

bearer of better news. If, however, you arrive safely at the end of your journey, and do not find Daun already in Berlin, and Contades in Magdeburg, you can assure the Grand Duke Ferdinand from me that all is not lost. Farewell, sir."

Then, bowing slightly, he advanced with a firm step to the generals. His eyes glowed and flashed once more, and his whole being reassumed its usual bold and energetic expression.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a clear voice, "fortune did not favor us yesterday, but there is no reason to despair. A day will come when we shall repay the enemy with bloody interest. I at least expect such a day; I will live for its coming, and all my thoughts and plans shall be directed toward that object. I strive for no other glory than to deliver Prussia from the conspiracy into which the whole of Europe has entered against her. I will obtain peace for my native land, but it shall be a great and honorable peace. I will accept no other; I would rather be buried under the ruins of my cannon, than accept a peace that would bring no advantages to Prussia, no fame to us. Honor is the highest, the holiest possession of individuals, as it is of nations; and Prussia, who has placed her honor in our hands, must receive it from us pure and spotless. If you agree with me, gentlemen, join me in this cry, 'Long live Prussia! Long live Prussia's honor!'"

The generals and officers joined enthusiastically in this cry, and like a mighty torrent it spread from mouth to mouth, until it reached the regiments, where it was repeated again and again. The color-bearers unfurled their tattered banners, and the shout arose from thousands of throats, "Long live Prussia's honor!"

The king's countenance was bright, but a tear seemed to glitter in his eye. He raised his glance to heaven and murmured:

"I swear to live so long as there is hope, so long as I am free! I swear only to think of death when my liberty is threatened." Slowly his glance returned to earth, and then in a powerful voice, he cried: "Onward! onward! that has ever been Prussia's watchword, and it shall remain so—Onward! We have a great object before us—we must use every effort to keep the Russians out of Berlin. The palladium of our happiness must not fall into the hands of our enemies. The Oder and the Spree must be ours—we must recover to-morrow what the enemy wrenched from us yesterday!"

"Onward! onward!" cried the army, and the words of the king bore courage and enthusiasm to all hearts.

Hope was awakened, and all were ready to follow the king; for however dark and threatening the horizon appeared, all had faith in the star of the king, and believed that it could never be extinguished.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

THE TERESIANI AND THE PRUSSIANI.

At the splendid hotel of the "White Lion," situated on the *Canale Grande*, a gondola had just arrived. The porter sounded the great house-bell, and the host hastened immediately to greet the stranger, who, having left the gondola, was briskly mounting the small white marble steps that led to the beautiful and sumptuous vestibule of the hotel.

The stranger returned the host's profound and respectful salutation with a stiff military bow, and asked in forced and rather foreign Italian if he could obtain rooms.

Signor Montardo gazed at him with a doubtful and uncertain expression, and instead of answering his question, said:

"Signor, it appears to me that you are a foreigner?"

"Yes," said the stranger, smiling, "my Italian has betrayed me. I am a foreigner, but hope that will not prevent your showing me comfortable and agreeable rooms."

"Certainly not, signor; our most elegant and sumptuous apartment is at your command," said the host, with a flattering smile. In the mean time, however, he did not move from the spot, but gazed with confused and anxious countenance first at the stranger, and then at his large trunk, which the men were just lifting from the gondola.

"Will you please show me the rooms?" cried the stranger, impatiently advancing into the hall.

The host sighed deeply, and threw a questioning glance at the head waiter, who returned it with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I will first show you into the dining-saloon," murmured the host, hastening after the stranger. "Will you please step in here, excellency?" and with humble submission he opened the large folding doors before which they stood, and conducted the stranger into the magnificent saloon which served as dining-saloon and ball-room. "Now, excellency," continued the host, after he closed the door, and had convinced himself by a rapid glance that they were alone,

"forgive my curiosity in asking you two questions before I have the honor of showing you your rooms. How long do you intend to remain here?"

"A few days, sir. Well, your second question?"

The host hesitated a moment; then looking down, he said:

"Your excellency is a German?"

"Yes, a German," said the stranger, impatiently.

"I thought so," sighed the host.

