

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.

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

and whispers a few words in his ear. This officer bows deeply and respectfully, and gives his sentinel a short order in an under-tone. He then steps back to his command and presents arms. The leaves of the gate then turned creaking on their hinges, and in solemn silence the column marched out. This long, dark procession lasted nearly an hour; the gate then closed, and the same quiet resumed its sway in the streets.

Berlin was dreaming or sleeping, praying or weeping, but knew not that in this hour fresh misfortune had fallen upon it; knew not that the Prince of Wurtemberg had just left the town, and retired upon Spandau with his regiments, feeling himself too weak to resist an enemy three times his number. And furthermore, it was not aware that the Austrian Count Lacy, who had already occupied Potsdam and Charlottenburg, with his division of ten thousand men, would in a few hours be at the gates of Berlin.

In serious consultation, in anxious and wavering expectation, the city fathers were assembled in the town-hall, which they had not quitted for two days. But, at this moment, a pause seemed to have occurred in their deliberations, for both the chief burgomaster, Von Kircheisen, and the aldermen were leaning back in their high, carved chairs, in sleepy repose, contemplating the wax-lights in their silver candelabras, which shed a dim and uncertain light into the more distant parts of the hall. One or the other occasionally threw an inquiring glance toward the door, and leaned forward as if to listen. After a while, steps were heard in the antechamber, and the countenances of the honorable members of the Council lighted up.

"At last he comes," said the chief burgomaster, raising himself with an effort in his chair, and arranging

the chain on his breast, which had got a little out of order.

The door now opened, and the merchant Gotzkowsky entered.

He approached the assembly with a firm and hurried step. The light of the candles shone upon his countenance, and in his pale, worn features you could read the traces of the hardships, the efforts and dangers he had undergone during the last two unfortunate days; only his eye still shone with its mild and yet fiery glance, and in his breast there beat still a brave and cheerful heart.

"Ye have called me, honorable gentlemen, and, as ye see, I have not delayed in answering your call."

"Yes, we have summoned you," answered the chief burgomaster. "The Council desire your advice."

A slight, mocking smile played about Gotzkowsky's lips. "It is not the first time," he said, "that the Council have done me this honor."

Herr von Kircheisen plucked uneasily at his golden chain, and frowned. Gotzkowsky's answer had wounded his pride. "Yes, you gave us your advice yesterday, and it was only by your urgent appeal that we were induced to feed and lodge the Prince of Wurtemberg's troops. We might have spared ourselves the trouble, and our forty oxen remained unslaughtered."

"The Prince of Wurtemberg has left us, I know," said Gotzkowsky, sorrowfully, "and we are thrown again on our own resources. Oh, I could weep over it! Two days and nights have the citizens of Berlin fought with the courage of a lioness defending her young, and all in vain. So much noble blood shed in vain!"

"We must surrender, then?" said Kircheisen, turning pale.

"Unless the honorable Council can sow dragons'

teeth and reap armed men, unless we can mould cannon and create gunners to serve them, we must, indeed, surrender!" said Gotzkowsky, in a sad tone. "Yes, if we had a dozen cannon like the two at the Kottbus Gate served by the brave artillerist, Fritz, there might be some hope for us. Those were beautiful shots. Like the sickle of death did they mow down the ranks of the enemy, and whole rows fell at once. Fritz is a hero, and has built himself a monument with the dead bodies of the Russians—and all this for nothing!"

"For nothing! do you say?" sighed the chief burgomaster. "On the contrary, I rather think it will cost us a mint of money. The Austrians have sent Prince Lowenstein in with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the town. The Russians have also sent in a flag of truce with the same demand. Now comes the important question, To which of these two powers shall we surrender? Which will give us the best bargain?" and as the burgomaster stammered out this question, he seized a large goblet of wine which stood before him and emptied it at a draught. He then ordered the servant, who stood at the door, to replenish it with Johannisberger.

The aldermen and senators looked significantly at each other, and the second burgomaster ventured timidly to suggest that the heavy wine might possibly be injurious to the health of his honor the chief burgomaster.

