

to this Austrian bravado?" asked Gotzkowsky. "He said, 'My soldiers are not with child, neither am I.' Well, our men of Berlin are not with child, and therefore they need not be afraid."

"But you must be afraid!" whined Krause. "It is disgraceful madness not to be afraid. How! You can be so unreasonable as to advise war? But war is the most bitter enemy of prosperity, and threatens property above all things."

"Then shame on the proprietors," cried Gotzkowsky, "if their property is to make cowardly poltroons of them! Liberty is our greatest possession, and all else must yield to it."

At this moment loud cries and sounds of wailing were heard in the garden from the collected workmen, who surrounded the prophet in a dense group, and listened to his prophecies with anxious wonder as he uttered them from a high bench.

Gotzkowsky frowned. "Ah, I understand!" said he, "this good linen-weaver is your accomplice, my brave gentlemen, and as you wish to convert me, so does he wish to convert my honest workmen into old women. Let us see first in what sort of gibberish he preaches his wisdom to these good people."

Without taking any further notice of the two editors, Gotzkowsky left the summer-house rapidly and approached the listening multitude.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE LEADER OF THE PEOPLE.

THE inspired prophet stood on a bench, and, as he unrolled his pictures, he endeavored to explain these mystical paintings to his devout gazers and listeners in equally mystical language. Gotzkowsky hastened toward this group, and pressed in silent observation close up to Pfannenstiel's side.

The linen-weaver, wholly possessed by his prophetic god, had in the mean while unrolled another picture, and holding it up high with solemn countenance, exclaimed with a screaming voice: "The day of judgment is at hand, and destiny is at your door! In my dream I saw a face like unto no other face, and I heard a voice, and the voice was like unto no other voice!"

"And yet you heard it! What ears you must have!" said Gotzkowsky, laughing.

The prophet answered calmly, "Yes! for then were seen invisible things, and then were heard inaudible sounds!" And showing a fresh picture to the crowd, he continued: "Look at this picture, which I found this morning on my sheet. It contains the history of your future, and God announced it to me as I sat at my loom weaving. I heard a voice crying, 'Pfannenstiel, my beloved son, dost thou hear me?' And I fell on my knees and answered, 'Yes, I hear.' 'Dost thou know what thou art weaving?' asked the voice. 'Yes,' said I, 'it is linen shirting for the almshouse.' 'No,' said the voice, 'it is a cloth of weeping for the town of Berlin, for the daughters of your fathers will shed tears, and there will be moaning and weeping.'"

These last words he accompanied with a sobbing and plaintive howl, in which his trembling hearers joined. They assured each other in uncomfortable whispers that Pfannenstiel's prophecies usually came true; and that, even before the war, he had predicted the coming of this day of terror.

But soon Pfannenstiel raised his voice, and its hoarse croaking sounded above the loud conversation and anxious cries of the multitude. "Woe unto Berlin!" cried he, with shrieking pathos. "Blood will flow within her walls! The voice said unto me, 'I will look upon red, but it will not be a scarlet cloak, and when the red banner waves thrones will tremble, and there will be no end to the lamentation. And the cock will crow, and the heavens will shine blood-red, and everywhere and in all places men will cry, 'Blood! blood is the drink of new life; blood makes young what is old; blood wipes out sworn debts; blood makes the proud humble. Let us drink blood!'"

Here the prophet was interrupted by the loud cries and wailing of the multitude. The women broke out in tears, sank on their knees and prayed, or clung trembling and weeping to their moody-looking husbands.

Pfannenstiel looked with an air of proud triumph on this evident effect of his speech, and then continued in a more subdued tone: "But the voice said to me, 'Hope, and every thing will turn out well, and the blood which flows will transform itself into a purple robe, and men will call it freedom. Out of death will arise life.' Therefore fall down on your knees, for the hour of judgment has come, and prayer alone, but not the sword, can save you."

The multitude, carried away by the deception, were in the act of obeying this order, when Gotzkowsky, who

could no longer restrain himself, stepped rapidly forward, his countenance radiant, and his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Listen not to this hypocritical set, this lying prophet, my people!" cried he, with a voice of thunder. "He will make cowards of you all, cowards who will submit to the yoke, howling and whining. You would not have this ignominy put upon you. You will be men, who will defend their liberty with noble courage to the last drop of their blood, against the invading hordes of barbarians. For the barbarians are coming, and their fierce wrath threatens your wives and children. Will you submit to the Russians with a humble whine?"

