

plates, places her hand on her heart, and seems to look at the Emperor of Russia. It is incomprehensible how the Berlin police could permit the circulation of so base a satire. At all events, the shade of Frederick cannot have contemplated this scandalous scene but with indignation and disgust. His mind, his genius, his wishes, belong to the French nation, which he esteemed so highly, and of which he said that, if he were its king, no cannon should be discharged in Europe without his permission. On his return from Sans-souci the emperor visited also the tomb of Frederick the Great. The remains of this great man are reposing in a wooden coffin, covered with one of copper, and in a vault devoid of drapery, trophies, or any thing that might remind the beholder of his heroic deeds. The emperor has presented the *Hôtel des Invalides* at Paris with the sword of Frederick, with his insignia of the order of the Black Eagle, as well as with the stands of colors used by the king's lifeguards in the Seven Years' War. The veterans will receive with reverent awe every thing that belonged to one of the greatest generals known in history."\*

## CHAPTER X.

### NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

THE city of Berlin had not exhibited for many years so festive and lively a spectacle as on the morning of the 27th of October. An immense crowd was moving across the Palace Place, Broad Street, and the Linden, toward the Brandenburg Gate, and forming in line on both sides of the street. Thousands of boys and youths climbed the linden-trees, that stand in two rows in the middle of this thoroughfare, causing the trees to move to and fro under their heavy burden, and gazed with eyes full of curiosity from their lofty position on the bustle reigning beneath. Through the crowd hundreds of busy figures were gliding, standing still here and there, and addressing the people in low and impressive tones; now and then, however, they did not content themselves with mere words, but to some handed pieces of money, and whispered, "Drink the emperor's health, in order that your throats may be prepared, when he makes his entry, to shout in stentorian tones, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

\* Goujon, "Collection des Bulletins de Napoléon," vol. xvii., Bulletin xviii.

These liberal adherents of Napoleon were agents of the French police, already fully organized in Berlin—the hirelings of General Clarke, who was now governor of the capital, and treated the subjugated inhabitants with all the haughtiness and scorn of a triumphant conqueror.

Many tears were shed in the city during these days—many imprecations uttered, but only secretly and in a low voice, for the people could not venture to provoke the anger of the victor, but had to bear whatever burdens he imposed on them. The odds were too heavy; the army was defeated; the king with his court had fled; the higher functionaries had either concealed themselves or loudly declared their willingness to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor of the French, and to serve him as their master.

What remained, therefore, for the poor inhabitants of Berlin but to submit? All had deserted them; even the governor had escaped, and his lieutenant, the Prince von Hatzfeld, seemed to have no other task than to admonish them to be quiet and obedient, and to implore them to undertake, utter, and even think nothing that might be distasteful to the new French government; but to bow willingly and cheerfully to every thing that the conqueror might demand.

The citizens, therefore, had bowed to their fate; they had submitted silently, and now hastened to the Linden and the Brandenburg Gate to witness the entry of the emperor. Not only the citizens and the people generally desired to witness this entry—the higher classes, and even the ladies, were anxious to do so. Every one felt that a great historical event was to transpire, and eagerly desired to behold the celebrated man who was hated and admired at the same time; who was cursed as an enemy, and yet glorified on account of his heroic deeds. The streets and trees were filled with spectators; and the windows of the splendid buildings, from the ground-floor up to the attic, were crowded, and even the roofs had been opened here and there for the purpose of obtaining more room.

The Linden exhibited a most imposing and brilliant spectacle; still it seemed as though the crowd were to celebrate a funeral pageant, and as though they had come as mourners for such an occasion. Nowhere joyous faces were to be seen—nowhere were heard outbursts of mirth, or those gay, amusing remarks with which the populace of Berlin seldom fail to season a festival. The faces of the people were grave and



gloomy; and the ladies, standing at the open windows, were not festively adorned, but wore black dresses, and black veils fell from their heads.

