justification these explanations were directed.

The colonel now communicated to him the final result of his negotiations at Court with regard to the succession. The question whether Hermann's death was to be held so far established as to open the succession to the estate to Ferdinand on his father's death, was to be referred to the Court of Appeal at K——, as the supreme tribunal of the province in which Hermann had last resided; with the decision of that court the reigning prince *would not* interfere.

Such being the case, Ferdinand, with his usual prudence, deemed it advisable to be on the spot. He passed through Hainburg, where he had an interview with Senkenberg, who was not a little confounded at the nature of his verbal communications; and directing him to write to him as soon as anything deserving of attention should occur, he made the best of his way to K——.

Shortly afterward arrived a packet from Senkenberg.

"I have learned some particulars from a servant in Blumenrode, which seem to connect with those spoken by the Swiss boy, the bathkeeper, and his wife. They remember that the 24th of August was a Saturday. It was the day on which the families of the gentry in the neighborhood used to hold their weekly assembly in Hilgenberg; on that day the family of Kettler was *not* there, but Madame Siegfeld *was*—She had gone in company with the Countess of Koss and her daughters; my informant had accompanied them. In Hilgenberg, Madame Siegfeld had been called away from her party early in the forenoon, and had only rejoined them toward evening. What took place during these hours of absence? The families of Blumenrode and Langsitz could say much; but *will they?*

"Should you think of pursuing your investigations personally in those quarters, let me hint to you that with the Kettlers you need not expect a favorable reception. Like others, they have no suspicions as yet that the murdered officer, as they thought him, was the husband of their guest. But the name of Preussach is not unknown to them; and, from the representations of you sister-in-law, doubtless not favorably known to them. This demands caution. In Langsitz your chance is better. The estate is for sale; many intending purchasers have already visited it; this is in itself a sufficient introduction. If you gain admittance, inquire into every particular of that eventful Saturday. If the story of the wound be true, it could not have escaped the notice of the ladies—At

least you will learn whether Madame Siegfeld was dressed that day as the bathkeeper's wife describes; ladies have a good memory for such matters. Note carefully the minutest particulars."

So far the advocate. Let us now see how his client acted upon these hints.

In Blumenrode, as Senkenberg had foreseen, his reception was so discouraging as at once to convince him that this was no time to enter upon the desired investigation. In Langsitz it was very different. The countess was delighted with the admiration which Baron Von Preussach expressed for the estate; the curate of the village, who acted as a sort of steward to the countess, won by his insinuating manners, invited him to remain a day or two at the parsonage, to enable him to examine its beauties at leisure: he was soon established as a daily visitor at the castle. The old countess was talkative; the three young ladies, Aurelia, Matilda, and Elizabeth, full of life, playfulness and spirit.

Ferdinand, a man of tact, and well acquainted with society, soon contrived to turn the conversation on their neighbors of Blumenrode—their guest Madame Siegfeld, and her visit to Hilgenberg.

"It was in the forenoon," the ladies said, "that Madame Siegfeld was called out of the room at Hilgenberg, and received from a girl in a peasant's dress a letter, which she put into the hands of the countess for her perusal. It was an invitation from some old acquaintance, a Pole or Russian—the name they remembered distinctly, Madame Seehausen—urgently pressing her to pay her a visit, as she was then in Hilgenberg. The countess advised her to go; Albertine, begging them not to delay dinner for her, consented; she took her hat and cloak in haste."

"And her parasol, no doubt?" said Preussach, smiling.

"Of course," was the answer. "The distance was considerable; for Madame Seehausen's note was dated somewhere in the upper part of the town. The girl accompanied her.

"It was almost dark, and the candles were already lighted in the apartment when she returned. She appeared heated and agitated; her eyes showed traces of weeping; and, in answer to the sympathizing inquiries of her friends, she gave them a pathetic account of the distresses of her friend, and of the suffering to herself the recital had caused."

Preussach saw that the ladies had formed the idea that the extreme curiosity which he manifested as to every particular relative to Madame Siegfeld, was owing to a tender interest on his part in the lady; for they smiled at the minuteness of his questions, as if they penetrated the motive by which they were dictated. He thought, therefore, that he might venture to play the part of the inquisitor still more boldly.

"Her dress—did they recollect the color?"

"They hesitated; they were not certain; but it was silk.

"Perhaps, if he might hazard a conjecture, it was a *green* silk?"

The ladies smiled. The countess remembered a green silk petticoat which Madame Siegfeld occasionally wore, but could not recollect whether she wore it that day.

“O no!” said Aurelia, “not that day. I know she had a dress with short sleeves, for she wore *long gloves.*”

Preussach listened with fixed attention.

“True, true!” exclaimed the ladies, laughing in chorus—“That was the day that she made so strange an exchange.”

Preussach had some difficulty in concealing his anxiety under the mask of pleasantry.

“If I might only be permitted a peep into this mystery,” said he, with a gallant bow to Aurelia, “these long gloves seem to be associated with some agreeable recollections.”

“Don’t deceive yourself,” replied Aurelia; “a mere trifle—only one of your fair friend’s caprices of the toilet.”

The Countess interfered. “Come, tell the story at once—Baron Preussach must not look for wonders here.”

Aurelia with mock earnestness began. “It was a fine summer morning, when mamma with two of her daughters—Elizabeth was not of the party—called at Blumenrode to convey Albertine to Hilgenberg. The Kettlers were otherwise engaged, and could not attend the *reunion*. We were rather late, and so did not dismount, but waited for our protege in the carriage. She came at last, accompanied by her waiting-maid, and stepped into the carriage, while the maid mounted the box. Compliments had been exchanged; the horses were just put in motion, when Albertine unluckily dropped from the carriage window one of her long white gloves. Alas! it fell into the mud, and was totally destroyed.

“A substitute must be found. The waiting-woman hurried into the house, and returned with another pair: but—of *Danish* leather.

“Madame Siegfeld was annoyed, for she had set her heart on white gloves. For the present, however, there was no help; and the Danish gloves, which were new and elegant, were accepted. In the evening, when she returned from her northern friend, my first glance accidentally fell on her gloves. She again wore white. My mother and I made no remark. The touching story of her friend’s misfortunes had made us melancholy. Matilda, however, who had been out of the room when she returned, came up to her and looked at her with a smile.

“‘Why do you look at me so?’ said Albertine, somewhat confused.

“‘I am admiring your consistency; as you began the day with white gloves, you are resolved so to end it.’

"'Ah!' exclaimed Madame Siegfeld, 'consistency has nothing to do with the matter; in the agitation of taking leave of my friend, I made an involuntary exchange—the gloves belong to a young lady, her companion, and I only discovered my mistake when too late.'

"I could not help thinking," added Matilda, "her distraction of mind must have been considerable; for the third edition of the gloves was anything but an improved one; they were of very ordinary materials, large, and ill made."

Preussach hinted at the story of the wound in the hand; but here he met with a decided negative, accompanied by an expression of surprise. That Madame Siegfeld had met with a wound none of them suspected or believed. "It must have been," said Matilda, slyly, "an invisible one—in the heart."

Preussach stopped: he had learned enough; more than he could have hoped for. As he took his leave of Langsitz, the Countess expressed a hope that they might renew their acquaintance at a future period: the hope was fulfilled sooner than they expected or wished for.

In passing through Hilgenberg on his way to K——, he caused the most careful inquiries to be made after Madame Seehausen; but without success. The name was wholly unknown in Hilgenberg.

He laid the result of his investigations before Senkenberg, who now thought the time had arrived for proceeding criminally against the suspected party. He prepared a detailed memorial, in which he recapitulated the combination of circumstances which seemed to implicate Madame Von Preussach in a guilty participation, at least, in the murder of her husband; adverted to her arrival within the district, which might be shortly expected; and urged the authorities, as soon as she appeared, to proceed in the usual way to her examination as a party charged with a criminal offence. At the same time that Senkenberg laid his memorial before the Ober-Procurator, Ferdinand appeared in the formal character of private complainer. He hesitated not to ascribe the crime, of which he alleged his sister-in-law to be either the perpetrator or the accomplice, to pecuniary embarrassment arising from extravagance in the capital, and the anxiety to anticipate the increased allowance which would fall to her from the entailed estates upon the death of her husband; an allowance, however, which she would now forfeit in favor of himself, if her participation in the murder could be brought home to her, and which formed the ground on which his appearance as private complainer was justified.

Whether the Ober-Procurator would have been inclined at once to proceed upon Senkenberg's requisition had it stood alone, we know not; but his hesitation was at once put an end to when he combined it with another circumstance which took place at the time, and which, though slight in itself, acquired importance from the way in which it was connected with others. Albertine had arrived in Hainburg, and, following Preussach's suggestion, had immediately addressed herself in writing to the Ober-Procurator, requesting an interview with the member of the court to whom the investigation into her husband's death had been delegated. She had been given to understand, she said, that suspicion had fallen on an individual whom she felt herself both able and bound to vindicate.

This last allusion was naturally unintelligible to the Ober-Procurator; since no proceedings had been taken against the clergyman's daughter. He delivered the letter to the judge who had the charge of the investigation; and directed him to interrogate the writer further as to the point in question.—The judge looked at the letter; the handwriting struck him as familiar; he compared it with that of the letter of 21st July; to himself the resemblance appeared to be strong. He laid both before professional men, as well as the stripe of paper found in the poor's chest. As to the last they could pronounce no decided opinion; the characters were disguised; the other two, they thought, were the production of one hand.

In a day or two after, Albertine presented herself before the judge of instruction in K——, accompanied by her mother.

The judge contrived to direct the conversation in such a way as to induce Albertine to enter on the particulars of her last summer's residence: he inquired, as if under the guise of mere legal formality, after the names of the persons with whom she had associated, and dwelt particularly, though apparently without any particular purpose, on her visits to Hilgenberg.

