

THE BATTLE OF JENA.

CHAPTER LV.

A GERMAN BOOKSELLER AND MARTYR.

It was long after nightfall; in the narrow, gloomy streets of the ancient free city of Nuremberg all noise had long since died away, and all the windows of the high houses with the gable-ends were dark. Only on the ground-floor of the large house in the rear of St. Sebald's church a lonely candle was burning, and the watchman, who was just walking past with his long horn and iron pike, looked inquisitively into the window, the shutters of which were not entirely closed.

"H'm!" he said to himself in a low voice, "the poor woman is kneeling and weeping and praying; I am sure it is for her husband. In her grief she did not notice, perhaps, that it is already midnight. I will remind her of it, so that she may go to bed."

He placed himself on the street in front of the house, blew his horn noisily, and then sang in a ringing voice:

"Hört, Ihr Herren, und lasst euch sagen,
Die Glock hat zwölf geschlagen;
Ein Jeder bewahr sein Feuer und Licht,
Dass dieser Stadt kein Harm geschicht!"*

"So, now she knows it," muttered the watchman; "now she will go to bed."

And he sauntered down the long and tortuous street, to repeat his song on the next corner.

He had really accomplished his purpose; his song had interrupted the prayer of the young wife, and she had risen from her knees.

"Midnight already!" she murmured, in a low voice. "Another day of anguish is over, and a new one is beginning. Oh, would to God I could sleep, always sleep, so as to be at least unconscious of the dangers that are menacing *him*! Oh, my God, my God! protect my poor, beloved husband, preserve the father of my children! And

* The ancient song of the German watchman.—"Listen, gentlemen, and let me tell you: the clock has struck twelve; every one must take care of his fire and light, that no harm may befall this city!"

now I will go to bed," she added, after a pause. "God will have mercy on me, perhaps, and grant me a few hours of rest!"

She took the brass candlestick, on which a taper was burning, and went slowly and with bowed head to the adjoining room. When she had entered it, her face became calmer and more joyful, and a gentle smile lighted up her charming features when she now approached the small bed, in which her two little girls lay arm-in-arm, sweetly slumbering with rosy cheeks and half-opened crimson lips.

"God preserve to you your peace and innocence," whispered the young mother, after contemplating her children long and tenderly. "God, I fondly trust, will cause this cloud to glide past without your hearing the thunder roll, and being shattered by the lightning. Good-night, my children!"

She nodded smilingly to the slumbering girls, and then glided noiselessly to her couch. She commenced undressing slowly and sighing, but when she was just about to open the silver buckle of her sash, she paused and looked anxiously toward the window.

It seemed to her as though she had heard a soft rapping at this window, which opened upon the garden in the rear of the house, and as though a low voice has uttered her name.

Sure enough, the sound was repeated, and she now heard the voice say quite distinctly: "Open the window, Anna."

She rushed toward the window and opened it, pale, breathless, and almost out of her wits.

"Is it you, Palm?" she cried.

"It is I," said a low, male voice; and now an arm became visible, it encircled the crosswork of the window; in the next second the whole form of a gentleman appeared, and vaulted cautiously into the room.

"God be praised, I am with you again!" he said, drawing a deep breath; "it seems to me as if all danger were past when I am again in our quiet house with you and the children."

"No, my beloved husband, it is just here that dangers are threatening you," said the young wife, sinking into the open arms of her husband, and reposing her head on his breast. "My God, why did you return?"

"Because I was afraid when I was far from you, while I feel here with you courageous enough to brave the whole world," said her husband, almost cheerfully, imprinting a glowing kiss on the forehead of his young wife. "Believe me, Anna, a husband always lacks the right kind of courage when he believes his wife and children to be in danger. For six days I have been separated from you; well, in these six days, which I have spent in perfect security at

Erlangen, I have not passed a minute without feeling the painful palpitation of my heart, nor have I slept a minute. I always thought of and trembled for you."

"But we are in no danger, while *you* are, my beloved," said the young wife, sighing. "Our house is closely watched, you may depend upon it. I have seen French *gens-d'armes* hidden behind the pillars of the church, and staring for hours at our street-door. Oh, if they knew that you were here, they would arrest you this very night!"