Suddenly the bells on all the steeples commenced ringing, and the booming of artillery announced to the spectators, who had patiently awaited this moment from eleven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, that the emperor was approaching the Brandenburg Gate from Charlottenburg. The thousands assembled maintained a breathless silence; even the trees did not move, for the restless boys who had climbed them seemed petrified with astonishment at the extraordinary spectacle. The men, who were now entering the gate, were not such soldiers as the people of Berlin had hitherto been accustomed to see. They were not fine-looking, neat young men in handsome uniforms, with bright leather belts, stiff cravats, and well-powdered pigtails, but soldiers of strange and truly marvellous appearance. Their complexion was dark-brown, and their eyes flashing as dagger-points. Instead of wigs and pigtails, they wore gaudily-colored turbans; instead of close-fitting uniforms, wide red trousers and dark jackets, richly embroidered with gold; curved sabres were hanging at their sides, and their small, vigorous, and agile forms harmonized perfectly with their splendid Arabian steeds, on which these sons of the desert, the emperor's Mamelukes, were mounted.

Behind them came another corps. It consisted of tall, broad-shouldered men, looking as formidable as Cyclops, with bearded, bronzed faces; their heads covered with high bear-skin caps; their breasts veiled by large leather aprons, reaching down to their knees; on their shoulders enormous hatchets, flashing in the sun like burnished silver. And behind these sappers came the famous grenadiers of the guard, infantry as well as cavalry; next, the riflemen of Vincennes, in their green uniforms; and, finally, the bands playing merry airs. The drum-major hurled his enormous cane with its large silver head into the air, and the soul-stirring notes of the "Marseillaise" resounded through the spacious street. Hitherto nobody in Berlin had been permitted to play or sing this forbidden melody, with which France had formerly accompanied her bloodiest orgies; only secretly and softly had the people hummed it into each other's ears; the most stringent orders, issued by the police, had banished it from the concert-halls as well as from the streets. The emperor, perhaps, was aware of this, and it was probably for this reason

that he had ordered it to be played; or, perhaps, the son of the revolution, on making his entry into the capital of a "king by the grace of God," wished to remind the people, by this hymn of the terrorists, that it was unnecessary to be born under a royal canopy in order to wear a crown and to be the anointed of the Lord.

But no one listened to this proscribed and fearful melody. All the thousands in the streets, on the trees, at the windows, and on the roofs, were paralyzed with amazement, and looked wonderingly at the new order of things. They who had hitherto seen and known only proud officers, mounted on horseback, staring at every citizen with supercilious glances, and chastising their men for every trifle—they who had always received the impression that army officers were exalted personages, to whom they had to bow, who never ought to walk on foot, or carry any burden whatever—now saw before them the officers of the imperial guard differing but slightly from the privates, and not only on foot, like them, but carrying heavy knapsacks on their backs; and, what caused still greater astonishment, here and there kindly chatting with their men during the march.

But suddenly there arose a tremendous commotion between the pillars of the Brandenburg Gate, and the host of marshals and generals, resembling a star-spangled avalanche, entered the city. Nothing was to be seen but golden epaulettes, orders glittering with diamonds, embroidered uniforms, and long white ostrich-plumes. Not on them, however, were the eyes of the crowd fixed; they gazed only at that grave, pale man, who rode by himself at the head of the dazzling suite. He wore no orders, no golden epaulettes, no ostrich-plumes. Plain and unpretending was his green uniform with its white facings; unadorned was his small three-cornered hat. He sat carelessly and proudly on his magnificent charger, which, prancing and rearing, seemed to greet the crowd. The rider's features were as immovable as if made of stone; his eyes occasionally, however, bent a piercing glance on the multitude, and then gazed again into vacancy—the living emperor was transformed once more into one of the marble triumphators of ancient Roman history. He acknowledged, in a cold and indifferent manner only, the constantly-repeated shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with which the boys in the trees, the hired men in the streets, and the agents of the police, saluted him at every step. To him these cries seemed to be



the usual and indispensable musical accompaniment to the step of his horse; he did not take notice of it when he heard it in his progress; he missed it only when it did not rend the air.

