

"I received it from the Governor of Magdeburg, the Landgrave of Hesse; as I could do nothing with it, I ventured to send it to your royal highness."

"And I thank you, general, for sending it in so discreet, so wise a manner. We may, perhaps, succeed in keeping all this secret from my brother, so that he cannot act against us. Hasten away, general, and give the jeweller, or whatever else he may be, his instructions. Send him to me early in the morning for his reward."*

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROYAL HOUSE-SPY.

THE next morning, a carriage drew up before the garden of Sans-Souci, and a gentleman, in a glittering, embroidered court uniform, crept out slowly and with much difficulty. Coughing and murmuring peevish words to himself, he slipped into the *allée* leading to the terraces. His back was bent, and from under the three-cornered hat, ornamented with rich gold lace, came sparsely, here and there, a few silver hairs. Who could have recognized, in this doubled-up, decrepit form, now with tottering knees creeping up the terrace, the once gay, careless, unconcerned grand-master of ceremonies, Baron von Pöllnitz? Who could have supposed that this old weather-beaten visage, deformed with a thousand wrinkles, once belonged to the dashing cavalier? And yet, it was even so. Pöllnitz had grown old, and his back was bowed down under the yoke which the monster Time lays at last upon humanity; but his spirit remained unchanged. He had preserved his vivacity, his malice, his egotism. He had the same passion for gold—much gold; not, however, to hoard, but to lavish. His life was ever divided between base covetousness and thoughtless prodigality. When he had revelled and gormandized through the first days of every month, he was forced, during the last weeks, to suffer privation and hunger, or to borrow from those who were good-natured and credulous enough to lend him. There was also one other source of revenue which the adroit courtier knew how to use to his advantage. He was a splendid *écarte* player; and, as it was his duty, as grand-master of ceremonies, to provide amusements for the court, to choose places and partners for the card-tables, he always arranged it so as to bring himself in contact with wealthy and eager card-players, from some of whom

* The princess succeeded in winning the influence of the fireman. How he succeeded with the empress, can be seen in "Thiébauld's Souvenirs de Vingt Ans," vol. iv.

he could win, and from others borrow a few louis d'or. Besides this, since the return of the king, Pöllnitz had voluntarily taken up his old trade of spy, and informed Frederick of all he saw and heard at court; for this, from time to time, he demanded a small reward.

"Curious idea," he said, as, puffing and blowing, he clambered up the terrace. "Curious idea to live in this wearisome desert, when he has respectable and comfortable castles in the midst of the city, and on a level plain. One might truly think that the king, even in life, wishes to draw nearer to heaven, and withdraws from the children of man, to pray and prepare himself for paradise."

The baron laughed aloud; it seemed to him a droll idea to look at the king as a prayerful hermit. This conception amused him, and gave him strength to go onward more rapidly, and he soon reached the upper platform of the terrace, upon which the castle stood. Without difficulty, he advanced to the antechamber, but there stood Deesen, and forbade him entrance to the king.

"His majesty holds a cabinet council," said he, "and it is expressly commanded to allow no one to enter."

"Then I will force an entrance," said Pöllnitz, stepping boldly to the door. "I must speak to his majesty; I have something most important to communicate."

"I think it cannot be more important than that which now occupies the king's attention," said the intrepid Deesen. "I am commanded to allow no one to enter; I shall obey the order of the king."

"I am resolved to enter," said Pöllnitz, in a loud voice; but Deesen spread his broad figure threateningly before the door. An angry dispute arose, and Pöllnitz made his screeching voice resound so powerfully, he might well hope the king would hear him, and in this he was not deceived; the king heard and appeared at once upon the threshold.

"Pöllnitz," said he, "you are and will always be an incorrigible fool; you are crowing as loud as a Gallic cock, who is declaring war against my people. I have made peace with the Gauls, mark that, and do not dare again to crow so loud. What do you want? Do your creditors wish to cast you in prison, or do you wish to inform me that you have become a Jew, and wish to accept some lucrative place as Rabbi?"

"No, sire, I remain a reformed Christian, and my creditors will never take the trouble to arrest me; they know that would avail nothing. I come on most grave and important matters of business, and I pray your majesty to grant me a private audience."