"Wine makes a man brave," he drawled out, "and as long as the city fathers have good wine in their cellars, the citizens of Berlin may sleep in peace, for so long will the Council have the courage to brave the enemy! Let me have wine, then, and be brave!" and again he emptied the replenished goblet. He then stared com-

placently at the ceiling, and seemed lost in contemplation of the laurel-wreath painted above.

The second burgomaster then rose gently from his seat, and taking Gotzkowsky's arm, led him with the two principal councillors to one of the more remote window-seats. With a slight motion of the hand and a compassionate shrug of the shoulders, he pointed across to Herr von Kircheisen.

"Our poor oppressed chief wishes to acquire valor," said he, "and to stimulate himself into a delirium of firmness; but I am afraid that the *delirium tremens* of fear is the only kind that he will experience. The poor man is very much to be pitied. It is just at such a time, when presence of mind is most requisite, that the good burgomaster regularly loses his head, and his brain rushes off with him like a mad horse to death and destruction."

"And such a man is the chief magistrate of the town of Berlin," said Gotzkowsky, mournfully.

"The citizens chose him, and the king confirmed their choice," said the burgomaster; "so we ought to be satisfied. But now let us come to the subject which induced us to disturb your slumbers, my friend. We need your counsel. The Russians and Austrians both summon us to surrender, and the Council of Berlin wish your advice, Gotzkowsky, as to which of these two enemies they shall yield."

"That is, by Heavens! a choice that the devil himself must envy us," cried Gotzkowsky, with a sad smile. "To which party shall we surrender? To the Austrian, who wears the imperial German crown, and yet is the enemy of Germany! or to the Russian, the northern barbarian, whose delight it is to trample every human right in the dust! Let me consider a little while, for it is a sad

and painful choice." And Gotzkowsky strode up and down, absorbed in the deepest reflection. Then turning to the gentlemen, after a long pause, he asked, "To whom shall we yield? If my brother were among my enemies, I would fear him above all others; for a brother's hatred is most unnatural, and, for that very reason, the most violent. The Austrian is the German brother of the Prussian, and yet they are striving for the right of the first-born, instead of confederating for the general good in unity, in equal authority, equal power, and equal determination. On the contrary, Austria allies herself to Russia, the sworn enemy of Germany, and with the assistance of this enemy fights against her German brothers. Therefore, my opinion is that, if we really must surrender, and if the Prussian really must yield, let it not be to Austria. Subjection to an equal is doubly humiliating. It is less painful to suffer death at the hand of a barbarian than to be butchered by a brother. I would, then, in this instance, give the preference to Russia."

"That is also my opinion," said the burgomaster, and the councillors agreed with him. They returned to the table, at which the chief burgomaster still sat, gazing stupidly at the wine-cup.

"Gotzkowsky is of our opinion," said the second burgomaster, turning toward him; it would be best to yield to the Russian."

"The Russian is a capital fellow!" stammered the chief burgomaster. "The Russian has a great deal of money, and spends it freely. I esteem the Russian astonishingly; and my decided opinion is, that we surrender to the Russian."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAIDEN'S HEART.

ELISE had passed the last two days and nights in her room; nevertheless she had felt no fear; the thunder of the cannon and the wail of the wounded had inspired her with mournful resignation rather than with fear. As, at one time, she stood at the window, a shell burst near the house, and shattered the window-panes of the ground floor.

"Oh, if this ball had only struck me," cried she, while her cheeks burned, "then all this suffering would have been at an end, this doubt would have been cleared up: and if my father ever again gave himself the trouble to visit his house, and ask after his daughter, my death would be the proper rebuke to his question." Her father's long absence and apparent indifference tormented her and converted her grief into anger.

During these days of danger and mortal peril he had never once entered his house to visit his daughter. With the unmitigated egotism of her sex, she could not comprehend the greatness, the noble self-denial, the manly firmness which dictated his conduct; she could see in it nothing but indifference and cold-heartedness.

"The most insignificant and unpolished workman is dearer to him than his own child," said she, proudly, drying her tears. "He is now, perhaps, watching in the cabins of his laborers, and does not care if his own house is burned to the ground; but even if he were told that it was so, if he heard that his daughter had perished in the flames, he would calmly say, 'My country demands this sacrifice of me, and I submit.' No tear would dim

his eye; his country would not leave him time to mourn for his daughter. Oh, this country! what is it? My country is where I am happy, and where I am beloved!" She sighed deeply, and her thoughts wandered to her lover, her Feodor, the enemy of her country, in whose heart she thought she would find her real country, her true home.