The emperor rode on, moody, quiet, and cold; but scrutinizing and vivid were the glances which the marshals and the rest of his suite cast in all directions. They seemed to be anxious to observe the inhabitants, and to greet the lovely women who were adorning the windows of the houses like garlands of flowers. But those beautiful women did not return their salutations, and the victorious generals saw what they had rarely seen—that the ladies did not accept their homage—that they looked down on them with grave, mournful mien—nay, that most of those charming faces were bathed in tears, not such as well from joy, but from grief and anger.

Napoleon had taken as little notice of the jubilant cheers of the crowd as of the tears of the ladies. He rode on, absorbed in his reflections, toward the royal palace. The bells of the cathedral—in the lower vaults of which the remains of the royal family were reposing; in the upper halls of which the solemn wedding ceremonies of the kings and princes and princesses of Prussia had always been celebrated—greeted with joyous notes the triumphant enemy, and the doors of the palace opened to him. In the brilliant halls in which formerly the submissive vassals and functionaries of the king had done homage to their sovereign, were now assembled the same persons, as well as the officers and cavaliers of the court, to receive the French emperor as their sovereign and master. There were in those halls seven ministers of the king, the members of the municipality of Berlin, with the two burgo-masters; the high dignitaries of the clergy of both confessions, and the officers of the different tribunals; the members of the royal household, headed by the king's master of ceremonies, Count von Neale. And all these gentlemen had come to present their respects to the man who had routed their army, driven their king and queen from the capital, and transformed their city into a French prefecture.

The broad folding-doors opened, and the grand marshal walked through the halls, crying in a ringing voice, "His majesty the emperor!" A profound and solemn silence ensued. The eyes of all were turned toward the door by which the emperor was to enter. He appeared on the threshold, as impassive as ever. But the silence continued; the shouts

of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which had greeted Napoleon in the streets, had not penetrated within the white hall, where the statues of the Hohenzollerns were standing. But this silent greeting, which might seem too much to the ancestors of the king, did not satisfy the little soul of the proud conqueror. The grand marshal approached to introduce the master of ceremonies, Count von Neale, and to inquire whether the latter would be allowed to present the several dignitaries to his majesty.

"Ah," exclaimed Napoleon, "you are the Count von Neale, whose daughter is so enthusiastic and warlike an Amazon.\* The women of Berlin, headed by your queen, were bent upon having war; behold the result! You ought to keep your family in bounds, sir; you ought not to permit your children to indulge in such senseless military tirades. Assuredly, I do not want war—not that I am distrustful of my own strength, but because the blood of my subjects is too precious to me, and because it is my first duty to shed it only for their honor and security. The population of Berlin is only a victim of the war, while the instigators of the hostilities between France and Prussia have escaped. But I will humiliate and impoverish the court-aristocracy, who dared to oppose me, and make them beg their bread in foreign lands."

The Count von Neale, pale and trembling, stammered a few unintelligible words and intended to withdraw, withered and crushed by the emperor's anger. But the searching eyes of Napoleon were firmly and steadfastly fixed on him, and, as if guessing his innermost thoughts, he said, in a cold, disdainful voice, "Remain and do your duty!" The Count von Neale, therefore, was obliged to stay; he had to introduce to the emperor the officials and dignitaries, after the chancellor had previously presented to him the seven ministers of Prussia.

The persons ordered to appear at this audience had formed in line on both sides of the white hall, and the emperor walked slowly across the wide apartment, while the Count von Neale, who was immediately behind him, announced in a loud voice the names and positions of those standing in the first line.

