

garden in which they had so often chased butterflies together. And amidst such fancies and smiling memories they dreaméd away their childish souls, beyond the grave, to a holy and happy reawakening.

CHAPTER V.

THE EXPLOSION.

GENERAL VON TOTTLIBEN was alone in his chamber—at least he had no visible company; but two invisible companions were there—Care and Sorrow. They whispered to him uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts, making his countenance serious and sad, and drawing deep and dark lines across his brow. He was a German, and was fighting in the ranks of the enemy against his German fatherland. Therein lay the secret of his careworn features, the reading of the suppressed sighs; the broken, sorrowful words which he uttered, as with folded arms and bowed head he paced up and down his room. He was a German, and loved his country, which had repaid his love with that apathy and non-appreciation that have destroyed and killed some of the greatest and noblest men of Germany; while others have taken refuge in foreign countries, to find there that recognition which was denied them at home. General von Tottleben was only a German—why, then, should Germany take notice of him? Because he possessed information, talent, genius. Germany would have appreciated these if Von Tottleben had been a foreigner; but, as unfortunately he was only a German, Germany took no notice of him, and compelled him to seek in a foreign country the road

to fame and distinction. He had gone to Russia. There his talents had been prized and employed. He was now a general in the Russian army, and the alliance between Russia and Austria compelled him to fight against his own country.

But the Russian general still preserved his German heart, this heart so strong in suffering, so unfaltering in its faith, so faithful in its love, so great in hope, humble in its obedience, modest in its desires; this German heart of his was the cause of much suffering to him, for it could not adapt itself to his Russian instructions, and despite his efforts to render it callous, would insist upon overflowing with pity and sympathy. He loved Berlin, for in this city he had passed the best years of his youth. And now he was called on to act as a cruel tyrant, an unfeeling barbarian, to sow broadcast death and destruction in this city, from which he yearned so to win a little love, a little sympathy for her rejected son.

But now his German heart was forced into silence by the exigencies of Russian discipline, and the general had to obey the orders of his superior officer, General von Fermore. His chief had ordered him to exercise the utmost severity and harshness, and imposed upon him the task of scourging Berlin like a demon of vengeance. And yet Berlin had committed no other crime than that of remaining faithful to her king, and of not wishing to surrender to the enemy.

A fresh dispatch had just arrived from General von Fermore, and its contents had darkened the brow of Tottleben with anxious care. He had received orders to blow up the arsenal in Berlin. This noble and handsome building, which rose in proud splendor in the midst of a populous town, was to be destroyed without reference to the fact that the blowing up of this colossal

edifice would scatter death and ruin throughout unfortunate Berlin.

"I will not do it," said he, pacing up and down the room, and crushing the accursed paper which brought the cruel order in his clinched hand. "I cannot be such a barbarian. Fermore may command me to do barbarous actions, but I will not accept such commands! I will not obey! No one but myself knows of this order. I will ignore it. The Empress Elizabeth has always been very gracious toward me, and will forgive me for not executing an order which certainly never proceeded from her own kind heart." At this moment the door opened, and the adjutant entering, announced Count de Lacy.

Tottleben's countenance assumed a gloomy expression, and, as with hasty step he advanced toward the Austrian general, he muttered to himself, "I perceive the bloodhounds have got the scent, and are eager for blood." In the mean time Count de Lacy approached him with a friendly and gracious smile. He seemed not to be at all aware that Tottleben did not accept the hand which the Austrian general held out to him with a hearty greeting.

"I come to chat for a short quarter of an hour with your excellency," said Count de Lacy, in very fluent German, but with the hard foreign accent of a Hungarian. "After a battle won, I know nothing pleasanter than to recall with a comrade the past danger, and to revel again in memory the excitement of the fight."

"May I request your excellency to remember that the Austrians cannot count the conquest of Berlin in the list of their victories," cried Count Tottleben, with a sarcastic smile. "It was the Russian army which besieged Berlin, and Berlin surrendered to us."

"You are very kind to remind me of it," said Count de Lacy, with his unchangeable, pleasant smile. "In the mean time may I request a more particular explanation than this polite reminder?"