The spoiled child of fortune, always accustomed to see every wish fulfilled, Elise had not learned the power of self-control, nor to bend her will to any higher power. Fortune seemed anxious to spare yet awhile this warm, loving heart, and to allow her a little longer the freedom of happy ignorance, before it initiated her into the painful and tearful mysteries of actual life. Besides this, Elise had inherited from her father a strong will and dauntless courage, and behind her bright, dreamy eyes dwelt a proud and spirited soul. Like her father, her whole soul yearned for freedom and independence; but the difference between them was, that while she only understood freedom as applying to herself personally, Gotzkowsky's more capacious mind comprehended it in its larger and more general sense. She wished for freedom only for herself; he desired it for his country, and he would willingly have allowed his own person to be cast into bonds and fetters, if he could thereby have secured the liberties of the people. Out of this similarity, as well as from this difference of character, arose all the discord which occasionally threatened to disturb the harmony of these two hearts.

Gotzkowsky could not understand the heart of the young maiden, nor Elise that of the noble patriot. To these two strong and independent natures there had been wanting the gentle, soothing influence of a mother's love, acting conciliatingly on both. Elise's mother had

died while she was young, and the child was left to the care of strangers. Her father could seldom find time to be with his daughter; but, though seldom personally present, yet his whole soul was faithfully, unalterably devoted to her. Elise did not suspect this, and in consequence of seldom seeing or meeting him, and the want of mutual intercourse, the heart of his daughter became estranged from him, and in the soul of this young girl, just budding into life, brought up without companions, in the midst of wealth and plenty, arose at first the doubt, and later the conviction, of the indifference of her father toward his only child. But proud as she was, and full of a feeling of independence, she never met him with a reproach or complaint, but withdrew into herself, and as she believed herself repelled, strove also, on her part, to emancipate herself.

"Love cannot be forced, nor can it be had for the asking," said she, as, yielding sometimes to a natural childish feeling, she felt an irresistible longing to go to her father, whom she had not seen the livelong day; to hunt him up in the midst of his work, to lay herself gently on his breast, and say to him: "Love me, father, for without love we are both so lonely!" Once she had yielded to the impulse of her heart, and had gone down to his work-room, to take refuge with all her love and all her desire in her father's heart. It was on the very day that Gotzkowsky had returned from a most important journey. He had been absent for weeks from his daughter, and yet his first visit had not been to her, but to the work-room, which he had not left since his arrival. But Elise did not know that he had travelled with relays of horses, and that, in spite of the intensely bitter weather, he had driven day and night, allowing himself no rest nor refreshment, in order to reach home as rapidly as

possible, solely from desire to see his daughter, whose fair and lovely countenance was the star which lighted his dreary, lonesome hours of toil, and inspired him with courage and cheerfulness. Nor could she know that he had only undertaken this journey because, by the failure of one of the largest mercantile firms in the Netherlands, his own house had been put in danger, and he had been threatened with the loss of his hard-earned wealth.

With palpitating heart, and tears of love in her eyes, she entered his room. Her whole bearing was sublime, full of tenderness and warmth, full of the humble love of a child. But Gotzkowsky scarcely raised his eyes from his books and papers, did not advance to meet her, did not leave the circle of his officials and servants, did not even break off the conversation he was engaged in with the directors of his silk-factory. And yet Elise drew nearer to him, her heart yearned so to bid him welcome. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and whispered an affectionate greeting in his ear. Gotzkowsky only looked at her hastily, and replied almost impatiently, "I pray you, my child, do not disturb me; we are busy with very important matters."

