

I exercised hospitality, and whom I made free of my house, and who now shows his gratitude by stealing the heart of my daughter, like a pitiful thief. Oh, do not attempt to deny this. I know it, Elise; and if I have hitherto avoided speaking to you about this matter, it was because I had confidence in your sound sense, and in the purity of heart of a German girl to sustain you in resisting a feeling which would lead you astray from the path of duty and honor. I do not say that you loved him, but that he wished to seduce you into loving him clandestinely, behind your father's back. That is his gratitude for my hospitality."

Speaking thus, Gotzkowsky pressed his daughter's hand more firmly in his own, and continued approaching more closely to the door. "Only think," continued he, "the mad thought crossed my mind—'How if this man should be rash and foolhardy enough to have gone to my daughter?' But I forgot to tell you his name. Feodor von Brenda was the name of the treacherous guest, and Feodor von Brenda was also the name of the officer who left the commissioner, perhaps in search of some love adventure. But why do you tremble?" asked he in a loud tone, as her hand quivered in his.

"I do not tremble, father," replied she, striving for composure.

Gotzkowsky raised his voice still higher till it sounded again. "Forgive me this suspicion, my daughter. I should have known that, even if this insolent Russian dared to renew a former acquaintance, my daughter would never be so mean, never stoop so low as to welcome him, for a German girl would never throw away her honor on a Russian boor."

"Father," cried Elise, terrified and forgetting all her prudence, "oh, father! do not speak so loud."

"Not so loud? Why, then, some one can hear us?" asked Gotzkowsky, pressing the arm of his daughter. "I will speak loud, I will declare it aloud. He is a scoundrel who conceals himself in a dastardly and dishonorable manner, instead of defending himself! a coward who would put the honor of a maiden in the scale against his own miserable life. No German would do that. Only a Russian would be base enough to hide himself, instead of defending his life like a man!"

At this moment the door of the bedroom was violently torn open, and the Russian colonel appeared on the threshold, his cheeks burning and his eyes flashing with anger.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE TWO CANNONEERS.

ELISE uttered a cry of terror, and stared at her lover with wide-opened eyes. But Gotzkowsky's countenance was illuminated with a dark and savage joy. "Ah, at last, then!" said he, letting go the arm of his daughter, and grasping his sword.

But the colonel advanced proudly and collectedly toward him. "Here am I, sir," said he; "here am I, to defend myself and avenge an insult."

"I have driven you out of your hiding-place, as the fox draws the badger out of his kennel," cried Gotzkowsky, with derisive laughter, purposely calculated to irritate the anger of the young officer to the highest pitch.

The two men stood opposite to each other, and gazed at one another with faces full of hatred and rage.

Elise threw herself between them, and falling on her knees before her father, exclaimed, "Kill me, father; save your honor—kill me!"

But Gotzkowsky slung her pitilessly aside. "Away!" cried he, roughly. "What do you here? Make room for us! Here is a man with whom I can fight for my honor."

Feodor stepped quickly toward Elise, who was still kneeling on the floor, wringing her hands, and sobbing from intense pain. He raised her up, and whispering a few words in her ear, led her to the sofa. He then turned to Gotzkowsky, and said, "Your honor is pure and unspotted, sir! Whatever you may think of me, you must respect the virtue of your daughter. She is innocent."

"Innocent," cried Gotzkowsky derisively, "innocent! why, your very presence has polluted the innocence of my daughter."

"Father, kill me, but do not insult me!" cried she, a dark glow suffusing her cheeks.

"Pour out your anger on me," said Feodor ardently. "It is a piece of barbarism to attack a defenceless girl."

Gotzkowsky laughed out loud and scornfully: "You speak of barbarism, and you a Russian!"

An exclamation of rage escaped the colonel; he seized his sword and drawing it quickly advanced toward Gotzkowsky.