"You shall have it, sir," cried Tottleben, passionately. "I mean to say that Berlin is not Charlottenburg, and to request that the vandalism which the Austrian troops practised there, may not be transferred to Berlin. Be satisfied with the booty which your soldiers stowed away in their knapsacks at that place, and have the kindness to order the Austrian army to learn a little discipline and humanity from the Russians."

"From the Russians?" asked Count de Lacy, with ironical astonishment. "Truly one is not accustomed to learn humanity from that quarter. Does your excellency mean to say that the Austrians are to learn good manners from the Russians?"

"Yes, from the Russians," replied Tottleben—"from my soldiers, who neither plunder nor rob, but bear in mind that they are soldiers, and not thieves!"

"Sir," cried De Lacy, "what do these words mean?"

"They mean that I have promised my protection to the people of Berlin, and that I am prepared to afford it to them, even against our own allies. They mean that I have made myself sufficiently strong to bid you defiance, sir, and to defend Berlin against the cruelty and inhumanity of the Austrian army. The Russian army will compel it to be humane, and to pause in the cruel rage with which they have desolated unhappy Germany."

Count de Lacy shrugged his shoulders. "What is Germany to you, and why do you feel for her?" asked he jeeringly. "I beg you, count, let us not speak of Germany. What to us is this lachrymose, fantastic female Germania, which has been betrothed to so many

lords and woers, that she can remain faithful and true to none? Germania will then only be happy when one of her lovers has the boldness to kill off and tread under foot all his rivals and so build himself up an undisputed throne. That is Austria's mission, and our duty is to fulfil it. We are the heralds who go before Germania's Austrian bridegroom, and everywhere illuminate the heavens with the torches of our triumphs. If the torches now and then come too near some piece of humanity and set it on fire, what is that to us? Germany is our enemy, and if we have a puling compassion on our enemy, we become traitors to our own cause. That's all. But what is the use of this strife and these recriminations?" asked he, suddenly breaking into a smile. "I have only come to ask your excellency when you intend to light these new wedding-torches which are to redden the sky of Berlin?"

"What wedding-torches?" inquired Tottleben, turning pale.

"Well, those which are to burst out from the mint and factory buildings," said De Lacy, with a smile of indifference. "I anticipate with extraordinary pleasure this exhibition of fireworks which the town of Berlin is going to give in honor of our presence."

"You mean to say in disgrace of our presence," exclaimed Tottleben, ardently.

Count de Lacy looked at him with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders. "My dear count," said he, with cutting coldness, "when a man becomes a Russian general, he must have a Russian heart, and not allow himself to be influenced by any German softness or sympathy. Otherwise it might happen that they might make a mistake, and not being able to deprive you of your German heart, might take your German head instead."

General Tottleben drew back with astonishment, and stared at him.

Count de Lacy continued, smiling, and in a quiet tone: "I warn you to guard against your own mildness and your German heart. General Fermore is my friend, and often consults me about the meaning of German words. How would you like it if I should explain the word *treason* in a manner dangerous to yourself, and if this explanation should result in translating your excellency into Siberia?"

"General Fermore is neither my commander nor my master," cried Tottleben, proudly.

"But the lord and master of your lady and mistress, the high and mighty Empress Elizabeth—remember that. Will your excellency now condescend to inform me at what time the Berlin armory shall rise fluttering in the air like a bird?"

"And do you know that, too?" asked Tottleben, with painful astonishment.

"I have already told you that the Russians and Austrians are faithful allies, and have no secrets from each other, as far as their designs upon Germany are concerned. Oh, it will be a splendid *feu de joie* for the house of Austria, when the Prussian armory is blown into the air! When are we to enjoy this spectacle, general?"

General von Tottleben sank his head in silence on his breast. Count de Lacy regarded him with a cold and piercing glance. Tottleben felt this look, and understood its important significance. He knew that his whole future, his freedom, perhaps even his life, hung upon this moment.

"In three hours from now the spectacle will take place," said he, with a forced laugh. "In three hours the wedding-torches shall be lighted, and in order to

make it the pleasanter, we will have the wails of the people of Berlin as a musical accompaniment."