"Will you show me my rooms or not? Decide quickly, for I know there are other handsome hotels on the *Canale Grande* where I would be willingly received."

The host bowed with an aggrieved expression. "Signor, I will show you rooms. Will you have the kindness to follow me?"

Like one who had come to a desperate decision, he advanced and pushed open a door which led to a long passage, with rooms on each side; he passed them all hastily, and entered a small, dark, side-passage, which was little in keeping with the general elegance of the building; the walls were not covered with tapestry, as those of the large halls, but with dirty whitewash; the floor had no carpet, and the doors of the rooms were low and small.

The host opened one of them and led the stranger into a small, simply-furnished room, with a little dark closet containing a bed.

"Signor," he said, with a profound bow, "these are, unfortunately, the only two rooms I can offer you."

"They are small and mean," said the stranger, angrily.

"They are quiet and remote, and you will have the advantage of not being disturbed by the ball which the club of the *Prussiani* are to hold in my grand saloon to-night."

As he finished, he looked at the stranger hastily and searchingly, to see what impression his words had upon him. He was decidedly astonished and confused.

"The Prussian Club?" he said. "Are there so many Prussians here, and are they to celebrate a gay feast when it appears to me they have every reason to mourn for their king's misfortune?"

It was now the stranger who gazed searchingly at the host, and awaited his answer with impatience.

"You ask if there are many Prussians here?" said the host, pathetically. "Yes, there are a great many in *la bella Venezia, eccellenza, chi non e buon Prussiano, non e buon Veneziano*. You say further, that the Prussians have no reason to celebrate a festival, but should mourn for their king's misfortunes. No, your excellency, the Prussians will never have reason to despair, for a hero like the great Frederick can never succumb. His sun is clouded for a moment, but it will burst forth again brilliant and triumphant,

and blind all his enemies. The Prussians celebrate this feast to defy the *Teresiani*. They have their club at the hotel of the 'Golden Fleece,' and held a grand ball there yesterday in honor of their victory at Mayen. 'Tis true the king has lost two battles, the battles of Künersdorf and Mayen, but the Prussians do not despair; for if the king has lost two battles, he will win four to make up for them, and the Austrians, French, and Russians will flee before him, as they did at Zorndorf and Rossbach. The Prussians wish to celebrate this feast to convince the *Teresiani* that they are not disturbed by the king's apparent misfortune, and are now celebrating the victories that their great king is still to achieve."

The stranger's face beamed with delight. "The Prussians have great confidence in their king," he said, with forced composure; "but you have not yet told me why so many Prussians are stopping here?"

The host laughed. "Signor does not occupy himself with politics?"

"No," answered the stranger, with hesitation.

"Well, otherwise you would have known that there are many Prussians in the world, and that all the world takes an interest in this war in which a single hero battles against so many powerful enemies. Yes, yes, there are Prussians in all Europe, and the great Frederick is joyfully welcomed everywhere; but nowhere more joyfully than in our beautiful Italy; and nowhere in Italy is he more welcomed than in our beautiful Venice. The nobles and the gondoliers decide for or against, and Venice is divided into two great parties: the first for the King of Prussia, the latter for the Austrian empress, Maria Theresa. But I assure you the *Teresiani* are mean and despicable, bought enthusiasts, and cowardly fools."

"Consequently, you do not belong to them, signor," said the stranger, smiling; "you are a good *Prussiano*."

"I should think so," cried the host, proudly; "I am a good patriot, and our watchword is, '*Chi non e buon Prussiano, non e buon Veneziano*.'"

"If that is so," cried the stranger, gayly, as he kindly offered the host his hand, "I congratulate myself for having stopped here, and these small, mean rooms will not prevent my remaining. I also am a Prussian, and say, like yourself, what care we for the battles of Künersdorf and Mayen? Frederick the Great will still triumph over his enemies."

"Ah, signor, you are a Prussian!" cried the host, with a true Italian burst of joy. "You are heartily welcome at my hotel, and be convinced, sir, that I shall do every thing to deserve your approval. Come, sir, these rooms are too small, too mean, for a fol-

lower of Frederick; I shall have the honor of showing you two beautiful rooms on the first floor, with a view of the *Canale Grande*, and you shall pay no more for them. Follow me, sir, and pardon me that you were not at once worthily served. I did not know you were a *Prussiano*, and it would have been most dangerous and impolitic to have received a stranger who might have been a *Teresiano*; it might have deprived me of all the Prussian custom. Have the goodness to follow me."

