

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.

Finally, Madame von Berg ventured to approach and arouse her from her meditation.

"Your majesty," she said, in an imploring voice, "you promised to take rest, for the sake of the king and of your children. Remember the burden of care weighing down the heart of his majesty. Remember that his grief would be more intense if he should see your eyes reddened with weeping, and find you prostrated in your distress."

"He shall not see it," said Louisa. "In his presence I will conceal my tears, and seem hopeful and courageous. Let me, therefore, now at least, pour out my overwhelming sorrow, for tears are the only consolation of the afflicted. When I am with my husband once more, I shall try to smile, and only weep in secret. Are you now satisfied, my faithful friend?"

"Your majesty had graciously promised me to take some refreshment, but the footman has long since announced that dinner is ready."

"Come, Caroline, we will eat," said the queen, rising hastily, and laying her hand on her friend's shoulder.

She kept her word, and did eat a little, trying to become more cheerful by conversing with Madame von Berg about her children and her approaching reunion with her husband.

"Believe me, Caroline," she then said gravely, "it is not vanity and longing for worldly splendor that causes me to bewail our present trouble. For my part, I would gladly lead a private life, and be contented in retirement and obscurity, if I could only see my husband and my children happy at my side. But the king is not allowed to be as other men are—merely a husband and father; he must think of his people, of his state, and of his royal duties. He is not at liberty to lay down his crown any more than we to destroy voluntarily the life we have received from God. 'With it or on it,' said the heroic mothers of Sparta to their sons, when delivering to them the shield with which they went into battle. And thus the king's ancestors, who have bequeathed the crown to him, call from their graves: 'With it, or buried under it!' It is the inheritance of his fathers, which he must leave to his children; he must fight for it, and either triumph or perish with it. That is the reason why I weep, and see nothing but years of disaster and bloodshed in store for me. Prussia must not make peace with Napoleon; she must not, in hypocritical friendship, give her hand to him who is her mortal

enemy. She must remain faithful to the alliance which her king has sworn on the coffin of Frederick the Great to maintain; and France will resent this constancy as though it were a crime. But, in spite of her anger, we must not recede; we must advance on our path if we do not wish to lose also our honor, and if history is not to mention the name of Frederick William III. in terms of reproach. Germany hopes that Prussia will save her—the whole of Europe expects us to do our duty to the fatherland, and this duty is to wage war against the tyrant who wants to subjugate Germany, and transform her into a French province—to resist him as long as we have an inch of territory or a drop of blood in our veins! See, my friends, such are the thoughts that move my heart so profoundly, and cause me to weep. I clearly foresee the great misfortunes that will crush us in case we should proceed on the path which we have entered, but I am not allowed to wish that Prussia should turn back, for we may be permitted to be unfortunate, but never to act dishonorably. And I know these to be the king's views, too—he—but hark, what is that?" she interrupted herself. "Did it not sound as if a noisy crowd were approaching? The tumult draws nearer and nearer! If they are French soldiers, I am lost!" She rushed to the window, and looked anxiously down on the street. A vast multitude approached, yelling with rage, and threatening with their hands a pale, trembling man walking between two others who had seized him, and whose eyes closely watched every motion he made. That man was Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard, who, on his escape from Berlin, had safely reached Stettin.

Just as he was about entering his carriage, in order to leave the latter city, a few of the bystanders recognized and detained him. Those who were in the streets soon gathered around and curiously looked on during his altercation with the men who had stopped him.

Suddenly one of them turned to the crowd and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Do not permit this fellow to depart. It is Lombard, the Frenchman, the traitor; he has assuredly come to Stettin in order to prevent the queen from continuing her journey, or to inform the enemy whither she is going. Let us arrest him, that he may not betray her!"

"Yes, yes, arrest him; do not release him until long after the queen's departure," cried the people. Threatening men surrounded the traitor on all sides, and anxiously scanned his pale, cowardly face.