Frederick looked sternly at him. "Listen, Pöllnitz, you are still a long-winded and doubtful companion, notwithstanding your seventy-six years. Deliberate a moment; if that which you tell me is

not important, and requiring speedy attention, I will punish you severely for having dared to interrupt me in my cabinet council; I will withhold your salary for the next month."

"Your majesty, the business is weighty, and requires immediate attention; I stake my salary upon it."

"Come, then, into my cabinet, but be brief," said Frederick, stepping into the adjoining room. "Now speak," said he, as he closed the door.

"Sire, first, I must ask your pardon for daring to allude to a subject which is so old that its teeth are shaky and its countenance wrinkled."

"You wish, then, to speak of yourself?" said Frederick.

"No, sire; I will speak of a subject which bloomed before the war, and since then has withered and faded in a subterranean prison; but it now threatens to put forth new buds, to unfold new leaves, and I fear your majesty will find that undesirable."

"Speak, then, clearly, and without circumlocution. I am convinced it is only some gossiping or slander you wish to retail. You come as a salaried family spy who has snapped up some greasy morsels of scandal. Your eyes are glowing with malicious pleasure, as they always do when you are about to commit some base trick. Now, then, out with it! Of whom will you speak?"

"Of the Princess Amelia and Trenck," whispered Pöllnitz.

The king gazed at him fiercely for a moment, then turned and walked silently backward and forward.

"Well, what is your narrative?" said Frederick, at last, turning his back upon Pöllnitz, and stepping to the window as if to look out.

"Sire, if your majesty does not interfere, the Princess Amelia will send a negotiator to Vienna, who undertakes to induce the Empress Maria Theresa to apply to you for the release of Trenck. This negotiator is richly provided with gold and instructions; and the Austrian ambassador has pointed out to the princess a sure way to reach the ear of the empress, and to obtain an intercessor with her. She will appeal to the fireman of the empress, and this influential man will undertake to entreat Maria Theresa to ask for Trenck's release. This will take place immediately; an hour since the messenger received his instructions from General Riedt, and a quarter of an hour since he received four thousand louis d'or from the princess to bribe the fireman. If the intrigue succeeds, the princess has promised him a thousand louis d'or for himself."

"Go on," said the king, as Pöllnitz ceased speaking.

"Go on!" said Pöllnitz, with a stupefied air. "I have nothing more to say; it seems to me the history is sufficiently important."

"And it seems to me a silly fairy tale," said Frederick, turning

angrily upon the grand-master. "If you think to squeeze gold out of me by such ridiculous and senseless narratives, you are greatly mistaken. Not one farthing will I pay for these lies. Do you think that Austria lies on the borders of Tartary? There, a barber is minister; and you, forsooth, will make a fireman the confidential friend of the empress! Why, Scheherezade would not have dared to relate such an absurd fairy tale to her sleepy sultan, as you, sir, now seek to impose upon me!"

"But, sire, it is no fairy tale, but the unvarnished truth. The page of the princess listened, and immediately repeated all that he heard to me."

"Have you paid the page for this intelligence, which he asserts he overheard?"

"No, sire."

"Then go quickly to Berlin and reward him by two sound boxes on the ear, then go to bed and drink chamomile tea. It appears to me your head is weak."

"But, sire, I have told you nothing but the pure truth; no matter how fabulous it may appear."

Frederick gazed at him scornfully. "It is a silly tale," he cried, in a loud commanding voice. "Do not say another word, and do not dare to repeat to any one what you have now related. Go, I say! and forget this nonsense."

Pöllnitz crept sighing and with bowed head to the door, but, before he opened it, he turned once more to the king.

"Sire, this is the last day of the month, this wretched October has thirty-one days. Even if in your majesty's wisdom you decide this story to be untrue, you should at least remember my zeal."

"I should reward you for your zeal in doing evil?" said Frederick, shaking his head. "But truly this is the way of the world; evil is rewarded and good actions trodden under foot. You are not worth a kick! Go and get your reward; tell my servant to give you ten Fredericks d'or—but on one condition."

"What condition?" said Pöllnitz, joyfully.

"As soon as you arrive in Berlin, go to the castle, call the page of the princess, and box him soundly for his villany. Go!"

The king stood sunk in deep thought in the window-niche, long after Pöllnitz had left the room; he appeared to forget that his ministers were waiting for him; he thought of his sister Amelia's long, sad life, of her constancy and resignation, and a profound and painful pity filled his heart.