He stepped forward briskly, and conducted the stranger across the passage through the grand saloon into the hall. The head waiter was standing there engaged in an excited conversation with the gondoliers who, having placed the traveller's trunk in the hall, were cursing and crying aloud for their money. While the waiter was assuring them, that it was not decided whether the stranger would remain with them or not, and perhaps they would have to carry his trunk farther, the host nodded smilingly at the head waiter and said, proudly, "His excellency is not only a German, but a Prussian."

The clouded faces of the waiters and gondoliers cleared immediately, and they gazed at the traveller with a significant smile as he mounted the splendid steps with the host.

"He is a Prussian!" cried the waiters. "*Evviva il Re di Prussia!*" cried the gondoliers, as they raised the trunk and carried it nimbly up the steps.

The saloon into which the host conducted his guest was certainly different from the small, unclean rooms he had shown him before. All was elegance, and with a feeling of pride he led the stranger to the balcony which offered a splendid view of the imposing and glorious *Canale Grande*, with its proud churches and palaces.

"And now, signor," said the host, humbly, "command me. If I can serve you in any manner, I shall do so with pleasure. Any information you desire, I am ready to give. Perhaps your excellency has—?"

"No," said the stranger, quickly, "I have no political mission, and my letter to the prior is of a very innocent nature. I am a merchant, and by chance have become possessed of several costly relics, and hope that the prior of the cloister may purchase them."

"Ah, relics," said the host, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders; "do you know, sir, that no one now is enthusiastic about such things? Politics leave us no time for piety; the Pope has lost his influence, and even the Romans are good *Prussiani*, and care not for Frederick the Great being a heretic. The Pope blesses his enemies and celebrates their victories with brilliant masses and costly presents. The Romans are indifferent to all this, and pray

for their hero-king, the Great Frederick, and in spite of the Pope desire him to triumph."

"Ah," said the traveller, with apparent sadness, "then I shall certainly not succeed with my relics, but I hope I shall do better in the city with my fans; for them I desire your advice. Will you please tell me the names of a few large commercial houses where they might buy some of my beautiful fans? But they must be good *Prussiani*, as you will soon see." He stepped to his trunk, unlocked it, and took from it an *étui* containing a number of fans.

"Look here, sir. I saw these fans in Geneva, and thinking I might perhaps do a good business with them in Italy, I bought several dozen. Examine the charming and tasteful paintings." He opened one of the fans; it was of white satin, with quite an artistic painting of a large Prussian eagle about to devour a white lily.

The host clapped his hands with delight. "Delicious!" he cried, laughing. "The Prussian eagle devouring the French lily; this is charming prophecy, a wonderful satire. You bought these fans in Geneva; there are Prussians in Geneva also, then."

"Every lady in Geneva has such a fan, and there are no better Prussians in Berlin than in Geneva."

"I am delighted, truly delighted," cried the Italian, enthusiastically. "The time will come when all the people of Europe will be Prussians and only princes *Teresiani*."

"Nevertheless, the people will have to obey their princes," said the stranger, with a watchful glance; "and if they command it, will war against the great king."

"Not we, not the Italians," cried the host, violently; "our Doge would not dare to side with the *Teresiani*, for he knows very well that would occasion a revolution in Venice and, perhaps, endanger his own throne. No, no, signor; our exalted government is too wise not to adopt a neutral position, while secretly they are as good Prussians as we are."

"But the Lombardians and the Sardinians?" asked the stranger, expectantly.

"They also are Prussians; even if their king is a *Teresiano*, as they say, his people are Prussians like ourselves."

"And the Neapolitans?"

"Well, the Neapolitans," said the host, laughing, "the Neapolitans are, as you know, not renowned for their bravery; and if they do not love the great Frederick, they fear him. The Neapolitans are the children of Italy, knowing only that Naples is a beautiful city, and fearing a barbarian might come and devour it. In their terror they forget that no one is thinking of them, and that they are separated by Italy and the Alps from all warlike people. The king

of Naples thinks it possible that Frederick may one day ascend Vesuvius with his conquering army and take possession of Naples. Since the king's last victories, Ferdinand has increased the number of his troops and doubled the guard in his capital."