Albertine's answers were distinct, short, and cautious, indicating a resolution not to say more, in answer to the questions, than was absolutely necessary.

The audience had continued for some time, when Albertine's glance accidentally rested on the clerk of the court, who, sitting at some distance, was anxiously watching every movement on her part, and committing to paper ever word she uttered. She asked whether it was *her statement* which was thus taken down. The judge answered in the affirmative—"Then I have been misunderstood," said she. "It was not a judicial examination I asked for, but a private audience with the judge, on a matter too delicate to be committed to writing, or made the subject of formal and public discussion."

The judge answered politely, but decidedly: "The deposition must be taken down, but its contents would be read over to her."

A paused ensued. "I suspect," she resumed, "that I have been deceived as to the necessity of my presence here. I know nothing of the course of your proceedings; but persons who represented themselves as cognizant of these, spoke of suspicion having fallen on an innocent and defenceless being, whom I felt it in my duty to protect. I find that that is not the case; I presume, therefore, my presence may in future be dispensed with."

The judge was embarrassed. He felt the difficulty of continuing the inquiry without plainly betraying its object. As a *detour* in the meantime, he took up Albertine's last words, and asked, "Who is the person of whom you speak?"

Albertine hesitated, and looked at her mother; that lady spoke. "We have no occasion for concealment," said she—"Baron Ferdinand Von Preussach was our informant, and the person whom he represented as suspected is a Madlle. Rauch, the daughter of the reformed clergyman of Blumenrode. Of the grounds of the suspicion we know nothing."

“Is it so?” said the judge, turning to Albertine. “Your object was to clear this Demoiselle Rauch from suspicion?”

“It was,” answered Albertine; “if suspicion really existed—the possibility of which I cannot conceive.”

“What are your reasons for thinking it impossible?”

“I know that Madlle. Rauch never knew, never saw my deceased husband.”

“How so? When did you yourself last see your deceased husband?”

Albertine appeared at first somewhat surprised, then replied calmly, and with dignity—

“It was my parents’ will that I should neither see nor speak to the Baron Von Preussach after our separation.”

“And their will you have obeyed, without exception?”

“Exceptions they alone could have permitted; and to them, and them only, do I conceive myself bound to answer for my conduct.”

The mother rose, and begged that the interview might now terminate. What Albertine had to state had been now stated; that testimony the Blumenrode family could confirm: if further explanations were still required from her daughter, they could be afterwards given, as they purposed remaining for a few days in the neighborhood, before setting out on their homeward journey.

The judge was under the necessity, for the present, of complying. The ladies took their leave, after being informed that their presence *would* be necessary once more two days afterwards. The object of the judge was to see whether Albertine could be identified by the bathkeeper’s wife as the lady who had appeared in Schlingin on the 24th August, and, if so at once to issue an order for her apprehension.

On the day appointed, Albertine again appeared, accompanied by her mother. They were requested to walk into an adjoining apartment; they appeared surprised, but obeyed without remark on being told that such was the usual course.

On this occasion the task of examination, in consequence of the illness of the usual judge, devo[l]ved upon a younger member of the bar, who, with all the seal of a newcomer, was disposed to press every point to the utmost. After some unimportant questions, he came to the events of the 24th August. He suggested the various circumstances which might enable her to recollect the precise date—a Saturday—the day of the weekly assemble in Hilgenberg—the birthday of the reigning Princess. Albertine recollected these perfectly; she stated that this *was* the date of her last visit to Hilgenberg. She was then asked to specify how she was occupied on

that day from morning till evening. Albertine paused. The question was repeated. She was silent. She became more and more anxious and agitated, the judge more pressing. He mentioned that the Countess Von Koss and her daughters had already been examined.

Albertine became pale. “What means all this?” she asked, with a faltering voice. “What has the examination of the countess to do with me?”

“The countess,” continued the judge, “states that you left her party early, and did not return till evening. Where were you in the interval?”

“I do not understand the object of these questions.”

“The judge puts questions in virtue of his office. He expects an answer—you are bound to give it for your own justification.”

Albertine rose from her chair—“Justification!” she exclaimed, “against what charge? Who is my accuser?”

“Accusation is not the question,” replied the judge, “but an answer I demand; and in the name of the king—WHERE WERE YOU IN THE INTERVAL?”

With solemn dignity Albertine stood before the judge: “You call on me in the king’s name. For that king my father bled, my brothers died the death of heroes!—I know my duty also to the king. I have been torn from those who are my natural protectors; overpowered by questions the drift of which I cannot comprehend—which I cannot answer. I will not invent answers: that were beneath me. But I can be silent, and I will. Henceforward my mouth is dumb. No person on earth shall unseal it. Act according to your rules. This is my last word.”

She sank upon her chair and burst into tears. The further inquiries of the judge were addressed to her in vain. He was obliged to confine himself to recording exactly the expressions which she had used; and then passed into the ante-chamber, where the bathkeeper’s wife, with the Swiss boy, were in waiting: the bathkeeper himself had died in the spring of that year. The boy could say nothing as to Albertine’s resemblance to the person he had seen; but the woman, who through the glass door had witnessed the whole of the stormy interview between Albertine and the judge, answered the question of the judge without hesitation—

“Yes, that is the lady! So fair a creature could not be mistaken—walk, manner, voice, everything corresponds.”

They proceeded to confront her with the accused. Albertine still sat, in deep thought, in the place where he had left her. She raised her head as the judge entered, along with the witnesses; but her glance rested with the coldness of a stranger on the face of the old woman.

The judge began: “This woman depones that she saw you, on the day in question, in her house at Schlingin, with a wound in the hand, which her husband bound up.” Albertine laid her head down again; no words crossed her lips, but her tears flowed unceasingly. Even the witness was

infected by her grief; she wept along with her, but she adhered to her story. So ended the audience.

A painful duty now devolved on the young judge—that of communicating to the mother that her daughter could not accompany her. It may be imagined with what feelings she received the appalling tidings. She tried to ask questions; the words died upon her lips: in a state of insensibility she was conveyed to her carriage.

The judge expected a still more agitating scene in announcing her apprehension to Albertine. He was mistaken: he found her in a state of calmness which he could not understand. She received the intelligence of her arrest without emotion: and when she learned that her mother had been conveyed to her house, she said with resignation—"It is better so. God will give her strength to bear the blow!"

The arrest was carried into effect with all the delicacy which the sex and rank of the accused demanded; the best accommodation which circumstances permitted; the use of books and music was allowed to her; only a rigid system of exclusion against all visitors was enforced, to which rule even her mother formed no exception.

One point to which, before the formal commencement of the proceedings, the judge thought it right to advert, was the trace which the wound in the hand to which the witness had spoken might be supposed to leave behind. Albertine was required to present her hand to the inspection of surgeons. With a deep feeling of wounded pride, but without hesitation, she complied. Opinions were divided as to the result. One of the surgeons could perceive no trace of any wound: another was of the opinion that a certain faint line might be traced across the palm of the hand, perceptible rather to touch than to sight, which might not improbably be the remains of a wound inflicted by some sharp instrument: the third concurred with the first—he could see and feel nothing.

One quarter only remained in which it appeared to the court to be necessary that the examination should be completed before proceeding to trial. This was at Blumenrode, to which the family of Baron Kettler had now returned. The baron and his family, now first made aware of the close relation in which the dead man of St. Anne's chapel stood to their former guest, obeyed the judicial summons most unwillingly; but the baron knew his duty too well to decline answering any questions that might be put to him.

As to the wound no one had heard of it. They recollected, indeed, that Madame Siegfeld, or rather Preussach, had, during a short part of her residence with them, been unwell, and had kept her room for several days. The house surgeon recollected the lady's indisposition, but did not think her ill, only nervous and out of spirits.

The communications of the eldest daughter, Hedwig, were important. Madame Von Preussach had left Blumenrode in the beginning of September, though her intention had originally been to remain till October. Letters from home, she said, required her presence there. Some time after her departure, Hedwig wrote to her, and, among other news of the day, mentioned that an officer had been found robbed and cruelly murdered among the mountains. The subject seemed to have

taken a deep hold of Madame Von Preussach's mind—for in more than one of her answers she adverted to it. In one there occurred this passage—

"So in your beautiful neighborhood robbery and murder are not unknown? The unfortunate officer—I hope he is none of your admirers from France. Write to me again when you hear more of the matter. Do not forget."

In another, dated in January 1817, the postscript contained these words:

"Have you heard nothing more of the murder among the mountains?"

In a music book, which she had left behind, was found a scrap of paper, which appeared to have been the unfinished draft of an intended letter, the contents of which were singular.

"I honor the motives from which your warning proceeds; but my resolution is taken. I *will* see him. Matters on which the peace of my life depends, must be brought to a settlement. A—— knows me. He knows that in decisive moments the weaknesses of my sex"—

Here the scroll broke off. A few unconnected words were written on other parts of the paper, as if by someone trying a pen.

The letter was indisputably from the now well known hand of Madame Von Preussach. It was exhibited to her, and appeared to produce a strong impression on her mind; but she persisted in her silence.

In this state the proceedings were transmitted to the Supreme Court, whose judgement was to determine whether there appeared sufficient grounds for bringing the accused immediately to trial, or whether any points required farther investigation before that decisive step was resorted to.

The result of their deliberations evinced the caution, impartiality, and love of justice of that tribunal. Pregnant as the grounds of suspicion appeared to be, they did not think it expedient to resort to the institution of criminal proceedings until some points which appeared to require, or to be susceptible of, further elucidation, should be cleared up. First, the authorities were directed to inquire more minutely into the previous character and temperament of the deceased Baron Von Preussach; second, to investigate how far the statement made by the complainer Ferdinand was well founded, that the accused, in consequence of his pecuniary embarrassments, had an interest in bringing about her husband's death; thirdly, to ascertain what sentiments or manner of treatment she had habitually manifested towards her husband; and fourthly, to take immediate possession of the whole papers belonging to her within her father's residence. Lastly, all further interference with the judicial procedure on the part of the private complainer, which had already been carried too far, was directed to be *repressed*.

