

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-

ures, any threats or acts of violence, to obtain possession of these people. Besides which, he promised a considerable reward for each "traitor" brought to him; and it was therefore no wonder that these officers, with brutal and avaricious zeal, had scarcely arrived in the city before they commenced the pursuit of these outlaws. With fearful yells they rushed into the houses, shouting out the names of those on the pursuit of whom they were bent, and whose seizure would secure them a golden reward.

Naturally enough, the writers and journalists were the first on whom the vengeful wrath of the conqueror was poured, for it has ever been the lot of authors to suffer for the misfortunes of the people, to be made responsible for the being and thinking, the will and action of the nation to which they belong. But it is only in days of misfortune that the responsibility of authors and poets commences. They must answer for the ill luck, but are never rewarded for the happiness of the nation.

Three names, especially, did De Lacy's chasseurs cry out with a raging howl for vengeance, through the Frederick-Stadt and down the Linden Street, and they searched for their owners in every house.

"De Justi! De Justi!"—with this cry one of the Austrian officers rushed through the street, knocked with his sword violently against the closed house doors, and demanded with savage threats the delivery of this criminal for whose arrest a high premium had been offered.

M. De Justi was indeed a notorious criminal. Not that he had written much or badly, but principally because he had dared to use his sharp pen against the Austrian empress, and her allies the Russians and Saxons. It was especially three pamphlets which excited the wrath of the victorious enemy. These pamphlets were

called: "Proof that the Empress should be deposed;" "Why and wherefore Certain Nations in Europe are disposed to become Anthropophagous," and lastly, "Account of the life of Count Brühl." He had offended not only the Austrians, but also the Russians and Saxons. It was therefore natural that these three powers reigning in Berlin should wish to take their revenge on the writer of these insulting pamphlets.

But De Justi had been prudent enough to escape from the pursuit of his revengeful enemies. During the siege he had betaken himself to the house of a friend in a more secure street, and had hidden in the cellar, where it was impossible to find him. As they could not get possession of the writer, they were obliged to cool their wrath on his treasonable writings. They were dragged in his stead, as prisoners of state and dangerous criminals, to headquarters at the New Market.

The two other writers, whom the Austrians pursued with furious zeal, were the two newspaper editors, Kretschmer and Krause. These two had no idea of such pursuit; indeed, they did not even know that the Austrians had penetrated into the city. In the safe hiding-place in which both of them had passed the night they had only learned that Berlin had surrendered to the Russians, and that General Tottleben had ordered the magistrates to receive him the next morning at the Kottbuss Gate at eight o'clock.

It was intended that the reception should be a brilliant and solemn one, and that the general should be mollified and conciliated by humble subjection; it was also determined to endeavor, by an offering of money made to him individually, to induce him to make the contribution laid on the town moderate and light.

The news was like a thunder-clap to the two editors, for it compelled them to leave their safe hiding-place, and to venture out into the dangerous world. For these gentlemen, editors of such renowned journals, who prided themselves on giving their readers the most recent and important intelligence, would not dare to be absent at the reception of the Russian general. For the love of their country they had to forget their own fears, and, for the honor of their journals, face danger like true heroes.

Day had scarcely dawned, and deep silence and death-like stillness reigned at the Kottbuss Gate. The wings of the gate were closed, and the watchman had withdrawn into his little box, and was resting from the events of the past days. Dawn still lay like a veil over poor, anxious Berlin, and concealed her tears and bloody wounds.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and around the nearest corner glided the cowering figure of a man. He remained still for a minute and listened; then, convinced that all around him was quiet and silent, he crept along, keeping anxiously close to the houses, and reached unperceived the pillar on the right side of the gate, in the dark shadow of which he concealed himself. This man was no other than Mr. Kretschmer, the editor of the *Vossian Gazette*, who made himself comfortable in his hiding-place.

"This is quite nice and right," said he, showing a stone behind the pillar, in order to raise himself to a higher point of view. "From here I can hear and observe every thing."

So, settling himself on the stone, he leaned back in the corner of the door-pillar, as if it were the leathern

arm-chair in his *sanctum*. A comfortable smile stole over his features.

"This time," said he, "at least, I have forestalled my rival, good Mr. Krause. To-morrow the *Vossian Gazette* will be the only one which will be able to report, from actual observation, on the formal entry of the Russian general. Oh, how vexed *Spener's* will be! There is seven o'clock striking. In an hour the ceremony will begin. *Spener's Journal* still sleeps, while the *Vossian Gazette* wakes and works, and is alert to satisfy the curiosity of Berlin."

