rupted himself, "what is the matter with you! You turn pale! You are tottering, prince!"

The emperor arose and advanced a few steps; but the prince motioned him back. "It is nothing," he said faintly, "only a momentary weakness—that is all. I have not taken rest for several days and nights, and loss of blood has exhausted my strength. Besides—why should I shrink from confessing it—I am hungry, sire; I have eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours."

"Poor young man," said Napoleon, compassionately, as he approached the prince, "I deplore your misfortunes. Personally you have not deserved them, for I know you have fought bravely, and are worthy of a better fate than that of a prisoner of war; but will you give me your word of honor that you will not attempt to escape or participate again in this war against me?"

"Sire," said the prince, pointing at his wounded right arm, "sire, I believe I must give you my word of honor. I am your prisoner, and shall not attempt to escape."

"Then go to your parents. I permit you to remain at the house of Prince Ferdinand until you have recovered from your wounds. I will not deprive your mother any longer of the pleasure of embracing her brave son. Go, then, to her!" The prince bowed and was about to withdraw.

"Well, prince, have you not a word of thanks for me?" asked Napoleon, kindly.

The prince smiled mournfully. "Sire," he said, bowing deeply, "sire, I thank you for treating me so leniently."

CHAPTER XV.

THE VICTORIA OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

WITHOUT waiting for further permission to withdraw, the prince hastily opened the door and went out. For a moment he sat down in the anteroom, for his feet were trembling so as to be scarcely able to support him, and such a pallor overspread his cheeks that Colonel Gerard, who had been waiting, hastened to him in dismay, and asked whether he would permit him to call a physician. Prince Augustus smilingly shook his head. "The physician of whom I stand in need is in my mother's kitchen," he said, "and your emperor has

permitted me to seek him." Just then the grand marshal entered the room, and, making a sign to Gerard, whispered a few words into his ear.

"Your royal highness is delivered from the burden of my company," said the colonel to the prince when Duroc had withdrawn. "Permit me, however, to conduct you to the carriage that is to convey you to the palace of Prince Ferdinand."

In the court-yard below, an imperial carriage was waiting, and Colonel Gerard himself hastened to open the door to assist the prince in entering. But the latter waved his hand deprecatingly, and stepped back. "I am unworthy of entering the imperial carriage," he said. "See, even the coachman, in his livery, looks elegant compared with me; and all Berlin would laugh, if it should see me ride in the emperor's magnificent coach. Let me, therefore, walk off quite humbly and modestly and enter the first conveyance I meet. Farewell, colonel, and accept my thanks for the great attention and kindness you have manifested toward me."

The prince kindly shook hands with him and then hastily walked across the court-yard of the palace toward the place in front of it—the so-called *Lustgarten*. He crossed this place and the wide bridge, built across an arm of the Spree, without meeting with any vehicle. But the fresh air, and the sense that he was free, agreed with him so well that he felt strong enough to proceed on foot to his father's palace.

"No one recognizes me in this miserable costume," he said, smiling—"no notice will be taken of me, and I will be able to reach my home without being detained." And he walked vigorously across the Opera Place toward the Linden. This neighborhood, generally so lively and frequented, was strangely deserted—no promenaders—none of the contented and happy faces, formerly to be met with on the Opera Place and under the Linden, were to be seen to-day. Only a few old women were mournfully creeping along here and there; and, when the prince passed the guard-house, he saw French soldiers standing in the front, who looked arrogantly and scornfully at the Prussian officer, and did not think of saluting him.

"Ah, my brother," muttered Prince Augustus to himself, "your prophecy has been quickly fulfilled! The drums are no longer beaten when we ride out of the gate and pass the guard-house. Well, I do not care. I would gladly do without such honors, if Prussia herself only were honored—if—"

A noise, proceeding from the lower end of the Linden, interrupted his soliloquy. He advanced more rapidly to see what was going on. The shouts drew nearer and nearer, and a dark, surging crowd was hastening from the entrance of the Linden through the Brandenburg Gate. Soon the prince was able to discern more distinctly the character of the multitude approaching. They were French soldiers, marching up the street, and on the sidewalk, as well as in the middle of the Linden; the people and the citizens belonging to the national guard accompanying them—the latter in the brilliant uniform which they had put on with the consent of the French authorities, who, now that there were no Prussian troops in Berlin, had permitted them to mount guard together with the French. But the people and the national guard did not accompany the French soldiers quietly; on the contrary, the bewildered prince distinctly heard the sneers, the derisive laughter, and jeers of the crowd; even the boys in the tree-tops were casting down their abusive epithets. When the procession drew nearer, and the people surrounded the prince, he discovered the meaning of these outbursts of scorn and derision.

A strange and mournful procession was moving along in the midst of the splendidly uniformed French soldiers. It consisted of the captured officers of the Prussian guard, who had been obliged to walk from Prenzlau to Berlin, and whom the French grenadiers had received outside of the city limits and escorted by the walls to the Brandenburg Gate, so that, in accordance with the emperor's orders, they might make their entry through that way. Two months before, they had marched out of the same gate in full uniform, proud and arrogant, looking down superciliously on the civilians, whose humble greetings they scarcely condescended to return. Two months before, General von Rüchel had been able to exclaim: "A Prussian officer never goes on foot." The Prussian guard had really believed that it would be scarcely worth while to draw their swords against the French—that it would be sufficient merely to march against them. But now the disastrous days of Jena had taught the officers how to walk—now they did not look down scornfully from their horses on poor civilians, and faith in their own irresistibility had utterly disappeared. They marched with bowed heads, profoundly humiliated, and compelled to suppress the grief overflowing their hearts. Their uniforms were hanging in rags on

emaciated forms, and the colors of the cloth and the gold-lace facings were hidden beneath the mud that covered them. Their boots were torn, and robbed of the silver spurs; and, as in the case of Prince Augustus of Hohenzollern, many wore wooden shoes. But in spite of this miserable and heart-rending spectacle, the populace had no pity, but accompanied the melancholy procession with derisive laughter and insulting shouts!