"Sire," he said, pointing to two gentlemen, adorned with costly golden chains, standing in front of the line, "sire, the

\*The French police had captured, a few days previous to the commencement of the war, a letter, written by the young Countess von Neale, containing the following passage: "Napoleon does not want war; he must be compelled to wage it." Napoleon had read this letter.



two burgomasters and the members of the municipality of Berlin."

"I know these gentlemen," said Napoleon, and his face assumed a milder air. "Both of you belonged to the deputation that wished to present to me at Potsdam the keys of Berlin. You assured me at that time that the rumors which had been circulated with regard to this city were entirely unfounded; that the citizens and the mass of the people had been opposed to the war, and that there was not one sensible man who had not clearly foreseen the dangers threatening the country. I have now seen at my entry that you were right; the good people of this city are not to blame for this war, and only a handful of old women and young officers brought about this mischief. The visit of the Emperor Alexander is the cause of the events which have proved so disastrous to Prussia; and next, the change which that visit produced in the feelings of the queen, who, from a timid and modest lady, was quickly transformed into a restless and warlike Amazon. She suddenly insisted on having a regiment of her own, and on being present at the meetings of the council of state; she directed the affairs of the government so skilfully as to bring it in a few days to the verge of ruin. I shall assuredly know how to distinguish those who instigated the war from those who tried to avoid it. I shall chastise the former and reward the latter. Had your king not been so weak—had he not allowed himself to be led by a faction which, oblivious of the true welfare of the state and of the sovereign, did their best to exasperate him against me, he would not be where he is. But my enemies endeavored to intimidate him, and managed to frighten him by all sorts of demonstrations. You, gentlemen of the municipality, ought to have taken steps to inform the king correctly of the opposition of the citizens of Berlin to a war with France. You will take care now to preserve good order in the capital."

"Sire," ventured the first burgomaster, in a timid and humble voice, "your majesty has seen to-day, from the enthusiasm of the citizens, what spirit is animating them."

The emperor bent a rapid, inquiring glance on him, and seemed not to have heard his words. "As a matter of course," said Napoleon, in a loud and angry voice, "no more windows must be broken by the mob! You have to see to it that such brutalities do not occur again. My brother the King of Prussia ceased to be king on the day when he did not cause

Prince Louis Ferdinand to be hung for instigating the mob to break the windows of his ministers."

Napoleon walked on without giving time to the burgomaster for a reply or justification; and when the Count von Neale presented to him the members of the tribunals, his brow was serene, and his face assumed the gentle, winning air which always exercised so irresistible an influence on those on whom the sunshine of his imperial kindness shed its rays.

The emperor conversed with these gentlemen about the peculiarities of the administration of justice in Prussia, and listened to their replies and explanations with polite attention.

"Your administration of justice seems to contain many excellent features," said he, musingly. "Your laws have a splendid foundation of equality, and cannot be arbitrarily perverted and abused to shield wrong and injustice. I am astonished that, with this code of Frederick II. in your hand, you were not able to render harmless and silence forever all those seditious and revolutionary spirits that recently infested Berlin, and now have made Prussia so unhappy. But, instead of suppressing this agitation in time, you looked on idly, while miserable scribblers and journalists, influenced by women, constantly added fuel to the fire. I have been told of a contemptible journal in this city which is said to have preached war against France with a rabid fanaticism. You ought to have silenced the madman who edited it. Why did not you do so?"

"Sire, the laws of our country do not permit us to suppress the free expression of opinion, and the discussion of public affairs. So long as the periodicals, newspapers, and other publications, do not attack the existing laws, or incite the people to riots, high-treason, or sedition, we are not allowed to interfere with them. Every citizen has the right to utter his opinion publicly and frankly, provided he does so in a decent and lawful manner."

