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BY W. B. GULICK

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To Mary.

BY TOM TRAZELL.

I looked upon thee in thy beauty's pride,
Bewitching Mary,
And dreamed naught fairer dwelt in all the
Bright realm of fairy. [wide
I saw thee like a vision from above
One little minute
But that brief space had months and years of
And madness in it. [love
For who could look on such a prize, nor seek
To be a winner?
O, love might make, by gazing on thy cheek,
A hearty dinner.
Thy dark eyes shone, twin visions of delight,
Beneath their lashes.
Until to me the very air seemed bright
In their bright flashes.
Alas! those eyes were resting on a young
And handsome jeweller,
While scarce on me a passing glance was
What could be crueler? [flung—
And yet in dreams the lustre of those eyes
Shines on me nightly—
No gem of earth, no star of yonder skies
E'er shone more brightly.
Thy hair flows round thy brow like clouds at
Round some snow-mountain. [eve
And for one look a thousand lovers grieve,
But they can't come it.
Thou'rt gone, but yet memory of thy form
Is deep and lasting—
That glimpse was like the flash that gilds the
Brief, bright, and blasting. [sorm—
I would give worlds to kiss that lovely brow,
Or that young dimple—
But I must cease this rhapsody or thou
Wilt think me simple.
And so farewell! the world's admiring throng
Will faint at thee,
While my poor heart will pine in love and
Ah well—God bless thee! [song—
Farewell! by these my dreams in wood and
Will oft be brightened; [glen
But thou wilt never dream of me, save when
By nightmares frightened.
Farewell! henceforth I heed not care or woe,
For deep and tender
Within the temple of my soul will glow
Thy beauty's splendor.
And now a last farewell—the last indeed—
Bright hells of beauty!
I cannot render thee thy beauty's meed—
—Where's Mrs. Welby?

THE BLUE DRAGON.

An Extraordinary Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

[The following tale, selected from a rare collection of singular German trials, was translated for Blackwood's Magazine, and has been read with the deepest interest, on both sides of the Atlantic.]

In the town of M—, in Holland, there lived, towards the close of the last century, an elderly widow, Madame Andrecht. She inhabited a house of her own, in company with her maid servant, who was nearly of the same age. She was in prosperous circumstances; but being in delicate health, and paralyzed on one side, she had few visitors, and seldom went abroad except to church, or to visit the poor. Her chief recreation consisted in paying a visit in spring to her son, who was settled as a surgeon in a village a few miles off. On these occasions, fearing a return of a paralytic attack, she was invariably accompanied by her maid, and, during these visits, her own house was locked up, but uninhabited and unwatched.

On the 30th of June, 17—, the widow, returning to M— from one of these excursions, found her house had been broken open in her absence, and that several articles, with all her jewels and trinkets, had disappeared. Information was immediately given to the authorities, and a strict investigation of the circumstances took place without delay. The old lady had been three weeks absent, and the thieves, of course, had ample leisure for their attempt. They had evidently gained access through a window in the back part of the house, communicating with the garden, one of the panes of which had been broken and the bolts of the window forced back, so as to admit of its being pulled up. The bolts of the back-door leading into the garden had also been withdrawn, as if the robbers had withdrawn their plunder in that direction. The other doors and windows were unopened, and several of the rooms appeared to have been unopened. The furniture, generally, was untouched; but the kitchen utensils were left in confusion, as if the robbers had intended removing them, but had been interrupted or pursued.

At the same time it was evident they had gone very deliberately about their work. The ceiling and doors of a heavy old press, strong and well constructed, had been removed with so much neatness that no part of the wood-work had been injured. The ceiling and the doors were left standing by the side of the press. The contents, consisting of jewels, articles of value, and fine linens, were gone. Two strong boxes were found broken open, from which gold and silver coin, with some articles of clothing, had been abstracted. The value of the missing articles amounted to about two thousand Dutch guildens.