Poor, benighted editor of the *Vossian*! You, indeed, could not see him, but the veil of the dawning day, which spread over Berlin, concealed your rival, as well as yourself, in its folds. His drawn-up figure was not visible to your dimmed sight, as he sneaked along the houses, and hid himself behind the pillar on the left of the gate. While you were rejoicing over the long sleep of *Spener's Journal*, its editor, Mr. Krause, was standing opposite to you, behind the pillar, whither he had come, notwithstanding his sixty-eight years, like you, to witness the entrance of the Russians. And happy was he in spirit at this victory obtained over his rival, the editor of the *Vossian Gazette*, and it made him very proud indeed to think that this once he had forestalled Mr. Kretschmer, and consequently would have the monopoly of describing in the morning's paper, to the people of Berlin, the magnificent and pompous entrance of the Russians!

The editor of the *Vossian Gazette* had no idea of the vicinity of his rival. He continued to congratulate himself on the advantage he had obtained, and proceeded cheerfully in his soliloquy. "It makes me laugh to think of *Spener's Journal*. I, myself, advised Mr.

Krause to conceal himself, and the good man faithfully followed my advice. Perhaps the little old gentleman dreams that I am at this moment sitting by my fireside, while there is so much matter for my newspaper here. Good matter, too, that can be moulded into an interesting article, is not so common that it can be carelessly squandered. Sleep, therefore, sleep, good *Spener*—the *Vossian* wakes.”

But *Spener* did not sleep. He was at the opposite pillar, smirking and saying to himself, “How lucky it is that I have anticipated the *Vossian*!” He then was silent, but his thoughts were active, and in the bottom of his heart he instituted some very serious reflections upon the superfluosity of a second newspaper, how perfectly unnecessary it was in fact.

“This *Vossian Gazette* is perfectly intolerable,” thought he. “There ought to be a law prohibiting the publishing of more than one newspaper in each town. Then the public would always get reliable news, and draw its political opinions from one source, which would be undoubted, and it would accept as true what we gave forth for truth. If the government would follow this plan, and allow only one newspaper to each town, and conciliate this one with money or patronage, mankind would be much happier and more contented, and less liable to be distracted by the most opposite political views and information. What profits the existence of this *Vossian Gazette*? What does it do but rob me of my subscribers? By Heavens! I wish the Russian would exterminate it thoroughly.”

While Mr. Krause was thus speaking to himself, Mr. Kretschmer had followed the same course of thought, and, very naturally, arrived at a similar conclusion. He, too, had to confess that *Spener's Journal* was very in-

convenient, and hated its editor from the bottom of his heart. In the vehemence of his vexation, he overlooked the necessary precaution, and cried out, “Cursed be this rival, this man who has the presumption to imagine he can compete with me!”

Mr. Krause shuddered at the sound of this voice, which seemed to him as it were the echo of his own unspoken thoughts, but he mastered his alarm, and cried aloud, “Did any one speak?” “Did any one speak?” sounded back again, and two heads were seen protruding from the pillars on each side of the gate, the eyes in them inquiringly peering at each other. The morning in the mean while had become lighter, and, with an inward shudder, the two gentlemen recognized each other.

“It is *Spener's*! May the devil take him!” thought Mr. Kretschmer.

“It is the *Vossian*! Damn the fellow!” thought Mr. Krause.

But while they thought this to themselves, they rushed forward and embraced each other, with greetings and assurances of friendship, to all appearances warm and sincere.

“I am not mistaken! It is my dear friend Krause.”

“Oh, what happiness! my dear Kretschmer!”

And they shook each other's hands and repeated their asseverations of friendship and esteem, but, at the same time, breathed in their hearts their curses and execrations. But the two editors were not the only persons who had sought the Kottbuss Gate at this early hour. An Austrian officer with a guard of soldiers, in his search after the two editors, had also reached the spot, and was marching with his men from the corner near the gate, looking eagerly right and left and up at all

the windows. His eye fell upon these two men who were shrinking from his sight, uttering pious ejaculations to Heaven. The officer approached them and demanded their names. Neither answered. The officer repeated his question, and accompanied it with such threats as convinced Mr. Krause of the imperative necessity of answering it. He bowed, therefore, respectfully to the officer, and pointing to his friend, said, "This is Mr. Kretschmer, the editor of the *Vossian Gazette*."