"That is to say, you have a free press," exclaimed Napoleon, "and grant to every outsider the right of speaking of things, about which he does not know any thing. With a free press no monarchy can be maintained, especially in times of danger and convulsions. You see whither your so-called free discussion of public affairs has carried you! Your journalists preached war, and nothing but war; they irritated the people, and made the king believe that they were the organs of public opinion, while, in fact, they were but the echoes of



the officers of the guard, and of the foolish women who were bent on having war. Your queen has used the newspapers as a weapon to exasperate and excite her husband. Like Marie Antoinette of France, and Marie Caroline of Naples, Louisa of Prussia has become the evil genius of her country. The Turks are perfectly right in keeping their women imprisoned. It is the best that can be done." He nodded to the gentlemen, and, passing on, allowed the Count von Neale to present to him the dignitaries of the Church.

"The members of the clergy, I believe, ought to be content with me," said Napoleon, with a smile, which embellished his features as with a sunshine of grace and sweetness. "It was I who restored the Church in France; hence, I need not tell you how important and indispensable I believe religion and the Church to be for the welfare of nations. Great tasks and great duties are intrusted to the hands of the clergy. Endeavor to fulfil them faithfully, gentlemen. Above all, avoid meddling with politics. Pay exclusive attention to your own affairs, and do as the gospel commands you: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

He turned toward Mr. Erman, counsellor of the supreme consistorial court, and dean of the French congregation, and cast a piercing glance on the venerable, white-haired clergyman.

"You, above all, sir, should not forget those words," said Napoleon, in a loud voice. "For you are a Frenchman, and it is your duty, therefore, wherever you may be, to educate faithful and devoted subjects to your country. You might have done a great deal of good in this city by your commanding talents and eloquence. You ought to have opened the eyes of the population as to their true interests and the misery that necessarily would be entailed on them by a war against France. You failed to do so; you were silent while the fanatical war faction was clamoring; and while the reckless pranks of the officers of the guard were intimidating good and sagacious patriots. I know very well that you are not to be blamed for those excesses, but you ought to have tried to prevent them. I know the faction whose fanaticism against France has done so much mischief. I know that the queen was at the head of it. As Marie Antoinette once gained over to her side the lifeguards at that celebrated banquet, Louisa did the same with the officers of the Prussian guard. She is, therefore, responsible for the savage war-cries and the crazy

arrogance of the officers. This woman, who has become as fatal to her people as was Helen to the Trojans—this woman is the only cause of the disasters of Prussia!"

His voice rolled like thunder through the hall; his eyes flashed fire, and all the beholders, seized with dismay, turned pale and cast down their eyes. Only old Counsellor Erman's face betrayed no fear or anxiety. He looked at the emperor with a grave and almost angry air, and his voice interrupted the ominous stillness which had followed Napoleon's words.

"Sire," he said, loud enough to be heard by every one, "your majesty says that the queen is the only cause of the disasters of Prussia—that she brought about the war, and excited and instigated the evil passions of the reckless! Sire, that is not true! The queen is as generous as she is virtuous!"

The assembly felt as if thrilled by an electric shock—all fixed their eyes timidly and anxiously on Napoleon—every one held his breath to hear his reply, and felt already in advance the most profound compassion for the unhappy old man who would be crushed with the victor's wrath. But the emperor was silent. Only for a moment his eyes flashed—and his glances seemed to pierce through the old man. Napoleon said nothing. He seemed not to have heard Erman's words, but turned with perfect composure toward the Catholic clergy, to converse with them about the interests of their Church. He appeared, however, wearied; passed in a more hurried manner to the rest who were introduced to him, and evidently hastened to finish the audience. He then greeted the assembly with a nod and left the hall, followed by the grand marshal and his two chamberlains.

