

**OLGA ZANELLI: A  
TALE OF AN IMPERIAL  
CITY, VOL. THIRD**

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Olga Zanelli: a tale of an imperial city, Vol. third by Fairfax L. Cartwright

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**FAIRFAX L. CARTWRIGHT**

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# OLGA ZANELLI

A Tale of an Imperial City

BY

FAIRFAX L. CARTWRIGHT

*" . . . dans cette vie  
Rien n'est bon que d'aimer n'est vrai que de souffrir "*

VOLUME



THIRD

LONDON  
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## OLGA ZANELLI.

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### CHAPTER XXIX.

SEVERAL months elapsed before the fate of Heinrich Lazarus and his companions was decided. The trial lasted a considerable time, and roused much interest. Every day Olga Zanelli was in court listening attentively to the evidence, and never failing to applaud when the able advocate she had engaged made a point in favour of her cousin. It was wearisome work spending the whole day in the stuffy court listening to interminable cross examinations of witnesses, or to stormy wrangles between the lawyers; but she stuck to her purpose, continuing her attendance as if to do so were a religious duty, for she felt that her presence cheered Heinrich who was now abandoned by everybody. At last the end came; it was evident to every one that these young men had been engaged in conspiring against the State, and in accordance with the evidence a verdict of guilty was returned.

Johann Schmalz, the president of the secret society,

was the first to come up for judgment. On account of his being older than his companions, and because he ought to have known better than to engage in senseless conspiracies, he received the heaviest penalty: he was condemned to two years' imprisonment. On hearing his sentence pronounced the retired tradesman wept aloud, and made vain appeals to the mercy of the court, but his cowardice only gained him the contempt of his companions and of the audience. The other conspirators, on account of their youth, were condemned to shorter terms of imprisonment; they received their sentences with apparent indifference, and no doubt they thought they were imitating thereby the fortitude of ancient Spartans. The judge, taking into consideration the youth and enthusiastic nature of Heinrich Lazarus, and the fact that his father held the honourable position of a court chaplain, passed the lenient sentence of a few months' imprisonment upon him, and at the same time gave him a severe lecture on the foolishness of his conduct.

With many tears Lolo took leave of her cousin, who felt more depressed by his hopeless love for her than by the prospect of having to spend the next few months in prison. A strong force of police entered the court, and removed the twenty odd prisoners to the closed vans which were waiting for them outside; the lawyers gathered up their papers, and the judge having retired the ushers began clearing the court. The great conspiracy case was over; in the solitary confinement of a State prison the visionary and enthusiastic members of the secret society which was

to regenerate Germany could now meditate over the foolishness of knocking one's head against a wall.

When Court Chaplain Lazarus heard of the sentence which had been passed upon his son he put his hand upon his heart, and exclaimed with fervour : " The law has been vindicated ; I am satisfied : henceforth let no one mention his name, for he is dead to me ; " and his simple wife looked at him with awe, overcome with admiration at the calm and noble manner in which he bore his trial, and no doubt the worthy parson compared himself in his own mind to Junius Brutus condemning his sons to death.

Lolo drove home enervated and sick at heart, but nevertheless feeling a certain satisfaction at knowing that it was due to her efforts that his sentence had not been heavier. On reaching her apartment she found a letter to her address lying on her table. Thinking that it was only an invitation to some supper she took no further notice of it till she had taken off her things and rested a little. She then opened it carelessly, as if the idea of having to answer it bored her ; but when she had read it through she petulantly threw it on the floor, exclaiming that it was abominable that she should be exposed to receiving such communications.

It was the threatening letter written by Count Immersdorf, but which had been kept back for a few months as the Count had accidentally had a run of luck at cards ; but his good fortune had not lasted very long, and he had had eventually to fall back to this criminal method to obtain money. The letter was worded as follows :—