

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUSSIAN GENERAL AND THE GERMAN MAN.

SCARCELY had the Jewish deputation left Gotzkowsky's house, before he betook himself, full of the important information received from General Bachmann, to General Tottleben's residence, fully determined to venture every thing to prevent the execution of the cruel order which threatened the factories and other branches of industry. But this was not the sole object which led him there. He went there as a representative of the whole town. Every one who needed assistance applied to him, and to each one he had promised to intercede for him. Laden with petitions and commissions from the magistracy, the merchants, and the citizens of Berlin, he entered the Russian general's quarters. Deeply inspired with the importance of his commission, he traversed the halls which led to the general's private apartments, saying to himself, "This is the most important mission I have ever undertaken, for the welfare of the whole town depends upon it—a million dollars depend upon every word I may utter. Many a struggle have I had in these days, but this is the hardest of them all, and victory hangs on my tongue."

With beaming countenance and sparkling eyes, with his whole being animated with the sacredness of his office, he entered the cabinet of the Russian general. Tottleben did not offer him, as heretofore, a friendly welcome. He did not even raise his eyes from the dispatches which he was in the act of reading, and his contracted brows and the whole expression of his countenance was such as to discourage any petition or pleading.

At this moment General von Tottleben was a true Russian, and, thanks to General Fermore's dispatches, he had succeeded in suppressing his German sympathy. At least he flattered himself that he had, and for that reason he avoided meeting Gotzkowsky's clear, bright eye.

Without taking any notice, he finished reading the papers, and then rose and walked about the room. After a while he seemed as if by accident to perceive Gotzkowsky's presence, and stopped short. "Have you come back already?" he asked in a sullen, grumbling tone. "I know very well that you have returned to beg for all sorts of useless trash; I can't bear such eternal begging and whining—a pitiful rabble that is all the time creeping to our feet."

"Yes, your excellency, it is nothing but a poor, pitiful rabble," said Gotzkowsky with a smile; "and for this very reason the Russians are despised all over Europe. Toward the high and mighty they behave like fawning hounds, and toward the low and humble they are rude and arrogant."

"I am not speaking of the Russians," cried the general, as he turned his lowering countenance toward Gotzkowsky, "I am speaking of *you*. All day long you have done nothing but beg and demand."

But Gotzkowsky met him with quiet and smiling composure. "Pardon, your excellency, it is you who demand; and because you are all the time demanding, I must all the time be begging. And, in fact, I am only begging for yourself."

Tottleben looked at him in inquiring astonishment, but in silence. "I am not begging for favor," continued Gotzkowsky, "but for justice; and if you grant this, why, it is so much gained for you. Then, indeed, the

world will esteem you as not only brave, but just; and then only will history honor you as truly great—the equitable and humane conqueror. The Vandals, too, conquered by the sword; and if it only depended on mere brute strength, wild bulls would be the greatest generals.”

Tottleben cast a fierce, angry look toward him. “For that reason,” cried he, threateningly, “he is a fool who irritates a wild bull.”

Gotzkowsky bowed and smiled. “It is true one should never show him a red cloak. A firm, unterrified countenance is the only way to tame him. The bull is powerless against the mind which beams out of the human eye.”

It was very probably the very boldness of this answer which pleased the general, accustomed as he was to Russian servility. His features assumed a softer expression, and he said, in a milder tone: “You are an extraordinary man, and there is no use in contending with you. One is obliged to do whatever you wish. Well, now—quick, out with it—what do you want of me?”

“Justice,” said Gotzkowsky. “You gave me your word that your soldiers should not rob nor plunder, and, notwithstanding, they do it.”

“That is not true!” thundered the general.

“It is true,” replied Gotzkowsky, calmly.

“Who dares to contradict me?” cried Tottleben, trembling with rage, and striding toward Gotzkowsky.