"At last!" cried Gotzkowsky, triumphantly, raising his blade. But Elise, beside herself, and heedless of the flashing steel, threw herself between them. With burning words she entreated Feodor to spare her father, and not to raise his sword against him. But Gotzkowsky's voice overpowered hers. Such wild words of contempt and insulting rage issued from his lips, that the young

officer, hurt in his military honor, did not dare to listen to the voice of his beloved. It was he now who pressed Elise back, and with raised arm placed himself opposite to her father.

"You must kill me, sir, or wash out this insult with your blood," cried he, preparing himself for the combat.

Both were then silent. It was a terrible, unearthly silence, only broken by the clash of their swords or the occasional outcries of anger or savage joy, as one or the other received or gave a blow. Elise raised her head to heaven and prayed; every thing became confused before her eyes, her head swam, and she felt as if she would go crazy. She prayed God that He would release her by madness or death from the suffering of this hour, or that He would point out to her some way of deliverance or escape. But in the violence of their dispute and combat, the two men had not heard that there arose suddenly in the house a loud tumult and uproar; they had not perceived that a guard of soldiers was drawn up in the street, and that the commanding officer with a loud voice was demanding the delivery of the cannoneer who had taken refuge in this house.

As no attention was paid to the demand, the officer had ordered his soldiers to break open the doors of the house and enter by force. But Bertram had anticipated this proceeding by having the door opened, and requesting the Austrian officer to search the house with his men, and convince himself that no one was concealed in it. With most industrious energy, and mindful of the price which had been set on the head of the cannoneer, the soldiers searched every room in the house, and had finally arrived at the closed door of the hall.

Just as the combat between the two had reached its greatest violence, it was interrupted by fierce blows at the

door from butts of muskets, and they were compelled to refrain from their embittered struggle. They stopped and listened, but Elise sprang from her knees, rushed with a cry of delight to the door and threw it open. An officer of De Lacy's chasseurs entered with some of his soldiers, while the rest of the men filled the entrance hall and passages of the house with noise and confusion.

With a commanding tone the Austrian officer demanded the delivery of the cannoneer, who, he asserted, had been seen by all to take refuge in this house, whence it was impossible that he could have escaped, as it had been immediately surrounded. And as no one answered his threats, but only a sullen silence was opposed to his violently repeated demand, he swore that he would burn down the house and let no one escape if the refugee was not given up at once.

Gotzkowsky had at first stood like one stunned, and scarcely heard what the officer demanded of him. Gradually he began to recover from his stupefaction and regain strength to turn his attention to things around him. He raised his head from his breast, and, as if awaking from a dream, he looked around with bewildered amazement. The Austrian officer repeated his demand still more haughtily and threateningly. Gotzkowsky had now recovered presence of mind and composure, and declared with a determined voice, that no one was concealed in his house.

"He is here!" cried the Austrian. "Our men have followed his track thus far, and marked this house well. Deliver him up to us, to avoid bloodshed," and, turning to his soldiers, he continued, "Search all the rooms—search carefully. The man is hidden here, and we—"

Suddenly he interrupted his order, and gazed earnest-

ly at the door through which his soldiers were pressing in.

"Had not this cannoneer, as he fled thither, a white cloak around him, and did he not wear a broad-brimmed hat?" asked he.

As the soldiers answered affirmatively, the officer stepped toward the door, and drew from under the feet of his men the cloak and hat of the cannoneer. A wild yell of joy broke from the soldiers.

"Do you still persist in denying that this man is concealed here?" asked the officer, raising the cloak.

Gotzkowsky did not answer, but gazed on the ground absorbed in deep thought.

As the soldiers thronged into the room, the young Russian colonel had withdrawn himself to a remote part of the room, and taken the most lively interest in the scene acted before him. A word from him would have brought the whole affair to an end, for, as an involuntary listener, he had heard all that had transpired concerning the cannoneer. Consequently he knew exactly the hiding-place in which the latter had been concealed. But it had never come into his mind to play the informer and traitor. He was only intensely interested in the issue of the scene, and firmly determined, if the danger should grow more urgent, to hasten with his weapon to Gotzkowsky's assistance, and to defend him against the fury of the Austrians.

