

## CHAPTER IV.

## IN BERLIN.

THE utmost uneasiness and suspense prevailed in Berlin. Several rumors had already reached the capital. It was reported that, on the 14th of October, a battle had taken place between the Prussians and French forces. To-day was the 18th, and no news had been received; nothing definite was known about the result of the battle. But the people said, if it had been favorable to the Prussians, the couriers, to whom joy would have lent wings, would have reached the capital long since; and this continued silence and incertitude seemed to the inhabitants of Berlin more discouraging than any positive intelligence, however disastrous it might be.

No one had the heart to work longer—no one could be prevailed upon to follow his usual avocation; all felt paralyzed by a secret terror; and hastened into the street, as though they hoped some decisive news would fly through the air and put an end to this dreadful suspense.

All Berlin seemed to have met in the streets on the morning of this 18th October, and the people hastened in vast crowds toward the house of the governor of the capital; they consisted to-day not only of the lower classes of society but the noblest and best had united with them. Men of mind and education, the representatives of art and science, were to be seen among them. There was no distinction of rank or position—every one felt that he was united with his fellow-citizens by the same care, anxiety, and affection; every one knew that all the thousands surrounding him entertained the same wishes and apprehensions, and thus social distinctions were unnoticed. The high-born and the rich, the poor and the lowly, all felt only that they were Prussians—that they were Germans; all were animated by one desire; to learn what had been the result of the battle, and whether the Prussians, faithful to their ancient military glory, had defeated the enemy, or, like the other nations, succumbed to Napoleon.

Thousands hastened, therefore, to the residence of the

governor of Berlin, Count von Schulenburg, and called vociferously for him. When the count appeared on the balcony and asked what the crowd wanted, hundreds of voices shouted in thundering chorus: "We want to know whether the army has fought a battle, and whether it was defeated!"

Count Schulenburg shrugged his shoulders, and amid the silence that ensued his ringing voice was heard to say: "I have not yet received any definite intelligence; but so soon as I have it, I shall deem it incumbent upon me to communicate it to the citizens of Berlin."

The governor returned with tottering steps into his house. For a moment the people remained silent, and seemed still to listen to the words they had just heard; but suddenly a loud, powerful voice shouted: "If the governor does not know any thing, perhaps Professor Lange does. He has established a newspaper for the special purpose of communicating to us the latest news from the seat of war; let us go to his house and ask him what the *Telegraph* says."\*

"Yes, yes, let us go to his house and ask him what the *Telegraph* says!" yelled the crowd. "Where does Professor Lange live? Who can guide us to him?"

"I can do so," said the same voice that had spoken before. "Professor Lange lives at 22 Leipsic Street."

"Come, come, let us go to Professor Lange! Let us hear what the *Telegraph* says!" shouted the crowd, and hastened across the Opera Place and Gensdarmes Market down Charlotte Street to the residence of the journalist.

"The *Telegraph!* the *Telegraph!*" yelled the people. "We want to know what the *Telegraph* says! Professor Lange, give us the news from the seat of war!"

A window on the first floor was hastily opened, and the pale, frightened face of a gentleman looked out. "What do you want to see me for?" asked a tremulous and hollow voice. "Why do you mention the *Telegraph?*"

"We want news from the army! We want to know whether it is true that we have lost a battle!"

"God forbid!" said the gentleman at the window. "I have not received any news whatever for the last three days; I know only one thing, and that is, that Cabinet Counsellor Lombard, who was at the headquarters of the army in Weimar, returned last night to Berlin, and is now at his resi-

\*The *Telegraph* was a journal founded by a certain Professor Lange, on the day when the Prussian army left Berlin. In his prospectus he spoke in the most fulsome terms of the "invincible army of Frederick the Great," and promised to publish always the latest news from the seat of war.

dence. Counsellor Lombard, therefore, would be the man to whom you ought to apply."

"Lombard! Lombard!" shouted the crowd, accompanying the name with bitter imprecations. When this name was heard, all faces turned gloomy, and every voice assumed an angry and threatening tone.

"Lombard is to blame for every thing!" grumbled a few here and there, and "Lombard is to blame for every thing!" was repeated louder and louder. The excitement was as when a storm, sweeping over the sea, lashes its waves, until, rising higher and higher, they foam with fury.