“I dare,” answered the latter, “if you call that ‘to dare’ which is only convincing you of your error. I, myself, have seen your soldiers striking down the flying women with the butts of their muskets, robbing and plundering the houses. Your orders have been but

poorly obeyed; and your soldiers *almost* equal the Austrians in rudeness and violence.”

A light smile played over Tottleben’s countenance. Gotzkowsky had understood how to soften his anger. “*Almost—only,*” said he, “woe be to my soldiers if they equal the Austrians in rudeness!” With hasty steps he traversed the apartment, and called his adjutant. “Send patrols through the whole town,” was his order to the officer as he entered, “and give orders to all the soldiers to maintain strict discipline. Whoever dares to plunder, is guilty of disobedience to military orders, and shall be tried by military law. The gallows for thieves and marauders—say so to my men; they know that General Tottleben keeps his word. Are you satisfied now?” he asked Gotzkowsky, as the adjutant left the room.

“I thank your excellency,” said Gotzkowsky, hesitating.

“Thank God that at last you are satisfied, and have nothing more to ask!” cried Tottleben, almost cheerfully.

“But indeed I have a great deal yet to ask, and if you allow me I will ask your excellency a question. You have just issued an order. How high up does this order reach?”

“How high up?” asked the general, surprised.

“I mean does this order which forbids the soldiers from robbing and plundering under pain of death, affect only the common private, or must the higher officers also obey it?”

“I would advise every one to do so,” cried Tottleben, with a harsh laugh. “The order is for all.”

“Even the highest officers?”

“Not even the generals are excepted.”

“Then, sir,” said Gotzkowsky, drawing himself up

and advancing a step toward the general, "I accuse before you an officer who has had the presumption to disobey your general order. You forbid, under severe penalty, robbery and plundering, and yet he is intent on them. You have strictly ordered the army to preserve discipline, and not to ill-treat nor abuse the defenceless, and yet a general is about to do it."

"Who dares that? Give me the name of this general!"

"It is General von Tottleben," answered Gotzkowsky, quietly.

Count Tottleben stepped back and gazed at him in amazement.

Gotzkowsky did not lower his eyes, but met his flashing glance firmly. "Are you beside yourself?" asked the general, after a long pause. "Is your life such a burden to you that you are determined to lose it?"

"If my head were to fall, it would only be a confirmation of what I have asserted—that General von Tottleben issues an order, and does not respect it himself; that while he forbids his soldiers to rob and steal, under penalty of death, even *he* commits those very offences."

The excess of this boldness had the effect upon the general on which Gotzkowsky had calculated. He had speculated somewhat on the leonine nature of Tottleben's character.

The general, instead of annihilating his foolhardy antagonist, found pleasure in his presumption, and it flattered him that he was esteemed too magnanimous to revenge himself for a few words of insult.

"Look here, my friend, you are so outrageously bold that you make me laugh. For the sake of its rarity, I will hear you out, and try to remain cool. Speak on,

then. Accuse me—but woe to you if I justify myself! Fail not to prove what you say."

"The proverb says, 'Small thieves are hung, while great ones go free,'" replied Gotzkowsky, shrugging his shoulders. "You wish to prove the truth of this proverb. The soldier who enters the house for theft and plunder, you condemn; but you acquit the general who devastates a whole town, and in the arrogance of his victory wishes to make himself, like Erostratos, immortal by incendiarism and arson."

"Do not presume too much on my forbearance," interrupted Tottleben, stretching his arm out threateningly toward the bold speaker. "Erostratos was a violator of temples."

"You are not less one!" cried Gotzkowsky; "you mean, with impious hand, to cast a firebrand into the holy temple of labor. Erostratos only destroyed the temple of an imaginary deity; but you, sir, are worse—you wish to destroy factories!"

"Do you know what that means?"

"It means to deprive the poor man of the morsel of bread which, by the sweat of his brow, he has earned for his wife and children! It means to rob him who possesses nothing but the craft of his hands and his body, of his only right—the right to work. You are going to destroy the gold and silver manufactories, to burn the warehouse, to tear down the brass works in the New Town Eberswald! And why all this? Why do you intend to leave behind you this memorial of your vandalism? Because your empress is angry with our king!"