The host laughed so heartily at this account, that the stranger was irresistibly compelled to join him.

"The King of Naples is but a boy nine years old. His ministers are older than himself, and should know a little more geography, signor. But *corpo di Bacco*, here I am talking and talking of politics forgetting entirely that your excellency is doubtless hungry, and desires a strengthening meal."

"'Tis true, I am a little hungry," said the stranger, smiling.

"In a quarter of an hour the most splendid dinner, that the celebrated White Lion can prepare, shall be ready for you, signor," cried the host, as he rushed hastily from the room.

The stranger gazed thoughtfully after him. "It appears to me that I have been very fortunate in coming here; the good host seems to be a good Prussian, and I have learned more from him in a quarter of an hour than I would have done in a long journey through Italy. I shall now be able to act with zeal and energy. But I must not forget the rôle I have to play. I am a merchant trading with fans, curiosities, and relics, and very anxious to bring my wares to market."

The entrance of the waiter interrupted him, and soon the savory dishes invited the traveller to refresh himself.

CHAPTER II.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AS A SAINT.

"AND now to business," said the traveller, when he had finished dining. "It is high time I were on my way, if I am to leave this place to-day." He hastened to his trunk and took from it several bundles and packages, some of which he put in his pockets and some, like a true merchant, he carried under his arm. Then putting on his large, black felt hat, he turned to leave the room. In passing the mirror he looked at himself, and broke out into a merry laugh at his appearance.

"Truly," said he, "I look like a veritable shop-keeper, and he who takes me for any thing else, must be of a more political turn of mind than my host, Signor Montardo, the *Prussiano*."

He turned and left the room to obtain the address of some mer-

chants and a guide from his host. In spite of remonstrances Signor Montardo insisted on accompanying him.

"Otherwise," said he, "some one might address you who is not on our side, and if you were then to show him your fans, there would be a fearful scandal; the other party is quite as hot-headed as we are, and many a pitched battle has taken place between the *Teresiani* and the *Prussiani*. Come, sir; I must accompany you. We will not go by the canal, but through the small by-streets; they will lead us quickest to the Riva di Schiavoni, and then to the Rialto, which is our destination."

"Is that far from the convent of San Giovanni e Paolo?" asked the stranger.

"Ah, you are still determined to offer your relics to the abbot?" said the host, laughing.

"Yes, and hope to sell them."

"Well, I wish you luck. The Rialto is not far from there. I will go with you until within the vicinity of the convent, but not farther."

"And why not?"

"Because the door-keeper is a raging *Teresiano*, and would undoubtedly close the door in your face, were I at your side."

"But did you not tell me the abbot was a *Prussiano*?"

"Yes, the abbot, but the porter is not; nor are many of the monks, I am sorry to say."

"Ah, even the monks are occupied with politics?"

"Signor," cried the host, pathetically, "every one here interests himself in politics; and when you hear that our little children are divided into *Teresiani* and *Prussiani*, you will credit me. There was a slight revolution yesterday in the Riva Peschiera. It was occasioned by a fishwoman's refusing to sell my cook some beautiful trout; she declared God had not created fish for the *Prussiani*, which, in her opinion, was another name for heathen and unbeliever. My cook insisted on having the fish, and, as unfortunately there were many *Prussiani* among the fishwomen, it soon came to hard words and still harder blows, and was terminated by the arrest of the principal disturbers."

They were now entering the Riva di Schiavoni, and the talkative Signor Montardo was continuing his merry tales when he was interrupted by cries and shouts of laughter and derision, and they were almost surrounded by a large crowd of excited men.

"We are fortunately at the end of our walk," said Signor Montardo, "for there is the house of my worthy friend Cicernachi, dealer in fancy goods, and it is to him we are going. Let us press forward to see what this crowd means. I presume my friend

Cicernachi has prepared another surprise for the good people of Venice."