"They would not dare to arrest me!" exclaimed Palm, loudly. "We do not yet belong to France, although the Emperor of France has assumed the right of giving the ancient free city of Nuremberg to Bavaria, as though she were nothing but a toy got up in our factories. We are still Germans, and no French *gens-d'armes* have any right to penetrate into our German houses. But look, the children are moving; little Sophy is opening her eyes. What a barbarian I am to speak so loudly, and not even to respect the slumber of our little ones!"

He hastened to the small bed, and bending over it, nodded smilingly a greeting to the little girl, who was staring at him, still half asleep. The child whispered, in a low voice: "Dear, dear father!" and fell quietly asleep again.

"Come, Anna," whispered Palm, "let us go to your room, in order not to disturb the children."

"But the spying eyes of our enemies might see you there," said his wife, anxiously. "No, let us stay here, even though we should awaken the little girls. They will not cry, but be happy to see their beloved father, and what we are speaking to each other they cannot understand. Come, let us sit down here on the small sofa, and permit me to place the screen before it; then I am sure nobody will be able to see you."

She conducted Palm to the small sofa in the corner of the room, and placed the screen as noiselessly as possible before it.

"So," she said, nestling in his arms, "now we are here as if in a little cell, where only God's eye can find us. So long as we are in this cell I shall not be afraid."

"I believe it is unnecessary for you to be afraid at all," said Palm, smiling. "We carry our apprehensions to too great a length, you may depend upon it, and because we see M. Bonaparte putting whole states into his pocket, we believe it would be easy for him likewise to put a respectable citizen and bookseller of Nuremberg into it. But, be it spoken between us, that is rather a haughty idea, and M. Bonaparte has to attend to other things than to take notice of a bookseller and his publications. Remember, my child, that he has

just got up the Confederation of the Rhine, and, moreover, is said to be preparing for a war with Prussia. How should he, therefore, have time to think of a poor bookseller?"

"Do you think, when the lion is going to meet his adversary and to struggle with him, he will leave the wasp which he has met on his way, and which has stung him in the ear, unpunished, because he has more important things to attend to?"

"But I did not sting him at all," said Palm, smiling. "Let us calmly consider the whole affair, dearest Anna, and you will see that I have in reality nothing to fear, and that only the accursed terror which this M. Bonaparte has struck into the souls of all Germans has caused us this whole alarm. A few months ago I received by mail, from a person unknown to me, a large package of books, enclosing a letter, in which the stranger requested me to send the copies of the pamphlet contained in the package immediately to all German booksellers, and to give it as wide a circulation as possible. The letter contained also a draft for one thousand florins, drawn by a banker of Vienna, Baron Franke, on a wealthy banking-house of our city. This sum of one thousand florins, said the letter, was to be a compensation for my trouble and for the zeal with which, the writer stated, he felt convinced I would attend to the circulation of the pamphlet."

"But the very mystery connected with the whole transaction ought to have aroused your suspicion, my beloved."

"Why! Are not we Germans now under the unfortunate necessity of keeping secret our most sublime thoughts and our most sacred sentiments? And ought not, therefore, every one of us to take pains to honor and protect this secrecy, instead of suspecting it?"

"But the very title of this pamphlet was dangerous, 'Germany in her Deepest Degradation.' You might have guessed whom this accusation was aimed at."

"At Germany, I thought, at our infamy and cowardice, at the perfidy of our princes, at the torpid, passive indifference of our people. It is high time that Germany, which is now tottering about like a somnambulist, should be aroused by a manful word from her slumber, so as to take heart again and draw the sword. The title told me that the pamphlet contained such words; hence, I was not at liberty to keep it out of circulation. It would have been a robbery perpetrated upon Germany, a theft perpetrated upon him who sent me the money, and to whom I could not return it, because I was not aware of his name."

"You ought to have thought of your wife and your children," murmured Anna, sighing.

"I thought of you," he said, tenderly; "hence, I did not read the

pamphlet, in order not to be shaken in what I thought my duty. First, I had to fulfil my duty as a citizen and man of honor; then only I was at liberty to think of you and my personal safety. I sent, therefore, in the first place, a certain number of copies of the pamphlet to M. Stage, the bookseller, and requested him to circulate them as speedily as possible among his customers."