"In three hours, then," said Count de Lacy, bowing low; "I hasten to announce it to my officers. I am burning with impatience to witness this rare spectacle."

Count de Lacy departed, and General Tottleben was again alone.

For a long time did he pace his room in abstract meditation, anger and pity, fear and terror struggling in his soul. He was perfectly aware of the danger which threatened him. He knew that Count Fermore hated him as a dangerous rival for the smiles of the empress, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to overthrow him. He was therefore obliged to yield to this cruel necessity; the Berlin armory must be sacrificed.

Suddenly his countenance lighted up, and his features assumed an expression of joy. He hastened rapidly to the door and summoned his body servant and slave, Ivan Petrowitsch. "Ivan," said he, with the stern and cold composure of a Russian—"Ivan, I have a commission for you, and if you are successful in its execution, I will not have your son Feodor hung, although I know that yesterday, contrary to my order, he was present at the plundering of a house."

"Speak, master, what am I to do? I will save my son, even if it cost my own life."

"It will cost your life, Ivan."

"I am your property, master, and my life belongs to you," said the serf, sadly. "You can have me whipped to death any time it pleases you. Say, then, what I must do to save my son."

"Fifty Cossacks are to ride immediately to the powder-mills to bring powder. You will accompany them."

Ivan looked at him with astonishment. "Is that all I have to do?" asked he.

Tottleben was not yet sufficiently Russian. His German heart would assert its rights. As he met the inquiring look of Ivan, he turned his eye away. He forgot that it was only a serf he was speaking to, and not a human being.

But he soon recalled it. "You will accompany these Cossacks to the powder-mills, I say, and as you do so you will smoke your pipe, and see that the tobacco burns well, and that you are burning tinder on top of it."

An expression of comprehension shone in Ivan's eyes. "I will smoke, master," said he, sadly.

"When you are in the powder-mills, and the Cossacks are loading the powder, you will help them, and in doing so you will let the pipe fall out of your mouth," said Tottleben, in an undertone, and his voice trembled ever so little. There was a pause—Ivan leaned, pale and trembling, against the wall. General Tottleben had turned away, as if afraid to encounter the pallid, terrified countenance of his slave.

"If you do not execute my command," said he, finally, "I will have your only son hung, as he deserves to be. If you betray to any one soever a word of my order, I will have your wife whipped to death. Now think of it."

Ivan shook as if in an ague. His teeth chattered together. "I will smoke, master," said he, at last, with an effort, "and I will drop my pipe in the powder-mills. Have pity on my son, master, and spare my wife!"

"I will do so, Ivan," said Tottleben. "I will give them both their freedom, and a pension."

Ivan dropped his head, and a convulsive groan burst from his breast.

"Time passes; make haste!" cried the general, with assumed harshness.

"I go, master," sighed Ivan. "You will not, then, string up my poor Feodor, nor have my wife whipped?"

"If you execute my order strictly and punctually, I will care for them."

Two tears coursed slowly down Ivan's brown cheek. "I will carry out your orders, master; I will smoke, and I will drop my pipe. Farewell, master!"

He approached his master with slavish humility, and kissed the seam of his garment. "Farewell, master. I thank you, for you have always been a kind master to me," said he, and his tears moistened the general's coat.

General Tottleben was as yet unable completely to convert his German heart into a Russian one. He felt himself touched by this humble and heroic submission of his slave. He felt as if he must give him some comfort on his fatal road.

"Ivan," said he, softly, "your death will save, perhaps, not only the property, but also the lives of many hundred other men."

Ivan kissed passionately his proffered hand. "I thank you, master. Farewell, and think sometimes of your poor Ivan."

A quarter of an hour afterward was seen a troop of fifty Cossacks, on their swift-footed little horses, racing down Frederick Street. Each man had a powder-sack with him, and seeing them ride by, people whispered to each other, "They are riding to the powder-mills. They have shot away all their own powder, and now, in true Cossack style, they are going to take our Prussian powder." At that time Frederick Street did not reach be-

yond the river Spree. On the other bank began the faubourgs and the gardens. Even Monbijou was then only a royal country seat, situated in the Oranienburg suburb. The powder-mills, which lay beyond the gardens, with a large sandy plain intervening, were sufficiently remote from the town to prevent all danger from their possible explosion.