"Let me go, kind friends, let me go!" begged Lombard, and now all his arrogance and haughtiness had disappeared. "You do me the greatest injustice; I am a faithful servant of the king, and have come to Stettin in order to wait on her majesty, and to offer my services to her."

"He lies! he lies!" said those who had recognized him. "Let us go with him to the royal villa; the queen is there. If she wants to see him, she will order him to be admitted; if not, he shall witness her departure."

"Yes, he shall witness her departure," exclaimed the rest approvingly; "let us go to the royal villa!"

Dragged, pushed, and carried along, Lombard arrived, followed by thousands, at the royal residence, which was situated at the lower end of Broad Street, near the parade-grounds.

The carriage and horses stood in front of the house, and every thing was ready for the queen's departure. But Louisa was still at the window, and looked from behind the curtains down on the vast mass which filled the whole street. Suddenly she uttered a low cry; and hastily placing her hand on her friend's shoulder, she pointed to the street. "Look," she whispered, trembling, "look! there is the evil demon who has done so much to bring about the present calamities of our country; it is Lombard, my most dangerous, nay, I must say, my only enemy! He hates me, because he knows that I distrusted him, and asked the king for his dismissal. He has dealt treacherously with Prussia—I know and feel it, and felt convinced of it long before this time. The presence of this man proves that some new calamity is menacing me, for he is plotting my ruin. I wonder what brought him here?"

"Let me go!" cried Lombard just then, in a loud and ringing voice. "Let me go! I will and must see the queen!"

"See me?" said Louisa, in terror. "No, I will not see him; I have nothing to do with him."

In her excitement, and anxious to see what would occur, she came forth from behind the curtain, and appeared in full view at the window. The people greeted her with loud cheers, and then turned their eyes again toward Lombard. He had also seen her, and now raised his hands in a suppliant manner, saying: "Oh, I beseech your majesty, call me up to your room! I have come to offer my services and to communicate important news. Grant me an audience!"

But she did not stir; she had apparently not heard his

words, and her eyes, usually so gentle, now looked gloomy and angry.

"The queen does not call him!" exclaimed hundreds of voices on the street. "She does not want to have any thing to do with him! He is a traitor."

"What have I done, then, kind friends, that you should call me a traitor?" asked Lombard. "State the crimes you charge me with, so that I may justify myself!"

"We will state them to you!" said the men who had detained him and who were wealthy and highly-esteemed merchants of Stettin.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Grunert, and Mr. Pufahl, state his crimes to him, and prove to him that he is a traitor!"

"We will; be quiet and listen!" replied Mr. Grunert.

"The people are going to sit in solemn judgment over him," whispered the queen; "they will ferret out his crimes and punish him for them!"

Breathless silence reigned now. A chair was brought from one of the adjoining houses, and Lombard compelled to mount on it, so that every one might be able to see him. It was a strange sight, that of his tottering, feeble form, with a pale and terror-stricken face, rising above the crowd, whose eyes were all turned toward him, and who cast glances like daggers at him.

"He is a traitor, and I will prove it to him," repeated Mr. Grunert, closely approaching Lombard. "In 1803, when the king sent him to Brussels to negotiate with Bonaparte, about an honorable peace between Prussia and France, he allowed himself to be bribed. He exercised an influence humiliating and disadvantageous to us; but Bonaparte bribed him by paying him the sum of six thousand *Napoleons d'or*. Deny it if you can!"

"I deny it," replied Lombard. "It is true, I suffered myself to be duped by that monster for a moment. When I saw Bonaparte in 1803 in Brussels, he managed to inspire me with confidence in his magnanimity and greatness of character. But the deception did not last long, and soon I perceived that this incarnate fiend would not stop in his career until he had destroyed all existing thrones and states.\* But I deny ever having received money from him—I deny ever having accepted any presents from him. And the best proof of it is that I have not any property whatever, but I am as poor as a church mouse. My wife has scarcely a

\*Lombard's own words.—Vide Gentz's "Miscellanies," vol. ii., p. 194.

decent parlor for the reception of her friends; and as for myself, a plain arm-chair and a tobacco-pipe were always the goal of my wishes."