"Because enemies wish to revenge themselves on enemies," interrupted the general.

"Do that!" cried Gotzkowsky, warmly. "Revenge yourself on your enemy, if you consider the de-

struction of his property a noble revenge. Destroy the king's palaces; rob him, if you choose, of his most ennobling enjoyment! Rob him of his pictures; do like the Saxons, who yesterday destroyed Charlottenburg. Send your soldiers to my house; there hang splendid paintings bought by me in Italy by the king's order. I know that our noble king anticipates much pleasure in carrying them some day to Sans Souci. But revenge yourself, take these pictures, set fire to these noble works of art, but spare what belongs to the poor man!"

He spoke with noble warmth, with glowing eloquence, and against his will Tottleben's German heart was touched, and moved him to clemency and compassion. But he would not listen to it. General Fermore's dispatches lay before him, and compelled him to be harsh.

"You think you speak wisely, and yet you talk nothing but impudent nonsense," said he, with assumed severity. "Who thinks of destroying the poor man's property? The royal property shall be destroyed, and nothing else."

"But the gold and silver manufactories and the warehouse are not the property of the king," said Gotzkowsky quickly. "Not a penny goes thence into the king's treasury."

The general's countenance brightened up considerably. "Not into the king's treasury?" said he; "where, then, does it go?"

"The money, your excellency, which is earned at the gold and silver factories and at the warehouse is devoted to a praiseworthy and touching purpose. Perhaps you are a father—have children; and when you go into battle you think of them, and utter a silent prayer, intrust-

ing them to God's care, and praying that they may not be left orphans."

Count Tottleben muttered some untelligible words, and stretched out his hand deprecatingly. His lips trembled, and to conceal his agitation he turned away.

Gotzkowsky cried out joyously: "Oh, I see in your eyes that you are vainly trying to compel yourself to look at me in anger. Yes, you are a father. Well, then, father, spare the orphans! From the proceeds of the gold and silver factories, and the warehouse, the new, large orphan-house in Potsdam is supported. Oh, you cannot be so cruel as to deprive the poor children, whom the pitiless war has rendered fatherless, of their last support, of their last refuge!"

The general stepped up to him, and grasped his hand. "God be my witness that I will not! But is this so certainly? Do you speak the truth?"

"Yes, it is the truth!"

"Can you swear to it?"

"Yes, with the most sacred oath."

The general paced the room in silence several times, and then, pausing before Gotzkowsky, laid his hand on his shoulder. "Listen," said he. "I have often been reproached at home for being too soft and pitiful. But never mind! I will once more follow my own inclination, and act in spite of the orders which I have received. You must help me. Put all that you have just stated down on paper. Write down that these buildings are not the property of the king, but of the orphan-house. Swear to it with a sacred oath, and affix your signature and seal. Will you do this?"

"Gladly will I do it," cried Gotzkowsky, his face radiant. "Never have I signed my name with a happier heart than I will have when I sign it to this affidavit,

which will procure for us both the heart-felt blessings of so many children."

He stepped to the general's writing-table, and, following his direction, seated himself and wrote.

Tottleben in the mean while walked up and down pensively, his arms folded. His features wore a thoughtful and mild expression. No trace of the late angry storm was visible. Once he stopped, and murmured in a low voice: "Orphans one dare not plunder. Elizabeth has a tender heart, and if she learns the reason of my disobedience, she will be content. Yes, my course is the right one."

"I have finished, sir," said Gotzkowsky, standing up and handing him the paper on which he had written.

Tottleben read it over carefully, and laid it alongside of the dispatches to his empress. He then called to his adjutant and ordered him immediately to place strong safeguards over the gold and silver manufactories and the warehouse, and to protect these against any attack.

Gotzkowsky clasped his hands, and directed his eyes to heaven with joyful gratitude, and in the deep emotion of his heart he did not perceive that the general again stood before him, and was looking at him with inquiring sympathy. His voice first awakened him from his reverie. "Are you contented now?" asked Tottleben, in a friendly tone.