Kretschmer cast upon him a look full of hatred and revenge. "And this," said he, with a wicked smile, "is Mr. Krause, editor of *Spener's Journal*."

An expression of joyous triumph shone in the countenance of the officer: "You are my prisoners, gentlemen," said he, as he beckoned to his soldiers to arrest them.

Pale did Mr. Krause grow as he drew back a step. "Sir, this must be a mistake. We are quiet, peaceable citizens, who have nothing to do with the war, but only busy ourselves with our pens."

"Our arrest is contrary to all national law," cried Mr. Kretschmer, at the same time endeavoring to defend himself from the weapons which were pointed at him.

The officer laughed. "In war we know no national law. You are my prisoners." And disregarding their struggles and cries for help, they dragged the two editors as prisoners to the guard-house at the New Market.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF BERLIN.

AFTER a short interval of quiet and lonesomeness at the Kottbuss Gate, there appeared, first far down the street, then approaching nearer and nearer, a solemn procession. Foremost staggered the chief burgomaster, Von Kircheisen, in full uniform, adorned with his golden chain, which rustled as it rose and sank with his hurried, feverish respiration. He was followed by the second burgomaster, with the Town Council, and deputation of merchants, headed by Gotzkowsky. With solemn, serious air, these gentlemen took up their position at the gate.

The chief burgomaster then beckoned Gotzkowsky to his side. "Stand by me, my friend," said he, with a groan, and offering his hand to Gotzkowsky with a dismal air. "I am suffering terribly, and even the two bottles of *Johannisberger* are not sufficient to inspire me with courage. Is it not terrible that the honorable Council should be obliged to attend in person? It is an unheard-of indignity!"

"Not only for you, but for the Berlin citizen is the insult equally great," said Gotzkowsky.

Herr von Kircheisen shook his head in a most melancholy manner. "Yes," said he, "but the Berlin citizen does not feel it so deeply. It does not affect his honor as it does that of the magistracy."

Gotzkowsky smiled scornfully. "Do you think," asked he, "that the magistrates possess a different kind of honor from that of any citizen of the town? The sense of honor is keener among the people than it is among the noblest lords."

The chief burgomaster frowned. "These are very proud words," replied he, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Pride belongs to the citizen!" cried Gotzkowsky. "But believe me, noble sir, my heart to-day is not as proud as my words. It is sore with pain and grief over our deep, unmerited degradation."

"Silence, silence!" whispered the chief magistrate, leaning tremblingly on Gotzkowsky's arm. He heard a noise behind the closed gates, and his mind misgave him that the dreaded enemy was at hand.

Suddenly there sounded on the other side of the walls the loud notes of a trumpet, and the warder hastened to throw open the gate. A rare and motley mixture of Russian uniforms now came in sight. There were seen Cossacks, with their small horses and sharp lances; body-guards, with their gold-adorned uniforms; hussars, in their jackets trimmed with costly furs, all crowding in in confused tumult and with deafening screams and yells, that contrasted strangely with the silence inside the gates, with the noiseless, deserted streets, the closed windows of the houses, whose inhabitants scorned to be witnesses to the triumphal entry of the enemy. Only the ever-curious, ever-sight-loving, always-thoughtless populace, to whom the honor has at times been accorded of being called "the sovereign people," only this populace had hurried hither from all the streets of Berlin to see the entry of the Russians, and to hurrah to the conqueror, provided he paraded right handsomely and slowly in. And now a deep silence took place in the ranks of the enemy; the crowd opened and formed a lane, through which rode the Russian General Bachmann and his staff. As he reached the gate he drew in his horse and asked, in a loud, sonorous voice, in French,

whether the magistrates and deputation of merchants were present.

The chief magistrate felt unable to answer; his knees tottered and his teeth chattered convulsively. He could only wag his head in silence and point with trembling hand to his companions.

"Is the merchant, John Gotzkowsky, one of your deputation?" asked the general.

Gotzkowsky stepped out of the crowd and approached the general with a proud step. "I am he, sir."

"I am glad to meet you," said the general, with a gracious smile. "I bring you greetings from General Sievers. He commissioned and ordered me to show you all possible favor. If I can be of service to you in any possible way, pray command me. I am General von Bachmann, and during our presence here have been appointed to the command of Berlin."