"No, no!" cried the men, and many a clinched fist was raised, and many a wild but muttered oath was heard.

At this moment there arose in the street a confused sound of screams and yells, then the hollow roll of the drum, and the deep clang of the alarm-bell, which summoned the citizens to the town-hall.

The garden gates were now violently thrown open, and a band of stout workmen was seen hastening in wild disorder toward Gotzkowsky.

These were the workmen from Gotzkowsky's factories, industrious men, who had preferred working in the factory, and not losing their time, to the enjoyment of the day's festival, and to whom Gotzkowsky had ordered double wages to be paid, that they might not lose their share in the celebration of his daughter's birthday.

"The Russians are at the gates!" cried they. "All the citizens are arming themselves. We have no arms. Give us arms, master!"

The cry was taken up by those who had just been listening to Pfannenstiel's words. "Yes, give us arms, give us arms. We are no cowards, we will fight!"

Gotzkowsky's flashing eye flew across the multitude, and he saw in the earnest countenances of the men that they were serious in their demand, and in their desire to fight. "Well, then, if you will fight, you shall not want for weapons," cried he, joyfully. "I have, as you know, in my house, a collection of costly arms. Follow me, my children; we will go to the armory, and each one shall take what he likes best. On such a day as this, arms do not belong to any one in particular, but are the property of him who can find and make use of them. That is the sacred right of manhood. The country is in danger! Come to my armory and arm yourselves!"

The men shouted for joy at Gotzkowsky's words, and pushed after him with wild impetuosity into the house, and the large hall, in which the costly weapons were tastefully grouped and ornamentally arranged against the walls. With eager haste the men possessed themselves of these arms, and Gotzkowsky saw with glad pride his rare Damascus blades, his delicately carved silver-mounted pistols, his daggers inlaid with gold, his costly ornamented sabres and guns in the hands of his warlike workmen. He then armed himself, and his men, always accustomed to look upon him cheerfully and willingly as their leader, fell into line behind him in a long military procession.

"Now, then, my children," cried he, "let us go to the town-hall and offer our services to the magistrates."

And at the head of his workmen he left the house. Soon deep silence reigned in these rooms, so lately filled with noise and tumult. The garden, too, had become deserted and empty. Pfannenstiel alone remained in his elevated position, gazing pensively, as in a dream, on his collection of pictures.

After this silence had lasted some time, Krause and

Kretschmer crept, cautiously looking around them, out of the summer-house in which they had secreted themselves up to this moment. Their countenances were pale and angry.

"Gotzkowsky is a puffed-up fool," exclaimed Krause, with a dark frown. "With his swaggering phrases he has seduced these workmen away from us, to rush into the fight like wounded wild boars, and to bring the Russians down upon us."

"We must not give up all hope," said Kretschmer; "the people are timid and fickle, and whoever will give them the sweetest words wins them over to his side. Come, let us try our luck elsewhere. Every thing depends upon our being beforehand with this braggart Gotzkowsky, and getting first the ear of the people. You, Pfannenstiel, come with us, and get up your words strong and spirited, so that the stupid people may believe you."

Pfannenstiel clapped up his picture-book, and threw his cloak with majestic dignity over his lean shoulders. "The people are like a flock of sheep," said he; "they want a leader, never mind who. Only the leader must be there at the right hour; and if God has bestowed upon him the gift of eloquence, he can lead them either into the church to contrite prayer, or to the slaughter-field to bloody combat. The people are a flock of sheep, nothing more!"

"Come, then," cried Kretschmer pathetically; "come and be their bellwether, and lead the people into the church."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE RUSSIAN IS AT THE GATES.

IN a few minutes quiet, peaceful, industrious Berlin was transformed into an open encampment. From all the streets there poured throngs of armed men toward the town-hall, where the wise magistrates were consulting on the possibility of resistance, or toward the commander of Berlin, General Rochow, who had the streets patrolled, and called upon the citizens, by beat of drum, to assemble with arms, and assist in the defence of the town.

"The Russian is at the gates!" This cry of terror seemed to cure the sick and feeble, and give courage and strength to the wavering. The old national hatred of the German toward the Russian broke out in its entire vigor; and vehemence made even the faint-hearted fly to arms, and caused words of imprecation to rise to the lips of those who were in the habit of uttering prayers and timid complaints.