"Lombard sides with the French!" reiterated the surging mass. "He has secretly informed the enemy of all the operations of our army, and if the Prussians are defeated, he will be glad of it. We will go to Lombard, and he must tell us all he knows. But woe to him if the news should be bad!"

And the multitude with savage yells hastened down the street, back to the Linden, and toward the residence of Cabinet Counsellor Lombard.

All the window-blinds of his house were closed, as they had been for the last two weeks, since this well-known favorite of Minister von Haugwitz had repaired to the headquarters of the army at Weimar. But Professor Lange had stated, perhaps for the sole purpose of diverting the general attention from himself, and of directing it toward the unpopular cabinet counsellor, that Lombard had returned, and the people believed him.

"Lombard! Lombard!" shouted hundreds of voices. Eyes which had hitherto looked only sad and anxious became threatening; many a fist was lifted up to the closed windows, and many an imprecation uttered.

"If a disaster has taken place, it is Lombard's fault," cried one of the crowd.

"If it is his fault, he shall and must atone for it," exclaimed another.

"He has no heart for Prussia's honor," said a third. "He is a German-Frenchman, and would not object if the whole of Prussia should become a French province. If he knew how to do it, he certainly would not shrink from it, even should he bring captivity and distress upon the king and the queen!"

"He has already done much mischief," shouted another. "The Russian army which was to support ours ought to have been here long ago, but he detained the dispatches in which the king informed the czar that our army had advanced

against the French. It is his fault that the Russians have not yet arrived."

"It is his fault that the Russians have not yet arrived!" roared the wild chorus, and the furious men began to rush toward the house. Many armed themselves with stones, hurled them at the walls and broke the windows; others commenced striking with vigorous fists at the closed door.

"Open the door! open the door! We want to see Lombard! He shall account for what he has done!" exclaimed the enraged men. "Woe to him if it be true that we have lost a battle! Woe to him if——"

"Silence! silence!" suddenly thundered a loud, imperious voice. "See, there is a courier!"

"A courier! A courier!" and all rushed back from the house into the street; every eye turned toward the horseman, who approached at full gallop.

As if obeying a military command, the multitude made way for him, but at every step they closed behind him, and, pressing him on all sides, his progress was exceedingly slow.

But the courier, with his gloomy mien and pale cheeks, looked like a bearer of bad news, and when the people had scanned his features, they murmured, "He brings bad news! A disaster is written on his forehead!"

"Let me pass," he said in an imploring voice; "in the name of the king, let me pass!" And as he spurred his horse, the bystanders fell back in alarm.

"In the name of the king! the king, then, is still alive?"

"Yes, the king is alive!" replied the courier, sadly. "I have dispatches from him for the Governor of Berlin and Cabinet Counsellor Lombard."

"And what do these dispatches contain?" asked a thousand voices.

"I do not know, and even though I did, I am not at liberty to tell you. The governor will communicate the news to the inhabitants of Berlin."

"Tell us the news!" demanded the people.

"I cannot do so; and, moreover, I do not know any thing about it," replied the courier, who had now reached Lombard's house, and whose horse was again so closely surrounded that it was scarcely able to move its feet.

"Do not detain me, my friends, I beseech you—let me dismount here," said the courier. "I must deliver my dispatches to Cabinet Counsellor Lombard."

"Oh, let him deliver his dispatches. We can afterward compel M. Lombard to communicate their contents."

"Yes; let him deliver his dispatches," said all; "Lombard shall presently tell us what they contain."

The crowd stood back on both sides of the door, and busy hands were ready to assist the rider in dismounting. But before he had been able to do so, a voice from the rear was heard: "Ask him where the queen is at present!"

"Yes, yes, where is the queen? where is the queen?"

"The queen?" said he. "I passed her fifteen minutes ago near the city and delivered dispatches to her, too. The queen? Look there!" And he pointed to the Brandenburg gate.

A carriage, drawn by six horses, was seen rapidly approaching.

"The queen! It is the queen!" joyfully shouted every one, and the thousands who had been a moment before so anxious to learn the news, and to call Lombard to account, rushed toward the carriage. Meantime the courier, whose presence seemed to be entirely forgotten, dismounted, and rapped softly at the door. It was at once opened in a cautious manner, and a voice whispered: "Take your horse into the house. You can afterward ride through the garden, and out of the back gate to the governor's residence."

The door was hastily thrown open, and closed as soon as the courier had entered with his horse. No notice was taken of this movement, for every one thought only of the queen, and looked anxiously through the closed coach windows.