"And, God knows, he has done so," sighed Anna, "and, like you, he was not deterred by the title."

"He did his duty, like myself, and sent the pamphlets to lovers of books. In this manner it reached a preacher in the country, and unfortunately there were two French officers at his house; they understood German, read the pamphlet, and informed their colonel of its character. The latter paid a visit to the preacher, and learned from him that M. Stage, the bookseller of Augsburg, had sent him the pamphlet. The colonel thereupon repaired to Augsburg and saw M. Stage."

"And Stage was cowardly and perfidious enough to betray your name and to denounce you as being the bookseller who had sent him the pamphlet," exclaimed Anna, her eyes flashing with indignation. "Your friend, your colleague betrayed you!"

"I had not requested him not to mention my name," said Palm, gravely; "he had a right to name it, and I do not reproach him with doing so. I was informed that the French minister in Munich had bitterly complained of me and demanded that I should be punished; and as we are Bavarians now, I hastened to Munich in order to defend myself."

"And while you were there, four strangers came hither," Anna interrupted him. "They asked for the pamphlet, penetrated in the most outrageous manner, in spite of my remonstrances, into your store, searched it, and left only when they had satisfied themselves that not a copy of the unfortunate pamphlet was there."

"You wrote this to me while I was in Munich, and at the same time I heard that Stage had been arrested in Augsburg. Impelled by my first terror, I fled from the capital and hastened to Erlangen, which is situated on Prussian soil, and where neither the Bavarian police nor the French *gens-d'armes* could lay hands on me. But in Erlangen I reflected on the matter, and I confess to you I was ashamed of having fled, instead of confronting an examination openly and freely. My love, my yearning attracted me toward you; I, therefore, took carriage last night and rode home to my beloved wife and to my children. This is a plain statement of the whole affair, and now tell me what should I be afraid of?"

"You may fear the worst," exclaimed Anna, sadly; "for our French tyrants will not shrink from any thing."

"But fortunately we do not live yet under the French sceptre," replied Palm, vividly; "we are Germans, and only German laws are valid for us."

"No," said Anna, mournfully, "we are not Germans, but Bavarians, that is to say, the allies, the humble vassals of France. Not the King of Bavaria, but the Emperor of France, is ruling over us."

"Well, even were it so, I could not see what crime I should be charged with. I neither wrote nor published this pamphlet; I merely circulated it, and cannot, therefore, be held responsible for its contents. Possibly, they may arrest me as they have arrested Stage, and may intend thereby to compel me to mention the name of him who sent me the pamphlet, as Stage mentioned my own name. Fortunately, however, I am able to prove that I know neither the author nor the publisher; for I have got the best proof, of it, viz., the letter which I received with the package. I shall lay this letter before the court, and the judges will then perceive that I am entirely innocent. What will remain for them but to caution me not to circulate henceforth books sent to me anonymously, and then to release me?"

"But if they should not release you, my beloved husband?" asked his wife, anxiously clasping him in her arms; "if in their rage at being unable to lay their hands on the real criminal, they should wreak their vengeance on you for having circulated the pamphlet first of all, and punish you as though you were its author?"

"Oh, you go too far," exclaimed Palm, laughing; "your imagination calls up before you horrors which belong to the realm of fable. We still live in a well-regulated state, and however great the influence of France may be, German laws are still valid here; and as we live in a state of peace, I can be judged only in accordance with them. Fear not, therefore, dearest wife. The worst that can befall me will be a separation for a few days, at the most for a few weeks, if our authorities should really carry their fawning submission to Bonaparte to such a length as to call a German citizen to account for having, in his business as a bookseller, circulated a pamphlet—understand me well, a German pamphlet, destined only for Germany, and which does not flatter, perhaps, the Emperor of the French quite as much as is being done by our German princes and our German governments."

"Oh, my God, my God," wailed Anna, in a low voice, "the pamphlet is directly aimed at Napoleon, then?"