The house, however, contained many other articles of value, which, singularly enough, had escaped the notice of the thieves. In particular, the greater part of the widow's property consisted of property in the funds, the obligations for which were deposited, not in the press above mentioned, but in an iron chest in her sleeping room. This chest she had accidentally removed, shortly before her

departure; placing it in a more retired apartment, where it had fortunately attracted no attention.

The robbery had, apparently, been committed by more than one person; and, it was naturally suspected, by persons well acquainted with the house and the circumstances of its inhabitants. The house itself, which was almost the only respectable one in the neighborhood, was situated in a retired street. The neighboring dwellings were inhabited by the poorer classes, and not a few of the less reputable members of society. The inner fosse of the town, which was navigable, flowed along the end of the garden through which the thieves had, apparently gained admittance, being separated from the garden only by a thin thorn hedge. It was conjectured that the thieves had made their way close to the hedge by means of a boat, and from thence had clambered over into the garden, along the walks and flower beds of which foot marks were traceable.

The discovery of the robbery had created a general sensation, and the house was surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers, whom it required some effort on the part of the police to prevent from intruding into the premises. One of them only, a baker, and the inhabitant of the house opposite that of the widow, succeeded in making his way in along with the officers of justice. His acquaintances awaited his return with impatience, trusting to be able, from his revelations, to gratify their curiosity at second hand. If so, they were disappointed, for, on his exit, he assumed an air of mystery, answered equivocally, and observed that people might suspect many things of which it might not be safe to speak.

In proportion, however, to his taciturnity was the loquaciousness of a wool spinner, Leendert Van N—, the inhabitant of the corner house next to that of the widow. He mingled with the groups who were discussing the subject; dropped hints that he had his own notions as to the culprits, and could, if necessary, give a clue to their discovery. Among the crowd who were observed to listen to these effusions was a Jew dealer in porcelain, a suspected spy of the police. Before evening the wool-spinner received a summons to the town-house, and was called upon by the burgomaster for an explanation of the suspicious expressions he had used. He stammered, hesitated, pretended he knew of nothing but general grounds of suspicion, like his neighbors; but being threatened with stronger measures of compulsion, he at last agreed to speak out, protesting, at the same time, that he could willingly have spared persons against whom he had no grudge whatever, and would have been silent forever, if he had foreseen the consequences of his indiscretion.

The substance of his disclosure was to this effect:—Opposite the German post-house, at the head of the street in which the wool-spinner lived, there was a little ale-house. Nicholas D— was the landlord. He was generally known among his acquaintances, not by his baptismal or family name, but by the appellation of the Blue Dragon, from having formerly served in the horse regiment of Col. Van Wackerbarth, which was popularly known by the name of the Blues. About two years before, he had become acquainted with and married Hannah, the former servant of Madame Andrecht, who had been six years in that situation, and possessed her entire confidence. Unwilling to part with her attendant, and probably entertaining no favorable notion of the intended husband, Madame Andrecht had long thrown impediments in the way of the match, so that the parties were obliged to meet chiefly at night and by stealth. Nicholas found his way into the house at night through the garden of the wool-spinner, the wool-spinner, and across the hedge which divided it from Madame Andrecht's. These nocturnal visits the wool-spinner was at first cognizant, but fearful of getting into a scrape with his respectable neighbor, he was under the necessity of intimating to the bold dragoon, that if he intended to continue his escalades, he must do so from some other quarter than his garden. Nicholas obeyed apparently, and desisted; but, to the surprise of the wool-spinner, he found the lovers continued to meet not the less regularly, in Madame Andrecht's garden. One evening, however, the mystery was explained. The wool spinner, when returning home after dark, saw tied to a post in the canal, close by Madame Andrecht's garden, one of those small boats, which were generally used by the dragoons for bringing forage from the magazine; and he at once conjectured that this was the means by which the dragoon was enabled to continue his nocturnal assignments. With the recollection of this passage in the landlord's history was combined a circumstance of recent occurrence, trifling in itself, but which appeared curiously to link in with mode in which the robbery appeared to have been effected.