"You are poor, because you squander at the gaming-table and in secret orgies what you obtain by your intrigues," said Grunert, sternly. "Your poverty does not absolve you, for it is the direct consequence of your dissipated life. You are a traitor. It was owing to your machinations in the interest of Napoleon that our army, last year, when it ought to have taken the field with the Austrian and Russian forces against France, was placed so late on the war-footing, and finally returned to its garrisons without having drawn the sword. You are to blame for the disgraceful treaty of Vienna, for Count Haugwitz is merely a tool in your hands. You rule over him. You laughed and rejoiced when the treaty of Vienna had been concluded, for you are a descendant of the French colony of Berlin, and you have no heart for the honor of Germany and Prussia."

"He is a traitor!" cried the people; "do not let him go! Detain him! He shall not betray the queen!"

The crowd approached Lombard in the most menacing manner, and were about to drag him from his chair, but Grunert and Pufahl warded them off, and protected him with their broad and vigorous bodies.

"You do not yet know all he has done," exclaimed Mr. Pufahl, in a powerful voice. "I will tell you about the last and most infamous instance of his treachery. It is his fault that we lost the battle of Jena—his fault alone."

"What am I to hear?" whispered Louisa.

Perfectly beside herself, she approached closer to the window, and listened in breathless suspense to every word that was uttered.

"Well, let me tell you what Lombard has done," added Mr. Pufahl. "In the middle of last month our king sent Lieutenant-Colonel von Krusemark with an autograph letter to St. Petersburg, in which he informed the czar that he intended to declare war against France, and requested the latter to send him the assistance that had been agreed upon between them. Lieutenant-Colonel von Krusemark was accompanied by a single footman only, whom he had taken into his service for this special purpose, and who had been warmly recommended to him. During the whole journey the colonel kept the dispatches on his bare breast. It was only when he had arrived at St. Petersburg that he laid them for a little

while upon the table, in order to change his dress, and deliver them immediately to the czar. The servant was engaged in arranging his clothes. M. von Krusemark went for a minute into an adjoining room, and when he returned, the footman had disappeared with the dispatches. All the efforts made by Krusemark and the police to recover the important papers were fruitless. They found neither them nor the servant. Krusemark, therefore, had to send a courier to Berlin, and ask for new instructions. This caused a delay of several weeks, in consequence of which the Russian army was unable to be here in time to join our troops and assist them in attacking the French. We would not have lost the battle of Jena, if the king's dispatches had been delivered to the Emperor of Russia at an earlier moment, and if his army had set out in time for the seat of war. We would not have lost the battle, if the dispatches had not been stolen. Now listen to what I am going to tell you: *That footman had been recommended by Lombard to Lieutenant-Colonel von Krusemark, and was a near relative of the former!*"

"He is a traitor!" cried the people, "it is his fault that we lost the battle of Jena! But he shall atone for it! Woe to the traitor!"

"Oh, your majesty!" exclaimed Madame von Berg, in terror, "just see! the furious men are dragging him from his chair. They will assassinate him. Have mercy on him and save his life!"

"Yes," said the queen, stepping back from the window, "yes, I will protect him, but I will also protect myself."

And hurrying across the apartment, she opened the door of the anteroom, where the major of the garrison of Stettin and a few staff-officers were assembled.

"Major," said she, in a commanding voice, "hasten downstairs, and arrest Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard. Take him to the guard-house, where you will detain him until the king sends you further orders. I will report in person to his majesty what I commanded you to do."

It was high time to interfere, in order to save Lombard's life. The enraged people had already thrown him down, and, regardless of the supplications of the two merchants, commenced belaboring him unmercifully, when the major appeared with a few soldiers and police officers.