"The queen! It is the queen!" exclaimed the people, greeting the beloved lady in the most rapturous manner. All arms were raised in sign of respect, and every voice uttered a welcome of "Long live the queen!"

The carriage window was lowered, and Louisa's beautiful face appeared; but she looked pale and afflicted; her eyes, generally so radiant, seemed dimmed and tearful; yet she tried to smile, and bowed repeatedly to her enthusiastic friends, who rushed impetuously toward her, and, in their exultation, forgetful of the rules of etiquette, seized the reins and stopped the horses.

"We want to see our queen! Long live our Queen Louisa!" cried thousands of voices. Those who stood nearest the carriage, and beheld her countenance, fell on their knees in the fervor of their love, and eyes that never before had wept were filled with tears; for she seemed as an angel of sorrow

and suffering. She rose, and, leaning out of the coach door, returned the affectionate greetings of her faithful subjects, and, weeping, stretched out her arms as if to bless them.

"Long live the queen! Long live Louisa!" they cried, and those who held the horses, in order to stop the carriage, dropped the reins, rushed toward the coach door, threw up their hats, and joined in the welcome cry. The coachman, profiting by this movement, drove onward. The people, whose desire had been satisfied in having seen their queen, no longer resisted, and permitted the carriage to roll away.

Louisa closed her coach window, and, sinking back upon the cushions, exclaimed in a heart-rending tone, "Alas! it is perhaps the last time that they thus salute me! Soon, perhaps, I shall be no longer Queen of Prussia!" She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Do not weep," whispered Madame von Berg, the queen's intimate friend, who was sitting by her side, "do not weep. It may be a dispensation of Providence that the crown shall fall from your head for a moment, but He will replace it more firmly, and one day you will again be happy."

"Oh, it is not for the sake of my own majesty, and for my little worldly splendor, that I am lamenting at this moment," said the queen, removing her hands from her face. "I should gladly plunge into obscurity and death if my husband and my children were exempted from humiliation, and if these good people, who love me, and are attached to their king, should not be compelled to recognize a foreigner as their master, and bow to him!"

"Even though the people should be subjugated at present," said Madame von Berg, solemnly, "they will rise one day and avenge their disgrace!"

"Would you were a true prophetess!" exclaimed Louisa. "I hope the people will remain faithful to us in adversity, and never forget their love for their king! Yes, I will hope for that day, and pray that it may come speedily. I will weep no more; but remember that I am a mother, and shall see my children again—not to leave them, but to hasten with them to my husband, who is waiting for me at Küstrin. In half an hour we must continue our journey."

Just then the carriage drove past the main guard-house. The soldiers presented arms, and the drums beat.

A melancholy smile overspread the queen's features. "Do you remember what Prince Louis Ferdinand said to his

mother, on the eve of his departure to the army?" she asked in a low voice.

"No, your majesty, I do not remember, and it is possible that I never heard of it."

"The princess believed a defeat of our army to be utterly impossible," said the queen. "She thought Prussia was so strong a bulwark that the proud assault of the French empire would be in vain. 'You are mistaken,' exclaimed Prince Louis Ferdinand; 'you think nothing will change, and the drums will always be beaten when you ride out at the gate? On the contrary, I tell you, mamma, one day you will ride out of the gate, and no drums will be beaten!' The same will happen to us, my dear—we will often ride out of the gate, and no drums will be beaten. But here is our house, and I must hide my tears. I will show a smiling face to my children."

The queen's carriage stopped for the first time at the doorsteps of the palace without meeting there the ladies and gentlemen of the court, the high dignitaries and functionaries who had formerly never failed to wait on her. She had come without being expected, but on this day of anxiety and terror the announcement of her arrival would have made no difference; for every one thought only of himself, and was occupied with his own safety. Only a few faithful servants, therefore, received her, and bade her welcome with tearful eyes.

"Where are my children?" exclaimed the queen, anxiously. "Why are they not here to receive their mother?"

"Your majesty," said the palace-steward, in a low voice, "a courier, sent hither by the king, arrived last night, unfortunately having failed to meet with your majesty on the road. The royal princes and princesses set out two hours ago to Stettin, and thence to Grandenz. Such were his majesty's orders."