Ivan, the serf of Count von Tottleben, rode by the side of the officer of the Cossacks. He pranced his pony about, and was cheerful and jolly like his comrades, the merry sons of the steppe. As they reached the gate they halted their horses, and gazed with evident pleasure on the desert, wild, sandy plain, which stretched out before them.

"How beautiful that is!" exclaimed Petrowitsch, the hetman of the Cossacks. "Just look—what a handsome steppe!"

"Just such a fine sand steppe as at home in our own country!" sighed one of the Cossacks, beginning to hum a song of his home.

"This is the finest scenery I have seen in Germany," cried another. "What a pleasure it would be to race over this steppe!"

"Come on, then, let us get up a race over this splendid steppe," said a fourth, "and let us sing one of the songs we are used to at home."

"Yes, agreed! let us!" cried all, ranging quickly their horses in line.

"Wait a moment," cried Ivan; "I can't sing, you all know, and I've only one sweetheart, and that's my pipe. Let me then light my pipe so that I can smoke." He struck fire with his steel, and lighting the tinder, placed it in the bowl of his pipe. No one saw the sad, shuddering look which he cast at the glowing tinder and his

spark-scattering pipe. "Now forward, boys, and sing us a lively song from home," said Ivan.

"Hurrah! hurrah!"

They charge over the beautiful plain, and sing in a pealing chorus, the favorite song of the Cossack, at once so soft and sad:

"Lovely Minka! must I leave thee?"

Big tears ran down poor Ivan's cheek. No one saw them, no one observed him. He charged with the others over the Berlin steppe, and blew the smoke out of his pipe. No one heard the sad sighs which he uttered as he drew nearer and nearer to the powder-mills. No one heard the sad words of parting which he muttered to himself as his comrades sang:

"Lovely Minka! must I leave thee,
 Leave my happy, heather plains?
 Ah! this parting does not grieve thee,
 Though still true my heart remains.
 Far from thee I roam,
 Sadly see the sunbeams shining,
 Lonely all the night I'm pining
 Far from thee alone."

They reach the powder-mills; the Cossacks halt their horses and spring from their saddles.

Slowly and hesitatingly does Ivan proceed; he passes about his pipe; he puffs at the tobacco to make it burn, and smoke more freely.

And now all's right. The pipe is alight. Like brilliant eyes of fire the burning tobacco shines out of the bowl. Ivan puts it back in his mouth and blows great clouds of smoke, as he and the Cossacks approach the gates of the powder-mills.

The Russian sentinels let them pass, and, joking and

laughing merrily, the Cossacks carry their bags into the building to fill them with powder for the blowing up of the arsenal. How joyous and careless they are, these sons of the steppe! How calmly does Ivan continue to smoke his pipe, although they are now in the large hall, where casks of powder are ranged in endless rows!

And now a cask is opened, and merrily and jestingly the Cossacks begin to load the powder into their sacks.

What art thou staring at so wildly, Ivan Petrovitch? Why do the big drops of sweat run down thy forehead? Why do thy limbs tremble, and why dost thou look so sadly and mournfully at thy comrades?

They sing so merrily, they chatter so gayly, all the while pouring the powder into their sacks nimbly and actively!

Ivan keeps on blowing furious clouds of smoke out of his pipe.

Suddenly he utters a cry, a heart-rending, pitiful cry. The burning pipe drops from his mouth!

Then rises a wild yell—an awful, horrible report!

The earth quakes and trembles, as if about to open, to vomit forth the burning stream of a thundering crater. The sky seems blackened by the fearful smoke which fills the air far and wide. Everywhere may be seen human bodies, single shattered limbs, ruins of the exploded building, flying through the air, and covering the groaning, trembling earth. But no syllable or sound of complaint, no death-rattle is now heard. All is over.