"Surely I dare at length grant her the poor consolation of having brought about his release," said he to himself. "She has been so long and so terribly punished for this unhappy passion, that I will

give her the consolation of plucking a few scentless blossoms from the grave of her heart. Let her turn to the fireman of the empress, and may my pious aunt be warmed up by his representations and prayers! I will not interfere; and if Maria Theresa intercedes for Trenck, I will not remember that he is a rebellious subject and a traitor, worthy of death. I will remember that Amelia has suffered inexpressibly for his sake, that her life is lonely and desolate—a horrible night, in which one feeble ray of sunshine may surely be allowed to fall. Poor Amelia! she loves him still!”

As Frederick stepped from the window and passed into the other room, he murmured to himself:

“There is something beautiful in a great, rich human heart. Better to die of grief and disappointment than to be made insensible by scorn and disdain—to be turned to stone!”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLOUDS GATHER.

WHILE the king lived alone and quiet in Sans-Souci, and occupied himself with his studies and his government, the gayeties and festivities continued uninterrupted in Rheinsberg. It seemed that Prince Henry had no other thought, no other desire than to prepare new pleasures, new amusements for his wife. His life had been given up for so many years to earnest cares, that he now sought to indemnify himself by an eager pursuit after pleasure. *Fête* succeeded *fête*, and all of the most elegant and accomplished persons in Berlin, all those who had any claim to youth, beauty, and amiability, were invariably welcome at the palace of the prince.

It was late in the autumn, and Prince Henry had determined to conclude the long succession of wood and garden parties by a singular and fantastic entertainment. Before they returned to the saloons, the winter-quarters of pleasure, they wished to bid farewell to Nature. The nymphs of the wood and the spring, the hamadryads of the forests, the fauns and satyrs should reign once more in the woods before they placed the sceptre in the hands of winter. The guests of Rheinsberg should once more enjoy the careless gayety of a happy day, before they returned to the winter saloons, on whose threshold Etiquette awaited them, with her forced smile, her robes of ceremony and her orders and titles.

The ladies and gentlemen had been transformed, therefore, into gods and goddesses, nymphs, and hamadryads, fauns, satyrs, and wood-spirits. The horn of Diana resounded once more in the wood,

through which the enchanting huntress passed, accompanied by Endymion, who was pursued by Actæon. There was Apollo and the charming Daphne; Echo and the vain Narcissus; and, on the bank of the lake, which gleamed in the midst of the forest, the water-nymphs danced in a fairy-circle with the tritons.

The prince had himself made all the arrangements for this fantastic *fête*; he had selected the character, and appointed the place of every one, and, that nothing should fail, he had ordered all to seek their pleasures and adventures as they would—only, when the horn of the goddess Diana should sound, all must appear on the shore of the lake to partake of a most luxurious meal. The remainder of the day was to be given to the voluntary pleasures which each one would seek or make for himself, and in this the ladies and gentlemen showed themselves more ingenious than usual. In every direction goddesses were to be seen gliding through the bushes to escape the snares of some god, or seeking some agreeable rendezvous. At the edge of the lake lay charming gondolas ready for those who wished to rest and refresh themselves by a sail upon the dancing waves. For the hunters and huntresses targets were placed upon the trees; all kinds of fire-arms and cross-bows and arrows lay near them. Scattered throughout the forest, were a number of small huts, entirely covered with the bark of trees, and looking like a mass of fallen wood, but comfortably and even elegantly arranged in the interior. Every one of these huts was numbered, and at the beginning of the *fête* every lady had drawn a number from an urn, which was to designate the hut which belonged to her. Chance alone had decided, and each one had given her word not to betray the number of her cabin. From this arose a seeking and spying, a following and listening, which gave a peculiar charm to the *fête*. Every nymph or goddess could find a refuge in her cabin; having entered it, it was only necessary to display the ivy wreath, which she found within, to protect herself from any further pursuit, for this wreath announced to all that the mistress of the hut had retired within and did not wish her solitude disturbed. That nothing might mar the harmony of this *fête*, the prince and his wife had placed themselves on an equal footing with their guests; the princess had declined any conspicuous rôle, and was to appear in the simple but charming costume of a wood-nymph, while the prince had selected an ideal and fanciful hunter's costume. Even in the selection of huts the Princess Wilhelmina had refused to make any choice, and had drawn her number as the others did, even refusing a glimpse of it to her husband.