The queen suppressed the cry of pain which rose to her lips, but a deadly pallor overspread her cheeks. "In half an hour I shall set out," she said faintly. "Pack up only the most indispensable articles for me; in half an hour I must be ready to enter my carriage. I shall, perhaps, overtake my children in Stettin." And she retired to her room, struggling to conceal the emotions that so violently agitated her.

## CHAPTER V.

## QUIET IS THE CITIZEN'S FIRST DUTY.

THE people in the meantime, gathering in still greater numbers in the broad street under the Linden, returned to the house of Lombard, and saw, to their great disappointment, that the courier was no longer there.

"Now, we want to know the news contained in the dispatches, and Counsellor Lombard must tell us," shouted one of the men standing in front of the house; he then commenced hammering the door with his powerful fists. Others joined him, and to the measure of this threatening music the crowd yelled, "The dispatches! the dispatches! Lombard must come out! He must tell us what the dispatches contain! We want to know whether our army has been defeated, or has won the battle!"

When no voice replied, nor door nor window opened, the mob, whose anger grew more menacing, seized once more their former weapons, the stones, and hurled them at the house. "He shall not escape from us! We will stay here until he makes his appearance, and replies to our questions!" they cried. "If he do not come to us, we will go to him and compel him to hear us!"

"Fortunately, you will not find him at home," whispered Lombard, who was listening at the door. "Every thing is in good order," he added in a low voice. "The dear enraged people will have to hammer a good while before breaking these bolts. By that time I shall be far from here, on the road to Stettin."

The cabinet counsellor glided away with a sarcastic smile to the back gate. There stood his wife, weeping piteously and wringing her hands.

M. Lombard, who had hitherto only smiled, now laughed outright. "Truly," he said, "it is really worth while to make a scene in consequence of this demonstration of the people! My dear, I should think our family ought to know how to manage them! Your father has shaved those stupid fiends

enough, and my father pulled the wool over their eyes,\* and, as good children of our parents, we ought to do so too."

"Oh, Lombard, just listen," wailed his wife, "they are knocking at the door with heavy clubs; we must perish if they succeed in forcing it open and entering the house. They will assassinate you, for you have heard their imprecations against you."

"*Ma chère,*" said Lombard, composedly, "this is not the first time that I discover that the people despise and persecute me. I knew it long ago. These blockheads will never forgive me for being a Frenchman, and for having, consequently, a predilection for France and her heroic emperor. And not only they, but the so-called educated and high-born classes also, hate me intensely. Throughout all Europe I have been branded as a traitor in the pay of Napoleon. Conspiracies were got up everywhere to bring about my removal. All the princes of the royal house—nay, the queen herself, united against me.† But you see, my dear, that they did not succeed after all in undermining my position, and the howling rabble outside will have no better success. Indeed, the fellows seem to be in earnest. Their blows shake the whole house!"

"They will succeed in breaking in," said his wife, anxiously; "and then they will assassinate all of us."

"They will do no such thing, for they do not come for spoils, but only for news," said Lombard. "And then, my love, they know just as well as I the German maxim: 'The people of Nuremberg do not hang anybody unless they have got him!' but they will not get me, for there comes my faithful Jean across the yard.—Well, Jean, is every thing ready?" he said to the approaching footman.

"Yes," he replied. "The carriage with four excellent horses is waiting for you, sir. I ordered it, however, not to stop at the garden gate, but a little farther down, in front of another house."

"That was well done, my sagacious Jean. But I hope you did not forget either to place several bottles of Tokay wine and some roast fowl in the carriage for me? The ill-mannered rabble outside will not permit me to-day to lunch at home. Hence I must make up my mind to do so on the road."

\* Lombard's father was a hair-dresser, and his wife's father a barber. Lombard liked to jest about his descent, particularly at the dinner-table of some prince or minister. He always alluded to his father in the following terms: "*Peu mon père de poudreuse mémoire!*"

† Lombard's own words.—Vide Gentz's Diary in his "Miscellanies," edited by G. Schlesier, vol. iv.

"I have not forgotten the wine nor the roast pheasant, your excellency."

"You have packed up a pheasant!" exclaimed Lombard. "If the noisy gentlemen outside there knew that, they would be sure to assert that the Emperor Napoleon had sent it to me as a bribe. Now, Jean, come, we will set out. The street is quiet, I suppose?"

"Perfectly so. All those who have legs have gathered in front of the house."