"Order! order!" he called in a loud voice. "Order, in the name of the queen!"

The noise immediately died away; and those who had

already seized Lombard turned around and stepped respectfully aside to let the major pass.

"In the name of the queen," he repeated, placing his hand on Lombard's shoulder, and assisting him to rise, "I arrest you, Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard! You will accompany me to the guard-house."

But Lombard, unable to stand, had sunk down on the chair, half dead with terror.

"You see, sir, I am unable to accompany you," he groaned, faintly, "I cannot walk."

"My soldiers will carry you, then," said the major; making a sign to them, he added, "Take the prisoner in your arms, and carry him to the guard-house."

Amid the loud applause of the crowd the order was immediately obeyed. The soldiers seized Lombard, and started off with him. A large number followed, laughing and deriding him, and congratulating each other that their queen would now be able to continue her journey uninterrupted, as the traitor had been arrested.

After reaching the guard-house, M. Lombard was locked up in one of the common cells, but the major dared not condemn the influential and powerful friend of Minister von Haugwitz to lie on the hard bench of the criminals, and to eat the ordinary prisoner's fare. He, therefore, sent to the first hotel in Stettin, and requested the landlord to furnish Lombard with bedding and food, and to send both immediately. But the soldiers returned without having obtained either one or the other.

"Well, will the landlord send the articles?" asked the major.

"No, sir," was the reply; "the landlord declined doing so. He said, he would not furnish a traitor with any thing, no matter what price he offered him."

The major tried in vain to look angry. The reply pleased him just as much as the chastisement inflicted on Lombard by the people had pleased him previously.

"Then go to another landlord," he said, "and make the same request of him. If he should also decline complying with it, go to a third. In short, go and find a landlord who is willing to send bedding and food to Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard."

The people, who had gathered in front of the guard-house, heard the words of the soldiers as well as the renewed order of the major, and accompanied them to find a landlord willing to furnish bedding and food for the traitor.

An hour elapsed before they returned, still accompanied by the crowd, whose numbers had vastly increased. The major was in Lombard's cell, and had left orders for the soldiers to report to him there. He anticipated, perhaps, the answer they would bring back to him, and wished the prisoner to hear it.

He who had hitherto sat at tables laden with delicacies and slept only on silken beds—the epicurean and sensual spendthrift—lay on the hard wooden bench, groaning with pain and terror, when the soldiers entered his cell. The major stood at the window, and drummed on the panes.

"Well," he said, "do you at length come, and bring bedding and food for M. Lombard? But why did you tarry so long, you lazy fellows? Did you not know that until your return he would have to lie on the bench here like a common felon?"

"We could not return at an earlier time, sir," replied they. "We have gone from hotel to hotel; we have informed all the landlords in Stettin of your orders, and requested them to furnish Cabinet-Counsellor Lombard with bedding and food. But all of them made the same reply—all of them answered: 'Tell the major that I shall not comply with his orders. I will not furnish a traitor with any thing!'"

"Oh!" groaned Lombard; "then they want me to die with my sick, bruised body on the hard boards here!"

"No!" exclaimed the major, "I will obtain another couch for you. I will immediately go to the governor and procure an order from him that will compel the hotel-keepers to furnish you with the necessary articles."

Half an hour afterward he returned to Lombard, who had meanwhile vainly tried to sleep.

"Now, sir," said the major, "your wishes will soon be fulfilled. The governor has ordered the proprietor of the hotel *Zum Kronprinzen*, under pain of severe punishment, to furnish you with all necessaries, and I have sent some of my men to him with this written order. They will doubtless speedily return."

A few minutes later, in fact, the door opened, and the soldiers carried a bed into the cell; two others followed with smoking dishes.

"Well," said the major, "then the landlord of the hotel that I sent you to has no longer refused to give you the required articles? The governor's order had a good effect."