The directions of the tribunal, in regard to the papers, were carried into effect in such a manner as to leave the colonel ignorant of the object of the search, or the accusation which impending over the head of his daughter. He was led to understand they were required by her with reference

to her civil interests, as having right to a widow's annuity from the estate. Still, a vague feeling of anxiety and fear, arising from the prolonged absence of his wife and daughter, coupled with this judicial inspection of the papers of the latter, began to haunt his mind. He wrote with the most pressing earnestness to his wife, that if she wished to see him alive, she must no longer delay her return. The unfortunate mother, distracted between her duty to her husband and her daughter, knew not at first how to decide. At last conjugal affection prevailed, and she resolved, for some time at least, to leave her daughter.

By the kindness, or it might be the policy of the judge, a parting interview between the mother and daughter, at the lodgings of the former, was permitted. It appeared to have been an agitating one, if the account of a witness could be trusted, who had *accidentally* overheard the conversation from the adjoining apartment. The dialogue was carried on in French; but the witness, a private school master, *not altogether unknown to the police*, being perfectly acquainted with the language, lost not a word. According to his account, the elder lady had exclaimed to the younger—

"Unhappy girl, you are no stranger to Hermann's death!"

To which the latter, with loud sobs, replied—

"Mother! God knows what has happened. I cannot speak; I may die in misery, but I will be silent."

On reaching her home, a severe conflict awaited her; how to account to her husband for the continued absence of her daughter. Nothing better occurred to her than to confirm him in the belief, that the cause of her detention was simply the necessity of her personal presence in the civil proceedings relative to her allowance as Hermann's widow.

The commissioner who had been employed in the delicate task of taking possession of the papers and private effects of the accused, and now returned to Hainburg, bringing with him the contents of her repositories; in the inspection of which he had found a useful assistant in her former waiting-woman—that Agatha Roger of whom we have already heard in the narrative of the clergyman's daughter. Agatha had, in the meantime, risen in the world. Shortly after her return to Blumenrode, she had married the former teacher in the Siegfeld family, now rector of a school in a little town not far from the capital.

The box which contained the letters contained also some of the jewels and trinkets of Albertine. In one corner lay a sealed packet; it was opened, and its contents were a gold watch, with key and seal, and a wedding ring.

"Ah!" exclaimed the rector's wife on seeing them, "this is Baron Hermann's watch which he always wore, and this his marriage ring. The watch was a wedding present from his wife. No doubt he has sent them back to her after the separation.

No letters were found which threw any light on the immediate subject of investigation. It appeared, however, from some of her correspondence with third parties, that proposals of

marriage had more than once been made to her after the separation—a fact which had escaped even the searching investigation of Ferdinand Von Preussach.

On the other hand, the numerous testimonies, both private and public, to the character and conduct of Albertine, were highly favorable. She was described as uniting pride and dignity with benevolence and condescension; great natural accomplishments to much artificial cultivation; the most undeviating affection and duty to her parents, with the most careful attention to the education of her daughter. One drawback only seemed to be universally admitted: this was her excessive passion for dress and costly amusements, particularly music, as to which the secret report of the police of the capital, otherwise favorable, was to this effect: "Truth requires it to be stated, that the Baroness Von Preussach has not observed due order in the management of her affairs; that demands have occasionally been made against her for large sums long due; and that she has even been threatened with legal measures for their recovery."

Among the numerous bills for dress and articles of fashion which were found scattered through her drawers, were several bearing the name of Wilhelmine Tieffe, which had given rise to so many inquiries; and the rector's wife explained that this was the name of a fashionable milliner in the capital, with whom Albertine had dealt extensively.

The deposition of the rector's wife, which was among the most important which had yet come under the notice of the authorities, was in substance, though somewhat more long-winded, to this effect:

"I knew the Baroness Von Preussach from her childhood; I had been taken as an orphan into the house, and had been suffered, when a child, to play with her and her brothers—She received a good, but at the same time showy education: her mother's view, from the first, had been to fit her for the Court, at which she made her debut when only sixteen years old.

"She was the admiration of all, and deserved to be so, for she was beautiful as an angel. Just about this time, Baron Hermann Von Preussach, who had served along with the young Siegfelds, arrived at the capital. A handsome man, a beautiful rider, and graceful dancer—he soon became an adorer of my young lady; who, on the other hand, was from the first attracted by his exquisite voice, a peculiarly fine tenor, and his taste for music. Music, indeed, soon formed the secret tie which united them. The baron, next successor to the entailed estates, was no bad match, particularly as the lady could not boast of much fortune. The marriage soon took place, and the baron quitted the military service, somewhat to the annoyance of his father-in-law, for a country life.

"The bride was not then seventeen, the baron about six-and-twenty. During the summer they lived at a residence on the Preussach estates, which his parents had vacated for their accommodation. She proposed to me to accompany them; she was accustomed to my society and counsel in the secrets of the toilet; and I accompanied her.

"The union in its commencement was a happy one. The old Baron Preussach and his wife were delighted with their daughter-in-law: the daughters, two old maids who had once been beauties, appeared to be so. Baron Ferdinand, the younger brother, was then at the university.

“The only misfortune was, that the young baroness, the spoiled child of the court and the capital—though she was pleased with a country life, viewing it on its poetical side—had not the slightest turn for those domestic arrangements, or the least idea of the discomfort and misery which a want of economy is sure to bring in its train. Their income, properly managed, would have been amply sufficient for their comfort. As it was, involved in an incessant round of visiting and expensive pleasures, it soon failed. At first the old baroness assisted them: she had a considerable private fortune of her own, and Hermann was her favorite child. This, as may be imagined, annoyed the others, particularly Baron Ferdinand, who looked better after money matters. He and his sisters had only their mother’s fortune to look to when the estate opened to Hermann; and it was certainly annoying to see that fund diminished by the very person who was otherwise so favoured by fortune. This was the first source of the dissension, to which the continued extravagance of the Baroness constantly supplied new aliment. In truth, she possessed a wardrobe that many princesses would have envied; and the sums which she thoughtlessly squandered would have been sufficient to have clothed several families with respectability.

“The evil increased when a child, Alfred, was born, and was followed a year afterwards by the little Constance. The children required a French nurse: every year a visit was paid to the capital, an expensive mansion hired, and new inroads made by anticipation on the future revenues of the estate, for the expenses of society, servants, and equipage.

“Still between the married pair all went well. Hermann sided with his wife, and quarrelled with his brother and sisters; the parents were neutral: they were of any opinion which their beloved Hermann might adopt.

“But alas! the peace of the married pair now received a severe shock, and that through the fault of the husband—Heaven knows how it happened—for he loved his wife, and she was in the very bloom of youthful beauty—but she detected him in a shameful intrigue, the more shameful that one of her own women was his guilty accomplice. Herself conscious of her own fidelity, Madame Von Preussach was not disposed, as some wives might have done, to treat this insult gently. She betook herself instantly, along with her children, to her father’s house; a step at which the Preussachs were confounded. Hermann himself called frequently, along with his mother: at last, old affection and love for her children, and the fear of being separated from her son, prevailed. She consented to pardon her husband’s fault, who, with the most vehement protestations, reiterated his remorse, and his resolution to live only for her in the future.

“Alas! the resolution, if sincere, was short-lived. The little Alfred died: his mother, as may be expected, was dreadfully affected by this her first loss. She had exhausted herself in watching the poor child: after his burial she fell into a nervous fever, on her partial recovery from which she was ordered by the physicians to a bathing-place to recruit her strength.

“Her husband could not accompany her; for his brother was on his travels, his father in weak health, and in his dotage. I and her mother were her companions.

“Some evil spirit, methinks, must have come over Baron Hermann in our absence. The disreputable and fatal conne[ct]ion which he had abjured was resumed; so openly, indeed, that it

reached the ears of the baroness. Her resolution was immediately taken: we returned no more to the castle: we went straight from the watering-place to her father's house. No opposition, no entreaties on the part of the Preussach family, were this time listened to: the formal separation was pressed forward, as far as our church (for both were Catholics) would permit. The colonel exerted all his influence: the sentence was soon pronounced, and it was the most unfavorable for the guilty party. The separated wife was to retain possession of her daughter, and to be provided with an ample yearly allowance.

"The pecuniary consequences of the separation would have affected the thoughtless and passionate Hermann but little; but wise too late, the loss of his wife, his separation from his child, struck deep into his heart. He spared no efforts at first to obtain a reconciliation: the young wife might, perhaps, have yielded; for, after the first burst of feeling, I believe her heart was still with her husband, but the colonel was inexorable. He strictly forbade all intercourse between them, either verbal or written. The daughter honored and respected her father too much not to yield an implicit obedience, at whatever cost. So it remained. We heard no more of the Preussachs; Madame Siegfeld (the name she now took) communicative towards me in other respects, never mentioned her husband's name. I heard only accidentally from another source, that Hermann, after an entire breach with his family, had left the country, vowing never to return until he could call the estates his own; and then all should have cause to tremble who stood between him and wife. His mother had, in the meantime, died, and Hermann had claimed and obtained his share of her fortune: with that he had taken his journey, no one knew whither, into the wide world.

"Madame Siegfeld resided, along with the little Constance, in the house of her father, with the exception of a few months which she spent, in summer 1816, with the family of Baron Kettler at Blumenrode. I accompanied her on that visit, but became ill in Blumenrode, and so was latterly little about her and did not accompany her on her return, having been confined till the beginning of October.