Ten days before the discovery of the house-breaking, and while the widow was in the country, the wool-spinner stated that he found, one morning, a dirty-colored handkerchief, lying on the grass bank of the fosse, and chief opposite his neighbor's garden. He took it up and put it in his pocket, without thinking about it at the time. At dinner he happened to remember it, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, showed her the handkerchief, and observed, justly, "If Madame Andrecht were in town, and Hannah were still in her service, we should say, our friend, the Blue Dragon, had been making his rounds, and had dropped his handkerchief." His wife took the handkerchief, examined it, and exclaimed, "In the name of wonder, what is that you say? Is not Hannah's husband's name Nicholas D—?" The wool-spinner told his story simply; his conclusions were strongly directed against the Blue Dragon, and these suspicions were corroborated by another circumstance which emerged at the same time.

During the first search of the house, a half

burnt paper, which seemed to have been used for lighting a pipe, was found on the floor, near the press which had been broken open. Neither Madame Andrecht nor her maid smoked; the police officers had no pipes when they entered the house; so the match had, in all probability, been dropped on the ground by the housebreakers. On examination of the remains of the paper, it appeared to have been a receipt, such as was usually granted by the excise to inkeepers for payment of the duties on spirits received into the town from a distance, and which served as a permit entitling the holder to put the article into his cellars. The upper part of the receipt, containing the name of the party to whom it was granted, was burnt, but the lower part was preserved, containing the signature of the excise officer, and the date of the permit: it was the 16th March of the same year. From these materials it was easy to ascertain what inkeeper in the town had, on that day, received such a permit for spirits. From an examination of the excise register, it appeared that on that day Nicholas D— had received and paid the duties on several ankers of Geneva. Taken by itself, this would have afforded but slender evidence that he had been the person who had used the paper for a match, and had dropped it within Madame Andrecht's room, but taken in connection with the finding of the handkerchief, and the suspicious history of his nocturnal rambles which preceded it, it strengthened in a high degree the suspicions against the ex-dragoon.

After a short consultation, orders were issued for his apprehension. Surprise, it was thought, would probably extort from him an immediate confession. His wife, his father—a man advanced in years—and his brother, a shoemaker's apprentice, were apprehended at the same time. A minute search of the house of the inkeeper followed; but none of the stolen property were at first discovered, and indeed, nothing that could excite suspicion, except a larger amount of money than might, perhaps, have been expected. At last, as the search was on the point of being given up, there was found in one of the drawers a memorandum book. This was one of the articles mentioned in the list of Madame Andrecht's effects; and, on inspection, there could be no doubt that this was the one referred to—several pages bore private markings in her own handwriting, and in a side pocket were found two letters bearing her address. Beyond this, none of the missing articles could be traced in the house.

The persons apprehended were severally examined. Nicholas D— answered every question with the utmost frankness and unconcern. He admitted the truth of the wool-spinner's story of his courtship, the nightly scrambles over the hedge, and his subsequent visits to his intended by means of the forage boat. The handkerchief he admitted to be his property. When and where he lost it he could not say. It had disappeared about six months before, and he had thought no more about it. When the pocket-book which had been found was laid before him, he gave it back without embarrassment, declared he knew nothing of it, had never had it in his possession, and shook his head with a look of surprise and incredulity when told where it had been found.

The other members of his household appeared equally unembarrassed; they expressed even greater astonishment than he had done, that the pocket-book, with which they declared themselves entirely unacquainted, should have been found in the place where it was. The young wife burst into passionate exclamations; she protested that it was impossible; or if the book was really found on the spot, that it was inexplicable to her how it came there. The Saturday before, (her apprehension having taken place on a Thursday) she had brushed out the press from top to bottom—had cleared out the contents, and nothing of the kind was then to be found there.