The powder-mills have flown into the air, and, though far distant from Berlin, yet this terrible explosion was felt in every part of the city.* In the Frederick Street the houses shook as if from an earthquake, and countless panes of glass were shattered.

* Archenholz: "History of the Seven Years' War," p. 194.

With darkened brow and a burst of anger did General von Tottleben receive the news that the powder-mills had blown up, and fifty Cossacks had lost their lives thereby. He mourned for the unfortunate Cossacks and his poor serf, Ivan Petrowitsch. Still more did he lament that it was now impossible to blow up the arsenal in Berlin. But it was not his fault that the commands of his empress could not be executed. The Russians had shot away all their powder, and the stock in the powder-mills having been destroyed, there was none left to carry into execution this grand undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN GOTZKOWSKY.

A SAD and anxious period had the unfortunate city of Berlin yet to pass through. With fear and trembling did the inhabitants await the approach of each morning, and in spiritless despondency they seemed to have lost all capacity for helping themselves.

There was but one man who, unterrified and unwavering, with the cheerful courage of a noble soul, exposed himself to danger, to suffering and grief, who proposed to himself but one object—to help others as far as lay in his power, and to avert fresh misfortune, additional care and anxiety from the too heavily laden inhabitants of Berlin.

This one man was John Gotzkowsky, the Merchant of Berlin. In this day of their trouble the inhabitants looked up to him as to a helping angel; the poor prayed to him, the rich fled to him with their treasures; with

him the persecuted found refuge, the hungry shelter and food.

For Gotzkowsky there was no rest or leisure, nor did he feel care or sorrow. The tears he had shed about Elise he had buried in his heart, overcoming a father's grief by the power of his will. At this time he only remembered that he was called to the sacred duty of succoring his fellow-men, his suffering brothers—to be a father to the needy, a deliverer to the oppressed.

The doors of his house were open to all who sought refuge with him. The wives and children and aged parents of his workmen rushed there with screams and loud lamentations, and he received them all, and gave them beds in his splendid halls, and his gilt and silken ottomans served for refreshing places to hungry and freezing poverty.

But not the poor alone, the wealthy also found refuge in his house. They knew that Gotzkowsky's word had much influence, not only with General Bachmann, but also with General von Tottleben, and that this latter had ordered that Gotzkowsky should always have free admission to him. In their anxiety and need they put aside the proud bearing of their rank and dignity, and hastened to him to plead for help and rest, to hide their treasures and place their lives and fortunes under his guardianship.

But while hundreds sought refuge and safety there, Gotzkowsky himself was like a stranger in his own house. Day and night was he seen on the streets; wherever danger and alarm prevailed, he appeared like a rescuing angel; he brought help when all else despaired, and the power of his eloquence and his pleading words silenced even the rough insolence of the enemy's soldiers. A hundred times did he expose his own life to save some

unfortunate. In the New Frederick Street he rushed through the flames into a burning house to save a child which had been forgotten.

Elsewhere he fought singly against twenty Austrian soldiers, who were about to carry off two young girls in spite of their heart-rending shrieks and entreaties. The rescued maidens sank at his feet, and bathed his hand with their tears.

Gotzkowsky raised them to his heart, and said, with an indescribable expression: "Should I not have compassion on you? Am not I a father? Thank my daughter, for it was she who saved you."

But now, at last, exhausted Nature demanded her rights. After two days and nights without rest, Gotzkowsky tottered toward his own house. As he crossed the threshold he asked himself with an anxious heart—"Will Elise come to meet me? Has she cared for me?" And trembling with care and love, he went in.

Elise did not come to meet him. No one bade him welcome but his servant Peter. Gently at last, indeed almost timidly, he ventured to inquire after his daughter.

"She is in the large hall, busy nursing the wounded who have been carried there."