"Content, general," said Gotzkowsky, shaking his head, "only belongs to him who lies in his coffin."

Again the general's brow grew dark. "What is troubling you now? Don't hesitate—"

"To speak on, your excellency?" inquired Gotzkowsky, with a gentle smile.

"No—to put yourself in your coffin," answered the other, rudely.

"I have not time for that, as yet," replied Gotzkowsky, sadly. "Both of us, general, have still too much to do. You have to add fresh laurels to your old ones—I have to clear thistles and thorns from the path of my fellow-men."

"Ah! there are more thorns, then?" asked Tottleben, as he sank down into a chair, and regarded Gotzkowsky with evident benevolence.

"A great many yet, sir," answered Gotzkowsky, sighing. "Our whole body is bloody from them."

"Then call on the regimental surgeon to cure you," said Tottleben, with a coarse laugh.

"You only can cure us," said Gotzkowsky, seriously, "for only you are able to inflict such severe wounds. You are not satisfied with having conquered and humiliated us, but you wish to tread us in the dust, and make our cheeks, which were pale with sadness, now redden with shame. You have ordered that the citizens of Berlin should be disarmed. You are a brave soldier, sir, and honor courage above all things. Now, let me ask you, how could you bear to exhibit the certificate of your cowardice? Could you survive it? You look at me in anger—the very question makes you indignant; and if that is your feeling, why would you subject the citizens of Berlin to such disgrace? With our weapons we have fought for our just rights and our liberty. God has willed it that we should be subdued nevertheless, and that you should be the conquerors. But methinks it would redound more to your honor to be the conquerors of honorable men than of cowardly slaves! And when you require of us, the conquered, that we shall give up our manly honor, our weapons, you convert us into abject cowards, and deprive yourselves of all honor in having conquered us. Let us then, sir, keep our weapons; leave

us this one consolation, that on our tombstones can be inscribed: 'Freedom died, but with arms in her hand!'" and Gotzkowsky, quite overcome by his painful emotions, leaned back against the wall, breathless, his imploring looks fixed upon the general.

But the latter avoided meeting his eyes, and directed his own darkly toward the ground.

Gotzkowsky perceived the indecision, the wavering of the general, and he felt that he must now risk every thing to overcome his resistance. "Leave us our weapons. Oh, you are a German! spare your German brethren."

Tottleben sprang from his seat as if a venomous snake had stung him. Dark and terrible were his features, his eyes flashed fire, and raising his right hand threateningly, he cried out: "You remind me in an evil hour that I am a German. Germany drove me out to find in a foreign land the appreciation which my own country refused me! Had I been a foreigner, Germany would long ago have proclaimed my fame; but, being the son of the family, the mother drives me out among strangers—and that they call German good-nature!" and he broke out into a bitter, scornful laugh.

"It is but too true," said Gotzkowsky, sadly. "Our mother Germany is fond of sending her greatest sons out from home on their pilgrimage to fame. For her great men she has but the cradle and the grave. But show your unfeeling mother that you are better than she is; prove to her how unjust she has been. Be magnanimous, and leave us our weapons!"

"I cannot, by Heaven! I cannot do it," said Tottleben, sadly, in a low tone. "I must obey the higher authorities above me—the empress and the commander-in-chief, General Fermore. My orders are very strict,

and I have already yielded too much. It is written in these dispatches that the arms must be given up."

"The arms?" said Gotzkowsky, hastily. "Yes, but not *all* arms. Take some of them—we have three hundred inferior rifles—take them, sir, and fulfil the letter of your orders, and save our honor."

General von Tottleben did not answer immediately. Again he paced the room, from time to time casting sharp, piercing glances at Gotzkowsky, whose firmness and animation seemed to please him. He stopped suddenly, and asked in a voice so low that Gotzkowsky was scarcely able to distinguish the words—"Do you think the Germans will praise me, if I do this thing?"