The council of war was assembled at the commander's office, and, strange to say, it consisted of only old men and invalids. There were present the infirm veteran general and commander, Rochow, and the eighty-year-old Field-Marshal Lehwald, the severely-wounded General Seidlitz, and General Knoblauch, also wounded. These four composed the whole council, and fully aware of the danger and of the smallness of their forces, were debating whether they should yield to the demand of the Russian troops, and give up the town without any defence, or, with twelve hundred garrison troops, two rusty cannon, a few thousand wounded

soldiers, and an inefficient body of citizens, give battle to the twelve thousand irregular troops of General Tottleben, who would soon be reënforced by the army of General Tschernitscheff, twenty thousand strong, and fourteen thousand Austrians under Count Lacy, who, as they well knew, were coming on by forced marches. But so great was the heroic exasperation and eagerness for the fight of these noble and war-worn veterans, that not one of them advised submission; but, on the contrary, they unanimously determined to defend Berlin as long as a drop of blood flowed in their veins. As these brave generals had no army to lead into the fight, they would defend the town, not as commanders of high rank, but as fighting soldiers, and waiving their military rank and dignity to their noble love of country, like other soldiers, they would each one defend his intrenchment or redoubt.

But while the military commanders were adopting these heroic resolutions, the Town Council was engaged in secret session at the town-hall. The wise fathers were staring at each other with terror in their countenances, and considering, in pusillanimous faint-heartedness, whether they would really assume the heavy responsibility of engaging the peaceful citizens in a fight, which, after all, would be, in all probability, useless and without result.

"I vote for submission," stammered out the chief burgomaster, Herr von Kircheisen, with heavy tongue, as he wiped off the big drops of sweat which stood upon his brow with his silk handkerchief. "I vote for submission. The honorable citizens of this town are not called on to spill their blood in useless fighting, nor to irritate the wrath of the enemy by resistance. And besides, the enemy will doubtless lay a war tax on us, and

this will certainly be lighter if we submit at once than if we resist. Further, it is the sacred duty of a prudent magistrate to protect and preserve, to the best of his ability, the property of the citizens. It is therefore my opinion that, in order to save the hard-earned possessions of the poor citizens of Berlin, already sufficiently oppressed, we submit at once to an overwhelming force."

By the brightening countenances of the worthy councilmen it could be plainly perceived that the eloquence of the chief burgomaster had told powerfully upon them, and that the question of money which he had raised would prove a powerful and decisive argument in favor of submission at this momentous period.

The assistant burgomaster had already expressed his entire concurrence in the views of Herr von Kircheisen, and the first alderman was in the act of opening his mouth to do the same, when the patriotic deliberations of the worthy gentlemen were interrupted by shouts and cries from the street below, which drove them in terror from their seats. They hastened to the windows, and, carefully concealed behind the curtains, ventured to peep down into the street.

Down there they beheld a much more lively sight—men and youths, old men and boys streamed toward the town-hall, and, raising their eyes and arms to the windows, demanded from the city fathers, with genuine enthusiasm, weapons and ammunition. Perhaps, indeed, it was only fear which had suddenly made these peaceful citizens of Berlin so bold and lion-hearted: one thing is certain, that is, that at this moment they were all animated by one sentiment, one impulse, and that their deadly hatred against Russian and Austrian rendered peaceable submission impossible. The tailor threw away his needle and grasped the sword, the shoe-

maker exchanged his awl for a dagger, and all these quiet, humble citizens had been transformed by hatred and fear, anger and terror, into most belligerent heroes.

"Give us arms!" was the reiterated cry.

An heroic tailor climbed up on the shoulders of a hunchback shoemaker, and sawing the air violently with his arms, cried out: "The people of Berlin demand their rights; they will fight for their liberty. Give the people of Berlin their due. Give them arms—arms!"

"Arms!" roared the crowd. "We will have arms!"

"And what do you want with arms?" cried suddenly a shrill, piercing voice. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence the voice proceeded, and there was seen the meagre figure of the linen-weaver, who had leaped upon a bench, and from his elevated position was looking down upon the people with the confident air of a conqueror. But Pfannenstiel observed, to his dismay, that this time his appearance did not produce the desired effect; on the contrary, angry looks were cast upon him, and occasionally a threatening fist was raised against the divinely-inspired prophet.

"What do you want with arms?" cried he once more. "Prayer is the only weapon becoming peaceful citizens."

A burst of scornful laughter was the answer. "Down with the linen-weaver! Tear him to pieces!" roared the crowd, becoming infuriated.