The behavior of the married pair and their inmates male, on the whole, favorable impression on the judge who conducted the inquiry. Their calmness appeared to him the result of innocence; their character was good; their house was orderly and quiet, and none of the articles of value had been discovered in their possession. True, they might have disposed of them elsewhere; but the articles were numerous, and of a kind likely to lead to detection. Why should they have preserved the comparatively worthless article found in the drawer, instead of burning or destroying it? Why, above all, preserve it in a spot so likely to be discovered, if they had so carefully made away with every trace of the rest.

Still unquestionable suspicion rested on the landlord. The thieves must have been well acquainted with Madame Andrecht's house; and this was undeniably his position. His handkerchief, found on the spot about the time of the robbery; the half-burnt match dropped on the premises; the pocket book found in his own house—these, though not amounting to proof, scarcely seemed to admit of an explanation absolutely consistent with innocence.

In this stage of the inquiry, a new witness appeared upon the scene. A respectable citizen, a dealer in wood, voluntarily appeared before the authorities, and stated that his conscience would no longer allow him to conceal certain circumstances which appeared to bear upon the question, though, from an unwillingness to come forward or to appear as an informer against parties who might be innocent, he had hitherto suppressed any mention of them.

Among his customers was the well known carpenter, Isaac Van C—, who was generally considerably in arrears with his payments. These arrears increased; the wool merchant became pressing, and at last threatened judicial proceedings. This brought matters to a point. A few days before the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's, the carpenter made his appearance in his house, and entreated him to delay proceedings, which, he said, would be in his ruin, by bringing all his creditors on his back.

"See," said he, "in what manner I am paid myself," putting a basket on the table, which contained a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver coffee pot. "One of my debtors owes me upwards of sixty guildens; I have tried in vain to get payment, and have been glad to accept of these as the only change of making anything of the debt. From the silversmiths here I should not get the half the value for these; I must keep them by me till I go to Amsterdam, where such things are understood; but I shall leave them with you in pledge for my debt." The wool-merchant at first declined receiving them, but at length, thinking that it was his only prospect of obtaining ultimate payment, he yielded and the articles remained in his hands.

A few days afterwards, the robbery became public; the list of the silver articles contained a coffee-pot and candlesticks; and the wool-merchant, not doubting that the articles pledged had formed part of the abstracted effects, had felt himself compelled to make known the way in which they had been obtained, and to place them in the hands of the officer of justice. He meant, he said, to convey no imputation against the carpenter, but it would be easy to learn from his own lips who was the debtor from whom the articles had come.

The court ordered the basket with the plate to be placed, covered, upon the table, and sent for the carpenter. He arrived in breathless haste, but seemed prepared for what followed, and without waiting for the interrogatories of the judge, he proceeded with his explanation. Pressed by his creditor, the wool-merchant, the carpenter, in his turn, proceeded to press his own story. Among these was the Blue Dragoon, Nicholas D—, who was indebted to him in account of sixty guildens for work done on his premises. Nicholas entered for delay, but the carpenter being peremptory, he inquired whether he would not take some articles of old silver plate in payment, which, he said, belonged to his father, and had, been left to him as a legacy by an old lady in whose family he had been coachman. It was at last agreed that the carpenter should take the plate at a certain value as a partial payment, and it was accordingly brought to his house in the same evening by the dragoon. The latter advised him, in the event of his wishing to dispose of the plate, to take it to Amsterdam, as the silversmiths of the place would not give him half the value for the articles. The carpenter asked him why he had not carried it to Amsterdam himself. "So I would," he answered, "if you had given me time. As it is, give me your promise not to dispose of it here—I have my own reasons for it."