"Yes, sir, it had a good effect. But the proprietor of the hotel *Zum Kronprinzen* sends word to you, that inasmuch as

the governor had issued so stringent an order, nothing remained for him but to obey; but as soon as he should be compelled no longer to furnish M. Lombard with any thing, he would smash the dishes and plates from which the cabinet counsellor had eaten, and burn the bedding on which he had slept."

M. Lombard had apparently not heard these mortifying words. Assisted by his footman, who had been sent for, he hastily rose, and sat down at the table to dinner.

In the evening the major repaired with a few officers to the hotel, and inquired for the landord.

He came in, somewhat confused, and convinced that the major would censure him for his conduct. The latter, however, went to meet him, and, with a kindly smile, offered him his hand. "Sir," he said, "these gentlemen and I have taken it upon ourselves to express to you, in the name of all our comrades, our delight at the brave and manly reply you made to-day, when compelled to furnish Lombard, the traitor, with food and bedding. The officers of the garrison have resolved to board with you, for we deem it an honor to be the guests of so patriotic a man."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT.

LOUISA waited till Lombard had been carried away amid the jeers of the people; then, accompanied by her friend, she hastened down-stairs in order to continue her journey. Many persons were still assembled in the street, who, instead of following Lombard, had preferred to see the queen once more. They received her with enthusiastic cheers, and heartily wished her a safe journey.

"Give our best wishes to our king, and tell him that we will be faithful to him as long as we live!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd.

"We thank the queen for ordering the traitor to be arrested!" exclaimed another. "Now we need not have any fears for her, and know that she is able to continue her journey without incurring any danger whatever."

Louisa greeted her subjects smilingly, and lowered the windows of the carriage for the purpose of returning their salutations, and of being seen by them.

"Yes," she said, when the carriage rolled through the gate into the high-road, "yes, I hope the prophecy of these good men will be fulfilled, and that I shall safely reach my destination. Now that Lombard has been arrested, I am satisfied of it, for he had followed me in order to inform the enemy of my whereabouts; I feel convinced of it. But the judgment of Heaven has overtaken him, and he has received his punishment. Oh, how dreadful it must be to stand before the people with so bad a conscience, so pale and cowardly a face, and to be accused by them! We are able to bear up under the greatest afflictions when our soul is free from guilt! And therefore I will meet the future courageously and patiently, hoping that God will have mercy on us. Henceforth there will be but one duty for me, and that is, to be a faithful mother, and a comforter to my husband in his misfortunes. Oh, Caroline, my heart, which was lately, as it were, frozen and dead, is reawakening now—it is living and throbbing with joy, for I shall see my husband and my children! If all should forsake us, love will remain with us, and he whose heart is full of love will not be forsaken by the Lord."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. Profound peace was depicted on her handsome face; her brow was calm and cloudless, and a sweet smile played on her lips. Grief had not yet marked this noble and youthful countenance with its mournful yet eloquent traces, and its handwriting was not yet to be read on her expansive forehead.

"Oh," whispered her friend to herself, contemplating the beautiful slumbering queen, "oh, that grief might pass away from her like a dark cloud—that no thunderbolt burst forth from it and strike that beloved head! But I am afraid the lightning will at last blight all the blossoms of her heart. O God, give her strength, nerve her in her sufferings, as Thou hast blessed her in her happiness! She is sleeping; let her slumber be peaceful and refreshing, so that it may invigorate her mind!" Madame von Berg leaned cautiously, in order not to disturb the queen, into the other corner of the carriage, which rapidly drove along the high-road.

The journey was continued uninterruptedly from station to station; in every town and village the people, as soon they had recognized her, hastened to procure fresh horses for her, and crowds gathered everywhere to cheer her on her way. She had already passed through Frankfort, and stopped in the village of Rettwein in front of the superintendent's house. The footman entered and asked in her name for another set