"We mean to fight, and not to pray," cried the valorous tailor.

"We want none of your poltroonery, you blackguard of a linen-weaver!"

"The tailor is right! Pfannenstiel is a false prophet!" cried another voice.

"Hang him!"

"He wants to make cowards of us!"

The crowd raged still more furiously, and pressed toward the spot where Pfannenstiel stood. Threatening hands were raised against him, and the situation of the prophet of peace began to be uncomfortable enough, when suddenly two new figures rose near him, and, by their unexpected appearance, restrained for a moment the wrath of the people.

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## CHAPTER X.

### BE PRUDENT.

THESE two men, who so unexpectedly appeared at the side of the prophetic weaver, were none else than the two editors, Kretschmer and Krause, who came to support him in his exhortations in favor of peace, and to use their eloquence on the multitude assembled in front of the town-hall.

Mr. Krause opened: "Listen to me, good citizens of Berlin; look at my gray hairs. Age has the advantage, if not of wisdom, at least of experience. Listen to my advice. You who wish to fight for liberty, be at least prudent and moderate."

"None of your moderation!" cried the tailor. "We won't be moderate!"

"But you will be reasonable and prudent, won't you?" cried Mr. Kretschmer, with his clear, penetrating voice, raising himself on tiptoe, and casting his large, light-blue eyes over the crowd. "You will be reasonable, certainly, and in reason you can tell me what you wish, and we can deliberate, and decide whether that which you wish is reasonable."

"We want arms."

"But why do you want arms?"

"To fight the enemy," cried the shoemaker, whom the crowd seemed tacitly to recognize as their mouth-piece.

"You really wish, then, to fight?" asked Mr. Kretschmer. "You wish to precipitate yourselves into a fight, with the certainty of being defeated. You wish to put yourselves in opposition to an enemy who outnumbered you ten times; who, with sneering pride, will drive your little band of warriors, with his cannon, to destruction! Consider what you are about to do! Twelve thousand Russians are now before your gates; their cannon pointed against your walls, your houses, your churches, and they are awaiting only an opportunity of springing upon you like a tiger on his prey. And what have we to oppose them? Our little garrison consists of invalids and wounded men; for our young men, able to fight, are all with the king on the bloody fields of Silesia, and only a small band of worthy citizens remains here. Can they fight against an overwhelming enemy, ten times their number? Can they wish to do it?"

No one answered this question. The countenances became thoughtful, and the redness of anger grew paler on their cheeks.

"Yes," cried one of the people, "we are very weak."

"We cannot think of gaining a victory," grumbled out another.

Mr. Kretschmer perceived, by the darkening faces and downcast look of his audience, that the prudence he was preaching had already commenced to press the courage of the poor people into the background, and raising his voice still higher he continued:

"Your fighting will be a species of suicide. Your wives and children will curse you for having killed their husbands and fathers. Worthy citizens! be prudent, and remember that work and not war is your calling. Go home, then, and mind your business; take care of your wives and children, and bow your heads in humbleness, for necessity will teach you prudence."

Mr. Kretschmer stopped, and the silent assembly seemed to be considering whether they should listen to his prudent advice. Even the heroic tailor had climbed down from the hump of the shoemaker, and remained thoughtful and silent.

"The man is right," cried the shoemaker, in his grumbling, bass voice.

"Yes, indeed," said his gossip, the glover; "why should we sacrifice our legs and arms? We can't beat them anyhow."

"Now, my friends," whispered Kretschmer to his associates, "now is your turn to speak. My breath is exhausted. You speak now and finish the good work I commenced. Admonish the people to be moderate."

"I will make them perfectly enthusiastic in the cause of peace and quiet," said Mr. Krause, in a low voice. "You shall see how irresistible the stream of my eloquence will be," and striding forward with pathetic mien, and raising both arms as if to implore the people, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "You say so, and it is so! We cannot be victorious. Now, my opinion is, that as we cannot beat the enemy, we ought not to fight him, and in that way we can cheat him out of his victory. For where there is no fight, there can be no victory. Resist the armed bands with the quiet obstacle of mental fortitude. Do not act, but submit. Submit with a de-

fiant air. Do not use your weapons, but do not yield them up to the enemy. Keep your hands on the hilts of your swords, and be quiet. When they mock and abuse you, be silent; but let them read your defiance in your countenances; when they press upon you with sword and cannon, retire with a proud smile, and do not defend yourselves, and we will see whether they are brutal enough to attack peaceful non-combatants. Act in this way, and the moral victory is yours, and you then will have conquered the enemy by your moral greatness, even if you are physically subdued. Against cannon and bayonets a people cannot defend themselves except by passive resistance, by submission, with secret and silent hatred in their hearts. Use no other weapons than this passive resistance, and posterity will praise you, and say of you, with admiration, that you were no heroes of fight, but heroes of passive resistance. Your country will be proud of you!"