If this statement was correct—and there seemed no reason to doubt the fairness of the carpenter's story—it pressed most heavily against the accused. He was thus found in possession of part of the stolen property, and disposing of it under the most suspicious circumstances, to a third party. He was examined anew, and the beginning of his declaration corresponded exactly with the disposition of the carpenter. The latter had worked for him; he was sixty guildens in his debt. He was asked if he had paid the account; he answered he had not been in a condition to do so. He was shown the silver plate, and was told what had been stated by the carpenter. He stammered, became pale, and protested he knew nothing of the plate; and in this statement he persisted in the presence of witnesses. He was then shown the gold which had been found in his house. It belonged, he said, not to himself, but to his father-in-law.

This part of the statement, indeed, was confirmed by the other inmates in his family; but in other respects, their statements were calculated to increase the suspicions against him. Nicholas, for instance, had stated that no part of his debt to Isaac had been paid—that in fact he had not been in a condition to do so—while the other three members of the household, on the contrary, maintained that a few months before he had made a payment of twenty guildens to Isaac, expressly on account of this claim. Nicholas became vastly embarrassed when this contradiction between his own statement and the evidence of the witnesses was pointed out to him. For the first time his composure forsook him—he uttered parol for the falsehood he had uttered. It was true, he had counted out twenty guildens, in presence of the members of his family, and told them it was intended as a payment to Isaac's claim; but the money had not been paid to Isaac's creditor. He had been obliged to appropriate it to the payment of some old gambling debts, of which he could not venture to inform his wife.

The departure from truth on the part of the accused, had apparently but slender bearing on the question of the robbery; statements which further inquiry tended to confirm. The carpenter, anxious to remove any suspicion as to the truth of his own story, produced a sort of account book kept himself, in which, under the date of 23d June, he stated the following entry: "The inn-keeper, Nicholas D—, has this day paid me the value of thirty guildens in old silver." The house-keeper and apprentice of the carpenter also deposed that they had been present on one occasion when the dragoon had proposed that his master should take the silver in payment of it.

On the one hand, the inn-keeper had handed over to the carpenter the silver plate, which was plain he was either the thief or the receiver; he had done so, the carpenter had not only been guilty of a calumnious accusation, but the suspicion of a guilty connection with the robbery became turned against himself. All presumptions, however, were against the inn-keeper. He had admitted being guilty of a decided falsehood as to the payment—he could not or would not give the names of any one of those to whom his gambling debts had been paid, as he alleged—and the fact that he had brought the plate to the carpenter's was attested by three credible witnesses.

The general opinion in the town was decidedly against him. The utmost length that any one ventured to go, was to suggest that his relations, who had apprehended along with him, might be innocent of any participation in the guilt; though, being naturally anxious to save him that they might some what have compromised the truth by their silence, or their statements.

The dragoon was removed from his provisional custody to the prison of the town; the others were subjected to a close surveillance that all communication between them might be prevented. As all of them, however, persisted in the story exactly as it had been first told, stronger measures were at length resorted to. On the motion of the burgomaster, as public prosecutor, "that the principal party accused, Nicholas D—, should be delivered over to undergo the usual preparatory process for compelling confession," namely, the torture, the court, after consideration of the state of the evidence, unanimously issued a usual warrant against him to that effect. Some pitied him, though no one doubted his guilt. The general impression in the town was, that the courage of the inn-keeper would soon give way, and that, in fact, he would probably confess the whole upon the first application of the torture.

The preparations were complete—the torture was to take place the next day, when the following letter, bearing the post mark of Rotterdam, was received by the court—

"Before I leave the country, and detain myself where I shall be beyond the reach of the court of M—, or the military of the garrison, I would save the poor unfortunate persons who are now prisoners at M—. Beware of punishing the inn-keeper, his wife, his father and brother, for a crime of which they are not guilty. How the story of the carpenter is connected with theirs I cannot conjecture. I have heard of it with the greatest surprise. The latter may not himself be entirely innocent. Let the judge pay attention to this remark. You may spare yourselves the trouble of looking after me. If the wind is favorable, by time you read this letter I shall be on my passage to England.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN RÜHLER, Former Corporal in the Com. de Le Lery." The court gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by this letter to put off the torture. At first sight it did not appear a mere device to obtain delay. A company under Captain Le Lery was in garrison in the town; in that company there was a corporal of the name of Rühler who some weeks before had deserted and disappeared from his quarters. All inquiries after him had since proved in vain. The court subsequently learned from the report of the officer in command, that he had disappeared the evening before the day when the news of the robbery became public. He had been last seen by the guard in the course of the forenoon before his disappearance. Some connection between the events appeared extremely probable.