"Are you a friend of the noble Sievers?" cried Gotzkowsky, his countenance beaming with pleasure. "Oh, then, I need fear nothing for this unfortunate town, for only a noble, high-minded man can be a friend of Sievers. You will have pity on our distress!"

"Tell me wherein I can serve you, and how I can oblige you; my word has much influence on our general-in-chief, Count Tottleben."

Gotzkowsky was silent.

"Beg him to make the contribution as small as possible," whispered Kircheisen in Gotzkowsky's ear.

But Gotzkowsky took no notice of him. He fixed his dark eyes on the general, as if he wished to read his soul.

"Speak out," said the general. "If it is possible, your wish shall be granted."

"Well then, general," cried Gotzkowsky, "this is my request: Spare the poor and needy of this town. Order

your soldiers to be humane, and do not forget mercy. Let your warriors neither murder nor plunder; let them not deride the defenceless and conquered. Give to the world the example of a generous and noble conqueror."

The general looked into Gotzkowsky's noble countenance with increasing astonishment, and his features assumed a more benevolent expression. "I give you my word that your petition shall be granted," said he; "I will give my soldiers strict orders, and woe be to him who does not obey them! But you have spoken for others, and I would like to oblige you personally. Have you no request to make for yourself?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Gotzkowsky, "I beg you to allow me to hasten to the Council-hall to report to the elders of the citizens your kind promise."

General Bachmann nodded affably to him. "Hasten, then, and return soon."

But as Gotzkowsky turned to hasten away, Herr von Kircheisen seized him with a convulsive grasp and drew him back. "My God! you are not going to leave me?" he whined out. "Only think—"

"That the brave and noble citizens may lay the general's words as a balm to their wounds—that is what I am thinking of," cried Gotzkowsky, tearing himself loose and hurrying away with rapid strides.

"And now for you, most worthy burgomaster," said General Bachmann, sternly, "your name, if you please?"

Von Kircheisen looked at him gloomily, but made no answer.

The general repeated his question in a louder and sterner voice, but the burgomaster still maintained the same obstinate silence.

"Have you, by some unlucky chance, forgotten your name, sir?" asked the general with a lowering brow.

The angry, piercing look he fastened on him, seemed to awaken the burgomaster from his lethargy.

"My name is Kircheisen, Von Kircheisen," stammered he, with a heavy tongue.

"We came as conquerors, sir," said General Bachmann; "and it is usual for conquerors to dictate their terms before they enter a captured city. In the name of our general, Count Tottleben, I have to communicate to you what sum we demand from you as a war contribution. This demand amounts to four millions of dollars in good money."

The burgomaster stared at the general with glazed eyes, broke out into a loud laugh, and staggered back on the wall of the gate-warder's house.

"I implore you, collect yourself," whispered the second burgomaster, as he endeavored to support the reeling, staggering chief. "Remember our weal or woe depends upon you!"

Von Kircheisen grinned an idiotic laugh. "Four millions of dollars!" screamed he aloud. "Four millions of dollars! Hurrah! hurrah for the Russians!"

The countenance of the general became still more threatening, and an angry light flashed from his eye. "Do you dare to mock me?" asked he, in a harsh tone. "Beware, sir; and remember that you are the conquered, and in our power. I demand from you a decided answer. You understand my demand, do you not?"

But still he answered not. He stared at General Bachmann with a vacant smile, and his head wagged from side to side like the pendulum of a clock.

"This is disgraceful conduct," cried the general,

"conduct which does little honor to the chief magistrate of Berlin. But I warn you, sir, to beware! I have promised the poor and suffering my protection, but I well know how to punish those who abuse our magnanimity. If you do not answer me this time, sir, by Heaven I will have you carried off under arrest and let a court-martial pronounce judgment on you!"

The chief magistrate continued dumb. The pale and terror-stricken countenances of those present were turned toward him. The members of the Council implored and besought him to put aside this unnatural stubbornness.

Von Kircheisen answered their pleadings with a loud-sounding laugh. He then stared at the general, his features worked and struggled, writhed, and finally he opened his mouth.

"Ah! God be praised, he is going to speak," cried the second burgomaster.