Gotzkowsky still stood silent. He was trying to devise some plan by which he might save the brave defender of Berlin, whose presence, after such positive proof, he could no longer deny.

As suddenly as lightning an idea seemed to penetrate his mind, his countenance cleared, and he turned with a singular expression in his eye to Colonel von Brenda.

"Well!" asked the officer, "do you still deny it?"

"No, I cannot deny it any longer," said he, in a determined tone. "You are right, sir; the cannoneer who shattered your ranks is here in my house!"

The soldiers broke out again in a triumphant roar. But Elise looked at her father with anxious terror, and sought, trembling, to read in his countenance the meaning of these words. "Can he possibly be capable of betraying this man whom he has sworn to protect?" thought Feodor, and yielding to his curiosity he approached the group in the middle of the hall. Suddenly he felt Gotzkowsky's hand laid on his shoulder, and met his dark eye, full of hatred.

"Well," said Gotzkowsky, with a loud, defiant voice, "you are looking for the artilleryman, Fritz. Here he is!"

A scream and a burst of laughter were heard. It was Elise who uttered the scream, and the colonel who greeted this unexpected turn with a merry laugh. But Gotzkowsky did not allow himself to be confused by one or the other.

He laid his arm on Feodor's neck, and forced his countenance to assume a friendly expression. "Dear friend," said he, "you see it is vain any longer to deny it. Our stratagem has unfortunately failed."

"What stratagem?" asked the Austrian and Feodor, simultaneously.

Gotzkowsky replied in a sorrowful tone to Feodor: "Do not disguise yourself any longer, my son! you see it is useless." Then turning to the officer, he continued: "We had hoped that he might escape detection in this Russian uniform, left here by the adjutant of General Sievers, who was formerly a prisoner of war in my house, but unfortunately the hat and cloak have betrayed him."

Feodor von Brenda looked at Gotzkowsky with admiring wonder, and this rapidly invented *ruse de guerre* pleased him astonishingly.

It was a piquant adventure offered him by Gotzkowsky's hate and cunning, and he did not feel inclined to throw away such an original and interesting chance of excitement. He, the Russian colonel, and Count von Brenda, the favorite of the empress, degraded to a Prussian cannoneer, whose life was in danger! His wilful and foolhardy imagination was pleased with the idea of playing the part of a criminal condemned to death.

"Well," asked the Austrian officer, "do you acknowledge the truth of this statement, or do you deny being the cannoneer, Fritz?"

"Why should I deny it?" answered Feodor, shrugging his shoulders. "This gentleman, who ought to have saved me, has already betrayed me. I am the man whom you seek!"

With a scream of surprise, Elise threw herself toward her lover.

"No!" cried she, loudly, "no, he is—"

Her father's hand pressed heavily on her lips. "Another word, and you are a murderess!" whispered he.

The officer looked suspiciously at them. "You do not deny," asked he of Feodor, "that you are he who directed such a murderous fire on our lines? You do not deny that you are the artilleryman, Fritz, and that this cloak and hat belong to you?"

"I deny nothing!" replied Feodor, defiantly.

The officer called to some of his men and ordered them to shoulder arms, and take the prisoner in their midst; enjoining them to keep a sharp watch on him, and at the first attempt to escape, to shoot him down.

But when he demanded his sword of the colonel, the latter recoiled, shocked, and resisted.

He now became aware of his foolhardiness and rashness, and that he had not considered or foreseen the dangerous and perhaps dishonorable consequences. However, as he had gone so far, he considered that it would be disgraceful and cowardly to retreat now. He was also desirous of pursuing to the end this adventure which he had begun with so much boldness and daring. He drew his sword, and with considerable strength breaking it in pieces, he threw them at the feet of the Austrian officer.

That officer shrugged his shoulders. "Your insolence will only make your situation worse. Remember, you are our prisoner."

"He must and shall die!" shouted the soldiers, thronging around Feodor, angrily.