"Yes, at him who has placed his heels on the neck of Germany and trampled her in the dust," exclaimed Palm. "This pamphlet, called 'Germany in her Deepest Degradation,' must have been written against him alone. Oh, during the days of my sojourn in

Erlangen, I have read this pamphlet, and whatever may befall me, I am glad it was I who circulated it, for a noble German spirit pervades the whole of it, and it is truth that raises the scourge in it to lash the guilty parties. It is a vigorous and glowing description of the condition to which all the German states have been reduced by Bonaparte's arbitrary proceedings. Just listen to this one passage, and then you may judge whether the pamphlet tells the truth or not."

He drew a few printed leaves from his side-pocket, and unfolded them.

"You have got a copy of the dreadful pamphlet with you?" asked Anna, in dismay. "Oh, how imprudent! If they should come now to arrest you, they would obtain a new proof of your guilt. I implore you, my friend, my beloved, if you love me, if your children are dear to you, be cautious and prudent! Burn those terrible leaves, so that they may not testify against you. Remember that I should die of grief if your life should be threatened; remember that our poor children then would be helpless orphans."

"Oh, my poor, timid roe," said Palm, deeply moved, encircling his weeping young wife with his arms. "How your faithful, innocent heart is fluttering, as if the cruel hunter were already aiming his murderous arm at us, and as if we were irretrievably doomed! Calm yourself, dearest, I pledge you my word that I will comply with your wishes. We will burn the pamphlet; but previously you shall learn, at least, the spirit in which this pamphlet, for which your poor husband will have to suffer, perhaps, a few days' imprisonment, is written. Just listen to me! The author is speaking here of Bavaria, and of the oppressions to which she is a prey since we have concluded an alliance with France. He says: 'Since that time the Bavarian states have become the winter quarters, and been treated in a manner unheard of since the Thirty Years' War: At that time the Austrians, under Tilly and Wallenstein, were pursuing precisely the same course now followed by the French, and if their emperor draws no other lessons from that war, he has closely copied, at least, the system of obtaining supplies for an army which was then in use. Trustworthy men have assured us that the French ruler, when in Munich the most urgent remonstrances concerning the oppressions under which the people of Bavaria were groaning were made to him, replied in cold blood: "My soldiers have not done so. These are times of war—let me alone, and do not disturb my plans." Already in December last the treaty of Presburg was signed, and from that moment Austria had the prospect of getting rid of her enemies. Had Bavaria not an equal right to enjoy the advantages of this treaty? These advantages could be none other

than that the French army left the Bavarian territories and relieved the people from further oppressions. But just the reverse took place. The French withdrew from the states of the *German emperor* to occupy Bavaria, and celebrate here, by the ruin of all the inhabitants, their victories in orgies and carousals continued for many months. If I refer to the ruin of the inhabitants, the words should be taken in their literal meaning, and not as an expression merely chosen to depict the misery the French have brought upon Bavaria. It is not yet five years since a hostile army of the same nation lorded it over that country. And nobody will venture to assert that the wounds then inflicted upon the inhabitants should have been healed in so short a time. The farmer, deprived of his animals, had scarcely commenced to provide himself again with horses and cattle, when the passage of the French, in every respect equal to an invasion, took from him again this important portion of his personal property. Fraud, cunning, and force were alternately resorted to for this purpose. Tears and the most humble supplications were rejected with sneers, and even blows. The French called themselves "preservers of Bavaria." Forsooth a preservation similar to the fate of the patient whom one doctor would have sooner sent into the grave, and who is dying more slowly under the hands of another. If friendship ever was a mockery, it was so on this occasion. But it is part of Napoleon's plans to exhaust Germany to such an extent as to render her incapable of becoming dangerous for him even in the most remote future. He selected several highly effective expedients for this purpose. Dynasties, the ancestors of which date back to the most remote ages, and one of which long since produced emperors and kings, were united with *Bonaparte's* family by the closest ties of blood, and thus the ruler of France has already become the relative of the courts of Baden, Bavaria, Sweden, and Russia. Not content with this, he offered royal crowns to Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and the German emperor had to assent to this measure in the treaty of Presburg. Thus Germany has got two new kingdoms, and—!"*

"Oh, I implore you, do not read any further," exclaimed Anna, suddenly interrupting her husband. "It frightens me to hear you repeat those threatening and angry words; they fall upon my heart like a terrible accusation against you! Believe me, my beloved, if that proud and ambitious Emperor Napoleon should hear of this terrible pamphlet—if its contents should be communicated to him, you would be lost; for, having no one else on whom to wreak his vengeance, he would revenge himself on you!"