It certainly was business of great importance, which monopolized Gotzkowsky's attention immediately on his return. It was a question of nearly half a million, which he would probably lose in consequence of a royal decree just issued. This decree ordained that the new *Frederick d'ors* coined by the Jewish farmer of the mint, and which were much too light, should be received at par all over the whole kingdom, and even at the treasury offices. It was, therefore, but natural that all debtors would hasten to pay their creditors in this coin which had imparted to it so sudden and unexpected a value. Gotzkowsky had received from his debtors upward of eight

hundred thousand dollars in this light coin, while his foreign creditors absolutely refused to take them, and demanded the payment of their debts in good money. Gotzkowsky, who, in consequence of his large and extensive connections abroad, had about three hundred thousand dollars in exchange against him, paid his creditors in gold of full weight, and lost by these transactions three hundred thousand dollars in one day.

Just at the moment when this heavy loss befell him, Elise appeared, to welcome him. His heart sank as he beheld her, for as he looked at her this loss appeared in its full magnitude; it seemed as if not he, but his child, had lost a portion of her wealth.

Elise knew and suspected nothing. She only felt that she had been repulsed, and she withdrew, deeply wounded and mortified, with the vow never to run the risk again of such another rebuff, such another humiliation.

Gotzkowsky lost in this hour, not only the three hundred thousand dollars, but, what he valued above all earthly treasures, the affection of his daughter, and both without any fault of his own. Elise forced herself to close her heart against her father, or at least to conquer her grief at the supposed indifference, or quiet, lukewarm inclination. And yet this ardent heart longed for love, as the plant longs for the sunshine which is to penetrate it, and ripen it into wonderful bloom. Had the friend and companion of her youth, Bertram, been near her, she would have confided all her sorrows to him, and found consolation on his breast. But he had been absent for about a year on his long journey; and Elise's heart, which had always clung to him with a sisterly affection, became more and more alienated from the friend of her youth.

But fate or perhaps her evil destiny ordained that, about this time, she should make the acquaintance of a young man who quickly won the love of her vacant heart, and filled its void.

This young man was Colonel Feodor von Brenda, whom the fortune of war had thrown into Berlin.

Elise loved him. With joy and delight, with the unbounded confidence of innocence, she gave her whole heart up to this new sensation.

And, indeed, this young colonel was a very brilliant and imposing personage. He was one of those Russian aristocrats who, on the Continent, in their intercourse with the noblest and most exclusive society of Germany and France, acquire that external adroitness and social refinement, that brilliant graceful polish, which so well conceals the innate barbarism and cunning of the natural character of the Russian.

He was a bright companion, sufficiently conversant with arts and sciences to talk on every subject, without committing himself. He knew how to converse on all topics fluently enough, without betraying the superficial character of his knowledge and his studies. Educated at the court of the Empress Elizabeth, life had appeared to him in all its voluptuousness and fulness, but at the same time had soon been stripped of all its fancies and illusions. For him there existed no ideals and no innocence, no faith, not even a doubt which in itself implies a glimmer of faith; for him there was nothing but the plain, naked, undeceivable disenchantment, and pleasure was the only thing in which he still believed.

This pleasure he pursued with all the energy of his originally noble and powerful character; and as all his divinities had been destroyed, all holy ideals had dissolved into myths and hollow phantoms, he wished to

secure one divinity, at least, to whom he could raise an altar, whom he could worship: this divinity was Pleasure.

Pleasure he sought everywhere, in all countries; and the more ardently and eagerly he sought it, the less was he able to find it. Pleasure was the first modest, coy woman who cruelly shunned him, and the more he pursued her, the more coldly did she seem to fly him.

And now he converted his whole life into an adventure, a kind of quixotic pursuit of the lost loved one, Pleasure. In the mean time, his heart was dead to all the better and nobler feelings. But, at one time, it seemed as if a higher and more serious inclination promised permanently to enchain this dreaded rival of all husbands and lovers.

Feodor von Brenda, the most *blasé*, witty, insolent cavalier at the court of his empress, became suddenly serious and silent. On his proud countenance was seen, for the first time, the light of a soft and gentle feeling, and when he approached his beautiful bride, the Countess Lodoiska von Sandomir, there beamed from his dark eyes a glow holier and purer than the fire of sensuality. Could he have fled with her into some desert, could he have withdrawn into the stillness of his mountain castle, he would have been saved; but life held him with its thousand minute, invisible threads, and the experiences of his past years appeared to mock him for his credulity and confidence.