"I know that after the separation, several brilliant proposals of marriage were made to my mistress. As long as Hermann lived that was impossible according to our laws; but devices can sometimes be found for getting over such difficulties; and I have reason to think hints of that sort were thrown out by a Protestant nobleman of our acquaintance, whose name, however, I cannot take the liberty of mentioning. Whether my mistress countenanced this idea or not, I know not: if she did, she communicated on the subject only with her most intimate friends. Certain it is that the colonel, who is a deeply religious man, was thoroughly opposed to it.

"After my return from Blumenrode, I remained till Christmas in the service of my lady. I then married my present husband, who had obtained the rectorship in his native town. Since my marriage, I have seen the family of Siegfeld once or twice: my mistress has been uniformly kind and gracious to me.

"I own," she continued, in answer to some special interrogatories as to Madame Von Preussach's temper—"I own she is hasty and violent in a high degree. In her anger she is capable of excesses, which in her cooler moments her real excellence of heart has induced her bitterly to regret." And she instanced several occasions in which this violence of temper, manifesting itself even in a

very unbecoming violence of action, had been displayed both towards the witness and towards her husband, on some supposed ground—she did not deny it might be well founded—of provocation.

The Court of Appeal had directed particular inquiry to be made after two persons, whose evidence they desiderated in the previous inquiry. These were the girl who had conducted Madame Von Preussach from her party to Madame Seehausen's, and the old woodman who had been the companion of the wounded lady at the baths of Schlingin.

The woodman could not be traced. The girl was at last discovered, through the unceasing efforts of the police. She was now in the service of a merchant in the market town of Wollheim, not far from K——.

Her statement was to this effect. "I was in service two years with a shoemaker in Hilgenberg. In 1816, the front part of his house was hired by a Madame Veitel from Wollheim, with the view of letting it out in apartments to the bathers. The rooms, however stood empty for some time—One day—it was towards the beginning of August—Madame Veitel sent for me, and asked if I would go [send] a message for her. I dressed myself, and went up to her room. I found a young gentleman with her, to whom she was very polite—She gave me a sealed letter. I was to take it to the assembly room, and to deliver it personally to a lady whom I would find there, and whose name she mentioned. The name I have forgotten, and, were it mentioned to me, I should not recognize it. There was much company at the rooms, old and young. I inquired according to the address, and was directed to a lady, whom, from her appearance, I should have taken to be unmarried. She read the letter, and, after some conversation with the party, she prepared to accompany me. Madame Veitel had told me before, that I was to show her the way. She made me walk before, and followed so fast that we soon reached our destination. Scarcely a word was spoken during our walk. Madame Veitel received her at the door, thanked me and dismissed me: what happened afterwards I know not. The gentleman I never saw again. My mistress told me afterwards a lady and gentleman had walked through the garden, and out in the direction of the mountains. Whether they were the persons I have mentioned, I cannot say.

"The dress of the lady I could not particularly observe, as I walked before her. I noticed, however, that she had a fine complexion; that she was in full dress, and her make, in proportion to her height, extremely slender. Of her clothing I can remember nothing, expect that it was of several colours—what they were, I cannot say; she wore a straw hat with flowers.

"The gentleman, as I have said, was young also, tall, slender, and dark-complexioned. He wore a short green coat, and tight buckskin pantaloons, with short boots drawn over them, and spurs."

She pointed out the house in Hilgenberg which Madame Veitel, who was since dead, had inhabited. The shoemaker and his wife had now no recollection of the lady and gentleman passing through the garden; and farther, they were positive no person of the name of Madame Seehausen had ever inhabited their house.

Thus closed the supplementary investigation; and in this shape the case returned to the Court of Appeal for its final direction.

The decision was not long delayed. It directed that criminal proceedings should be forthwith instituted against the accused; and that the trial should take place at the next assizes at Hainburg. An advocate was appointed to assist the prisoner in case of need. This, however, proved unnecessary. An old and experienced counsel, a friend of the S[ie]gfeld family, and in considerable practice before the Court of Cassation, announced himself as authorized with her permission to act for the defence. He received access to the vast mass of documents which had now accumulated, and conferred with his client on the subject. It will appear, however, in the sequel, that she had not been more communicative to her counsel than to her accusers.

PART III….THE TRIAL.

The time of the sittings approached; and the case of Preussach stood first on the list. The interesting nature of the subject matter—the personal attractions of the accused—the number and rank of the expected witnesses—all concurred to give the trial a peculiar importance, and to attract an extraordinary crowd of spectators.

The office of President of the Assizes had been undertaken by one of the oldest Judges of the Court of Appeal, and that of public prosecutor was filled by one of the most distinguished members of the public ministry of the province, a man of established reputation, the Procurator-General Schomberg.

The opening of the sittings took place on the 1st of July 1818. At eight in the morning the galleries were opened to the public, and, in a quarter of an hour, they were filled to overflowing. Among the spectators were many ladies.

About nine the President directed the accused to be introduced. All eyes were directed toward the door by which she was to enter.

Albertine appeared, conducted by her counsel, and took her seat in the place appointed for her.

Beautiful indeed she seemed, this accused, though the rose had vanished from her cheek, and had been replaced by a marble paleness; for still the noble expressive features, the look of high bearing and dignity, were there. Her dress was as simple as it was becoming: a black silk robe, a hat and veil of the same color, and her only ornament a slender gold chain which sustained her watch. The favorable impression which her appearance made upon the public could not be mistaken.

Near her sat the private complainer, Ferdinand Von Preussach, the subject also of great observation, though obviously of a less favorable kind. His well-formed features betrayed a painful restlessness, which, in the course of the proceedings, sometimes amounted almost to distortion. The witnesses in general sat silent, and with downcast eyes; many of the ladies dissolved in tears.

The President, a man of imposing exterior, addressed the accused. She rose and answered the usual questions as to name, rank, and residence, in a low tone, scarcely audible to the Court. The jury were then empannelled and sworn; the act of accusation, which was long and detailed, and which charged the accused with being an accomplice in the murder of her husband, was read; her counsel denied the charge, and the examination of the witnesses commenced.

We need not pursue these examinations in detail. Suffice it to say, that about forty witnesses were examined; and that, though some important points were elicited on cross-examination, their depositions before the court were, in substance, the same with those which they had given on their preliminary examination. The points on which they differed will be sufficiently indicated by the observations made by the counsel for the defence.

At the conclusion of the evidence, which had occupied the greater part of two days, and in the course of which several warm debates had taken place on contested questions of evidence, the President addressed the prisoner.

“Had she any evidence to adduce? If so, the necessary delay would be granted to her.”

A short and earnest conversation took place in an undertone between the lady and her counsel. The latter seemed to press upon her some advice to which she was disinclined. She shook her head mournfully but decidedly.

“The advocate turned to the court—“My client declines to adduce any evidence. She will abide the result as it stands.”

The public prosecutor rose to address the jury. Instead of following him through his long, and in some respects impressive, commentary on the evidence, we shall state briefly the conclusions to which his speech was directed.

“He held it to be clear,” he said, “that Baron Hermann Von Preussach had been assassinated, and by means of a sharp instrument, apparently a knife. That there had been others on the spot at the time who were the authors of the deed, seemed plain from all the evidence.

“The time of the assassination, though not fixed to an hour, was plainly brought within the compass of the 24th August, the day on the morning of which the deceased had been last seen alive. The place was evidently the ruin on the Raubstein, from whence the body had been conveyed to St. Anne’s chapel below.”

He proceeded to detail the combination of circumstances which had led to the suspicion, and the subsequent conviction that the accused was connected with the murder.

“The idea of the crime having been committed with a view to robbery, was out of the question. The ring left on the finger of the deceased—his purse left in the poor’s chest of the chapel—excluded that supposition.

“That a woman had been concerned in the deed was proved by many circumstances, some of real, some of parole evidence. The stripes of a silk dress found round the body and among the bushes—the Danish leather glove—the evidence of the witnesses who had seen a lady ascending the path to the Raubstein on the forenoon of the 24th August—that of the bathkeeper and others who had seen her again at Schlingin, wounded, agitated, in company with a stranger who had used expressions, the import of which could not be mistaken as pointing to some recent tragedy—clearly connected a female with the assassination of the 24th August.

“But was it not equally certain that this female was the Baroness Von Preussach? The evidence proved unquestionably that after their separation, and unknown apparently to her parents, a secret correspondence continued between the spouses, he writing from K——, and she from Blumenrode. It was proved by the letters themselves that a secret and decisive interview had been resolved on: that interview had taken place on the 24th August. The baroness had joined her husband in the house of Madame Veitel; her dress on that occasion corresponded, as far as could be seen, with that worn by the stranger at Schlingin. From Madame Veitel’s the parties had continued their walk to the lonely and unfrequented thickets of the Raubstein, which had proved the scene of the lamentable catastrophe.

“Everything confirmed this view. The baroness returns to her party in Hilgenberg late in the evening, pale and agitated, with white gloves substituted for the pair of Danish gloves, of which one had been left behind in her flight. She feigns a story of the distresses of a Madame Seehausen, who never existed; conceals the wound in her hand by the constant use of gloves; shortens her stay at Blumenrode by nearly two months; writes anxiously, again and again, to know whether anything is discovered as to the murder; is overpowered by the sight of the brother of her murdered husband, and by the intelligence that an innocent person had been arrested on suspicion of the crime of which she herself had been guilty: last of all, the watch and marriage-ring of her husband, which the witnesses from K—— spoke to his wearing, are found in her possession.

“Taking these circumstances together, are we not compelled to echo the exclamation which escaped from her mother—‘Unhappy girl, you are no stranger to Hermann’s death!’

“That another person was also concerned along with her—that that person was the woodman who had been seen in her company at Schlingin, was not improbable; but that did not the less leave the charge of a guilty participation in her husband’s murder proved against her.