"But he will not have me either," said Palm, smiling, "for I

* From the celebrated pamphlet, "Germany in her Deepest Degradation."

shall take good care not to set foot on French territory; I shall not leave Nuremberg, and thank God, that is German territory."

"But the French frontier is close to us, for wherever there are French troops there is France. Napoleon's arm reaches far beyond her frontiers, and if he wants to seize you he will do so in spite of all boundary-posts, German laws, and your own citizenship."

"There is really something so convincing in your fears that it might almost infect me!" said Palm, musingly. "It would have been better, perhaps, after all, for me not to have come back, but to remain in Prussian Erlangen!"

"Return thither," exclaimed Anna, imploringly; "I beseech you by our love, by our children, and by our happiness, return to Erlangen!"

"To-morrow, dearest Anna!" said Palm, smiling, clasping his young wife in his arms—"to-morrow it will be time enough to think of another separation. Now let me take a few hours' rest, and enjoy the unutterable happiness of being at home again!—at home with my wife and with my dear little ones!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE ARREST.

ON the following morning the rumor spread all over Nuremberg, that Palm, the bookseller, had returned and was concealed in his house. The cook had stated this in the strictest confidence to some of her friends when she had appeared on the market-place to purchase some vegetables. The friends had communicated the news, of course, likewise in the strictest confidence, to other persons, and thus the whole city became very soon aware of the secret.

The friends of the family now hastened to go to Mrs. Palm for the purpose of ascertaining from herself whether the information were true. Anna denied it, however; she asserted she had received this very morning a letter written by her husband at Erlangen; but when one of the more importunate friends requested her to communicate the contents of the letter to him, or let him see it at least, she became embarrassed and made an evasive reply.

"He is here!" whispered the friends to each other, when they left Mrs. Anna Palm. "He is here, but conceals himself so that the French spies who have been sneaking around here for the last few days may not discover his whereabouts. It is prudent for him to do so, and we will not betray him, but faithfully keep his secret."

But a secret of which a whole city is aware, and which is being

talked of by all the gossips in town, is difficult to keep, and it is useless to make any effort for the purpose of preventing it from being betrayed to the enemy.

Palm did not suspect any thing whatever of what was going on. He deemed himself entirely safe in his wife's peaceful, silent room, the windows of which, opening upon the garden, were inaccessible to spying eyes, while its only door led to the large store where his two clerks were attending to the business of the firm and waiting on the customers who ordered or purchased books of them.

Anna had just left the room to consult with her servants about the affairs of the household and kitchen; and Palm, who was comfortably stretched out on the sofa, was engaged in reading. The anxiety which had rendered him so restless during the previous days had left him again; he felt perfectly reassured, and smiled at his own fear which had flitted past him like a threatening cloud.

All at once he was startled from his comfortable repose by a loud conversation in the store, and rose from the divan in order to hear what was the matter.

"I tell you I am unable to assist you," he heard his book-keeper say. "I am poor myself, and Mr. Palm is not at home."

"Mr. Palm is at home, and I implore you let me see him," said a strange, supplicating voice. "He has a generous heart and if I tell him of my distress he will pity me and lend me his assistance."

"Come back in a few days, then," exclaimed the book-keeper; "Mr. Palm will then be back, perhaps, from his journey."

"In a few days!" ejaculated the strange voice—"in a few days my wife and child will be starved to death, for unless I am able to procure relief within this hour, my cruel creditor will have me taken to the debtors' prison, and I shall be unable then to assist my sick wife and baby. Oh, have mercy on my distress! Let me see Mr. Palm, that I may implore his assistance!"

"Mr. Palm is not at home as I told you already," exclaimed the book-keeper in an angry voice. "How am I to let you see him, then? Come back in a few days—that is the only advice I can give you. Go now, and do not disturb me any longer!"

"No, people shall never say that I turned a despairing man away from my door," muttered Palm, rapidly crossing the room and opening the door of the store.

"Stay, poor man," he said to the beggar, who had already turned around and was about to leave the store—"stay."