The officer ordered silence. "He must die," said he, "that is true; but we must first carry him to the general, to obtain the price offered for him."

The soldiers surrounded him and shoved him toward the door. But Elise broke through the crowd. With flashing eyes, and cheeks burning with a feverish excitement, she rushed toward Feodor. "No!" cried she, with all the ardor of love, "no, I will not leave you. You are going to your death!"

Feodor kissed her lightly on the forehead, and replied with a smile, "I fear nothing. Fortune does not forsake a brave soldier."

He then took her by the hand and led her to her father. Gazing on him with a long and speaking look, he continued: "Here, Father Gotzkowsky, I bring your daughter to you: be a better father to her than you have been a friend to me. These are my farewell words."

He leaned forward as if to give Gotzkowsky a parting embrace, and whispered to him: "I hope we are now quit! I have atoned for my fault. You will no longer wish to punish your daughter for my transgression."

He then threw the white cloak around him, and bidding Elise, who leaned half fainting against her father, a tender farewell, he stepped back into the ranks of the guard.

"Attention! shoulder arms!" commanded the officer; and the Austrians left the hall with closed ranks, the prisoner in their midst.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### FATHER GOTZKOWSKY.

THE door had closed behind the soldiers and their prisoner. Gotzkowsky and Elise remained behind, silent and immersed in the deep sorrows of their souls. Neither spoke a word; both stood motionless and listened.

They heard the soldiers hurry down the steps; they heard the house door violently thrown open, and the officer announce in a loud voice to those of his soldiers who were waiting in the street, the lucky capture of the artilleryman.

A cry of triumph from the Austrians was the answer; then was heard the loud word of command from the officer, and the roll of the drum gradually receding in the distance until it was no longer audible. Every thing was silent.

"Have mercy, Father in heaven, have mercy! They

are leading him to death!" cried Elise in a heartrending tone, and she sank on her knees in prayer.

"The brave cannoneer is saved!" murmured Gotzkowsky in a low voice to himself, and he too folded his hands in prayer. Was it a prayer of gratitude, or did it proceed from the despairing heart of a father?

His countenance had a bright and elevated expression; but as he turned his eyes down on his daughter, still on her knees, they darkened, and his features twitched convulsively and painfully. His anger had evaporated, and his heart was filled with boundless pity and love. He felt nothing but painful, sorrowful compassion for this young girl who lay deathly pale and trembling with suffering on the floor. His daughter was weeping, and his heart yearned toward her to forgive her every thing, to raise her up and comfort her.

Suddenly Elise started up from her knees and strode toward her father. There was something solemn and imposing in her proud bearing, her extraordinary composure, which only imperfectly veiled her raging grief and passionate excitement.

"Father," said she solemnly, and her voice sounded hoarse and cold, "may God forgive you for what you have done! At this moment, when perhaps he is suffering death, I repeat it, I am innocent."

This proud composure fell freezingly on Gotzkowsky's heart, and drove back all the milder forgiving impulses. He remembered only the shame and the injured honor of his daughter.

"You assert your innocence, and yet you had a man concealed in the night in your bedchamber!"

"And yet I am innocent, father!" cried Elise vehemently. "Read it on my forehead, see it in my

eyes, which do not fear to meet yours. I am innocent!"

And completely overpowered by the bitter and desperate anguish of her soul, she continued, still more excited, "But how does all this concern you? It was not my honor that you were interested in; you did not seek to avenge that. You only wished to punish me for daring to assert my freedom and independence, for daring to love without having asked your leave. The rich man to whom all bend, whom all worship as the priest of the powerful idol which rules the world, the rich man sees with dismay that there is one being not dazzled by his treasures who owns an independent life, a will of her own, and a heart that he cannot command. And because this being does not of her own accord bow down before him he treads it in the dust, whether it be his own child or not."

"Elise," cried Gotzkowsky, shocked, "Elise, are you mad? Do you know that you are speaking to your father?"