Mr. Krause paused, and leaned, worn out, on the shoulder of the prophetic linen-weaver.

"You may be in the right," said the tailor, still rebellious at heart; "all that sounds right and reasonable, but still it don't suit me, and I don't see how the country can be proud of us, if we behave like cowards, and let ourselves be bamboozled this way."

"Do you hush, tailor!" cried the hunchbacked shoemaker. "The chap thinks because he can manage a sharp needle, he must be able to yield a broadsword; but let me tell you, my brave boy, that a stick with a sword hurts worse than a prick with a needle. It is not only written, 'Shoemaker, stick to your last,' but also, 'Tailor, stick to your needle.' Are we soldiers, that we must fight? No, we are respectable citizens, tailors and shoemakers, and the whole concern is no business of ours.

And who is going to pay us for our legs and arms when they have been cut off?"

"Nobody, nobody is going to do it!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"And who is going to take care of our wives and children when we are crippled, and can't earn bread for them? Perhaps they are going to put us in the new almshouse, which has just been built outside of the King's Gate, and which they call the Oxen-head."

"No, no, we won't go into the Oxen-head!" screamed the people. "We won't fight! let us go home."

"Yes, go home, go home!" cried Krause and Kretschmer, delighted, and Pfannenstiel repeated after them—

"Let us go home!"

And indeed the groups began to separate and thin out; and the two editors, who had descended from their bench, mixed with the crowd, and enforced their peaceful arguments with zealous eloquence.

But it seemed as if Fortune did not favor them, for now down the neighboring street came Gotzkowsky with his band of armed workmen. He drew them up in front of the town-hall. The sight of this bold company of daring men, with determined countenances and flashing eyes, exercised a magical influence on the people; and when Gotzkowsky addressed them, and with overpowering eloquence and burning words implored them to resist, when with noble enthusiasm he summoned them to do their duty, and to remember their honors as men, the versatile crowd began again to cry out—"Arms, arms! give us arms!"

But the humpbacked shoemaker still remained cowed and timid, and the threatenings of the preachers of peace still sounded in his ears. He threw up his arms and

cried out: "Children, remember what the gentlemen told us. Have nothing to do with fighting. Be wise and prudent!"

"The devil take your prudence!" cried Gotzkowsky. In an hour like this we have no need of prudence; we want courage! Won't you fight?"

"No, we won't!" cried the shoemaker, resolutely. "We want to keep our arms and legs."

"We don't want to go to the Oxen-head!" exclaimed another.

Gotzkowsky broke out impetuously: "Are you men, who dare to talk in this way? You are afraid of losing your limbs, and you are not afraid of losing, by your cowardice, your most valuable possessions, your liberty and your honor. Even if you do crawl through our streets as cripples, your wives and children will point to you with pride, and men will whisper to each other, 'He too was one of the heroes who fought for liberty, one of the brave men who, when Berlin was besieged, met the enemy, and fought bravely for our rights.'"

"That's fine," cried the tailor, carried away by Gotzkowsky's fiery words. "Yes, let us be heroes, let us fight!"

At the windows of the town-hall above, hid behind the curtains, the wise members of the city Council still stood and listened with anxious hearts to what was going on below. The countenance of the chief burgo-master became ashy pale, and drops of cold sweat stood on his brow. "This Gotzkowsky will ruin us all," sighed he heavily. "He does not think what he is doing. His foolhardiness will compel us all to be brave. But we will have to pay for our liberty, not only with our blood, but with our fortunes. And this man, who calculates so badly, pretends to be a merchant! But we



must yield to this rash mob, for to oppose an excited people might bring even the honorable Council into danger. Good Heavens!" cried he, interrupting himself, "what is this again?"