"All Germany will say, 'He was great in victory, still greater in his clemency toward the conquered,'" cried Gotzkowsky, warmly.

The general dropped his head upon his breast in deep meditation. When he raised it again, there was a pleasant smile upon his face. "Well, then, I will do it. I will once more remember that I am a German. Where are the three hundred rifles?"

"In the armory, sir."

The general made no reply, but stepped toward his writing-table hastily. He wrote off a few lines, and then with a loud voice called his adjutant again to him. As the latter entered, he handed him the writing. "Let the disarming take place. There are not more than three hundred muskets. Let the citizens bring them to the Palace Square. There they will be broken up, and thrown into the river."

"O general!" cried Gotzkowsky, his countenance radiant with delight, when the adjutant had left the room, "how I do wish at this moment that you were a woman!"

"I a woman!" cried Count Tottleben, laughing, "why should I be a woman?"

"That I might kiss your hand. Believe me, I never thanked any man so truly and sincerely as I now do you! I am so proud to be able to say, 'Berlin is conquered, but not dishonored!'"

Tottleben bowed amicably toward him. "Now, after this proof of my generosity, the town will hasten to pay its war-tax, will it not?" Then seeing the dark cloud which gathered on Gotzkowsky's brow, he continued with more vehemence, "You are very dilatory in paying. Be careful how you exhaust my patience."

"Pray let me know, sir, when it is exhausted," said Gotzkowsky. "It is cruel to drive an exhausted animal beyond his strength. Do you not think so?"

The general nodded his assent in silence.

"You are of my opinion," cried Gotzkowsky. "Well, then, you will be just, and not exact of this exhausted city, wearied unto death, more than she can perform."

With glowing words and persuasive eloquence he explained to the general how impossible it was for the city to pay the demanded war contribution of four millions.

Tottleben let himself again be persuaded. In the presence of this ardent, eloquent German patriot, his German heart resumed its power, and compelled him to mercy and charitableness. He consented to reduce the tax to two millions of dollars, if Gotzkowsky would guarantee the punctual payment of the bonds given by the body of merchants, and give two hundred thousand of it in cash down, as hush-money to the Austrians.

The latter declared himself gladly willing to accept the orders, and to stand security with his whole fortune for their payment. Both then remained silent, as if fa-

tigued by the long and severe war of words, from which Gotzkowsky had always come out victorious.

The general stood at the window, looking into the street. Perhaps he was waiting for Gotzkowsky to give vent to his warm and delighted gratitude before he took leave. But Gotzkowsky did neither the one nor the other. He remained with folded arms, his countenance full of earnest courage and bold determination.

"I will finish what I have commenced," said he to himself. "I will keep my word, and not move from the spot before I have pleaded for all those to whom I promised my assistance. The general is at liberty to curse my importunity, if I only do my duty toward my fellow-citizens." As he still remained silent, Tottleben turned toward him laughingly.

"What," said he, "are you dumb? Is your eloquence exhausted? Indeed, when I think of all that you have got out of me to-day, it almost makes me smile." And he broke out into a merry, good-natured laugh.

"Well, laugh, sir," said Gotzkowsky, "I know you are fond of a laugh. For example, you have just played a little joke on the Jews, and made them believe that they have to pay an imposition—"

"Made believe?" interrupted Tottleben, hastily. "Man! be satisfied that I have remitted two millions to the citizens. Don't speak up now for the Jews."

"But the Jews are a part of the citizens."

"Are you crazy, man?" cried Tottleben, violently. "Is the Jew a citizen with you?"

"Yes," answered Gotzkowsky, "as far as paying goes. The Jew is obliged honestly to contribute his proportion of the war-tax. How can you, with any semblance of justice, require of him another further tax,

when he has already, in common with us, given up all he possesses?"

"Sir," cried Tottleben, with suppressed vexation, "this is enough, and more than enough!"