Besides this woman, whom he adored as an angel, arose the demon of skepticism and mistrust, and regarded him with mocking smiles and looks of contempt; but still Feodor von Brenda was a name of honor, a cavalier to whom his pledged word was sacred, and who was ready to pay the debt of honor which he had incurred

toward his betrothed; and this love for the Countess Lodoiska, although cankered by doubt and gnawed by the experiences of his own life, still had sufficient power over him to cause the future to appear not gloomy but full of promise, and to allow him to hope, if not for happiness, at least for rest and enjoyment.

The war-cry roused him from these dreams and doubts of love. Elizabeth had united with Maria Theresa against Frederick of Prussia, and the Empress of Russia was about to send an army to the support of her ally. Feodor awoke from the sweet rest into which his heart had sunk, and, like Rinaldo, had torn asunder the rosy chains by which his Armida had sought to fetter him. He followed the Russian colors, and accompanied General Sievers as his adjutant to Germany.

As to him all life was only an adventure, he wished also to enjoy the exciting pastime of war. This, at least, was something new, a species of pleasure and amusement he had not yet tried, and therefore the young colonel gave himself up to it with his whole soul, and an ardent desire to achieve deeds of valor.

But it was his fate to be carried early from the theatre of war as a prisoner, and in this character he arrived with General Sievers at Berlin. But his durance was light, his prison the large and pleasant city of Berlin, in which he could wander about perfectly free with the sole restriction of not going beyond the gates.

General Sievers became accidentally acquainted with Gotzkowsky, and this acquaintance soon ripened into a more intimate friendship. He passed the greater part of his days in Gotzkowsky's house. As a lover of art, he could remain for hours contemplating the splendid pictures which Gotzkowsky had bought for the king in Italy, and which had not yet been delivered at Sans

Souci; or, by the side of the manufacturer he traversed the large halls of the factory in which an entirely new life, a world of which he had no idea, was laid open to him. And then again Gotzkowsky would impart to him the wide and gigantic plans which occupied his mind; and this disclosed to him a view into a new era which arose beyond the present time, an era when industry would command and raise the now despised workman into the important and respected citizen.

While Gotzkowsky and his friend the general were discussing these extensive plans, and speculating about the future of industry, the young people, Elise and the adjutant, were dreaming about the future of their love.

The colonel had only commenced this love-affair with the daughter of the rich manufacturer as a new adventure. It was so piquant to go through all the stages of a romantic, dreamy German love, with a pure, innocent German girl, and to let himself be led by her through the sacred mazes of innocent romance, holy transports, and chaste affection—it was so pleasant a diversion of his captivity, why should he not enjoy it?

This attachment to Elise was for him at first only a temporary amusement, and he toyed with his vows and wooing, until, imperceptibly, he found his heart entangled in his own net. The ardent yet innocent love of the young girl touched his feelings. It was something new to be the object of so chaste and devoted an affection. He was ashamed of himself in his inmost soul to perceive with what childish trust, what sacred security and humble resignation this young, rich, and beautiful maiden gave herself up to him.

For the first time, he experienced an ardent desire to be worthy of so noble an affection, and to resemble, at least in some slight degree, the ideal picture which Elise

had formed of him—to be something of the hero, the knight, the noble being whom Elise worshipped in him.

At the same time it was so surprising and strange to meet a girl, who, all submission and devoted love, yet remained firm and immovable in her purity and chastity, so bright and proud that even he felt respect for this innocence which surrounded the beloved one like a halo, and his lips refused to utter words at which her pure soul might tremble.

With his fiery and mercurial temperament, he had, with a kind of passionate curiosity, adopted the *rôle* of a Platonic lover, and the libertine in his character had been subdued by the love of the eccentric. He had converted this love into a kind of adoration. He placed Elise upon the altar, and worshipped her as a saint to whom he had turned from the turmoil and wild lust of life, and in the contemplation and worship of whom he could obtain forgiveness of all his sins and errors. It affected him to think that Elise was praying for him while he, perhaps, forgot her in the whirlpool of pleasure; that she believed in him so devotedly and truly, that she looked up to him so lovingly and humbly—to him who was so far her inferior. And in the midst of his wild life of pleasure he felt the need of some saint to intercede for forgiveness for him. All these new and unaccustomed feelings only enchained him the more closely, and made him consider the possession of her as the most desirable and only worthy object of his life.