Gotzkowsky's countenance expressed great delight and relief at this report. Elise had not, then, buried herself in the solitude of her room in idle complaint, but had sought, like himself, comfort for her suffering in helping and sympathizing with others. In this moment he appreciated the infinity of his love. He yearned to take her to his heart, and pour out to her all his unappreciated, doubted love, and convince her that she, his daughter, the only child of his wife, was the true end and object of his life. But unhappy, oppressed Berlin left him no time to attend to the soft and

gentle dictates of his father's heart. He had scarcely got into his house, when two messengers arrived from the town Council, bringing him six thousand dollars in cash, with the urgent request that he would take charge of this sum, which would be safe only with him. The town messengers had scarcely left him, when there arrived the rich manufacturers, Wegeli and Wuerst, with a wagon-load of gold and silver bars which Gotzkowsky had promised to keep in his fire-proof cellars.

His house had become the treasury of the whole of Berlin; and if it had been destroyed, with all these gold and silver ingots, these diamonds and silver ware, money and papers, all the Exchanges of Europe would have felt the disastrous consequences.

At last, all these treasures were stowed away, and Gotzkowsky addressed himself to rest, when the door of his room was suddenly opened, and General von Bachmann entered hastily.

"Gotzkowsky," said he, "I have come with important intelligence, and to redeem the promise I made to my friend Sievers." Approaching more closely to Gotzkowsky, he said to him in an undertone: "General von Tottleben has just received orders to destroy and burn all royal factories and mills."

Gotzkowsky turned pale, and inquired with horror, "Why this barbarous proceeding?"

General Bachmann shrugged his shoulders. "It is the order of the commander-in-chief, Count von Fermore," said he; "and Tottleben will have to be all the more particular from the fact that, instead of the arsenal, fifty of our soldiers were blown into the air. Here, in the mean while, take this paper, and see whether, among the factories to be destroyed, one of yours has been included by mistake."

Gotzkowsky looked over the list with dismay. "Did not your excellency say that only royal factories were to be destroyed?"

"Yes, so runs the order."

"But the factories that stand on this list are not royal institutions. The brass-works in Eberwalde, the gold and silver factories, and the warehouse in Berlin, do not belong to the king, and are they going to be so barbarous as to destroy them? That cannot be. I will hasten to General Tottleben, and entreat him to revoke this cruel order."

General Bachmann shook his head sadly. "I am afraid it will be in vain," said he. "Besides, you incur great risk in your undertaking. The general is in a very angry, excited mood, and your intercession will only increase his bitterness and anger."

"I fear not his anger," cried Gotzkowsky boldly. "If no one else dares to tell him the truth, I will do it; and with argument and entreaty compel him to be humane, and to respect the property of others. Come, sir, let us go to General Tottleben!"

"No, sir. I am not going with you," said Bachmann, laughing. "I am not a man to tremble on the eve of battle, and yet I fear to meet Tottleben's angry looks. In his wrath he is like a Jupiter Tonans, ready to launch his thunderbolts, and dash to pieces all who approach him."

"I am not afraid of his thunder!" cried Gotzkowsky, fervently. "The property and welfare of Berlin are in danger. I must go to the general!"

"Then go along," said Bachmann, "and may God give power to your words! I have warned you, and that is all I can do."

Gotzkowsky did not answer him. Trembling with

eagerness and impatience, he dressed himself, and throwing his cloak around him, he once more left his house, with the alacrity of a young man.

General Bachmann looked after him, smiling thoughtfully. "He is a noble fellow," said he, "and Berlin has good reason to be grateful to him, and to love him. But who knows? perhaps, for that very reason, she will one day hate him. Noble-mindedness is so soon forgotten! It is the solid weight that sinks to the bottom, while light deeds float on top. Mankind is not fond of being grateful. I would like to know whether Berlin will ever show a due appreciation of this noble man?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

THE Russians had at last allowed themselves to be carried away by the example set them by the Austrians and Saxons. Like them, they roamed through Berlin, robbing and plundering, unmindful of discipline, and forgetting the severe punishments which Tottleben inflicted on those whose misdeeds reached his ear.

Like the Austrians, the Cossacks entered houses with wanton arrogance, and, under the pretext of being Russian safeguards, they stole, and robbed, and ill-treated in the rudest manner those who opposed their demands. They had even managed to reduce their robbery and extortion to a kind of system, and to value the human person after a new fashion. It was a sort of mercantile transaction, and the Cossacks were the brokers in this new-fashioned business. Stealthily and unheard, they