"No," said Gotzkowsky, smiling. "It is too much. The Jews are not able to pay it—"

"I will remit their contribution," cried the general, stamping violently on the floor, "to please you—just to get rid of you—but now—"

"But now," interrupted Gotzkowsky, insinuatingly, "one more favor."

The general stepped back astounded, and looked at Gotzkowsky with a species of comical terror. "Do you know that I am almost afraid of you, and will thank God when you are gone?"

"Then you think of me as the whole town of Berlin thinks of you," said Gotzkowsky.

The general laughed. "Your impudence is astonishing. Well, quick, what is your last request?"

"They are preparing at the New Market a rare and unheard-of spectacle—a spectacle, general, as yet unknown in Germany. You have brought it with you from Russia. You are going to make two men run the gantlet of rods—not two soldiers convicted of crime, but two writers, who have only sinned in spirit against you, who have only exercised the free and highest right of man—the right to say what they think. You are going to have two newspaper writers scourged, because they drew their quills against you. Is not that taking a barbarous revenge for a small offence?"

"A small offence," cried the general, whose countenance had resumed its dark, fierce expression. "Come, that's enough. Stop, if you do not wish me to take back all that I have granted you. Do you call that a

small offence? Why, sir, the editor of *Spener's Journal* called me an adventurer, a renegade. Ah! he at least shall feel that I have the power of punishing."

"Why," said Gotzkowsky calmly, "that would only prove to him that he had hit you on a tender spot."

"And the scribbler of the *Vossian Gazette*, did he not venture even to attack my gracious empress?" continued Tottleben, perfectly carried away by his indignation. "He wrote a conversation between peasants, and in it he made fun of the empress. He even went so far as to make his own king join in the dirty talk, in the character of a peasant. Sir, I am very much surprised that you should defend a man who carries his impudence so far as to canvass and scandalize the conduct of his own king in such a disrespectful and audacious manner."

"The king is great enough to be able to bear this calumny of little minds. Whosoever is truly great, is not afraid of free speaking nor of calumny. Have you never heard the story of how the king was riding by, where the people were collected at the corner of a street, stretching out their necks to read a pasquinade which had been hung on the wall, and was directed against the king himself? The king reigned in his horse, and read the hand-bill. The people stood in silent terror, for the paper contained a sharp abuse of the king, and a libel on him in verse. What does your excellency think the king did when he had read this most treasonable placard?"

"He had the mob cut it down, as it deserved to be, and the author strung up on the gallows," cried Tottleben.

"Not at all, sir," replied Gotzkowsky. "He said, 'Let the paper be hung lower; the people can't see to

read it up so high.' He then saluted the crowd, and rode off, laughing."

"Did the *great Fritz* do that?" said Tottleben, unconsciously using the epithet which the Prussian people had applied to their king.

"He did it *because* he is great," replied Gotzkowsky.

"Strange, hard to believe," muttered the general, folding his arms, and striding up and down. After a pause, Gotzkowsky inquired, "Would you not like to emulate the great king, general?"

Count Tottleben awoke from his reverie. Approaching Gotzkowsky, he laid his hand upon his shoulder; his expression was indescribably mild and gentle, and a melancholy smile played around his lips. "Hark'ee, I believe it would do me good if we could be always together. Come with me. Settle in Russia. The empress has heard of you, and I know that she would be rejoiced if you came to Petersburg. Do it. You can make a large fortune there. The empress's favor will elevate you, and she will not let you want for orders or a title."

Gotzkowsky could hardly suppress a smile of contempt. "Orders for me! A title! What would I do with them? Sir, I am more powerful than all your counts, for the greatness of the nobility lies in the past, in mouldering ancestors; but the greatness of the manufacturer lies in the future, and the future belongs to industry. I founded the first large factories here in Berlin, and the manufacturers who come after me can call me their ancestor. No other nobility do I desire, count."

"You would then be capable of refusing a count's title?" asked Tottleben, in astonishment.