The beggar turned around, and, on perceiving Palm, who stood on the threshold of the door, uttered a joyful cry.

"Do you see," he said, triumphantly to the book-keeper—"do you see that I was right? Mr. Palm is at home, and will help me."

"I will help you if I can," said Palm, kindly. "What does your debt amount to?"

"Ah, Mr. Palm, I owe my landlord a quarter's rent, amounting to twenty florins. But if you should be so generous as to give me half that sum, it would be enough, for the landlord has promised to wait three months, provided I paid him now ten florins."

"You shall have the ten florins," said Palm. "Mr. Bertram, pay this man ten florins, and charge them to me."

"Oh, Mr. Palm, how kind you are!" exclaimed the beggar, joyfully. "How shall I ever be able to thank you for what you have done for me to-day?"

"Thank me by being industrious and making timely provision for your wife and child, in order not to be again reduced to such distress," said Palm, nodding kindly to the stranger, and returning to the adjoining room.

With the ten florins which the book-keeper had paid to him, the beggar hastened into the street. No sooner had he left the threshold of Palm's house than the melancholy and despairing air disappeared from his face, which now assumed a scornful and malicious mien. With hasty steps he hurried over to St. Sebald's church, to the pillar yonder, behind which two men, wrapped in their cloaks, were to be seen.

"Mr. Palm is at home," said the beggar, grinning. "Go into the store, cross it and enter the adjoining sitting-room—there you will find him. I have spied it out for you, and now give me my pay."

"First we must know whether you have told us the truth," said one of the men. "It may be all false."

"But I tell you I have seen him with my own eyes," replied the beggar. "I stood in the store, and cried and lamented in the most heart-rending manner, and protested solemnly that my wife and baby would be starved to death, unless Mr. Palm should assist me. The book-keeper refused my application, but then I cried only the louder, so as to be heard by Mr. Palm. And he *did* hear me; he came out of his hiding-place and gave me the ten florins I asked him for. Here they are."

"Well, if you have got ten florins, that is abundant pay for your treachery," said the two men. "It is Judas-money. To betray your benefactor, who has just made you a generous present; forsooth, only a German could do that."

They turned their backs contemptuously on the beggar, and walked across the street toward Palm's house.

There was nobody in the hall, and the two men entered the store without being hindered. Without replying to the book-keeper and

second clerk, who came to meet them for the purpose of receiving their orders, they put off their cloaks.

"French *gens-d'armes*," muttered the book-keeper, turning pale, and he advanced a few steps toward the door of the sitting-room. One of the *gens-d'armes* kept him back.

"Both of you will stay here," he said, imperiously, "*we* are going to enter that room. Utter the faintest sound, the slightest warning, and we shall arrest both of you. Be silent, therefore, and let us do our duty."

The two clerks dared not stir, and saw with silent dismay that the two *gens-d'armes* approached the door of the sitting-room and hastily opened it.

Then they heard a few imperious words, followed by a loud cry of despair.

"Oh, the poor woman!" muttered the book-keeper, with quivering lips, but without moving from the spot.

The door of the sitting-room, which the *gens-d'armes* had closed, opened again, and the two policemen stepped into the store; they led Palm into it. Each of them had seized one of his arms.

Palm looked pale, and his brow was clouded, but nevertheless he walked forward like a man who is determined not to be crushed by his misfortunes, but to bear them as manfully as possible.

When he arrived in the middle of the store, near the table where his two clerks were standing, he stopped.

"Then you will not give me half an hour's time to arrange my business affairs with my book-keeper, and to give him my orders?" he asked the policemen, who wanted to drag him forward.

"No, not a minute," they said. "We have received stringent orders to take you at once to the general, and if you should refuse to follow us willingly, to iron you and remove you forcibly."

"You see I offer no resistance whatever," said Palm, contemptuously. "Let us go. Bertram, pray look after my wife—she has fainted. Remember me to her and to my children. Farewell!"

The two young men made no reply; their tears choked their voices. But when Palm had disappeared, they rushed into the sitting-room to assist the unhappy young wife.