"Just look at those officers," exclaimed a member of the national guard, approaching the soldiers—"look at those high-born counts! Do you remember how proud they used to be? How they despised us at the balls, in the saloons, and everywhere else? How we had always to stand aside in the most submissive manner, in order not to be run down by them? They will not do so again for some time to come."

"No," cried the crowd, "they won't hurt anybody now! Their pomp and circumstance have vanished!"

"Just look at Baron von Klitzing!" exclaimed another. "See how the wet rim of his hat is hanging down on his face, as though he were a modest girl wishing to veil herself. Formerly, he used to look so bold and saucy; seeming to believe the whole world belonged to him, and that he needed only to stretch out his hand in order to capture ten French soldiers with each finger."

"Yes, yes, they were tremendous heroes on marching out," shouted another; "every one of the noble counts and barons had already his laurel in his pocket, and was taking the field as though it were a ballroom, in order to put his wreath on his head. Now they have come back, and the laurels they have won are not even good enough to boil carps with." A roar of laughter followed this hit, and all eyes turned again in ridicule toward the poor officers, who were marching along, mournfully and silently, with downcast yet noble bearing.

Filled with anger and shame, Prince Augustus pressed through the crowd. He could not bear this disgraceful scene; he had to avert his head in order not to see the unfortunate Prussian officers; he hurried away, that he might hear no more the cruel taunts of the populace. The ranks became less dense, and this terrible procession passed by—the street was once more unobstructed. The prince rushed onward regardless of the direction he was taking, crushed as he was by the disgrace and wretchedness brought upon Prussia. He was again suddenly in front of a large gathering. He looked

about him wonderingly and in dismay. Without knowing it, he had gone down to the large square in front of the Brandenburg Gate, where was a dense crowd.

But the thousands here did not utter sneers or praises—they were sad and silent; there was no malicious sparkle in their eyes as they rushed in one direction to the Brandenburg Gate.

The prince beheld an inclined scaffold erected near the lofty Grecian pillars of the gate, and reaching up to the cast-iron goddess of victory, standing in her triumphal car, and holding the reins of her horses. He saw the ropes, pulleys, and chains, attached to her form, and it seemed to him as if they were around his own breast, and choking his voice. He had to make an effort to utter a word, and, turning to a man standing by, he asked in a low voice, "What is going on here? What are they doing up there?"

The man looked at him long and mournfully. "The French are removing the 'Victoria' from the gate," he said, with suppressed anger. "They believe the state no longer suitable to Berlin, and the emperor is sending it to Paris, whither he has already forwarded the sword and clock of Frederick the Great."

The prince uttered a groan of despair. At that moment a loud French command was heard by the gate, and as if the "Victoria" were conscious, and obedient to the orders of the emperor, a tremor seemed to seize the goddess. She rose as the horses began to descend, and her figure bent forward as if greeting Berlin for the last time. A loud noise resounded above the heads of the crowd—the "Victoria" had glided safely to the ground. The prince uttered a cry, and, as if paralyzed, closed his eyes. When he opened them again the beautiful pillars of the Brandenburg Gate had been deprived of their ornament, and the "Victoria," with her triumphal horses, stood deposed from her lofty throne.

Prince Augustus raised his tearful eyes to heaven and whispered, "Oh, my brother, I envy you your death, for it was not permitted you to behold the humiliation and sorrow of Prussia!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TREATY OF CHARLOTTENBURG.

QUEEN LOUISA was pacing her room in great excitement. At times she stood still at the window, and looked anxiously into the street as if expecting the arrival of some one. But that street—the main one in Osterode, in which city the royal couple had spent the last few days—remained silent and deserted. Large snow-flakes were falling from the cheerless, lead-colored sky, and the November storm was now sweeping them into little mounds, and again dispersing them in clouds of white dust. The queen beheld nothing but this winter scene; she sighed and returned to her room to pace it as rapidly as before.

But she was constantly drawn to the window, gazing into the street and listening breathlessly to any noise that reached her ears. "If he should not come," she muttered anxiously, "or if too late, all would be lost, and the cowards and babblers would be able once more to persuade my husband to yield to their clamor for peace. Heaven have mercy on our unhappy country and on ourselves!"

Suddenly she started up, and leaned closer to the window in order to see better. Yes, she had not been mistaken. In the lower part of the street a carriage was to be seen. The storm prevented her from hearing the noise of the wheels, but she saw it—it drew nearer and nearer, and finally stopped in front of the house. The queen stepped back, and, drawing a deep breath, she raised her eyes to heaven. "I thank Thee, my God! Thou hast had mercy on my anguish," she whispered with a gentle smile. She then walked slowly and faintly across the room toward the divan and sank down on it. "Ah," she muttered, "this eternal anxiety, this unrelieved suspense and excitement are consuming my strength—nay, my life. My feet are trembling; my heart stands en-