Gotzkowsky shrugged his shoulders. "If I had

wished for nobility I could long ago have bought a countship of the holy German empire, for such things are for sale, and thirty thousand ducats is the highest price for a count's title; and as for the orders, my own ribbon-factory turns out the ribbons for them."

General Tottleben looked at him for a long time in mild astonishment. "You are a wonderful man, and I wish I were like you. If I had thought as you do, my life would have been a less stormy one, and less tossed by care and restlessness. I would have—"

The general was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the adjutant. He was the bearer of dispatches brought by a courier who had just arrived. The courier, he said, had ridden so hard, that his horse had fallen dead on his arrival.

Tottleben tore open the dispatches and read them rapidly. His countenance immediately lost its former expression of mildness and gentleness. His German heart was silenced by the will of the Russian general.

He seemed to forget Gotzkowsky's presence, and turning to his adjutant, with proud military bearing, he said: "These dispatches contain important and surprising information. They announce that the Prussian army is drawing on in forced marches, with the king at its head. We cannot give him battle here, and must, in consequence, arrange for a rapid retreat from Berlin. Call all the generals and staff-officers together. Let the alarm be sounded. In three hours the whole army must have left the city. And, further, summon the Town Council to the New Market, that we may take our leave, for we must not leave Berlin as fugitives, but as conquerors, who are proceeding on their march."

"And the poor editors who are to be flogged?" asked Gotzkowsky, when the adjutant had left.

The general smiled, as he took Gotzkowsky amicably by the hand. "We will hang them a little lower," said he, significantly. "Come, accompany us to the market-place!"

NOTE.—Count von Tottleben expiated his clemency toward Berlin very dearly. A few months later he was sent to Petersburg under arrest, accused principally of having behaved too leniently and too much in the German interest for a Russian general.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXECUTION.

THE morning was cold and rainy, the wind howled down the empty streets, rattling the windows, and slamming the open house-doors. Surely the weather was but little suited for going out, and yet the Berlin citizens were to be seen flocking toward the New Market in crowds, regardless of wind and rain.

The Berliners have, from time immemorial, been an inquisitive race, and where any thing is to be seen, there they rush. But this day there was to be a rare spectacle at the New Market.

The editors of the two newspapers were to run the gantlet; and besides, General von Tottleben had summoned the Town Council and Jews thither, to receive his last orders and resolutions before he left Berlin. People were, therefore, very much excited, and curious to witness this double show, and in their eagerness they forgave the hostile general, who had prepared such a delightful entertainment for them, all the terrors of the last few days. Two gentlemen—two learned men—were

to be flogged. That was, indeed, a precious and delightful sight for cold, hungry, ragged poverty, which always takes delight in seeing those whom fortune has favored, suffer and smart.

How often had these shoemakers and tailors worried and fretted themselves over their pot of beer, that the newspaper writers should have had the hardihood and stupidity to write so violently against the Russians, without taking into account that the Russians would one day occupy Berlin, and take revenge on its innocent citizens! It served these newspaper writers quite right that they should be punished for their arrogance. And, besides, the good people would see the Russian general and his staff, and the grand Town Council and the chief magistrate, who, in his golden chain and his robes of office, was to hand over to the hostile general a present of ten thousand ducats. The Berliners were, therefore, quite happy, and delighted to hear the hollow sound of the drum, and the Russian word of command.

A regiment of Russian soldiers marched past the corner of the Bishop Street, toward the market-place. They ranged themselves in two long lines, leaving a lane between them, just wide enough for a man to pass through. Then came two provost-marshals, and walked slowly down the lane, delivering to each soldier one of the long slender rods they carried under their arms.

The Russian soldiers were now armed, and awaited the victims they were to chastise. These were dragged out of the guard-house. First came tottering the gray-headed Mr. Krause, slowly and sadly; then came Mr. Kretschmer, formerly the brave, undaunted hero of the quill—now a poor, trembling, crushed piece of humanity. They stood in the middle of the square, and, bewildered with terror, their help-imploping looks swept