She was lying on the floor, pale, rigid, and resembling a lily broken by the storm. Her eyes were half opened and dim; the long braids of her beautiful light-colored hair, which she had just been engaged in arranging when the *gens-d'armes* entered, fell down dishevelled and like curling snakes on her face and shoulders, from which the small, transparent, gauze handkerchief had been removed. Her features, always so lovely and gentle, bore now an expression of anger and horror, which they had assumed when she fainted on

hearing the French policemen tell her husband that they had come to arrest him, and that he must follow them.

They succeeded only after long efforts in bringing her back to consciousness. But she was not restored to life by the salts which her servant-girl rubbed on her forehead, nor by the imploring words of the book-keeper, but by the scalding tears of her little girls which melted and warmed her frozen blood again.

She raised herself with a deep sigh, and her wild, frightened glances wandered about the room, and fixed themselves searchingly on every form which she beheld in it. When she had satisfied herself that *he* was not among them, *he* whom her glances had sought for so anxiously, she clasped her children with a loud cry of horror in her arms and pressing them convulsively against her bosom, sobbed piteously.

But she did not long give way to her grief and despair. She dried her tears hastily and rose.

"It is no time now for weeping and lamenting," she said, drawing a deep breath; "I shall have time enough for that afterward, now I must act and see whether I cannot assist him. Do you know whither they have taken him?"

"To the headquarters of Colomb, the French general, who is stationed in this city," said the book-keeper.

"I shall go to the general, and he will have to tell me at least if I cannot see my husband in his prison," she said, resolutely. "Quick, Kate, assist me in dressing; arrange my hair, for you see my hands are trembling violently; they are weaker than my heart."

She rose to go to her dressing-room. But her feet refused to serve her; she turned dizzy, and sank down overcome by a fresh swoon.

It was only after hours of the most violent efforts that the poor young wife succeeded in recovering from the physical prostration caused by her sudden fright, and in becoming again able to act resolutely and energetically. Then, as bold and courageous as an angry lioness, she was determined to struggle with the whole world for the beloved husband who had been torn from her.

CHAPTER LVII.

A WIFE'S LOVE.

ANNA went in the first place to General Colomb, and begged him to grant her an interview.

About four hours had passed since Palm's arrest when the general received her.

"Madame," he said, "I know why you have come to me; you are looking for your husband, but he is no longer here at my headquarters."

"No longer here?" she ejaculated in terror. "You have sent him to France? You intend to kill him, then?"

"The law will judge him, madame," said the general, sternly. "I have myself examined him and requested him to give us the name of the author of this infamous libel which Mr. Palm has brought into general circulation. Had he done so, he would no longer be held responsible, and would have been at liberty to return to his house and to you. But he refused firmly to state the names of the author and printer of the pamphlet."

"He does not know either!" exclaimed Anna; "oh, believe me, sir, Palm is innocent. That pamphlet was sent to him, together with an anonymous letter."

"He ought to have taken care, then, not to circulate it," replied the general. "It is contrary to law to circulate a printed book, the author and printer of which are unknown to him who circulates it."

"No, general, it is not contrary to the laws of the German free city of Nuremberg. By an order of the Emperor of France, Nuremberg has been given to Bavaria, but the laws and privileges of our more liberal constitution were guaranteed to our ancient free city. Hence, Palm has done nothing contrary to law."

"We judge according to *our* laws," said the general, shrugging his shoulders; "wherever we are there is France, and wherever we are insulted we hold him who insults us responsible for it, and punish him according to our laws. Your husband has committed a great crime; he has circulated a pamphlet reviling France and the Emperor of the French in the most outrageous manner. He refused to mention the author of this pamphlet; so long as he persists in his refusal, we take him for the author, and shall punish him accordingly. As he declined confessing any thing to me, I have surrendered him to my superiors. Mr. Palm left Nuremberg two hours ago for Anspach, where Marshal Bernadotte is going to judge him."

"Then I shall go to Anspach, to Marshal Bernadotte," said Anna; and without deigning to cast another glance at the general, she turned around and left the room.

She intended to set out this very hour, but her endeavors to find a conveyance to take her to Anspach proved unavailing. All the horses of the postmaster had been retained for the suite and baggage-wagons of Marshal Berthier, who was about setting out for Munich, and the proprietors of the livery-stables, owing to the approaching darkness and insecurity of the roads, refused to let her have any of their carriages.