He made a way for himself and friend with his broad shoulders, and soon stood in front of the shop around which the crowd was collected. A cry of astonishment escaped the stranger, and he pointed to the entrance of the shop. "You see there," said he, "a speaking likeness of Frederick the Great."

There hung at the front of the store a large engraving in a rich golden frame. It was the portrait of Prussia's hero king—of Frederick the Great—and beneath burnt a bright lamp, its light shedding a rosy tint over Frederick's noble countenance.

"Ah! I understand it now," whispered the host. "Cicernachi has done this to enrage the *Teresiani*. To show his boundless reverence for the king, he has placed a burning lamp beneath his picture, an honor due only in our country to the saints. Let us hear what the people have to say of it."

Just then a *Teresiano* commenced a speech, accompanied by violent gesticulations, against this insult to the Church. "How can you suffer this heretic to be represented by you as a saint?" cried he, in a voice of rage. "Do you not know that the Pope has excommunicated the King of Prussia? Do you not know that he is an enemy to God, to the Church, and to our holy Catholic religion? Away, then, with this lamp! The fires of hell will devour him, but no holy lamp shall enlighten his darkened soul."

"He is right, he is right," cried some among the crowd. "Away with the lamp! Break Cicernachi's windows, for he is a *Prussiano*. He makes a saint of a heretic! Put out the lamp!"

"Do not venture to touch the lamp," cried others. "Back! back! or our fists shall close your eyes until neither the lamp nor the great Frederick is visible to you."

"Put out the lamp, in God's name!" cried the infuriated *Teresiani*. And the cry was repeated by many of his party, as they pressed forward. But the *Prussiani*, amongst whom were our host and the stranger, had already formed a wall of defence before the store, and were energetically beating back the approaching *Teresiani*. And then there occurred a tumult, such as can only occur among passionate Italians. Wild shouts, curses, and threats were heard—eyes sparkling with rage, doubled fists, and here and there a dagger or a knife was seen.

But the noise suddenly ceased, and a deep stillness prevailed. No sound was heard but the quiet even tread of the solemn silent forms that stood suddenly, as if they had risen from the earth in their midst. No one had seen them come—no word was spoken by them, and still many retreated timidly, fearfully from them; their

presence was enough to quiet these enraged masses, to silence their anger. Even Signor Montardo deserted his prominent position before the lamp, and was gazing anxiously at the dark forms passing slowly through the crowd.

"The *sbirri*!" whispered he to the stranger. "The servants of the Council of Ten! Whom will they take with them?"

But it seemed as if these much-feared men only desired to cause the people to remember them only, to threaten—not to punish. They wished to remind the people that the law was watching over them. Completely hid by their long mantles, they passed with bowed heads through the crowd. Thus without addressing or noticing any one, they passed into one of the small by-streets leading from the Rialto.

As the last one disappeared, life once more animated the crowd. All breathed more freely when relieved from their much-feared presence, and soon they commenced talking again of Cicernachi's new saint.

"You see," whispered Montardo to the stranger, "that our government is neutral. It will punish neither the *Prussiani* nor the *Teresiani*; only warns us not to carry our zeal too far, and reminds us that it is against the law to carry a dagger or a knife in the street. But now let us enter the shop, and I will introduce you to Cicernachi."

He took the stranger's arm, and entered the shop, where a tall, slim man met him. His long black hair hung in wild disorder on both sides of his expressive countenance, his eyes sparkled with fire, and on his full red lip there was a proud, triumphant smile.

"Well, Montardo," said he, "you come undoubtedly to congratulate me on this victory over these miserable *Teresiani*."

"Certainly, sir," cried Montardo, laughingly, "it was a most original idea."

"Do you know why I have done it?" said Cicernachi; "yesterday the *Teresiani* placed before their restaurants the bull of Pope Clement XI., which has just been confirmed and renewed by Clement XIII. It was printed on white satin, and enclosed in a beautiful gilt frame, and underneath it burnt a sacred lamp."

"What are the contents of this bull?" said Montardo.

