

**TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD":  
BEING THE MOST FAMOUS SERIES  
OF STORIES EVER PUBLISHED  
ESPECIALLY SELECTED FROM THAT  
CELEBRATED ENGLISH PUBLICATION**

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Tales from "Blackwood": Being the Most Famous Series of Stories Ever Published Especially Selected from That Celebrated English Publication by H. Chalmers Roberts

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**H. CHALMERS ROBERTS**

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**Tales from "Blackwood"**



"WHAT A PICTURE YOU WOULD MAKE"  
See page 126

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Being the most Famous Series  
of Stories ever Published  
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Celebrated English Publication

*Selected by*

H. CHALMERS ROBERTS

*Illustrations by* JESS. EMILY BRANGS

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BOSTON  
The New England Society  
1910

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## TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD."

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### BOURGONEF.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### AT A TABLE D'HÔTE.

AT the close of February 1848 I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated—expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life,

the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amidst tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archaeological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place, it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalising tendencies of European civilisation. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the