To the sound of martial music, there was seen coming down the street a band of scar-covered veterans, the invalids of the first years of the war. Some limped, others carried their arms in slings, others again had their heads bound up; but one could perceive, by their serious, determined faces, that they were animated by a high and cheerful courage, which placed them above physical suffering. In their midst, on a litter, was borne the brave General von Seidlitz, whose wounds, received in the battle of Kunersdorf, had not yet healed; but the danger which threatened Berlin had roused him from a bed of suffering, and, as he could not walk, he had himself carried to the battery at the Kottbuss Gate, the defence of which he had undertaken.

As the hero turned to the people with a friendly greeting, and exhorted them to courage, with short and appropriate words, there sounded from a thousand voices an enthusiastic "Hurrah!" The people waved their hats, and cried loudly and tumultuously up at the windows of the Council, "Give us arms—arms!"

At the window above stood the chief burgomaster, with trembling limbs and livid face. "It is decided," said he, softly; "the people of Berlin are determined to die as heroes, or purchase their liberty with all the wealth of the town," and, with a weak cry of grief, he sank fainting into the arms of the head alderman.

The assistant burgomaster opened the window and cried out: "You shall have arms. We will defend Berlin with our last breath, and to the last drop of our blood!"

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE NIGHT OF HORRORS.

THUS, once more, had the impetuous boldness of the patriots carried the day against braggart cowardice. The Council, yielding to necessity, had resolved to be brave. The chief burgomaster, who had revived, donned his robe of office, adorned himself with his golden chain, and followed by the councillors, proceeded to Commander Rochow, to ask for arms for the citizens of Berlin. This petition was readily granted; the armory was thrown open, and there were seen, not only men and youths, old men and boys, but even women and girls, arming themselves for the sacred fight for fatherland and freedom. As if on a pilgrimage, the people proceeded to the armory in a long, solemn procession, silent and devout, a noble determination, a brave and cheerful but subdued expression observable in every face. No loud cries, not a rude word, nor boisterous laughter was heard from this crowd. Each one spoke in low and earnest tones to his neighbor; every one was conscious of the deep significance of the hour, and feared to interrupt the religious service of the country by a word spoken too loud. In silent devotion they crossed the threshold of the armory, with light and measured steps the crowd circulated through the rooms, and with solemn calmness and a silent prayer in their hearts, the people received from the hands of the veteran soldiers the weapons for the defence of their country. And the flags which hung around on the walls as shining mementoes of former victories, seemed to greet the people as patriots who were arming themselves for the holy fight against the enemy of their country, the destroyer of liberty.

For it was no longer a fight for Silesia, a strip of territory, which was to be fought, but a struggle between intellect and brute power, between civilization and barbarism, the inevitable companion of the Russian hordes. Prussia represented Germany, and on her waving banner she bore the civilization, refinement, science, and poetry of Germany. Her opponent was no longer the German brother, sprung from the same stock; it was the Austrian, who had called in the assistance of foreign barbarians, and who was fighting the Germans, the Prussians, with the help of the Russians. For that reason, the hatred against the Austrian was among the Prussian troops much more bitter and bloody than the hatred and abhorrence of the Russians, the sworn enemy of the German; and when, therefore, the Berlin citizens learned that the Austrians, too, were approaching under Count Lacy, this news was considered by these soldier-citizens as a consecration of their arms.

"Better be buried under the walls of Berlin than yield to the Austrian!" was the war-cry of the people, who flocked in constantly renewed streams to the armory for weapons, the watchword of the brave militia who hastened to all the gates to defend them against the enemy.

But all the streets did not offer so lively or proud an appearance. Whilst the citizens and the warriors scarcely recovered from their wounds, whilst the people were arming themselves to defend wife and child, and the sacred liberty of fatherland; whilst these brave troops were hurrying toward the Dresden and Kottbuss Gates to meet the Russians, others were seen hastening down the Linden and Frederick Streets. But these crowds were unarmed, though not empty-handed; their faces were pale, and their eyes were gloomy and dull. These

were the faint-hearted and irresolute, who, in fear and trembling, were turning their backs on a town in which was to be fought the fight for the noblest possessions of mankind. This was the crowd of boasting, versatile flatterers and parasites, who worshipped no other God but fortune, and possessed no other faith than that of property and personal safety. Berlin might be reduced to ashes, barbarism and slavery might conquer, a foreign ruler might erect his throne in the midst of the down-fallen city, what did they care, provided their own lives and money were safe?