"I will tell you the beginning," said Cicernachi, "I do not recollect all. It sounded thus: 'You have long known that Frederick, margrave of Brandenburg, in contempt for the authority of the Church, took to himself the name and *insignia* of king, a profane and unheard-of act among Christians. He has thus unwisely enough become one of those of whom it is said in the Bible, 'They reigned, but not through Me; they were princes, but I did not know

them.' Do you conceive now why I placed the king's picture before my store? why I burnt a lamp beneath it? I think this glorious portrait is more deserving of a sacred lamp than the Pope's nonsensical bull."

"You are right, signor," said the stranger, advancing to Cicernachi and shaking hands with him. "Permit me to thank you in the name of my great and noble king whom you have this day defended in so original a manner from the malicious charges of his enemies. I give you my word of honor that the king shall hear of it through me; I know it will rejoice him."

"Ah, signor," said Montardo, laughing, "you forget that you are an honest merchant who does not concern himself about politics."

"I can never forget I am a Prussian," said the traveller; "and how could I forget it?" continued he, laughing. "My whole business consists of Prussian wares."

"Truly you have some very beautiful articles," said Montardo. "You will be charmed with them, Cicernachi; it will be another opportunity to annoy the *Teresiani*. Look at this merchant's fans."

The stranger opened several fans. Cicernachi's eyes sparkled with delight at the sight of the painting. "How many have you, signor?" said he.

"Twelve."

"I take them all, and regret you have not more."

"But Cicernachi, where has all your wisdom gone to?" cried Montardo. "You have not even asked the price; or do you, perhaps, think the stranger gives them to you for nothing?"

"No, no; I forgot it," said Cicernachi, gazing with delight at the fans which the stranger was spreading out before him. "What is their price, signor?"

The stranger was silent for a moment, and then said, in a hesitating manner: "I paid ten francs for each fan in Geneva."

"I give twice that," said Cicernachi, quickly.

The stranger started up hastily, blushing with annoyance. "Sir," said he, "I take from no one a higher price than I gave."

"Ah, signor, signor," cried Montardo, "you have again forgotten that you are but a merchant. No merchant sells his goods for what he gave for them. Remember that."

"I will make a good business with these fans," said Cicernachi. "I give you twenty-four francs, and will ask fifty for them. The ladies of our nobility, many of whom are *Prussiani*, will be delighted to annoy their opponents in so elegant a manner. Are you content, sir?"

"I am satisfied," said the stranger, blushing with embarrassment. "Is this all you have for sale?"

"No, I have something else," said the stranger, opening another package. "As you are *Prussiano*, these neat little coins and medals, with pretty caricatures of the enemies of the king on them, will no doubt please you."

"Ah, let us see them," cried both Italians. They examined with eagerness the medals upon which the enemies of Frederick were represented in various laughable situations and positions.

"I take them all!" cried Cicernachi, enraptured.

The stranger laughed. "I cannot sell you my whole business," said he; "I must retain something. I will give you one of each. You must accept them as a token of my esteem, and must not pay me for them."

"Signor!" cried Montardo, in an imploring tone, "remain at my hotel as long as you please, and when I bring you your bill lay some of these coins upon it, and I shall be richly paid."

The stranger promised; then having received, with visible annoyance, the money for the fans, left the store with Montardo to pay his visit to the Convent Giovanni e Paolo.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLOISTER BROTHERS OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO.

THE Prior of San Giovanni e Paolo had just returned from the second mass celebrated in the beautiful church of his cloister, the burial-place of the great Titiano Vicelli. With his arms folded across his back, he walked slowly and thoughtfully backward and forward, then stood before a large table at which a monk was occupied in unfolding letters and maps.

"This, your worship," said the monk, opening a new paper, "is an exact plan of the region around Mayen; we have just received it, and the positions of the two armies are plainly marked down. If agreeable to your worship, I will read the bulletins aloud, and you can follow the movements of the troops upon the map."

The prior shook his head softly. "No, Brother Anselmo, do not read again the triumphant bulletins of the Austrians and Russians; they pain my ears and my heart. Let us rather look at the map to see if the present position of the army offers any ground of hope."

"I have marked it all out with pins," said Father Anselmo; "the black pins signify the army of the allies, the white pins the army of the King of Prussia."

The prior bowed over the map, and his eye followed thoughtfully the lines which Father Anselmo marked out. "Your pins are a sad