“But the motive, it might be asked, the motive for the crime? That motive he was not bound to explain; but he thought it might be naturally explained. He gave no weight to the insinuation that the deed had been the result of a deliberate plan, arising from the embarrassment caused by pecuniary extravagance: he admitted that the balance of the evidence in favor of character, appeared inconsistent with the notion of a murder perpetrated from interested motives, and concerted long before.

“But her passionate temper was as distinctly proved as the better parts of her character. The passions of her husband were as impetuous as her own. His object in the interview plainly was, to obtain in any way her consent to a reconciliation and renewal of their intercourse; by fair

means, if possible; if these failed, probably by force. That he had threatened violent measures on some former occasion was evident; for her letter alluded to warnings received from a third party, which, confident in her own strength of mind, she had despised. Might not the violence thus threatened have been attempted to be carried into execution at this *decisive* interview of the 24th of August, when the stimulus of intoxication appeared to have been added to the natural violence of his character, and the excitement of passion? If on that occasion he attempted forcibly to remove her from the spot, was it improbable that she too, of passions as violent as his own, might be hurried into crime—might snatch the knife which lay beside, and plunge it into the heart of her husband?

"And what answer does the accused make to all the charges against her? What proofs does she oppose to them? What witnesses does she call? What is her defence? Obstinate silence—a silence inexplicable upon the supposition of innocence, perfectly natural upon the supposition of guilt; particularly in one not so depraved as to resort to artifice and falsehood in order to shield her from the consequences of the crime into which she has been hurried."

The auditory had listened with deep anxiety to the long address of the public prosecutor. Opinions were much divided at its conclusion. The female part of the spectators inclined to the theory that the baroness was not guilty of the murder of her husband, though not ignorant of the circumstances of the murder; the male part of the auditory were disposed, in the main, to concur in the conclusions of the public prosecutor. The conduct of the baroness in Hilgenberg—the mysterious visit to Madame Veitel's—the expressions which she appeared to have uttered—above all, her silence in answer to all accusations—spoke too decidedly against her to admit the supposition of innocence.

The advocate for the accused rose to address the court, amidst the deep silence of expectation and anxiety. We pass over the introduction of his pleading, and come at once to the subject matter—

"It was strange," he said, "that the public prosecutor had assumed, without argument, the very basis of the whole accusation—that the dead man of St. Anne's chapel *was* Hermann Von Preussach, the husband of the accused.

"What, after all, was the proof of the *corpus delicti*, that Hermann was dead or assassinated by any hand whatever? To the civil court the proof of his death had appeared insufficient. They had refused their attestation to that effect when solicited by the private complainer. Would the criminal tribunal be satisfied with less evidence, in a matter of life and death, than the civil court required in a question of property?

"True, a man had been found dead in the neighborhood of the chapel. Circumstances seemed to prove that this person was a Herr Von Breisach, once resident of K——, and who had slept at the forest inn on the night before the 24th of August. But what proof existed that this man, described as a low adventurer, shunning society, and leading an obscure and discreditable life, was the gay, handsome, and noble Baron Hermann Von Preussach? No one who had seen the body before interment knew the baron, or could speak to his identity with Breisach. The landlord, no doubt, recognised in the dead man his guest of the night before; but of who the guest was he knew

nothing. To what, then, did the evidence connecting the dead adventurer with the baron come? Simply to this—The dead man wore a seal ring bearing the arms of Preussach, and said to have belonged to Hermann.

"Was it Hermann's? Even this was not proved; for the only evidence on the subject was the suspicious testimony of Ferdinand Von Preussach, the interested party, who would succeed to the estates by the proof of Hermann's death, and whose zeal in the present case had already drawn down upon him the well-deserved rebuke of the authorities.

"But grant that the ring was Hermann's, did it follow that Hermann was the wearer? In how many ways might another person become the possessor of a ring which had belonged to him? It might have been dropped, it might have been sold, gifted, stolen, and found on the finger of the finder, the purchaser, the friend, or the thief; any one of these cases would equally account for what had happened.

"How many instances had occurred in the annals of courts of justice of persons who had long disappeared, who had been supposed dead or murdered, reappearing after the lapse of years, sometimes just in time to save from the scaffold the innocent beings who had been accused of depriving them of life? How laudable, therefore, the extreme jealousy and caution of the law, in demanding strict evidence of that which must form the basis of every accusation? How fearful would be their responsibility, if, after a sentence of conviction against the accused, the very man who was supposed to be murdered should reappear, but too late to save the victim of a mistaken prosecution and a rash and misjudging verdict.

"But let it be supposed that Hermann and the dead man of the chapel are one—what is the evidence which is to connect the accused with his death?

"I begin with the letters. I deny that there is any proof that the letter of the 21st July, written in French, is in the handwriting of my client. The mere resemblance of handwriting is, of all evidence, the most fallacious and unsatisfactory; the faults of orthography, with which the letters are filled, are inconsistent with the supposition that the letter is the production of an educated person. That Hermann was a man addicted to licentious amours, seems to be part of the prosecutor's case. How many such billets, then, may he not have received? How close, in general, is the resemblance of female hands, when educated in the same school, or under the same system?

"The prosecutor, in order to connect the accused with this letter, assumes the theory of a secret correspondence carried on between the spouses after their separation; and then he adduces the letter itself as proof of that correspondence. There is no evidence that the letter was written by the accused. The real evidence it affords is the other way.

"But the scrap found in the music book at Blumenrode. That I admit to be in the handwriting of the accused; but it would be difficult to discover any resemblance between that fragment and the handwriting of the French letter. The one is written in *German* characters, the other in French. There can be no argument from one to another. They do not appear in fact to resemble each other.

"But the meaning put upon this scrap by the public prosecutor is a forced one. He says the words 'A. knows me,' refer to Hermann. He arrives at this conclusion by translating the name Hermann into French, *Armand*. But why a French name in the midst of a German letter? Then to whom is the letter addressed? To some third party who had given a warning to the writer. Who was this? On the theory of the public prosecutor, he should have explained who was thus the confidant of the secret correspondence; for might not that third party, thus cognizant of the secret relations that existed between the husband and wife, be, on his own theory, the real author of the crime, if crime were committed?

"For his own part, he did not think the fragment was a real letter at all. He believed it to be part of an imaginary epistle, probably a portion of a novel which she might have copied.

"But then there was a chain of circumstances relied on to connect the Baroness Von Preussach with the commission of the crime. A woman had been see on the 24th of August, on the path to the Raubstein; in Schlingin on the after part of the same day, wounded in the hand, agitated, trembling, accompanied by a woodman: her dress, it was said, corresponded with Madame Von Preussach's, who had been mysteriously absent from her party in Hilgenberg during the whole day; had had an interview in the forenoon with a gentleman at the house of Madame Veitel, and had afterward been seen accompanying him in the direction of the Raubstein. This person, then, it was assumed, was the baroness, and the baroness had been present at the scene of the murder.

"That a woman might have been seen on the mountain path that day, and that the scene described by the bathkeeper's wife as to the binding of the wound might have taken place, he did not question. But though the woman had at first pretended to identify the lady with Madame Von Preussach, she had plainly owned, in her evidence on the trial, that she could not. Her house was dark; the scene, according to her own account, was over in a few minutes; scarce a word was spoken: how, then, at the distance of a twelvemonth, could she pretend to recognize the person whose wound had been bound up? Her husband, who had bound up the wound, was dead; from him her testimony could receive no corroboration.

"Was the dress of the Baroness Von Preussach proved to correspond with that of the person who had been wounded? Assuredly not. The bathkeeper's wife was the only witness who had any distinct recollection as to the one, and she thought the gown was of green silk. The Countess Von Koss and her daughters, who spoke to the dress worn by the baroness in Hilgenberg, were clear that it was *not* of green silk, though the private complainer had done all in his power to assist their memory. Both, to be sure, seemed to have worn a bonnet and parasol—of a light color: the wonder would have been if in summer it had been otherwise.

"But a stripe of silk is found wrapped round the body, and another fragment is found sticking upon a bush. It is assumed that these belonged to and had been worn by the female who was wounded. I am willing to take it so; it is a proof that the person was not the baroness. One of the leading witnesses for the prosecution (the rector's wife) states that these formed part of a shawl so coarse and vulgar, both in color and texture, that no cook would have worn it. Does that suit with the idea of the Baroness Von Preussach, who lavishes fortunes on dress, patronises Madame Tieffe, and never sleeps but with gloves on?

"And this brings me to the glove. A right hand glove is found near the Raubstein; it bears the stamp of Madame Tieffe. A *left* hand glove, bearing the same stamp, is found in the possession of the clergyman's daughter, which she appears to have received from the waiting-woman of the baroness. *These must be a pair; therefore* the baroness was upon the mountain: the baroness dropped the right hand glove, which bears the spots of blood.

"But why *must* the gloves be a pair? Because they resemble each other in size, in material, in workmanship?—Why, how many thousand pairs, exactly of the same kind, must be annually put into circulation from such an establishment as Madame Tieffe's—the same pattern, the same materials, according to the reigning fashion! Who can pretend, out of a hundred pairs, to say this right hand glove belongs to that left hand one? What, then, is the result? Simply this at the utmost: that *some* customer of Madame Tieffe dropped one of her gloves in the Raubstein, and that the accused is a customer of Madame Tieffe.

"But when was this glove dropped? Why on the 24th of August? Why not long before? Why not after? Before the glove was found, a crowd had collected about the Raubstein, including many females: they were busily exploring in all directions: how easily might any one of them have dropped the glove in question?

"What importance can be attached to the story told by the countess and her daughters, that the baroness went out with Danish gloves in the morning, and returned in the evening with white? If, as she says, she paid a visit to a friend, and her feelings were agitated—particularly as she only left her toward dusk—was it very unlikely that she *might* make an involuntary exchange of gloves, and then only discover her mistake when she was too far off to return and correct the error?