At this time they were hurrying along, pale with fright, death and terror in their distracted countenances. Women of the highest nobility, whose silken-shod feet had never before trod the rough pavement, fled with hasty steps down the street; shoulders which had never borne the least burden of life or sorrow, were now laden with treasures, and gold was the parent whom these modern Æneases sought to save from the ruins of the threatened town. All ranks and conditions were confounded; no longer servant and master, fear had made brothers of them all. Countesses were seen smiling on their valets, in order to obtain the assistance of their arm to a more rapid flight; high-born gentlemen were seen laden down, like the meanest of their servants, with gold and silver ware, which they were seeking to save from the beleaguered city.

What did these people care whether Berlin fell, and was taken or not? What did they care if the throne of the house of Hohenzollern was overthrown? They had but one thought, one object—safety in flight. So they hurried down the street, moaning and wailing, breathless and trembling in every limb, toward the town gates. They reached the goal; they stood before the gates be-

yond which were escape and safety. But these gates were closed, and the soldiers who guarded them declared that none should pass them, that the men must stay to defend the town, the women to nurse the wounded and dying. All begging and pleading were in vain; in vain did the Jew Ephraim, who had become a millionaire by the farming of the mint, offer the sentinel thousands to open the gates; in vain did the gentlemen, once so proud, entreat; in vain did the beautiful countesses wring their white hands before the poor despised workman who now stood as sentinel at the gates. In this moment this poor man was richer than the Hebrew mint-farmer Ephraim, for he was rich in courage; mightier than the proudest countess, for to his hands were intrusted the keys of a town; and the town gates were not opened to these bands of cowards. They were condemned to remain, condemned to the torture of trembling fear, cowardly, inactive supplication.

Howling and whining, they fled back again into the town, in order at least to bury their treasures, and hold themselves in readiness to meet the victor, whoever he might be, with flags of peace and hymns of welcome.

But before they had reached their houses, bombs had commenced to fly into the town, and here and there mortar-shells were heard whizzing through the air; with the cries of the flying and the wounded, and the screams of the dying, was now heard the moaning toll of the alarm-bell, telling that to the terrors of the siege were added those of the elements. Like gigantic torches of a funeral procession shone the flames of the burning houses, and covered the heavens with crimson as deep as the blood of those wounded unto death. At last night set in, but brought no rest for the sick, no refreshment for the weary. The fire-balls and bomb-shells still

flew into the town, the alarm-bells still continued their mournful toll, the burning houses still flamed up to the sky; but yet the courage of the besieged did not sink. They still held their ground intrepidly, and they still bade an heroic defiance to the attacks of the enemy. In vain did the Russians attempt to storm the gates, the brave defenders drove them back again and again. Suddenly the cannon ceased firing, and the enemy drew back.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the combatants at the gates.

"The meaning is," said Gotzkowsky, who had just arrived from another part of the town with a squad of his workmen—"the meaning is that help is approaching. It means that God is on our side, and succors our noble and righteous cause. The Prince of Wurtemberg has just arrived from Pasewalk with his division, and General Huelsen is hastening hither as rapidly as possible from Koswig."

The brave warriors received this news with a loud hurrah, and embraced each other with tears in their eyes and thanksgiving in their hearts.

"We are saved!" cried they to each other; "Berlin will not be surrendered, Berlin will be victorious, for help has arrived." And then they sank down on the pavement, to rest for an hour on this hard bed, after the fatigue of the fierce combat.

But Gotzkowsky could not rest. For him there was no leisure, no sleep; neither was there any fear or danger for him. As he had left his house, his daughter, and his riches unguarded, with the same unconcern did he move among the rain of balls and the bursting of shells. He did not think of death nor of danger! He only thought of his country, and one great, lofty idea—

the idea of liberty—burned in his heart and animated his whole being. The Council, knowing his influence over the citizens, had, therefore, as soon as the Prince of Wurtemberg had arrived with his regiment in Berlin, communicated this intelligence to the brave patriot, and commissioned him to acquaint his men with the fact. With glistening eye and beaming countenance did he announce this significant intelligence to his brave warriors, reviving their courage, and redoubling their strength as they drove the enemy back from the gates and silenced his cannon.

But yet in his soul Gotzkowsky was sad and full of care. He had seen the regiments of the Prince of Wurtemberg as they marched in, and he had read in the dull countenances of the soldiers, staggering and sinking from fatigue, that they were not able, nor even in a condition, to hold a sword. But yet his heart did not fail him. The elasticity of his courage seemed only to increase with the danger. Perhaps a short rest, strengthening food; refreshing wine, might restore to these men their lost strength.