This day seemed given up to joy and pleasure. Every countenance was bright and smiling, and the wood resounded with merry

laughter, with the tones of the hunter's horn, the baying of the hounds, which were in Diana's train, and the singing of sweet songs. And still on how many faces the smile was assumed, how many sighs arose, with how many cares and sorrows were many of these apparently happy creatures weighed down? Even the noble brow of the goddess Diana was not so unruffled as Homer describes it, her countenance expressed care and unrest, and in her great black eyes there glowed such fire as had never shone in the orbs of the coy goddess.

See, there is the goddess Diana crossing the wood breathlessly, and hurriedly, looking anxiously around her, as if she feared the approach of some pursuers; then seeing that no one is near, she hastens forward toward the hut, which stands amidst those bushes. The ivy wreath is hanging before this cabin, but Diana does not notice this, she knows what it means and, besides, no one has a right to enter this hut but herself, for it bears the number which she drew.

As she entered, Endymion, the beautiful hunter, advanced to greet her. "At length you have come, Camilla," he whispered, gently; "at length you grant me the happiness of a private interview. Oh, it is an eternity since I beheld you. You are very cruel to me to refuse me all intercourse with you, and to leave me languishing in the distance for one glance from you."

"As if it depended on me to allow you to approach me. As if I was not guarded with argus eyes as a prisoner that is expected to break loose and vanish at any moment. How much trouble, how much cunning and deftness have I been compelled to exercise to come here now. It was a detestable idea of the princess to give me the rôle of Diana, for I have behind me a band of spies, and I assure you that my coy huntresses are so fearfully modest, that the sight of a man fills them with dread, and they flee before him into the wildest thicket of the woods."

"Perhaps because they have a lover concealed in the thicket," said Endymion.

Camilla laughed aloud. "Perhaps you are right. But when my huntresses fly, there still remains that horrible argus who guards me with his thousand eyes and never leaves my side. It was from pure malice that the prince gave that rôle to my detestable stepfather, and thus fastened him upon me."

"How did you succeed in escaping the watchfulness of your argus to come here?"

"I escaped at the moment the princess was speaking to him, and my huntresses were pursuing Actæon, which character the Baron von Kaphengst was representing with much humor. I wanted to

speak with you, for I have so much to relate to you. I must open to you my broken, my unhappy heart. You are my dear, faithful cousin Kindar, and I hope you will not leave your poor cousin, but give her counsel and assistance."

Baron von Kindar took Camilla's offered hand and pressed it to his lips. "Count upon me as upon your faithful slave, who would gladly die for you, as he cannot live for your sake."

"Listen then, *beau cousin*," whispered Camilla, smiling. "You know that my stern, upright husband has left Berlin in order to receive the post of an ambassador at Copenhagen. I would not accompany him because I was daily expecting the birth of my child, and the little creature was so sensible as not to enter the world until after the departure of its honored father, who, before leaving, had delivered me a lecture on the subject of his fidelity and tenderness, and of my duties as a lonely wife and young mother. I was compelled to swear to him among other things that I would not receive my *beau cousin* at my house."

"And you took that oath?" interrupted Kindar, reproachfully

"I was forced to do so, or he would not have gone, or he would have taken me with him. Besides this, he left behind his old confidant the tutor, and told him that you should never be allowed to visit me. And to place the crown upon his jealousy, he betrayed the secret of his suspicions to my stepfather, and demanded of him the friendly service of accompanying me to all *fêtes* and balls, and to prevent you from approaching me."

"Am I then so dangerous?" said Kindar, with a faint smile.

"These gentlemen at least appear to think so; and if I did not care so much for you, I should really hate you, I have suffered so much on your account."

Baron von Kindar covered her hand with burning kisses for an answer to this.

"Be reasonable, *beau cousin*, and listen to me," said Camilla, as she laughingly withdrew her hand. "My husband has been, as I said, in Copenhagen for eight weeks, and has already entreated me to join him with the child, as I have entirely recovered."

"The barbarian!" murmured Kindar.

"I have declined up to this time under one pretext or another. But yesterday I received a letter from my husband, in which he no longer entreats me, but dares, as he himself expresses it, to command me to leave Berlin two days after the receipt of his letter."