"But according to the hypothesis of the public prosecutor, she returned wounded: those white gloves concealed a wound in the hand. Whoever saw this wound, which, if as described by the bathkeeper's wife, must have been of some size? I doubt whether by any process a hand so bandaged could be forced into a glove, even of large size. But the family of Langsitz saw nothing of the kind. They laugh at the supposition. The family of Baron Kettler, to whose house she returned the next day, never heard of it. The house-surgeon never was applied […] to dress it; he speaks, indeed, of an attack of nervousness and low spirits, but of no wound in the hand. If she wore her glove when he felt her pulse, he states also that this was her constant practice.

"Such a wound as is described must have left a trace. But on this point the evidence is in favor of the accused. One surgeon, indeed, speaks doubtfully of some invisible, and, as he admits, almost impalpable line running across the hand— which, with all deference, appears simply to have been a natural one. The other two candidly admit that they see no traces of any wound whatever.

"So far, everything is against the supposition on which the whole case of the prosecutor rests—that the wounded person and the Baroness Von Preussach are the same.

“But, farther, the charge against the baroness involves the supposition that the murder took place during the forenoon of the 24th of August. On that day only she was in Hilgenberg. On the 25th she returned to Blumenrode.

“But, after all, what is the proof that the murder, if such it was, was committed on the 24th? Why not on the 25th? The whole proof on the subject consists of the conjectures of the medical man, derived from the appearances of incipient corruption. The body was found early on the 26th of August; ‘a considerable time,’ he thinks, must have elapsed before such an effect would have been produced by the influence of the sun and air: the deceased had been seen alive in the morning of the 24th; therefore he thinks the assassination must have taken place early in the course of that day.

“‘A considerable time!’ How indefinite! how unsatisfactory! As if the symptoms of putrefaction might not depend on a thousand circumstances which baffle all conjecture as to time! A shower of rain, an hour or two of hotter sunshine, the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere, the previous habit of body of the deceased, might either accelerate or retard the approaches of decay. How can anyone, who never once saw the deceased before, pretend to say that if the death took place on the 25th, all these symptoms which were actually found would not equally have developed themselves?

“Nay, the probability is, that it was at least in the course of the night following the 24th that the murder was committed. Had the body, according to the notion of the public prosecutor, been placed in the chapel in the forenoon of the 24th, it is next to impossible that it should not in the course of that day have been observed. That Saturday was the birthday of the Princess—a day when the road to the chapel must have been frequented by the villagers in the neighborhood. The probability is that the deed had not then been committed; for the public prosecutor himself assumes, that the murder and the conveyance of the body to the chapel took place at the same time. But if the deed only took place on the night of the 24th, the whole fabric of presumptions, so ingeniously built on the mysterious absence of the baroness from Hilgenberg on that day, falls to the ground.

“And, after all, what was there in her conduct during that day to lead to the presumption of guilt! The view of the prosecutor, it must be recollected, is, that she came to Hilgenberg on that day, in consequence of previous concert, to keep that appointment alluded to in the letter of the 21st July, and the fragment found in the music book.

“But do the circumstances suit with that supposition? It was mere accident that the family of Baron Kettler did not accompany her to Hilgenberg on that day; in which case, how was she to have extricated herself from their company? By a pretended invitation from a friend who never existed? They who were her intimate friends, who knew with whom she had associated, could not have been deceived by such a fable. The idea of a concerted scheme of this kind is farther contradicted by her conduct. She received a letter from Madame Seehausen—reads it—puts it into the hands of the countess—is prevailed on by her to accept the invitation. Is there any evidence that she did not visit Madame Seehausen? It is said no such person was ever known to reside in Hilgenberg. That may be; it is not said that she *resided* in Hilgenberg. She was a

foreigner; she may have been passing through the watering-place where her friend was; she may have stopped but for a single day at Madame Veitel's.

"I do not dispute that, on the day in question, my client did visit the house of Madame Veitel. I say she went there to visit the friend who had requested her presence. The public prosecutor says she went there to meet her husband, with whom she afterwards walked through the garden, and in the direction of the mountains. The servant who carried the message speaks, indeed, of a young man whom she saw in Madame Veitel's; and this, it seems, according to the prosecutor's theory, was Hermann. She does not say she saw the parties meet; for Madame Veitel met and dismissed her at the door.

"But it is plain, from her description of the gentleman she saw, that it was *not* Herman. The dead man was found dressed in long loose nankeen pantaloons about his boots; this was the dress also in which he was last seen by the landlord early on the morning of the 24th. The young man in Madame Veitel's house wore 'tight buckskin pantaloons, with boots drawn over them.' How is this reconcilable? If Hermann was murdered in the course of the forenoon of the 24th, when did he change his dress so as to appear differently attired in Hilgenberg? When and where did he again change his dress between leaving Madame Veitel's and his murder? The idea that this person was Hermann, a position essential to the theory of the public prosecutor, is totally untenable.

"That any lady and gentleman had been seen leaving Madame Veitel's in the direction of the mountains, rested on no evidence. The maid had not seen them; she spoke only of some report to that effect which she thought came from her mistress. Both the master and mistress were examined, and they stated distinctly they had seen nothing of the kind, and could not have said so.

"The scene at Madame Veitel's had no connection whatever with the events in the Raubstein.

"But the prosecutor insists that all doubt is removed by the fact, that the watch and the marriage ring of the deceased are found in the possession of the accused. I admit at once the watch is Hermann's watch; the ring is Hermann's marriage ring. But I ask what proof is there that these ever belonged to the *deceased*; what proof, in particular, that they were in his possession at or near to the time of his murder? The housekeeper, the servants at K——, the innkeeper at the forest, all speak only of 'a gold watch,' 'a gold ring;' none of them did or could identify this gold watch and this ring.

"Did Baron Ferdinand? He saw his brother in life for the last time when his marriage with my client took place. The separation occurred while he was on his travels; when he returned, Hermann had already gone abroad. What he may have possessed, what trinkets he may have worn after that time, it is impossible that Baron Ferdinand can know.

"But how simple, after all, is the explanation? The watch was a marriage present, the ring was Hermann's wedding ring. Is it not a well-known practice for lovers or spouses who have separated, to return to each other the gifts they have received in their days of affection or of union; gifts which would only serve in future to awaken painful recollections? Was it not natural

that, when the separation took place, these tokens of affection should have been returned by the husband to his wife? This was the view that occurred at once to the waiting-maid, as she has explained in her evidence. My client, too, never wore her wedding ring after the separation. And why? It was returned, as the waiting-maid states, to her husband.

"Thus, then, the circumstances on which the prosecutor insisted so strongly, admits of the simplest explanation.

"But were it proved that Albertine Von Preussach had really seen and spoken to her husband shortly before his death, is the case of the prosecutor materially advanced, so far as regards a guilty participation on her part in her husband's death? Were we even to concede that the involuntary exclamation of an agitated mother, uttered in a moment of distraction, inferred in her mind a suspicion—the prosecutor calls it a conviction—that her daughter was not a stranger to her husband's death. It remains to be shown that that knowledge was of a criminal character. The prosecutor meets the point fairly, for he maintains that she was herself the perpetrator of the deed.

"But by what proofs does he support this charge? None whatever. By *assuming* a fine-spun theory of a secret correspondence—a concerted interview—a meal among the ruins—a fit of intoxication on the part of the husband—a quarrel—an attempt at violence—the convenient discovery of a knife, and a blow dealt therewith by the wife, which at once reaches the heart of her husband! And this is all—literally all—which is gravely urged as *proof* against a person of the noble, the stainless character enjoyed by the prisoner at the bar.

"But no! It is said, the evidence may not prove the deed, but it proves that she was capable of committing the deed. What is that evidence?

"Has any single act in the course of her life been pointed out which leads to such a conclusion? Any act of cruelty which would make her careless of the life of a fellow creature, capable of committing the deepest of crimes against the being who stood towards her in the most endearing of relations—her husband, the father of her dead son, of her surviving daughter? No; trifling miserable gossip as to quarrels with servants, a box on the ear bestowed upon an impertinent waiting-woman, a sharp reply in answer to the imperious speeches of a dictatorial husband. What human being could be safe from the suspicion of being capable of murder, if trifles like these were to be raked up, collected, and seriously brought forward as proofs of such an accusation?

"Let the case be supposed that she *had* met her husband at the time appointed; that others also had been present, (and everything seemed to point to more than one having been present on the occasion;) that a quarrel of some kind had ensued, which the husband fell—the wife having no share in it—on the contrary, standing by a helpless spectator of the dreadful scene: that her own safety could only be purchased by *her vowing secrecy* in regard to what had passed—would not this account for all which had taken place, at least as plausibly as the hypothesis of the public prosecutor? Even if he insisted on the wound as a proved fact in the case, would it not be as well explained upon the supposition *that she had ineffectually interfered to prevent her husband's fate*, and been wounded in the attempt? The loss of the glove—the scene in the bathkeeper's—her agitation on her return to the family of the countess—her confusion on meeting Ferdinand—

the expressions attributed to her—even her obstinate silence, which he fairly allowed to be the circumstance that seemed to weigh most against her, admitted, upon this view of the case, of a satisfactory explanation. That silence might be the result of a mistaken notion of religious obligation—it might be the result of gratitude for her perservation—the more strongly felt, the more consistently acted on, in proportion to the purity and ingenuousness of her own mind, and to her punctilious sense of duty in regard to the performance of obligations, even when these were in some measure extorted."

Such was the substance (imperfectly reported) of a two hours' speech on the part of the advocate for the defence.

The president proceeded to sum up. His speech was a masterpiece of clearness and precision—impartial and candid in the highest degree; yet the impression which it left on the mind of the advocate for the defence was, that his inclination was on the whole unfavorable to the prisoner, so far as his moral conviction went, though he pointed out, with the utmost fairness, the points of the case where the proof appeared to be narrow or defective. The jury were furnished with all the documents necessary for their consideration, and were retiring, after the address of the president, to consider their verdict.