And now for the first time since the attack of the enemy did Gotzkowsky turn toward his home; but not to visit his daughter, not to inquire after his property, but to open his wine-cellars, and to let his cashier fill his pockets with gold.

He then returned rapidly down the street directly to the town-hall, where the Council were in session, and had invited the most venerable citizens to consult with them.

Appearing before this august body, Gotzkowsky painted, with glowing eloquence and impressive words, the destitute condition of the regiments which had entered the town. He demanded for them nourishment

and support; he entreated the Council to give these weary troops shelter and rest.

“First let them eat and sleep,” said he, “and then they will fight for us and conquer. We cannot expect courage from a tired and starved man.”

From the Council he hastened to the rich merchants and factory lords. The rich man went begging for his hungry brethren, and his pride did not feel itself lowered by the petition. No one could resist his impetuous eagerness; every one was carried away by his unselfish and impulsive magnanimity. For the moment, even earthly treasures lost their value, for more valuable possessions were at stake, namely, liberty and honor. Every one gave cheerfully and most liberally.

And now it was a glorious sight to see how, in a few hours, the whole city changed its appearance. As the night before had been full of horrors and dread events, the next morning and day were like a festival, the preparation to a great and solemn feast. Forty of the largest and fattest oxen were slaughtered, to afford a strengthening meal to those so much in need of nourishment. About mid-day, a strange procession moved down the König's Street and across the Palace Square. And what was the meaning of it? It was not a funeral, for there were no mourning-wreaths and no hearse; it was not a bridal procession, for the bridal paraphernalia and joyous music were wanting. Nor did it wend its way toward the church nor the churchyard, but toward the new and handsome opera-house, recently erected by the king, whose gates were opened wide to receive it. It looked like a feast of Bacchus at one time, from the enormous tuns driven along; at another time like a festival of Ceres, as in solemn ranks came the bakers bringing thousands of loaves in large wagons. Then followed the

white-capped cooks, bringing the smoking beef in large caldrons. The rear was finally brought up by the butlers, with large baskets of wine.

And the beautiful and resplendent temple of art was thrown open to the reception of all these things, although they only served for material nourishment, and in the magnificent hall in which formerly Frederick the Great, with his generals and chosen friends, listened to the magic strains of Gluck, there sounded now a wild confusion of discordant cries. The butlers stood by the wine-casks, filling the bottles which were carried out by the nimble and active *vivandières*, and on the same stage on which once Galiari and Barbarini, Ostroa and Sambeni enchanted the public with their marvellous singing, were seen now large caldrons of beef; and, instead of the singers, the performance was conducted by cooks, who drew the meat out of the pots, and arranged it neatly on enormous dishes. Gotzkowsky had attained his object, and Berlin fed this day the exhausted and hungry troops of the Prince of Wurtemberg. The merchant of Berlin had given his choicest and best wines to the banquet of patriotism.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### RUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS.

AFTER so many horrors and so many hours of anxiety, at last, on the evening of the second day of the siege, a momentary suspension of hostilities occurred. Berlin rested after the excitement and turmoil, and even the besiegers seemed to be reposing. Shells and fire-balls

no longer hissed through the groaning air, and the thunder of the cannon had died away. Peace—the peace arising from disabling exhaustion on the part of the combatants, reigned for a short while, and the belligerents rested for a few hours to invigorate themselves for a renewal of the fight. The streets of Berlin, lit by the dull lamplight, were forsaken and empty, and only occasionally from the dark houses was heard wailing and moaning, either the death-struggle of a wounded man or the lamentations of his mourning friends. This death-like silence prevailed for several hours, when it was broken by a peculiar noise, sounding like the dull, muffled beat of drums, followed by the measured tread of marching troops. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and by the dim light of the street lamps one could distinctly recognize a column of men marching in close order from the opera-house down the Linden Street.

It consisted of more than six thousand men, moving down the "Linden" in deep silence, unbroken even by a word of command. To see this dark and silent column passing along the gloomy and deserted street, was calculated to produce a feeling of awe in the spectator. Any one inclined to be superstitious might have imagined this warlike force, marching through the streets at the hour of midnight, noiseless and silent as the grave, to be, not living soldiers, but the large and daily increasing cohort of spirits of those fallen in battle, taking its way through the dying town, as birds of prey fly with prophetic wing in circles round the fields of death.

And now the head of the column reaches the Brandenburg Gate. The sentinel stands to arms and challenges. The leader steps up to the officer of the guard