But her tortured heart did not notice this appeal; and only remembering that perhaps at this moment her lover was suffering death through her father's fault, she allowed herself to be carried away by the overpowering force of her grief. She met the flashing eye of her father with a smile of contempt, and said, coldly: "Oh yes, you may look at me. I do not fear your angry glances. I am free; you yourself have absolved me from any fear of you. You took from me my lover, and at the same time deprived yourself of your child."

"O God!" cried Gotzkowsky in an undertone, "have I deserved this, Father in heaven?" and he regarded his daughter with a touching expression.

But she was inexorable; sorrow had unseated her

judgment, and "Oh!" cried she in a tone of triumph, "now I will confess every thing to you, how I have suffered and what I have undergone."

"Elise!" cried he painfully, "have I not given you every thing your heart could desire?"

"Yes!" cried she, with a cruel laugh, "you fulfilled all my wishes, and thereby made me poor in wishes, poor in enjoyment. You deprived me of the power of wishing, for every thing was mine even before I could desire it. It was only necessary for me to stretch out my hand, and it belonged to me. Cheerless and solitary I stood amidst your wealth, and all that I touched was turned into hard gold. The rich man's daughter envied the beggar woman in the street, for she still had wishes, hopes, and privations."

Gotzkowsky listened to her, without interrupting her by a word or even a sigh. Only now and then he raised his hand to his forehead, or cast a wandering, doubtful look at his daughter, as if to convince himself that all that was passing was not a mad, bewildering dream, but painful, cruel reality.

But when Elise, breathless and trembling with excitement, stopped for a moment, and he no longer heard her cutting accents of reproach, he pressed both hands upon his breast, as if to suppress a wail over the annihilation of his whole life. "O God!" muttered he in a low voice, "this is unparalleled agony! This cuts into a father's heart!"

After a pause, Elise continued: "I too was a beggar, and I hungered for the bread of your love."

"Elise, oh, my child, do you not know then that I love you infinitely?"

But she did not perceive the loving, almost imploring looks which her father cast upon her. She could see

and think only of herself and her own tormented heart.

"Yes," said she, "you love me as one loves a jewel, and has it set in gold in order to make it more brilliant. You loved me as a costly ornament of your rooms, as something which gave you an opportunity of exercising the splendor of your liberality, and to be produced as an evidence of your renowned wealth. But you did not love me as a father; you did not perceive that I wept in secret, or if you did see it, you consoled me with diamonds, with rich dresses, to make me smile. But you did not give me your father's heart. At last the rich man's child discovers a happiness not to be bought with gold or treasures, a happiness that the millions of her father could not purchase for her. This happiness is—love. The only possession that I have owned, father, contrary to your will, you have deprived me of, because it was mine against your will. Now, poor rich man, take all your gold, and seek and buy yourself a child with it. Me you have lost!" and staggering back with a sob, she sank fainting on the carpet.

A dread silence now reigned in the room. Gotzkowsky stood motionless, with his eyes directed toward heaven. The cruel, mocking words of his daughter sounded over and over again in his ears, and seemed to petrify the power of his will and chain him fast, as if rooted to the floor. Gradually he recovered from this apathy of grief. The stagnant blood revived in his veins, and shot like burning streams of fire to his heart. He bent over his daughter, and gazing for a long time at her, his features assumed a gentler and softer expression. Tenderly with his hand he smoothed the tresses from her clear, high forehead; and as he did so, he almost smiled

again, so beautiful and charming did she seem to him in her death-like repose.

"She has fainted," whispered he, low, as if fearful of awakening her. "So much the better for her; and when she recovers, may she have forgotten all the cruel words that she has uttered!"