PART IV….The Discovery.

Scarcely had the first of the jury entered the retiring room in which they were to consider their sentence, when a violent confusion arose at one of the entrances to the court. Sounds were heard of someone endeavoring to force his way, whose entrance was resisted either by the officers of court or by the crowds, who, having already thronged the court to excess, were by no means disposed to give admission to any newcomer. The determination of the stranger appeared, however, to have prevailed. A well-dressed man was observed making his way along the passage leading towards the bar: he reached it, and, addressing the judge with the utmost energy, exclaimed, "In the name of Almighty God, I demand a hearing; the accused is innocent!"

All eyes were directed to the speaker. The jury, who were on the point of entering the jury-room, stood still. The president, doubtful whether he should at once interfere in consequence of this irregular disturbance of the proceedings, looked anxiously and sternly at the intruder. Some old ladies, who had taken a marvelous interest in the proceedings, exclaimed, "It is Hermann! The defender's counsel was prophetic in his anticipation."

The old ladies were mistaken. The stranger was *not* Hermann. Ferdinand looked at him coldly and strangely; he passed Ferdinand without noticing him. His glance sought only the accused; and she—she recognised him. With pale and agitated features she saw him approach. She exerted herself to recover her composure, and hastily whispered to him a few words in English.

The president, after some reflection, directed the jury to retire to their apartment, and the court to be cleared, and the accused to remain. It was done. He inquired the name of the stranger; and was answered, "Maximillian Von Nordech, and officer of the army; of the fourth regiment of hussars."

“What were the words whispered to you by the accused just now?” said the president.

Nordech replied, “‘Remember the oath.’ She holds herself bound by an oath; but, if I may be permitted a few minutes’ conversation with her, I think I can satisfy her that the obligation, if such existed, is at an end. I ask no private audience. The judge may be a witness to our conference.

“Lady,” began Nordech, his voice faltering, “death had loosed the bonds by which you conceived yourself bound—Your father is no more. He now looks down from a higher sphere upon a daughter who was never unworthy of his affection, and who was led to the only rash step of which she was guilty in life by *maternal affection*. He died without the pain of knowing in what suffering it had been the means of involving you; he died in happy ignorance, in resignation, and in faith. His last word was a blessing upon his daughter. The cause for silence is now at an end. Permit me, then, to reveal to the president, as to a man of honor and intelligence, the whole truth.”

Albertine looked kindly and gratefully towards her deliverer, but answered only with silence and with tears.

Nordech, addressing himself to the president, began:

“When our troops returned from France in 1816, I was quartered with the several squadrons of the fourth hussar regiment in this neighborhood. The idleness of quarters left me to excursions into the surrounding country. We officers were hospitably received among the neighboring gentry, and in the numerous bathing places, such as K——, which at that time possessed an excellent theatre.

“In that theatre, to which I had accompanied some friend, I accidentally met with Baron Hermann Von Preussach. We had served together in the campaign of 1809, and I was under obligations to him. I felt pleasure in meeting him again, but not unmingled with a feeling of pain. He was sadly altered. The handsome and noble-looking youth had become prematurely old; his limbs stiff and feeble; his spirit gone; even his dress bore the traces either of negligence or of poverty. I knew he had been rich; I had not heard he had made a brilliant match; and this I could not reconcile with his present appearance. He seemed to have a suspicion of my thought; but on this occasion we had no time for explanations.

“In the course of our subsequent intercourse, I saw that his mind was ill at ease with itself: he lived in society beneath his rank, and with which in his better moments he was disgusted. I was happy to give him the opportunity of finding a better circle among the officers of my regiment.

“By degrees he became more communicative; he told me, in fragments, the history of his marriage and separation. He avowed himself, with remorse, to be the guilty person. He told me further, how he had broken with his friends, gone abroad for a time, returned, and had now lived on for some months at K—— without a plan or object. An unfortunate attachment still fettered him, though the connection had long become wearisome to him. The subject of it was a member of the *corps de ballet* of the theatre.

“Accident led to further disclosures on his part. Among other acquaintances which I and my comrade had formed, was that of the family of Baron Kettler Von Blumenrode, at whose house a young lady was on a visit—Madame Siegfeld. She was too attractive and beautiful not to form the frequent subject of our conversations. At one of these Preussach was present, and the extreme attention with which he listened could not escape my observation. The next time we were alone, he began the most particular inquiries as to Madame Siegfeld. I told him all I knew, and when I had exhausted the subject, he sat for a little, brooding and thoughtful, and then broke silence in earnest. To my astonishment I now learned that Albertine Von Siegfeld was his separated wife. He spoke of her with such affection, with such animation, that he affected me in turn. He confessed that, since the separation, he had lived in a state of moral degradation at which he shuddered. He felt that his only chance of reformation depended on a reunion with his wife. He implored me to act as mediator between them; to be the bearer of his repentant prayer to his wife. I shrunk back: I was terrified at the task; I represented to him the chimerical, the hopeless nature of the attempt. This time he desisted. But the attempt was often renewed. Weary of the subject, I began to avoid Preussach. But I did not avoid Blumenrode; and, strangely enough, I began to think that Albertine eyed me with particular attention. I was not vain enough to ascribe her notice to any personal attractions; but the suspicion flashed across my mind that Hermann had, without my interference, found the means of opening a written communication with his wife, and had alluded to me as one to whom he had confided his secret. I learned afterwards that my conjecture was correct.

“To be brief; disclosures took place between Albertine and myself. Albertine told me one evening on which I had the pleasure of accompanying her in an evening walk, that she knew I was acquainted with her situation; that she knew the commission with which I had been charged by Hermann; that she believed me to be a man of honor, and as such would confide in me; but that to Hermann she had but one answer to make—that she never would accede to his wish for a reunion. She had forgiven him; but the will of her father, which she never would oppose, rendered all thoughts of reunion hopeless, even if her own feelings could have led her to such a step. I vowed that I would never lend countenance to any plan on the part of Hermann which did not meet with her approbation.

“So ended my first conversation with Albertine. I communicated everything to Hermann. He was silent. The matter appeared to rest. To my surprise and terror, however, I discovered not only that he continued his correspondence with Blumenrode, but received answers from thence. I reproached him; he embraced me, and exclaimed in an agitated tone—‘O Max! interfere not with my plans. I count upon you. Albertine trusts to me—and yourself! All will soon be clear to you.’

“My astonishment was indescribable. I still doubted: I thought Hermann must be deceiving me or himself. Yet it was as he said. Albertine had consented, not indeed to a reunion, but to give him a meeting. Hermann, it appears, had assailed her in her tenderest part—her affection for her child. He had threatened that he and his family could and would reclaim the child by law, if she refused him the interview he asked. How Albertine, with her clear intellect, could allow herself to be terrified with this bugbear of a legal reclamation of the child, I know not; but so it was. She consented to Hermann’s plan. That plan was as follows:

“The gentry of the neighborhood held weekly assemblies in Hilgenberg, and Albertine generally accompanied the Kettle family thither. The parties were numerous—gentlemen and ladies of all ages; excursions—amusements of all kinds—afforded opportunities for anyone who chose to separate from the rest to do so without being observed.

“It was arranged that Albertine should be summoned from her party by a pretended message of Madame Seehausen, and conducted to an appointed spot where I should be in waiting. The place fixed was the residence of a respectable woman in Hilgenberg.

“From this house I was to conduct Albertine to a lonely ruin on the top of a neighboring eminence; a spot which Hermann had discovered in the course of his rambles, and where he himself was to be in waiting.

“I could not disguise from myself the questionable, even the dangerous nature of this scheme. I would willingly have frustrated it; but now Albertine seemed anxious for the interview. She was determined to bring the question as to the child to a point. I was obliged at last to reconcile myself to the plan. Hermann himself could not enter Hilgenberg, where he was known; Albertine could not venture to be seen in his company. To see him at Blumenrode was impossible; while her being seen in my company, either in Hilgenberg or the neighborhood, would excite no remark. In short the plan, hazardous as it might be, was the only one which appeared practicable.

“The 10th of August was fixed for its execution. That day, however, the inclemancy of the weather prevented. It was delayed for another week.

“I know not how it was, but during this interval the thought more than once crossed his mind that Hermann had designs which he did not communicate to me or to Albertine. I hinted this to her in writing. I received no written answer; but I learned in haste from Albertine verbally, that on the 17th she would be at the place of rendezvous.

“Hermann and I were at our posts. But Albertine—I thanked Heaven for it in secret—Albertine came not. The illness of one of the family detained her.

“Hermann was not daunted. On the 24th he was positive that Albertine would make her appearance.

“That ill-omened day approached; the most eventful, the most painful of my life. Early in the morning—it was a Saturday—I rode towards Hilgenberg. As I cast my eyes upwards in passing, I saw the concerted signal that Hermann was in the ruin. I hurried towards the assembly-room at Hilgenberg.

“I looked at the visiting list. I prayed that the Kettlers might be again detained. They were: but Albertine came—she had accompanied the family of Langsitz.

“There now remained no choice. The billet was dispatched. After an hour of anxious expectation on my part, Albertine came.

“The calm dignity, the composure with which this extraordinary woman proceeded on her trying mission—while I, a man, felt my heart beat with an indefinable feeling of terror—overpowered me with surprise, and at last with shame. Time was valuable; without delay we hurried through the garden, and in the direction of the woods, within whose deep shadows we were soon involved. From thence the path ascends, first gradually, then more steeply towards the ruin. Albertine was in her assembly dress; she slid frequently with her thin, smooth shoes; it was only by exerting all my strength that I was able to support and assist her in her ascent. Her heroic perseverance, however, overcame every difficulty.