She must be his; he was determined to wear this brilliant diamond, the only one he had ever found genuine and without flaw, as his most costly possession; to become, in spite of all difficulties and impossibilities, unmindful of his betrothed bride and his solemn vows,

the husband of this beautiful German maiden, who had given herself to him heart and soul.

In proportion to the difficulties that opposed such a union, increased his fierce determination to overcome them. He was betrothed, and the Empress Elizabeth herself had blessed the betrothal. He could not, therefore, retract his vows without exciting the anger of his mistress, and history had more than one example to show how violent and annihilating this anger could be. In like wise, Elise dared not hope ever to obtain the consent of her father to her union with a man who was the enemy of her country. She was obliged to conceal this love with anxious care from his eyes, if she did not wish to expose herself to the danger of being separated from her lover forever. She knew that her father, in every thing else uniformly kind and yielding toward her, was on this one subject implacable, and that no tears, no pleading, were capable of moving the firm and energetic will of the ardent patriot.

Both were obliged, therefore, to preserve their love a secret, and in this concealment lay for Feodor a new charm which bound him to her, while it estranged Elise's heart still more from her father, and chained it in unbounded devotion to her lover.

In the mean while the time arrived for Feodor to leave Berlin with General Sievers. He swore eternal love and fidelity to Elise, and she vowed to him cheerfully never to become the wife of another, but in patience and trust to await his return, and to hope for the end of the war and the coming of peace, which would solve all difficulties, and remove the opposition of her father.

That besides her father there could be any obstacle, she did not suspect; Feodor had so often sworn that she

was his first and only love, and she, young and inexperienced as she was, believed him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

ELISE'S father had not yet returned. She was still alone, but in her soul there was neither fear nor trembling, but only a defiant grief at this apparent indifference to the danger which had threatened her, in common with the rest of Berlin, for the last two days.

She had shut herself up in her room, not that she anticipated any danger, but because she wished to be alone, because she wished to avoid Bertram, the faithful friend, who had watched over her during this time with the most attentive devotion. Truthfully had he remained in the house, deserted by her father, as a careful watchman; had never left its door; but, armed with dagger and pistol, he had stationed himself as a sentinel in the antechamber, ready to hasten at the slightest call of Elise, to defend her with his life against any attack or any danger, and Elise felt herself bound to him in gratitude, and yet this duty of gratitude was a burden to her. It was distressing and painful to her to see Bertram's quiet and mournful countenance, to read in his dimmed eyes the presence of a grief so courageously subdued. But yet she had endeavored to overcome this feeling, and she had often come to him lately to chat with him about past times and to reward him with her society for his protection and faithful presence. And yet Bertram's tender conscience was well aware of

the constraint Elise had put herself under, and the harmless and cheerful chat was to him all the more painful, as it reminded him of past times and blasted hopes.

He had, therefore, with a melancholy smile of resignation, requested Elise not to come any more into the hall, as it would be better, by the anticipated occupation of the enemy, to remain in her room, in the upper story of the house, and to lock the door in order to secure her from any possible surprise.

Elise had completely understood the delicacy and nobleness of this request, and since then had remained quiet and undisturbed in her room.

Thus the second night had commenced. She passed it like the one preceding, wandering up and down, not needing sleep, but kept awake by her thoughts and cares. In the middle of the night she was interrupted in her anxious reveries by Bertram, who came to her door, and in a low and timid voice requested permission to enter.

Elise knew very well that she could trust Bertram like a brother, as an unselfish, disinterested friend. Therefore, fearlessly she opened the door, and bade him come in. Bertram entered timidly and confused, almost overpowered by happiness, for this room into which he came was Elise's bedroom, the sanctuary of maidenhood and beauty, and he felt disposed to kneel down and pray, so evidently did this room seem to him a temple of innocence.

It appeared to him as if his unholy foot was not worthy to tread this ground, nor to approach the bed which, with its white curtains, seemed to wave before his dazzled eyes like a white swan.

In soft and gentle words he brought to Elise greeting from her father. He related to her how Gotzkowsky had visited his house, not to take rest, but to see Elise;