But a new discovery seemed suddenly to demolish the conclusions founded on the letter. It had been laid before the commanding officer, who at once declared the handwriting was counterfeited; it was not that of Rühler which was well known, nor had it the least resemblance to it. The evidence of several of his comrades, and a comparison of the handwriting with some regimental lists undoubtedly in the handwriting of Rühler, proved this beyond a doubt.

The letter from Rotterdam thus was merely the device of some unknown friend or confederate, and probably resorted to only to put off the punishment of the accused. How, indeed, if Rühler was really implicated in the robbery, should he have thus cast suspicion upon himself? If the object had been merely to preserve the inn-keeper and his friends from the torture, he would have assumed some other name. In all probability, therefore, some third party, implicated in the robbery, had availed himself of the accidental disappearance of the corporal, to throw the suspicion of the robbery upon him, and to exculpate the guilty parties, who, if brought to the torture, might be induced to disclose the names of all their associates. To prevent this was probably the object of the letter. This, at least, was the prevailing opinion.

The strongest efforts were now made to discover the true writer of the letter; and meantime the torture was put off, when two other important witnesses made their appearance on the stage. Neither had the least connection with the other; nay the circumstances which they narrated appeared in some respects contradictory, and while they threw light on the subject in one quarter, they only served to darken it in another.

A merchant in the town, who dealt in different wares, and lived in the neighborhood of Madame Andrecht's house, had been absent on a journey of business during the discovery of the robbery, and the course of the subsequent judicial proceedings. Scarcely had he returned and heard the story of the robbery when he voluntarily presented himself next morning before the authorities, for the purpose, as he said, of making important revelations, which might have the effect of averting destruction from the innocent. In the public coach he had already heard some particulars of the case, and had formed his own conjectures; but since his return these conjectures had with him grown into convictions, and he had not closed an eye, from the apprehension that his disclosure might come too late. Had he returned sooner, matters would never have reached this length.

At the time when the robbery must have taken place, he had been in the town. The carpenter, Isaac Van C—, called upon him one day, begging the loan of the boat which he was in the custom of using for the transport of bales and heavy packages to different quarters of the town. The boat generally lay behind the merchant's house, close to his warehouse, which was situated on the bank of the town fosse already alluded to. Isaac assured him he would require the boat only for a night or two, and would take care that it was returned in the morning in good condition. To the question why he wanted the boat at night, after some hesitation, returned for answer, that he had engaged to transport the furniture of some people who were removing, and who had their own reasons for not doing so in daylight, implying that they were taking French leave of their creditors. "And you propose to lend yourself to such a transaction," said the merchant, peremptorily refer-

sing the loan of the boat. The carpenter interrupted him; assured him he had only just returned; that his real object was only to amuse himself in fishing with some of his comrades; and that he only had not stated that at first, as the merchant might be apprehensive that the operation might dirty his boat. The merchant at last yielded to the continued requests of the carpenter, and agreed to lend him the boat, but upon the express condition that it should be returned in the morning. In this respect, the carpenter kept his word; when the merchant went to his warehouse in the morning, he saw the carpenter and his apprentice engaged in fastening the boat. They went away without observing him. He struck him, however, as singular, that they appeared to have with them neither nets or fishing tackle of any kind. He examined the boat, and was surprised to find it perfectly dry, whereas, if used for fishing, it would probably have been found half filled with water, and dirty enough. In this particular the carpenter had been detected in an untruth.