"But that is tyranny which passes all bounds," cried Kindar. "Does this wise lord think that his wife must obey him as a slave? Ah, Camilla, you owe it to yourself to show him that you

are a free-born woman, whom no one dare command, not even a husband."

"How shall I show him that?" asked Camilla.

"By remaining here," whispered Kindar. "You dare not think of leaving Berlin, for you know that the hour of your departure would be the hour of my death. You know it, for you have long known that I love you entirely, and that you owe me some recompense for the cruel pain I suffered when you married another."

"And in what shall this recompense consist?" asked Camilla with a coquettish smile.

Baron von Kindar placing his arm around her, whispered: "By remaining here, adored Camilla, for my sake—in declaring to your hated husband that you will leave Berlin on no account—that your honor demands that you should prove to him in the face of his brutal commands, that these are no commands for you—and that you will follow your own will and inclination. Therefore you will remain in Berlin."

"Will you write this letter for me?"

"If I do so, will you consent to remain here, and to open your door to me in spite of the orders of your husband, or the argus-eyes of your stepfather?"

"Write the letter, the rest will arrange itself," said Camilla.

"I will write it to-night. May I bring it to you myself to-morrow morning?"

"If I say no, will you then be so kind as to give it to my maid?"

"I swear by my honor that I will only give the letter into your own hands."

"Well, then, my tyrannical cousin, you force me to open my door to you in spite of my husband and my stepfather, and in the face of this Cerberus of a tutor who guards my stronghold."

"But what do I care for these open doors so long as your heart remains closed against me, Camilla? Ah, you laugh—you mock at my sufferings. Have you no pity, no mercy? You see what I suffer, and you laugh."

"I laugh," she whispered, "because you are so silly, *beau cousin*. But listen, there is the call of my huntresses—I must hasten to them, or they will surround this cabin and they might enter. Farewell. To-morrow I will expect you with the letter. Adieu." Throwing him a kiss with the tips of her fingers, she hastily left the hut.

Baron von Kindar looked after her with a singular smile. "She is mine," he whispered. "We will have a charming little romance, but it will terminate in a divorce, and not in a marriage. I have no idea of following up this divorce by a marriage. God protect

me from being forced to marry this beautiful, frivolous, coquettish woman."

While this scene was taking place in one part of the forest, the *fête* continued gayly. They sang and laughed, and jested, and no one dreamed that dark sin was casting its cold shadow over this bright scene—that the cowardly crime of treachery had already poisoned the pure air of this forest. None suspected it less than Prince Henry himself. He was happy and content that this *fête* had succeeded so well—that this bright autumn day had come opportunely to his aid. The sun penetrated to his heart and made it warm and joyous. He had just made a little tour through the forest with some of his cavaliers, and had returned to the tent on the bank of the lake, where he had last seen the princess amid a bevy of nymphs, but she was no longer there, and none of the ladies knew where she had gone.

"She has retired to her hut," said the prince to himself, as he turned smilingly toward the thick woods. "The only thing is to discover her hut; without doubt she is there and expects me to seek her. Now, then, may fortune assist me to discover my beloved. I must find her if only to prove to her that my love can overcome all difficulties and penetrate every mystery. There are twenty-four huts—I know their situation. I will visit each, and it will be strange indeed if I cannot discover my beautiful Wilhelmina."

He advanced with hasty steps in the direction of the huts. By a singular coincidence they were all vacant, the ivy wreath was displayed on none, and the prince could enter and convince himself that no one was within. He had visited twenty-three of the huts without finding the object of his search. "I will go to the last one," said the prince, gayly; "perhaps the gods have led me astray only that I might find happiness at the end of my path." He saw the last hut in the distance. It nestled in the midst of low bushes, looking quiet and undisturbed, and on the door hung the ivy wreath. The heart of the prince beat with joy, and he murmured, "She is there—I have found her," as he hastened toward the hut. "No," he said, "I dare not surprise her. I must consider the law sacred which I made. The ivy wreath is before the door—no one dare enter. But I will lie down before the door, and when she comes out she must cross my body or fall into my arms." The prince approached the hut quietly, careful to avoid making any noise. When he had reached it, he sank slowly upon the grass, and turned his eyes upon the door, which concealed his beloved one from his view.