But no, he did not speak; he only distorted his face. A cry of dismay sounded from the lips of the deputation, a cry of anger from the Russian general, who, turning to his adjutant, ordered him immediately to arrest the burgomaster and carry him off. And now there arose an indescribable scene of confusion and terror. Pale with fright, the Council and deputation of merchants had flocked around Von Kircheisen to protect him from the advancing soldiers who sought to arrest him, while he, in the midst of all the horror and tumult, continued to giggle and make grimaces. The enraged soldiery had already commenced to push aside Kircheisen's defenders with blows from the butts of their muskets, when a man made his way through the crowd. It was Gotzkowsky, who, with a loud and full voice, demanded the cause of this singular uproar. A hundred voices were ready to answer

him, and explain the scene in confused, unintelligible jargon.

But General Bachmann beckoned him to his side. "Tell me, sir, is this chief burgomaster a fool or a drunkard, or is he, indeed, so demented as to intend to mock us?"

As Gotzkowsky looked at the deathly pale, convulsed countenance of the magistrate, who renewed his shrill, screeching laugh, he comprehended the racking and terrible torture which the unfortunate man was suffering. He hastened to him, seized him by the arm, and led the tottering figure toward the general.

"This man is neither a fool nor a madman, your excellency; suffering has robbed him of speech, and he laughs, not in derision, but from the convulsion of intense sorrow."

And as the offended and angry general would not believe him, and commanded his soldiers anew to arrest the burgomaster, and the soldiers with renewed rage pressed on him, Gotzkowsky placed himself before him, and protected him with his proud and respect-inspiring person.

"General Bachmann," cried he, warmly, "I remind you of your oath. You vowed to me to protect the suffering. Well, then, this man is a sufferer, a sick man. I demand, from the noble friend of General Sievers, that he have compassion on the sick man, and allow him to be escorted safely and unmolested to his house."

"Can you give me your word that this man did not act thus out of arrogance?" asked the general, in a milder tone; "are you convinced that he is sick?"

"I swear to you, please your excellency, that the chief magistrate of Berlin has never been a healthy man;



that, for many years, he has been subject to fits of convulsive laughter."

General Bachmann smiled. "This is an unfortunate disease for the chief magistrate of a city," said he, "and it seems to me as if the citizens of Berlin did wrong in choosing for their burgomaster a man who laughs and cries indifferently, and to whom the misfortunes of his fellow-citizens apparently serves only for a joke. But you reminded me of my promise, and you shall see that I will keep it."

He beckoned to his soldiers, and ordered them to fetch a litter on which to carry the sick burgomaster home. He then turned, with a smile, to Gotzkowsky, and said: "Sir, the Council of Berlin have cause to be grateful to you; you have saved their chief from death."

Herr von Kircheisen did not laugh now. His features jerked and distorted themselves still, but a stream of tears gushed from his eyes.

With an unspeakable expression he seized Gotzkowsky's hand, and pressed it to his lips, then sank unconscious in the arms of his deliverer.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RUSSIAN, THE SAXON, AND THE AUSTRIAN, IN BERLIN.

BERLIN was now given up to the enemy, and through the once cheerful and pleasant streets could be heard nothing but screams and shrieks of terror, mingled with the wild curses and boisterous laughter of the conqueror, who, not satisfied with attacking the trembling inhabitants to rob them of their possessions and property, ill

treated them out of sheer cruelty, and took delight in hearing their screams and looking at the contortions caused by pain.

And who was this enemy, who, in scorn of all humanity and civilization, tortured the unfortunate and hunted them down?

They were not Russians, nor wild hordes of Cossacks. They were Austrians and Saxons, who, robbing and plundering, murdering and destroying, violating and burning, rushed through Berlin, filling all the inhabitants with terror and alarm.

General Bachmann kept faithfully the promise he had made to Gotzkowsky, and the Russian army at first not only preserved the strictest discipline, but even protected the inhabitants against the violence of the Austrians and Saxons.

The terrified citizens had one powerful and beneficent friend—this was John Gotzkowsky. Yielding to his urgent entreaty, General von Bachmann's adjutant, Von Brinck, had taken up his quarters in his house, and by his assistance and his own influence with the general, Gotzkowsky was enabled to afford material aid to all Berlin. For those citizens who were able to pay the soldiers he procured a Russian safeguard, and more than once this latter protected the inhabitants of the houses against the vandalism of the Austrians and Saxons.

Contrary to the wish of the Russians, the Austrians had forced themselves into the city, and, in spite of the terms of the capitulation agreed upon with the Russians, had quartered themselves upon the citizens, from whom, with the most savage cruelty and threats of ingenious torture, they extorted all the gold and jewels they possessed.