For an instant all remained immovable. Every one felt as if a brilliant meteor had flitted past him, and as if his vision were too much dazzled to be able to see any thing else. Then, however, all turned their eyes once more to Erman, who stood at his place, calm and smiling, and looked almost compassionately at those who had hitherto called themselves his friends, but were not courageous enough now to approach him, and avoided meeting his glances. He then quietly turned, and, followed by the other clergymen, walked toward the door. But those who had stood before him had also commenced leaving the hall, and in consequence the passage was crowded. Erman suddenly saw himself in the midst of the throng, that slowly moved onward, but it was apparently no mere accident that the crowd was densest around him. Some hastily seized



his hand; others whispered to him: "Flee! conceal yourself!" Others again gazed at him with eyes full of tenderness and emotion, and murmured: "We thank you in the name of all the faithful!" But constantly the low words of "Flee! conceal yourself!" were repeated. But the venerable man looked with a calm, proud smile at those who surrounded him, and said in a loud and firm voice, "I will not flee! I will not conceal myself!"

Just at the moment when Erman, followed by his timid friends and secret admirers, was about to cross the threshold, a loud voice was heard to exclaim, "Counsellor Erman!"

"Here I am," he replied, turning around, as well as all the rest.

A low murmur of horror pervaded the assembly; their faces turned pale, and their brows were clouded. The moment so much feared had apparently come—Erman could not escape, or conceal himself; for he who had called out his name was none other than Duroc, the emperor's grand marshal, who had evidently been sent by his master. Those who hitherto had been so anxious to leave the hall, and thronged so eagerly round the courageous old man, now stood still, and the grand marshal walked through the opened ranks directly toward him. Every one seemed to hold his breath to listen, and even to stop the pulsations of his heart, to hear the order for Erman's arrest.

The grand marshal now stood before Erman, who had seen him coming, and advanced a step to meet him. Duroc bowed, and said in a loud voice, "His majesty the emperor has ordered me to invite Counsellor Erman, of the supreme consistorial court, to dine with him to-morrow at noon. His majesty desires me to tell you that he is anxious to make the acquaintance of a man who is so faithful and courageous a servant of the royal family, and endowed with sufficient magnanimity and boldness to defend the absent and accused. His majesty has instructed me to assure you that, far from disapproving your conduct, he highly esteems and admires it, for the emperor knows how to appreciate every thing that is high-minded and noble."

## CHAPTER XI.

## NAPOLEON AND TALLEYRAND.

NAPOLEON was rapidly pacing his cabinet. His face was pale and gloomy; his lips firmly compressed, as they always were when he was angry, and his eyes flashed with rage. He held two papers in his hand: one of them was in writing, the other contained printed matter; and, whenever his eyes glanced at them, he clinched his small hand, adorned with diamonds, and crumpled the papers.

The emperor's anger, which filled with trembling and dismay every one who had to approach him in such moments, had no effect, however, on the man who stood in the middle of the room supporting one of his hands on the table covered with maps and papers, and with the other playing with the lace frill protruding from his velvet waistcoat. His small, twinkling eyes followed calmly and coldly every motion Napoleon made. Whenever his anger seemed to increase, a scarcely perceptible, contemptuous smile played on the lips of this man, and a flash of hatred, and, withal, of scorn burst from his eyes. But this never lasted longer than a moment; his pale and sickly face immediately resumed its impenetrable aspect, and the smile of a polite courtier reappeared on his lips. This was Talleyrand, first minister of the emperor—Talleyrand, who had originally served the Church as a priest, then the republic as a minister—who had deserted and betrayed both to become minister of the empire, and to combat and deny all the principles he had formerly advocated and declared to be necessary for the welfare of France.

"Talleyrand," exclaimed Napoleon, in an angry voice, standing still in front of the minister, "I will set a rigorous example. I will trample upon this haughty Prussian aristocracy that still dares to brave me—I will let it feel the consequences of continued opposition to me! What audacity it was for this Prince von Hatzfeld, while I was approaching with my army, and already master of Prussia, to continue sending information to his fleeing king and to the ministers, and to play the spy! Ah, I am going to prove to him that his rank will not protect him from being punished according to his deserts, and that I have traitors and spies tried and