The boat had not been fastened to its usual place; the merchant jumped into it for that purpose, and from a crevice in the side he saw something protruding; he took it out; it was a couple of silver forks wrapped in paper. Thus the carpenter's first version of the story—as to the purpose for which he wanted the boat—was the true one after all. He had been assisting some bankrupt to carry off his effects. Angry at having been thus deceived, the merchant put the forks in his pocket, and set out forthwith on his way to Isaac's. The carpenter, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were in the workshop. He produced the forks. "These," said he, "are what you have left in my boat. Did you use these to eat your fish with?"

The three were visibly embarrassed. They cast stolen glances upon one another; no one ventured to speak. The housekeeper first recovered her composure. She stammered out—"that he must not think ill of them; that her master had only been assisting some people, who were leaving the town quietly, to remove their furniture and effects." As the transaction was unquestionably not of the most credible character, this might account for the visible embarrassment they betrayed; when he demanded, however, the names of the parties whose effect they had been removing, no answer was forthcoming. The carpenter at last told him he was not at liberty to disclose them then, but that he should learn them afterwards. All three pressing entreated him to be silent as to the matter. He was so; but in the meantime made inquiries quietly as to who had left the town, though without success. Shortly after his journey took place, and the transaction had worn out of mind, till recalled to his recollection on his return, when he was made aware of the whole history of the robbery; and forthwith came to the conclusion that there lay at the bottom of the matter some shameful plot to implicate the innocent, and to shield those whom he believed to be the true criminal, namely, Isaac Van C—, his apprentice, and the housekeeper, the leading witnesses, in fact, against the unfortunate dragoon.

The criminal proceedings, in consequence of these disclosures, took a completely different turn. The merchant was a witness entirely above suspicion. True, there was here only the testimony of one witness, either to the innocence of the dragoon, or to the guilt of the carpenter; but the moral conviction to which his statement gave rise in the mind of the judge was so strong that he did not hesitate to issue an immediate order for the arrest of the carpenter and his companions, before publicity should be given to the merchant's disclosures. No sooner were they apprehended, than a strict scrutiny was made in carpenter's house.

This measure was attended with the most complete success. With the exception of a few trifles, the whole of the effects which had been abstracted from Madame Andrecht's were found in the house. The examination of the prisoner produced a very different result from those of Nicholas and his comrades. True, they denied the charges, but they did so with palpable confusion, and their statements abounded in the grossest contradictions of each other and even of themselves. They came to recriminations and mutual accusations, and, being threatened with the torture, they at last offered to make a full confession. The substance of their admission was as follows—

Isaac Van C—, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were the real preparators of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. Who had first suggested to them the design, does not appear from the evidence. But with the old lady's house and its arrangements they were as fully acquainted as the dragoon. The apprentice, when formerly in the service of another master, had wrought in it, and knew every corner of it thoroughly. They had borrowed the boat for the purpose of getting access across the canal into the garden, and used it for carrying off the stolen property, as already mentioned. On the morning when the robbery became public, the master and the apprentice had mingled with the crowd to learn what reports were in circulation on the subject. Among other things, the apprentice had heard that the wool-spinner's wife had unhesitatingly expressed her suspicions against the Blue Dragon. Of this he informed his comrades, and they, delighted at finding so convenient a scapegoat for averting danger from themselves, forthwith formed the infernal design of directing, by every means in their power, the suspicions of justice against the inn-keeper.

The apprentice entered the drinking room of the inn-keeper, and called for some champagne, at the same time asking for a coal to light his pipe. While the inn-keeper went out to fetch the coal, the apprentice took the opportunity of slipping the widow's memorandum book, which he had brought in his pocket, betwixt the drawers. He succeeded, and the consequences followed as the culprits had foreseen; the house was searched, the book found, and, in the eyes of many, the dragoon's guilt established.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]