"And all those who have fists are hammering at the door," wailed Mde. Lombard. "Make haste, Lombard—make haste lest it be too late!"

"You are right. I must go," said Lombard, quietly. "Now listen to what I am going to tell you. So soon as you hear my carriage roll away, be kind enough to repair to the balcony of the first floor and address the people. Their surprise at seeing you will cause them to be silent for a moment."

"But, good Heaven! what am I to say to them?" asked Mde. Lombard, in dismay.

"You are to say to them, 'My husband, Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard, is not at home. He has gone to the governor of Berlin, Count von Schulenburg-Kehnert, and the bearer of dispatches has accompanied him.' Your words will have the same effect as though a pistol were discharged among a number of sparrows—all of them will fly away. You see, my dear, there is a very impressive and dramatic scene in store for you, and my father, *de poudreuse mémoire*, and your father, the barber, would rejoice in their graves if they could see you haranguing the people from the balcony. Farewell, my dear, and manage the affair as skillfully as possible."

He embraced her hurriedly, and was about to leave the garden, leaning on his servant's arm, and as fast as his gouty feet would permit it; but his wife suddenly held him back.

"I cannot go to the parlor," she said in terror, convulsively clinging to Lombard. "Remember, that they are continually hurling stones at our house. Suppose a stone should be thrown into the window and strike my head?"

"My dear," said Lombard, laughing, "I do not believe any stone passing through the window would be immediately dangerous, for you have a hard head, as I have found out often enough. Farewell, and do as I have told you, unless you want the rabble to penetrate into your room. Farewell!"

He disengaged himself rather roughly, and hastened, as

fast as his aching and stiffened feet would permit, to the street contiguous to the garden.

His wife waited until the departure of the carriage announced to her that her husband had gone. At the same time the voices outside shouted with redoubled fury, "Lombard! We want to see Lombard!" And their blows thundered louder than ever at the door.

Mde. Lombard sighed; and, commending her body and soul to God, she proceeded to comply with her husband's instructions, and went to the balcony.

Lombard had prophesied correctly; profound silence ensued when the wife of the cabinet counsellor appeared; hence, every one was able to understand her words, and no sooner had she uttered them, than the crowd dispersed, as her husband had told her.

"To the governor! Let us go to the governor!" they cried, as they moved up the Linden; but they were attracted by a carriage, drawn by six fiery horses at full gallop. It was the queen, who was about to leave the capital. She looked even paler and sadder than before, and greeted her friends on both sides with a heart-rending, melancholy smile. But they had not time to greet even the queen, or to be surprised at her speedy departure, as they rushed toward the house of the governor, Count Schulenburg.

At his residence, also, the windows were covered up, and the gate of the court-yard closed. But a large white handbill, containing a few lines in gigantic letters, was posted on the side wall. Thousands of piercing eyes were fixed on the paper, and an imperious demand was made to the fortunate man who stood close to the handbill: "Read! Read aloud!"

"I will read it!" answered a loud, powerful voice. "Be quiet, so as to be able to hear me!"

Profound silence reigned immediately, and every one heard distinctly the words, which ran as follows:

*"The king has lost a battle. Quiet is the citizen's first duty. I request all the inhabitants of Berlin to maintain good order. The king and his brothers are alive."*

The vast multitude burst into a wail of despair; and when silence ensued, every one seemed paralyzed and stared mournfully at his neighbor. Suddenly the side-gate of the count's court-yard opened, and a carriage, followed by a large baggage-wagon, made its appearance.

At first, the people timidly stepped back, and looked on wonderingly. But no sooner had they recognized in it the

governor of Berlin, Count von Schulenburg-Kehnert—no sooner had they discovered that his carriage contained a large number of trunks and boxes, and that the wagon was also filled with baggage, and had satisfied themselves that the governor intended to leave the capital at this hour of terror, than attempts were made to prevent him from setting out. The people stopped the horses, and cried, in tones of exasperation, that it did not behoove the governor to leave the city while it was in danger, and the inhabitants without advice and protection.

Count Schulenburg rose in his carriage. Stretching out his arms in an imperious manner, he demanded silence. When the clamor had ceased, he said, in a conciliatory tone: "My friends! duty calls me hence, for the orders of the king must be obeyed. But you shall not say that I have left the city of Berlin without adequate protection, and that I did not devote my particular attention to its welfare. I have appointed my son-in-law, the Prince von Hatzfeld, civil governor, and he will zealously provide for the security and interests of the people of the capital. Forward, coachman!"