Deep silence reigned. This was a charming spot, just suited for a tender rendezvous, and full of that sweet silence which speaks so

eloquently to a loving heart. In the distance could be heard the sound of the hunter's horn, whilst the great trees rustled their leaves as though they wished to mingle their notes in the universal anthem. The prince gave himself up for a long time to the sweet pleasures of this solitude, turning his smiling glance first to the heavens where a few white clouds were floating, and then again to earth, where some glittering insect attracted his gaze.

But what was it which pierced through him with a deadly horror—which made him become so pale, and turn his flashing eyes with an indescribable expression of dread toward the hut? Why did he partially arise from his reclining position as the hunter does, who sees the prey approach that he wishes to destroy? What was it that made him press his lips so tightly, one against the other, as if he would repress a cry of agony, or an execration? And why does he listen now with bated breath, his gaze fixed upon the hut, and both hands raised, as if to threaten an approaching enemy? Suddenly he sprang up, and rushed trembling to the door, and, while in the act of bursting it open, he fell back, pale as death, as if his foot had trodden upon a poisonous serpent. Thus retreating, with wildly staring eyes, with half-open lips, which seemed stiffened in the very act of uttering a shriek, he slowly left the hut, and then suddenly, as if he could no longer look at any thing so frightful, he turned and fled from the spot as if pursued by furies. Farther, always farther, until his strength and his breath were exhausted; then he sank down.

"It was cowardly to fly," he murmured; "but I felt that I should murder them, if they came out of the hut before my eyes. A voice within whispered, 'Fly, or you will be a murderer!' I obeyed it almost against my will. It was cowardly—an unpardonable error, but I will return to the hut."

He sprang forward like a tiger, ready to fall upon his prey. His hand involuntarily sought his side for his sword.

"Ah, I have no weapon," he said, gnashing his teeth, "I must murder them with my hands."

He advanced with uplifted head, defiant as a conqueror, or as one who has overcome death and has nothing to fear. The hut was again before him, but it no longer smiled at him; it filled him with horror and fury. Now he has reached it, and with one blow he bursts open the door; but it is empty. The prince had not remarked that the ivy-wreath was no longer displayed, and that the hut was therefore vacant.

"They are gone," he murmured. "This time they have escaped punishment, but it surely awaits them."

CHAPTER IX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

A MONTH had passed since Amelia dispatched her emissary to the queen's fireman, and she had as yet received no definite intelligence. General Riedt had called but once; he told her he had succeeded in interesting the Savoyard in Trenck's fate, and he had promised to remind the empress of the unfortunate prisoner. But a condition must be attached to this promise: no one must approach him again on this subject; it must be kept an inviolable secret. Only when Trenck was free would the fireman receive the other half of the stipulated sum; if he failed in his attempt, he would return the money he now held.

This was all that the princess had heard from Vienna; her heart was sorrowful—almost hopeless. Trenck still sat in his wretched prison at Magdeburg, and she scarcely dared hope for his release.

It was a dark, tempestuous November day. The princess stood at the window, gazing at the whirling snow-flakes, and listening to the howling of the pitiless storm. They sounded to her like the raging shrieks of mocking, contending spirits, and filled her heart with malignant joy.

"Many ships will go down to destruction in the roaring sea; many men will lose all that they possess," she murmured, with a coarse laugh. "God sends His favorite daughter, the bride of the winds; she sings a derisive song to men; she shows them how weak, how pitiful they are. She sweeps away their possessions—touches them on that point where alone they are sensitive. I rejoice in the howling, whistling tempest! This is the voice of the great world-spirit, dashing by in the thunder, and making the cowardly hearts of men tremble. They deserve this punishment; they are utterly unworthy and contemptible. I hate, I despise them all! Only when I see them suffer can I be reconciled to them. Aha! the storm has seized a beautifully-dressed lady. How it whirls and dashes her about! Look how it lifts her robe, making rare sport of her deceitful, affected modesty. Miserable, variegated butterfly that you are, you think yourself a goddess of youth and beauty. This wild tempest teaches you that you are but a poor, pitiful insect, tossed about in the world like any other creeping thing—a powerless atom. The storm first takes possession of your clothes, now of your costly hat. Wait, my lady, wait! one day it will take your heart; it will be crushed and broken to pieces—there will be none to pity. The world laughs and mocks at the wretched. Misfortune