He laid his hand on her head as if to bless her, and love and forgiveness were expressed in his looks. A perfect peace seemed to pervade his whole frame. In this moment he forgave her all the pain, all the suffering she had caused him. He pardoned her those unjust reproaches and accusations, and with lofty emotion, raising his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "O God! thou seest my heart. Thou knowest that love alone has possession of its very depths, love to my child! and my child has no faith in me. I have worked—I am rich—I have amassed wealth—only for her. I thought of my child as I sat at my desk during the long, weary nights, busied with difficult calculations. I remembered my daughter when I was wearied out and overcome by this laborious work. She should be happy; she should be rich and great as any princess; for this I worked. I had no time to toy or laugh with her, for I was working for her like a slave. And this," continued he with a sad smile, "this is what she reproaches me with. There is nothing in which I believe, nothing but my child, and my child does not believe in me! The world bows down before me, and I am the poorest and most miserable beggar."

Overpowered by these bitter thoughts, which crowded tumultuously upon his brain, he leaned his head upon his hand and wept bitterly. Then, after a long pause, he drew himself up erect, and, with a determined gesture, shook the tears from his eyes.

"Enough!" said he, loudly and firmly, "enough;

my duty shall cure me of all this suffering. That I must not neglect."

He rang the bell, and ordered the servant-maids, who appeared, to raise up the insensible girl and bear her to her room.

But when the maidens called the waiting-man to their assistance to raise their mistress, Gotzkowsky pushed them all aside, and carried her softly and gently, as carefully and tenderly as a mother, to a couch, on which he placed her. He then pressed a fervent kiss upon her brow. Elise began to move, a faint blush overspread her cheeks, she opened her eyes. Gotzkowsky immediately stepped back, and signed to her maids to carry her into her room.

He looked after her until she had disappeared, his eyes dimmed with tears. "My child," said he, in a low voice, "she is lost to me. Oh, I am a poor, pitiable father!" With a deep groan he pressed his hands to his face, and nothing was heard but the painful sobs wrung from the heart of this father wrestling with his grief.

Suddenly there arose from without loud lamentations and cries for help. They came nearer and nearer, and at last reached Gotzkowsky's house, and filled its halls and passages. It was not the outcry of a single person. From many voices came the sounds of lamenting and weeping, screams and shrieks:

"Help! help! have pity on us, save us! The Austrians are hewing us down—they are burning our houses—save us!"

Gotzkowsky dropped his hands from his face and listened. "What was that? who cries for help?" asked he, dreamingly, still occupied with his own sorrows, scarcely conscious of the reality. But suddenly he start-



ed, and from his eyes beamed life and courage. "Ah!" cried he aloud, "mankind is suffering, and I am thinking of my own griefs. I know these voices. The wives and children of my workmen, the poor and oppressed of the city are calling me. The people need me. Up, Gotzkowsky! give them your heart, your life. Endeavor to be a father to the unfortunate, and you will not be poor in children!"

Without the wailing and cries for help continued to resound, and the voices of weeping and trembling women and plaintive children cried aloud, "Gotzkowsky, help us! have pity on us, Father Gotzkowsky!"

"Father!" cried he, raising his head, his countenance beaming with delight. "They call me father, and yet I complain. Up! to my children who love me, and who need my help!"

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TWO EDITORS.

ON the morning succeeding the night of horrors and confusion in which Berlin had surrendered to the conqueror, the vanguard of the Russians marched into the town through the König's Gate. But the commanding general, Tottleben, wished to make his triumphal entry with his staff and the main body of his army through the Kottbuss Gate, and had ordered the magistracy of the town to meet him there, and to bring with them a deputation of the merchants, to determine what contribution should be laid upon them. But before the Russian general could make his entry, the vanguard of De Lacy's army corps had penetrated into the Frederick Street suburb, and were committing the most atrocious acts of cruelty in the New Street. With wild yells they entered the houses to rob and plunder, ill-treating those who refused to give up their valuables, and by violent threats of incendiarism, raising forced levies from the frightened inhabitants.

But it was not alone this lust of plunder in the soldiers which spread terror and dismay in each house and in every family. Count De Lacy possessed a list of those persons who, by word, deed, or writing, had declared against Austria or Russia, and he gave it to his officers, with the order that they should not hesitate at any meas-