The coachman was about to comply with his master's orders, but some of the crowd still dared to resist, and refused to let the horses proceed.

"The governor must stay here!" they shouted; "it is incumbent on him not to desert the inhabitants of Berlin, but to assist them in the hour of danger!"

"In the hour of danger?" asked the count, with a wondering air. "Why, I leave my whole family here—my children and grandchildren! Would I do so if the enemy threatened the city?"

No one could combat this argument, and reply to the governor's question. The men, therefore, dropped the reins and fell back, when the coachman whipped the horses into a gallop.

They gazed after the escaping count, and looked sadly at each other, asking anxiously: "What shall we do now? What shall we do when the French come?"

"We will meet them sword in hand and drive them back!" exclaimed a young man, with a noble face.

"Yes, we will do so," said another. "There are no soldiers here; hence we ourselves must look out for our own defence. We will form volunteer companies, occupy the gates, and patrol the streets."

"Our army being defeated, a new one has, of course, to be

organized," said another. "We must do this; we must hand in our names, and enlist. Let every one who thinks and feels like myself, follow me to the new governor. We will apply to him for permission to organize ourselves for the defence of the city. Come!" Many hastened with ardent impetuosity from all parts of the crowd to join him. Others, seized with admiration and respect, opened a passage, through which the quickly-gathered company of more than three hundred young men marched to the residence of the Prince von Hatzfeld.

But he did not admit the deputation of these brave men. He sent word to them, by his adjutant, that they would receive his definite reply at a later hour. At present he wished them to go home, and avoid, above all, any riotous proceedings in the streets.

The reply which the Prince von Hatzfeld had promised to the deputation soon appeared on handbills posted at all the street corners. It was as follows: "It would be improper to conceal from the inhabitants of Berlin that French troops may shortly occupy the capital. This unexpected event cannot fail to produce a most painful impression among all classes. Only the most implicit confidence in those who take upon themselves the arduous task of alleviating the inevitable consequences of such an event, as well as of maintaining order, which has become more desirable than ever, will be able to avert the terrible fate which the slightest resistance, or any disorderly conduct, would bring upon the city. The course recently pursued by the inhabitants of Vienna, under similar distressing circumstances, must have taught those of Berlin that the conqueror only respects quiet and manly resignation after such a defeat. Hence I forbid all gatherings and clamor in the streets, as well as any public manifestation of sympathy in relation to the rumors from the seat of war. For quiet submission is our first duty; we should only think of what is going on within our own walls; it is the highest interest to which we ought to devote our whole attention."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE FAITHFUL PEOPLE OF STETTIN.

THE hope of the queen had not been fulfilled. Her children had left Stettin an hour before she reached the city.

"I shall immediately continue my journey," said she, resolutely.

"Your majesty, I beseech you to remain here," said Madame von Berg. "You have scarcely had any sleep for the last three nights; last night you did not leave the carriage at all, and hardly took any food. Oh, think of the king, of your children, and economize your strength! Take some rest."

"Rest!" repeated the queen, with a melancholy smile. "There will be, perhaps, no more rest for me on earth! My heart is filled with grief—how, then, can I sleep? But you have reminded me of my husband, of my children, and you are right; I must live for them. Therefore, I will stop here for an hour and take some refreshment, in order not to give way under the heavy burden weighing down my mind. Come, we will alight and go into the house."

Madame von Berg made a sign to the footman to open the coach door, and followed Louisa into the royal villa, to the rooms usually occupied by their majesties during their visits to Stettin. "When I was last in this room," whispered the queen, "the king and the crown prince were with me. There was nothing but joy in my heart. I was a happy wife, a happy mother, and a happy queen! And, to-day, what am I?" She heaved a profound sigh, and, sinking down on the sofa, pressed her face upon the cushions. "Into what an abyss I have been hurled from my heaven!" she murmured in a low voice. "Once a happy sovereign—now a poor, fleeing woman, who can excite only pity. Oh, mother, mother, God be praised that you do not behold my distress!" She clasped her hands, and her trembling lips whispered prayers to heaven. Her large blue eyes were raised with an expression of fervent supplication, and tears rolled like pearls over her cheeks. She sat a long while pondering over her misfortunes, and shuddering at the prospects of the future.