“At the distance of a few steps from the ruin we were met by Hermann. Albertine’s heart beat audibly. There he stood before her—the broken-down, degraded man, before the woman blooming in the lustre of almost maiden beauty. What a meeting! What feelings must have been awakened in the pure and noble heart of Albertine! Willingly could I conceal the degrading fact—but it must be spoken. Hermann appeared in a state of unnatural excitation; he had brought wine with him to the ruin—for what purpose I know not—and it soon became plain to me that he had indulged in it to excess.

“Even Albertine, who had not at first observed it, could not long be insensible to Hermann’s condition. His whole behavior had in it something wild, savage, and revolting. I saw by her looks that she repented the step which she had taken; but the deed was done. I exerted myself accordingly to bring the conversation to the point, in the hope that the painful interview might the sooner terminate. Directing the old man, who had been Hermann’s guide, to accompany us, we entered the ruin: he could not understand our conversation, which was carried on in French.

“What shall I say of this conversation? Its constant, ever-repeated theme was, on the one hand, Hermann’s entreaties for a reconciliation and a reunion, on which he felt that his whole chance of amendment depended; on the other, Albertine’s inflexible resolution not to violate the injunction of her father. Both parties became warm—reproachful expressions were uttered by Hermann. There was a pause—the day had become hot. Hermann directed the guide to unpack the refreshments. We me applied ourselves to them vigorously. Albertine, at my request, ate a few morsels to repair her strength. Hermann, in spite of my remonstrances, indulged in long draughts of strong and fiery wine; his entreaties, addressed to his wife, became more urgent, and at last assumed the tone of threats, directed both against her and her child. Albertine rose—she saw it was time to depart—I watched her every look.

“Hermann perceived it, and, with a demonic look and wildly rolling eye, exclaimed, ‘Ay, you are in league—I see through you.[’]

“Albertine cast on him a look of pity and contempt. ‘Herr Von Nordech,’ she said, ‘I go.’

“‘So, you go!’ cried Hermann in a fearful tone. He held a large two-edged knife in his hand. ‘You go! —go, then—forsake me—cast me back into a life which to me is hell—Life!—no; it is death itself. Go—but first see me die!’ And he made a motion with the knife as if to stab himself.

“What happened afterwards? I try in vain to realize to myself the order of the events in the next moment. I know only that the words thoughtlessly escaped me.

“‘Hermann, are you not ashamed to play off this mummery before your noble wife?’

“This reproach seemed to have inflamed him to madness.

“‘Wretch!’ he exclaimed, ‘do I not know how to die!’

“Scarcely had he uttered these words when he lay at my feet in his blood, the handle of the knife convulsively clasped in his hand, the blade plunged into his heart. Albertine lay beside him, herself bleeding and insensible.

“Scarcely knowing what I did, I raised her. Her right hand bled. In the moment of the death-blow she had seized hold of the knife to stay his hand—but in vain.

“The guide drew the knife from Hermann’s breast—it was too late. A single slight movement of the head, a faint rattling in the throat, and Hermann was no more.

“Albertine, the weak and tender woman, was the first who evinced promptitude and coolness in these trying circumstances. The deceased was the object of her solicitude—The body, she said, could not be allowed to remain there. Her husband, the father of her children, must not be left exposed and unburied—at all hazards, she was resolved that his remains should find a grave in Christian earth.

“The guide suggested the scheme of carrying the body down from the ruin and placing it in the neighborhood of the chapel beneath, where it was certain in a short time to be discovered, and would be taken for the body of someone who had been robbed and murdered on the mountain; in which case it would obtain interment in consecrated ground, which would be denied to it if known to be the remains of a suicide. We thought the plan feasible. With the assistance of the guide, I stripped the body of its upper garments, purse, watch, and portfolio. The clothes we concealed in a pit behind the ruin, covering them carefully with stones. The watch, the purse, the marriage ring, and the portfolio, Albertine, at my request, took into her possession. The seal ring we were obliged to leave on the right hand: it could not be drawn off without mutilation. We tore to pieces the silk cravat which Hermann wore, and bound it tightly round the body to stanch the torrent of blood which still flowed from the wound, and by which my clothes were already sullied; and then raising the body in our arms, we carried it from the ruin, and deposited it on the greensward before the chapel.

“It was now full time to make the best of our way to Hilgenberg. The guide undertook to conduct Albertine to some surgeon who would dress her wound. I supported her in her descent. Bitterly did she now express her regret that she had violated her promise to her father, under the terror of being separated from her child; perhaps—though she did not confess it—under the influence of old attachment to her husband.

“‘But never, never,’ she exclaimed, ‘shall he have the misery of knowing that I have violated his injunctions: the idea of such disobedience on the part of a beloved daughter would be his death. Come what will—nay, though I should be myself suspected of being a murderess—though the

arm of the law should be extended to persecute me—I will be silent, silent to the scaffold, to the grave!'

"I exerted all my eloquence to dissipate this unhappy idea by which Albertine was haunted, but without success. In a tone which cut me to the heart, she repeated that her last prayer to me was, that as long as her father lived I would reveal to no one that she had seen Hermann. I promised solemnly what she required. The guide, touched by her grief, promised, with tears in his eyes, to do the same.

"Already we were beginning to emerge from the wood. My clothes, I knew, were spotted with blood; but on Albertine's dress there were only a few specks, which might easily be accounted for by the wound in her hand. At this moment she discovered that she had dropped her glove. We saw how important it was to recover it. I offered to reascend for that purpose, thinking I should have no difficulty in overtaking her. My search was long and vain: the glove was not to be found. When I again reached the road, Albertine was gone. She had proceeded on her way, accompanied by her guide. I reached my quarters about dusk, and I saw her no more till I met her here. Thank God! my coming was not too late!"

"Thanks to God, indeed!" said the worthy President. "I believe your story: it bears on its face the stamp of truth—But the forms of law must be complied with. The evidence of the woodman will be necessary to confirm your statement. Where is he?"

"I have kept my eye upon him," said Nordech. "His name is Florian Krauss, and he inhabits a small cottage in the village of Zellenbach."

"He shall be summoned. One other circumstance I should wish explained. The purse of the deceased was dropped into the poor's chest of the chapel, with this scrap of writing. How does that cohere with your plan of representing the deceased as having been robbed?"

Nordech looked at the paper with surprise.

"I cannot explain it," he replied, "except that Albertine, solely occupied with her own scheme of procuring Christian burial for her husband, may have forgotten our arrangement, and dropped the purse into the box while she remained in the chapel, during the time we removed the body."

The old man made his appearance, and his testimony completely corroborated the story of Nordech.

One doubt may still remain to be cleared up. How came it that Nordech had been so long separated from the chief actor in this extraordinary event? How came it that the news of her danger only reached him in the most critical moment?

Thus it was: His regiment, within a few weeks after the eventful 24th of August, was ordered into another quarter, and afterward reduced. Nordech resumed his original profession, that of a mining engineer, and distinguished himself so much that he was selected to accompany a mining expedition which the government sent out to Brazil. Pleased with the prospects which the New

World afforded, he determined to settle there entirely. Before doing so, however, he resolved to visit his native country once more, finally to arrange his affairs before leaving it forever.

His business concluded, he resolved to pay a parting visit to the scenes where he had fought in defence of his country. His way led him through that district where he had been the involuntary witness of such eventful occurrences.

The newspapers of the department announced the opening of the assizes in Hainburg; one case was mentioned as likely to attract peculiar attention: the initials only of the parties were given, but to him they were enough. There was no doubt: the accused was Albertine! Thus fearfully had her dark presentiment been fulfilled.

He hurried to Blumenrode: there he would hear all; he learned all that the family had to tell: it was enough to convince him of the pressing nature of the danger. Albertine's sentence was expected to be pronounced that day, and the worst fears were entertained as to the result.

"And her parents?" he inquired: ["]do they know of this? Are they here?"

"The Colonel is dead," was the reply: "he never learned the danger in which Albertine stood. The unfortunate mother with admirable prudence contrived to make him believe to the last that Albertine was merely involved in the troublesome process with Ferdinand Von Preussach as to her settlements. Her mother has not yet dared, however, to break the tidings to her, fearing that the shock might be too much for her, when coupled with her own misfortunes.

"In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed Nordech, "Albertine had not yet heard of her father's death! She must hear of it, and that instantly!"

The ground seemed to burn beneath his feet: he was deaf to every question which was asked. "To Hainburg!" he exclaimed; "to Hainburg! Every instant is precious."

In a moment, his horse was ready, and in full gallop for Hainburg. He was told the court was still sitting. He made his way through the thronged passages with difficulty—he saw the jury retiring—his eyes lighted upon the prisoner…The rest the reader knows.

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Happening to be in Marseilles in 1820, I met, in the saloon of the inn, the young nurse of a pretty little girl of seven years old, to whom the attendant gave the name of Constance—Seeing she was a German, I entered into conversation with her, and learned that the sweet was waiting for her parents, who were just expected, and that the family were about to sail from thence for the Brazils.

I asked their names, and was told Nordech. "Now that the lady's mother is dead," continued the nurse, "they have nothing to bind them any longer to this country."

Nordech! The name sounded to me as familiar. I inquired further.

I learned that Constance was the stepdaughter of Nordech—that her name was Fraulein Von Preussach.

I saw it all. The lovely child was Albertine's daughter—the daughter of the unfortunate Hermann Von Preussach, the Dead Man of St. Anne's Chapel.

A servant entered to announce that the family were come, and were waiting in the carriage. The nurse dressed the child, and hurried down with her. I advanced to the window. A lady and gentleman sat in the carriage. The lady looked up; it gave me an opportunity of perusing again those well-known and still beautiful features which could never be forgotten. It was Albertine.

The carriage drove onward to the pier, and the ocean soon lay between her and that land where she had encountered so many sorrows.

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